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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV JANUARY, 1907. No. 1.

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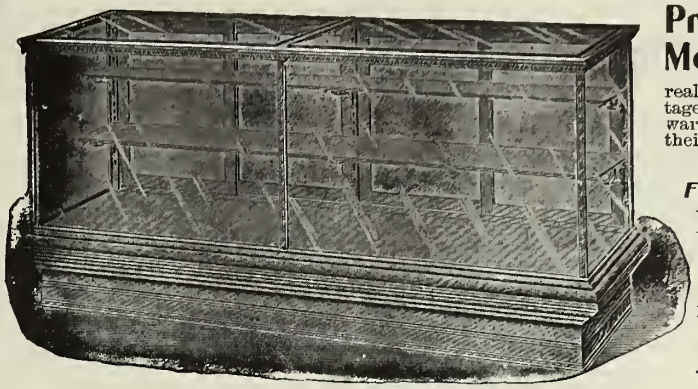
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
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CENTENARY OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

Official notice has been sent out by Gen. W. E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., in regard to General Lee's hundredth anniversary birthday which contains the following:

"The men and women of any country are made better citizens by the contemplation of the glorious deeds of their ancestry, and to us of the South, whose leaders possessed in a marked degree all that makes men great, this is particularly true. General Lee was such an ideal personification; and, whether considered as a soldier, statesman, or Christian citizen, whether viewed in the family and social life or in the 'fierce light that beats upon a throne,' he stands out possibly the grandest character the world has ever produced; and no occasion should be lost to induce the boys and girls of the Southland to emulate his pure and holy life.

"Gen. S. D. Lee therefore urges Department, Division, Brigade, and Regimental Commanders of our glorious order to see that proper notice is sent to the various branches, begging their hearty coöperation in these exercises. He requests that the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the various Memorial Associations of the South all join with the Veterans in thus honoring our beloved hero. He makes no suggestion as to the form of the services, but requests that they be held on Saturday, January 19, 1907, at twelve o'clock M., and that the hymns 'How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord' and 'For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest' be used, thus having simultaneous exercises wherever services may be held."

TRIBUTE TO GEN. R. E. LEE IN ALABAMA.

Mrs. J. C. Lee, Vice President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, wrote a timely appeal to Governor Jelks, of Alabama, in behalf of a worthy observance of the centennial birthday anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee, and he issued the following proclamation:

"In view of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, it seems proper to me that a proclamation from this office looking to a suitable celebration of the event would be appropriate and timely. General Lee was one of the best-rounded characters in the world's history. He was an accomplished scholar, a Christian gentleman, an immortal military genius. No name perhaps in all the realms of reading offers a finer example for the emulation of our youth than the name of this modern and knightly person.

"Wherefore it is requested that all of the schools in the State celebrate January 19, 1907, in such a way as may be suggested by the management of such schools or in a way which may be suggested by the State Department of Education.

"It is further suggested that every Camp of Veterans and every Camp of Sons in the State arrange for a recognition of the worth and sacrifice of this heroic soul. In this movement the Camps, we know, will have the cordial sympathy and assistance of the Daughters.

"Other Southern States which have not made Lee's birthday a holiday, it is hoped, will follow a like course, and in future these, together with those States which have already declared it a legal holiday, will, as near as they can, agree on a similar plan for its general celebration in the South."

LETTER OF THE U. D. C. PRESIDENT.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, GREENWOOD, MISS.

I hope it is not too late now to correct a good many errors the Chapters are falling into. In the first place, I sent to the President of each Division a circular calling attention to the change in rules regulating the Cross of Honor. Several letters have come to me recently from Mrs. Gabbett, the former Custodian, telling of the great number of orders which are sent to her instead of to the Recorder of each Division, as they should be. Louisiana, whose Division President sent circulars to each of her Chapters as soon as she received the circular from me, is, I believe, the only State from which Mrs. Gabbett has not received some orders. You Division Presidents, by attending to your duty of communicating all such things to your Chapters, could save an infinite amount of trouble and expense to the General Order. Mrs. Gabbett has been ill almost ever since she went out of office, and has been obliged to employ the time of a secretary to return these orders to the Chapters, with instructions that she is not now the Custodian. Stamps must be provided by the U. D. C. for all those unnecessary—if the Presidents of Divisions had done their duty—letters returning the orders to the Chapters. I hope this will all be rectified before another date arrives, for many Chapters must now be disappointed about getting the crosses for January 19. If we will all, each of us, do our duty in every instance, the new rules will enable the new Custodian to keep her office in beautiful condition. Mr.

Crankshaw, the maker of the Crosses, is now getting prices on a better-made Cross, and I hope we may have them for the next distribution. They need to be made better, I am sure, and you will all be glad to hear of this change.

All the decisions rendered by the President General last year were sustained by the Convention except the one that it is unconstitutional for the U. D. C. as Divisions and Chapters to contribute to any but Confederate work. Unfortunately I think the report of the committee on these decisions was brought in so late that the President General did not think she could take the time to defend her position except to state that she had been sustained in that decision by two of the Supreme Judges of her State. Every argument advanced against it was based on the expediency of the thing —the best thing for Chapters in certain parts of the country— and not on whether or not it was according to our constitution. Now I have been brought up with the greatest respect for the constitution of anything to which I may belong, and I believe that when our constitution is against our doing a thing we should not do it, no matter how much the doing of it might benefit our Chapters or Divisions. If it is not for us to give to other than Confederate work, let us change our constitution so that we can do so, and not do it regardless of the constitution.

The Convention at Gulfport was the largest we have ever had. This I speak of because it shows such a real interest in the U. D. C. work, as we know there was nothing specially interesting in the way of scenes or places of interest except the visit to Beauvoir. And while no part of the country could have been gladder to have the U. D. C. with them than Mississippians were, nor could any people know better how to give the United Daughters of the Confederacy a real warm welcome than Mississippians gave us, still everybody did not know that until they had been to Gulfport, so that to me the great number present is convincing proof of the real interest in the work; for when a woman leaves her home and family for a trip like that, there is something she is deeply interested in to be attained by her going. Over four hundred registered, and I have seen a great many who did not even know there was a register, so that there must have been at least five hundred Daughters present.

I call your attention, Chapter Presidents, to the pamphlet which will be sent you within the next two weeks containing the minutes of the Convention. Take the time to read it all carefully. You have no idea how it will help you with your work to keep up with the new rules, by-laws, and amendments to the constitution passed at each Convention. I append to this a copy of the new rules regulating the bestowal of the Cross. Keep this copy of the Veteran where you can lay your hands on it easily, and follow these rules strictly, for you will observe that no one has the right to lay them aside or change them. I find that much confusion has been caused recently because of the ignorance of the Chapters as to the new rule requiring all orders for crosses to be with the Custodian three weeks before date for presentation. On receipt of the statement from one Division President that she did not receive my circular till December 16, I looked up the dates when they were sent. I returned from Gulfport on November 21. Much correspondence had accumulated during my twelve days' absence that had to be attended to immediately. Two new officers I felt were needing some letters of suggestions from me, the old and new Custodians had to be written to to arrange for the transfer of the work, so that three or four days passed before I could see my way to writing the circular. It was then written and put in the hands of the printers. In three days the copies were ready, and on December 1 were sent by registered mail to the Corresponding Secretary to be sent out. She receipted for them on December 4, and I am sure she sent them out not later than December 6, so they ought to have reached every Division President three weeks before the date on which the orders for crosses had to be with the Custodian. If they were later than that, I am sure it was the fault of the mails. Anyway, I got them to you just as soon as I could. Write to your Division President and get the name of the Recorder of Crosses for your Division, and then send all of your communications with regard to crosses to her. Ask her for any information you want on the subject that you cannot find in the rules.

On the new leaf which we turn over to-morrow let us put the first thing at the top, "I will be methodical, businesslike, and prompt about my U. D. C. work," and let us stick to that resolution all this year and see with what strides we go forward and how much easier the work will be for everybody. If we would just do this one year, I am sure we would never want to go back to the old way. It is now our parliamentary authority, and the next Convention will be conducted according to it. Help the presiding officer by becoming familiar with it by the time the Convention meets. We can transact our business in half the time, and do it much more intelligently and leisurely, if each Chapter will get one of these books now and conduct its meetings from now on by it. It really is a very interesting study, and will certainly pay for all the trouble it will cost when you are in your first Convention. And remember that you are not to memorize a lot of rules just to get up and repeat them in a convention. Memorize them and get the real meaning of them in your mind, so that you may know what to do under any conditions which may arise. And I would call your attention to this one common mistake made by so many. When you wish to kill a motion, don't move to "lay it on the table." If it is laid on the table, it can be taken off the table and brought up for consideration at any meeting during the session. Move to "indefinitely postpone it." That, if it passes, kills it. Go to the Convention with pencil and paper, for the standing rules require all principal motions to be written, and the presiding officer isn't going to put a principal or main motion which isn't written. It is almost impossible to get the minutes correct without the written motions.

I do want very much for us to get to be businesslike in our ways about the work. I am going to ask each of you to help this much: that you will conduct your part of the work in such a manner. Try this one year; and if you are not in love with it by that time, I will let you go your own way. Mr. Cunningham has made it possible for me to be of real service to all of you, I hope, this year by giving the year's subscription to each Chapter with as many as ten members. I will, whenever it is possible, have an article in it for you. Not that I believe myself so much wiser than you are, but I have had such an active U. D. C. life ever since I joined, nearly nine years ago, and I have given so much thought and time to it, that I am sure I can help the Chapters and their Presidents in many ways.

Mrs. Henderson sends the revised rules on Crosses of Honor, which appear on pages 41 and 42.

The Veteran will supply "Robert's Rules of Order" at the Publishers' price, 75 cents, and it will send a copy free to the Chapter sending three new subscriptions with $3.

ABOUT SPONSORS FOR U. C. V. REUNIONS.

A decided sensation occurred in the Gulfport Convention, U. D. C., by an address of Mrs. Carrington Mason, of Memphis. She had honored the VETERAN editor weeks before by asking a conference on the subject discussed, and she had correspondence with Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who supplied her with his official publication on the subject at a time when smaller cities, patriotic as the best, shrank from the inclination to entertain Reunions.

When Mrs. Mason concluded her address and presented the resolutions, there was animated spirit with nearly every State delegation for distinction in favoring the adoption, and there was not a negative vote.

The Associated Press report made a sensation over it, and leading papers intensified the situation by editorially presuming that it meant opposition to such charming additions as sponsors and their maids attending the Reunions, whereas the purpose of the Daughters was to prevail upon the management as far as they might to use all the funds contributed for entertainment of Veterans. Of course they knew that the old soldiers desired the presence of many beautiful women.

The larger cities may feel that they can afford to ignore this feature, but they should be considerate of other cities which cannot afford this large expense in addition to what is necessary for the Veterans.

MRS. MASON'S PLEA AND THE RESOLUTIONS.

Being myself a Confederate Veteran, I come into frequent and sympathetic contact with the old soldiers of the sixties. Formerly the Reunions formed a common source of pleasant gossip, but of late the reply has been almost invariably: "No, I didn't go to the Reunion. Why should I? The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is used only as an advertisement to bring a crowd to a city, while all the comforts, pleasures, and attentions are bestowed on sponsors and maids of honor."

At the close of the war many of the soldiers were still young men; they had been deprived during four long years of all the pleasures of social life. It was fitting that our people should tender them the gayest and most cheerful greetings. But now they are old men; they no longer grace the ballroom and boudoir. The handclasp of an old comrade or a story of tent and field is more to them than all the "pomp of circumstance." It is time that the hospitalities of our Reunions should be modified to suit changed conditions.

The following is a resolution which was carried at the Reunion held in New Orleans May 22, 1903:

"Whereas the increasing expenditures made by the citizens who have invited the annual Reunion to be held in their cities have a tendency to deter other communities from tendering invitations for the future sessions, and it has become desirable that some expression of opinion shall be made by this body; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That the Confederate Veterans give notice that they will not expect from their future hosts the splendid and lavish hospitality which has been poured out by New Orleans at this session and heretofore by other cities. All provisions which may be made for the entertainment of Veterans will be cheerfully accepted; but in matters of decorations and expenditures not absolutely essential, we urge the great virtue of moderation."

General Lee said there was a general sentiment that this organization was growing top-heavy, and that there was too much of the spectacular. They did not want to impose burdens which would make cities hesitate to invite them. To a suggestion from a Daughter of the Confederacy that the Reunion hosts no longer assume the care and expense attendant on the office of sponsors and maids of honor, Gen. Lee replied: "Our women have built our monuments and cared for our destitute comrades, and it would seem ungrateful in us not to show them every honor and courtesy." We appreciate the gallantry of the Southern gentlemen; we are its blessed beneficiaries. True, we have cared for our surviving veterans and we have built monuments to our dead heroes. These monuments are not the gifts of rich men to a successful soldiery; they are the widows' mites, our tribute to martyrs. But our hearts have gone with our treasure, and we esteem it a privilege to contribute in any way to the comfort and pleasure of our Veterans.

Of all the people on the earth, the Southern girl is the most blessed and favored. Her father, mother, friends, sweethearts, all combine to make her life one long holiday, and surely she will not begrudge the old soldier his one day in the year. It is said that Alexander the Great once visited Diogenes in his tub. He asked the old philosopher: "What can I do for you?" "Only stand out of my light," he replied. Let us stand out of the light and let the world see our heroes—not like blind Belisarius begging in the streets of Rome, but as war-scarred veterans making a triumphal journey through the streets of that city which for four long years they defended with a skill and bravery that are still the wonder of the world.

To this end I offer the following resolution:

"Whereas Confederate Reunions have been of late years devoted more to the entertainment of sponsors and maids of honor than to that of Confederate Veterans, for whose benefit they were inaugurated; and whereas it is the wish of the Daughters of the Confederacy that every Confederate Veteran shall have the privilege and opportunity of witnessing the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument; and whereas the city of Richmond will be so crowded on the occasion of the unveiling of said monument as to tax to the uttermost the hospitality of citizens; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That the Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention assembled at Gulfport, Miss., request the Confederate Veterans to dispense with the offices of sponsors and maids of honor at the Richmond Reunion, and that entertainments for that occasion be such as are adapted to the aged Confederate Veterans."

These resolutions were adopted with great enthusiasm, and Mrs. Mason was thanked for bringing up the subject, presenting it so clearly, and for the resolutions. There was not a dissenting vote, but with one voice the convention indorsed the order. A telegram was sent to Gen. Stephen D. Lee apprising him of the action.

Since the foregoing proceedings correspondence has been had with several Divisions of Veterans by General Lee, and the inclination seems apparent to continue sponsors. General Lee, however, has decided to appoint no sponsor in chief, and has issued an order that Division and other sponsors and their maids are to be entertained by their escorts. This deference General Lee gladly pays in response to the United Daughters, whose great work for our common cause places every Southern patriot under obligations to them. The VETERAN approves the action of the Daughters. The sponsor feature gives great advantage to sponsors and their maids of honor, and the fact deters many worthy lovely young women from attending. Let us try a change. It will enable the hosts to do much more for our comrades in need.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PROBLEM OF THE NEGROES.

The VETERAN has been silent on this most important question; but every phase of it has been considered constantly and diligently, especially from the standpoint of friendship for that thriftless but most amiable race. Antagonisms exist as they never did before, and the neglect of white people in behalf of these issues has been greatly to their discredit. We all like the old negroes, and those of the fast-decaying remnant of ex-slaves are still faithful and loyal to the families of their former masters. The same instincts are much more prevalent among their offspring than is generally realized. While the Associated Press flashes a horrible account of a fiendish deed by one negro, ten thousand others are going quietly about their business as law-abiding and worthy of consideration as could be expected of them.

It seems that education has been a curse rather than a blessing to them. The editor of the VETERAN soon after attaining his majority, early after the close of the war, took an active part in behalf of their education. He antagonized some of his people as editor of a country newspaper in advocacy of public schools, which required that as good facilities be given to the blacks as the whites. He attended a venerable divine, President of the Davidson County School Board, who, when the movement was quite unpopular, canvassed his native county of Bedford in their behalf from purely benevolent motives, making the one argument that all men should learn to read the Bible. It seems, however, that when a negro has learned to read he ceases to work, and his idleness begets mischief, and often of the worst kind.

There is not sufficient coöperation of the two races. Besides, many whites are not justly considerate of negroes. White people should confer with the better classes of blacks for the common good, and they should coöperate cordially.

The separate car laws are proper, and became a necessity because of the insolent presumption of negroes. It was quite the rule for them to string out the length of cars, so as to compel whites to sit among them, and every act toward social equality has proven a tendency to insolence. The negroes made this isolation a necessity, and they may expect its perpetuity. With these laws in force the whites should be very considerate and see that no injustice is done the negroes. Again, there is a sore lack of consideration for negroes in conversations by white people. The negro is not to blame for his color and not wholly so for his odor; and, inasmuch as we declare his inferiority, we should be diligent that justice be done him. Often are remarks made in the presence of negroes that instinctively create hatred not only toward those who are inconsiderate but against the white race. Every white person should be on guard to avoid giving offense in this manner.

At the first annual dinner of the Alabama Society (of one hundred and fifty members) in New York near Christmas day the Hon. Seth Low, of that great city, was a special guest. This race question was the theme of the evening, and Mr. Low, with exquisite deference, suggested that the white people of the South consider these unhappy disturbances as fairly as possible, looking at the situation from the standpoint of the negro. The condition confronts us, and the sooner we grapple it the better. White people intend to control, and the negro will be the greater sufferer in the end for all disturbances, so that both races should do all in their power for the friendliest relations possible. Southern whites know the negroes best, and they should do their best to restore helpful relations.

No more negroes should be admitted to the army, and the amendment to the Constitution giving negroes the ballot should be repealed. This ballot feature is the luring one in social as well as political strife. In compelling the negro to keep his place the highest instincts of life should be exercised to treat him kindly and justly in every way.

The servant problem should be solved. Many white women succeed in making earnest friendships with their servants, and all goes well. There is a certain way of being kind to servants which wins. Dignity must be maintained, and yet a kindly consideration shown to the servant that commends the spirit of justice.

Let us confront the problem honestly. The negro did not come among us of his own accord, and they can't all get away. If proper tact were exercised, it would be quite sufficient. Let the white people of the South revive the old rule of kindness, and never, anyhow in their presence, speak ill of the negro race.

The following will be a timely hint as to a gift for all seasons of the year: "In thinking of a Christmas present for some Southern friends in the Far West, I have decided on the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as probably an acceptable one."

IMPORTANT ADDRESSES OF U. D. C. OFFICIALS.—Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Recording Secretary, Opelika, Ala.; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian Cross of Honor, 408 Duffy Street, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. L. Eustace Williams, Treasurer, Box 55. Anchorage, Ky.

On June 6, 1864, Captain Wirz wrote calling attention to the inferior quality of bread issued to the prisoners, saying that one-sixth was husks and that it was bad for the prisoners. He then begged that the commissary be required to have it bolted or sifted before issuing. He explained "before issuing" to save the loss of issue it would entail of the food the prisoners needed so badly. This in behalf of the prisoners.

OFFICIAL U. C. V. TRIBUTE TO MRS. DAVIS.—From the official General Orders, No. 57, U. C. V., New Orleans, the following statement is copied: "Mrs. Davis was such a part of the people of this section, participating in their griefs and sorrows and rejoicing in their prosperity and happiness, and was for so many years intimately associated with them in every way, that an extended notice is unnecessary and out of place. She was in every sense of the South Southern, and her earnest wish was to live and die among the people she loved so well; and what she suffered that ill health compelled her to take up her residence among strangers, far from her own people, is known only to those who were intimate with her; and, though denied the pleasure of being with them in body, she was ever present in spirit, and delighted in dwelling upon the heroic deeds of our incomparable armies. As an author, as a wife, as a mother, as a patriot, as a SOUTHERN WOMAN, she attained a high eminence in the estimation of the world, and died, full of years and of honors, respected by all and beloved by all survivors of the Confederate armies."

ELLEN GRAHAM PATTON.

The olden-time aristocracy of Eastern Tennessee is gradually fading from memory or notice. The decision of many people in that section to side with the Union in the sixties caused a breach that is not yet fully healed, and the most advanced and forceful men of that section moved to other parts of the country. Atlanta secured the best share of those who could not live there in peace and safety after the war. Superb stone residences erected a century or more ago are of the faithful landmarks. An interesting story of family histories might be given which would illustrate the claim of the highest aristocracy of the best type, but in connection with the purpose of this article reference is made to the family of Graham. Annie Kendrick Walker, in the Birmingham Age-Herald, February 21, 1904, gave an interesting story of Hayslope, a noted home near Russellville, some twenty miles from Tazewell C. H., the home of Hugh Graham. Hayslope was presented by Mr. Graham to his daughter, Louise, who became the wife of Theophilus Rogan. This place was founded by Col. Thomas Roddy, commissioned colonel through his gallant service in the battle of King's Mountain. Colonel Roddy had an esteemed servant, "Harry," whom he bought from General Marion and whom the General had captured from a British officer. Colonel Roddy was a devout Baptist; and when he said "grace" at meals, the dining room doors were thrown open, so that the blessing sought was to benefit the servants in the kitchen as well as the family. The old home is still standing and occupied by the widow of Mr. Rogan, whose death occurred not long after the celebration of their golden wedding, early in 1904. Another daughter, Cornelia Graham, married Mr. W. H. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

During the War between the States Hayslope became quite noted by the presence of distinguished Southerners. Father Ryan celebrated mass there. It was occupied by General Longstreet when his corps was camped in that vicinity. Generals Breckinridge's and Duke's commands fought in that vicinity. After the battle near Bull's Gap, this house was occupied as a hospital. It is said that a Major Fairfax, Federal, granted protection for the cows at Hayslope on condition that he be furnished a gallon of milk a day for his egg-nogs. The Federal General Bryan made his headquarters at Hayslope. A pathetic story is told of a young Confederate being executed there for desertion, because he went to see his fatherless sisters without permission. A pardon reached there the day after the young man's death.

Hugh Graham came to this country from Ireland during its early days at the age of fourteen. He was successful in business, and married the daughter of Patrick Nenny, a man of a noted patriotic family. While both were quite young, Hugh Graham and his future brother-in-law were sent to Richmond to buy slaves for the large estates of William Graham and Patrick Nenny. The negroes "enlivened the march from Richmond by their musical singing."

Hugh Graham was an intimate friend of Andrew Jackson and of Sam Houston. He was ardent in literature while maintaining his large business interests, and it was said of him that he subscribed for more magazines and papers than any other man in the United States; and, while a Presbyterian, there was a room in his house known as the "Preacher's Room" for any gospel minister who could accept his hospitality. His draughts from the Pierian Spring made him a secessionist, and he was independent. Once the Federals took away all of his provender, and, calling their attention to it, he said, "Why don't you take all of my stock?" and they did, driving away forty mules and other stock.

The Grahams were ever splendid soldiers through many generations. Castle Rock, Mr. Graham's home, was a noted place. The engraving presented herewith will give an idea of its extent, as well as show the dilapidation that has come to it in recent years. A battle was fought at Tazewell, witnessed by Mr. Graham from the upper windows of Castle Rock, and that night he gave his barn for shelter to Ashby's Cavalry. The next morning he called early to greet his friends, but was met with the remark, "We are not your boys, but Uncle Sam's," and soon the house and grounds were occupied by bluecoats, who ransacked and plundered to their content. The splendid old residence was erected about 1837 by Maj. Hugh Graham, brother of Wm. Graham, mentioned below. Dilapidation may be seen in the picture. A large porch is entirely gone, and yet for its time it may well have been called the "great house" in darky terms. During the disasters of a battle at Tazewell and subsequent marauding parties through that section it is quite remarkable that the residence was not burned. It was in that house that Ellen Graham was reared, and in it she hid after the Federals learned of her scheme to liberate the prisoners—by putting a file in a peach cobbler—until she



CASTLE ROCK, TAZEWELL, TENN.

made her escape in the garb of a servant. Other splendid houses were built in that vicinity, notably a fine stone residence which is yet in good condition.

Miss Ellen Graham had recently come into possession of an estate of about $50,000, her father having died, and confiscation would have been swift and complete if the "Home Guards" (?) could have gotten it in possession. After reaching the house of her sister in Philadelphia, she was quite safe. She was wooed and won by Mr. Thomas R. Patton, who had acquired a fortune by that time. She lived only a few years after, her death occurring in 1868. Since that sad event Mr. Patton has never opened his house for any public entertainment, but has lived much in retirement. The venerable gentleman maintains a zealous interest, however, in public matters.



ELLEN GRAHAM PATTON.

It is a coincidence worthy of note here that he and his friend, Mr. William Woodside, also a successful merchant of Philadelphia, made the perilous journey to Richmond in the midst of the war period, and so deported themselves as to carry back to their Northern homes the God's blessing of President Jefferson Davis. While it is believed that they contributed liberally of their own funds to needy persons in the South, there will hardly ever be any positive knowledge.

William Graham, the founder of a large estate about Tazewell, procured special legislation during 1840 whereby he could liberate some three hundred slaves. He bought a township in Ohio and gave it to them, providing temporary subsistence as well, and gave his bond that they would not be a burden to that State for three years.

Story of Miss Graham's Experience.

[From a most interesting paper read by J. W. Yoe, now dead, before the Fred Ault Bivouac at Knoxville, Tenn., upon "Reminiscences of the War."]

I recall a pleasant little episode that occurred near Tazewell, and I will relate it to illustrate the times and the sympathy that the true Southern women had for our soldiers.

The Federals were in possession of Cumberland Gap, and had their pickets and scouting parties out as far as Tazewell, in Claiborne County. Our company was placed in the gap of Waldron's Ridge, on my father's farm, south of Tazewell, on the main road leading from Cumberland Gap to Morristown, where it was supposed the Federals might wish to reach so as to stop supplies, etc., from passing over the East Tennessee and Virginia road. The Federal videttes were then in Tazewell. The fences around the farms between our picket post and Tazewell had either been burned or torn down in many places, and roads or paths had been made through and around the fields. On looking out one day we saw some one approaching our videttes through the bushes along one of these paths. It turned out to be a negro boy riding a donkey and carrying a huge hamper—all the horses were in the army—and as he came into the road, the vidette brought his gun to bear on the boy and called: "Halt!" The little negro's teeth glistened and his eyes sparkled as he yelled: "Missus Ellen sent me here wid dese things fur de picket." He was told to advance, as we knew that nothing ever went from Miss Ellen Graham to a soldier but something for their good or comfort. The contents of the hamper consisted of a big pot pie, three bottles of pure, homemade wine, a razor, strap, shaving brush, and soap, two cakes of toilet soap, a comb and brush, and a clothing brush.

Learning from the boy the position of the Union pickets and guard, and knowing the country thoroughly, we concluded to go and return thanks in person; so we ate the pie, drank the wine, shaved, washed our hands and faces and brushed our clothes, and started for Tazewell. We filed down the ridge through the paths and bushes a few at a time until we reached a swale at the foot from which we could approach the Union videttes a good part of the way under cover. This we did cautiously until we exposed ourselves, when we raised a yell, put spurs to our horses, and charged upon the Union guard. The surprise was complete; they fled and stood not on the order of their going. We chased them some distance beyond the town, and then returned. Passing along the main street, we saw a bevy of as beautiful ladies—Miss Graham among them—standing on my father's porch as could be found anywhere, who seemed to be not only pleased and happy but amused; and on looking just in front of us, we found our way blocked by yarn strings tied across the street. Recognizing this as a friendly banter and invitation to stop, John Brooks called a halt, and we gave a rousing cheer and broke ranks, greeting all we knew and scattering around and abandoning ourselves to the enjoyment of the hour; and so keen was the enjoyment that we lost sight of the fact that we were practically within the enemies' lines and had out no pickets; but Miss Graham was more thoughtful of a soldier's duty than we, for it was she who gave us notice that the enemy were returning in force, and we rode out of town as the enemy rode in. Whether she had stationed the colored boy on his donkey to keep watch, I never knew, but she gave us notice in some way. After we returned to the picket post and under the influence of the occasion, the pause struck John Brown, and he got off what he called a little piece of jingle which we sang around the camp fire that night to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," by the aid of E. W. Crozier. I have been able to recall a part of the words as follows:

"As we came riding down the street
In Tazewell Town,
A lovely band we chanced to meet
In Tazewell Town;
But they had thrown across the street
A blockade so very neat
That we remained until quite late
In Tazewell Town.

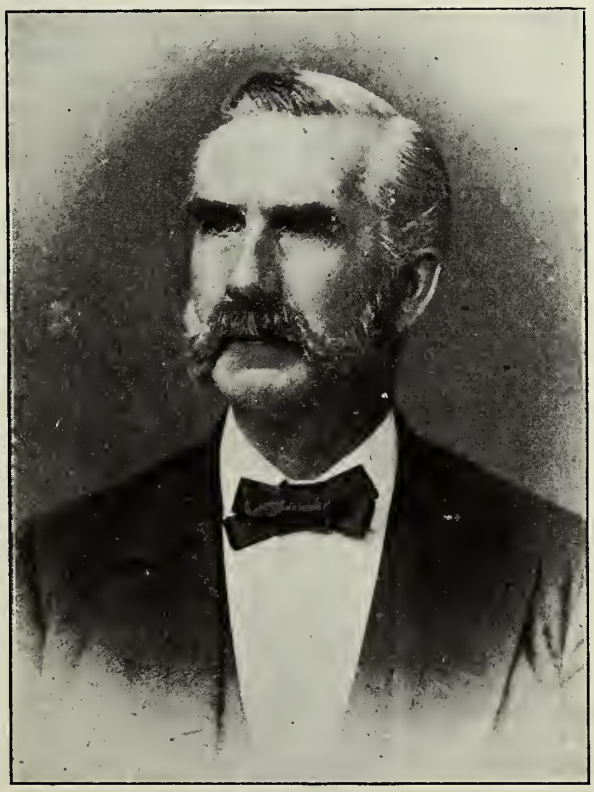
Miss Ellen Graham, who lives here
In Tazewell Town,
Was on this occasion there
In Tazewell Town—
She who with such a bounteous hand
Sends luncheon to our picket band
Who on post are called to stand. Hear,
Hear, Tazewell Town!"

Miss Graham was a bright example of the typical Southern lady of that time. She was strong in her convictions, true to her views of right, sympathetic, faithful, and determined in doing that which she felt right and just, yet womanly in the best and truest sense. No soldier ever met her but felt that he was in the presence of a noble and pure woman, who dared to follow her convictions. Her acts of kindness and charity

were abundant, and the lives of many were brighter and happier because of her sympathy and help.

At another period there were some thirteen prisoners (what might be called political prisoners) in jail at Tazewell with a guard around the jail, among them a nephew and friends of hers. She believed they were wrongfully imprisoned, and continuously supplied them with food and other comforts until they finally escaped during a heavy storm which drove the guards under shelter. She was accused of baking a loaf and putting in it tools which enabled the prisoners to escape, and she was forced to leave her home in those troublesome times. She went to Philadelphia, and there met and married Mr. Thomas R. Patton and died there.

Mr. Patton is the Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania. In December, 1889, he presented the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania with a check for twenty-five thousand dollars, a little later two other payments, in the aggregate $100,000, stating in his address: "I am conscious of a natural desire to benefit my race and contribute to the necessities of the unfortunate, and especially of my brethren in the Freemasonry, their widows and orphans. In this connection I have a controlling solicitude to leave a worthy memorial of sacred affection to the memory of my lamented wife, Ellen H. Graham Patton." This noble charity was accepted by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania as a sacred trust, and it declared that the style of the fund shall be the "Thomas R. Patton Memorial Charity Fund," and that it shall be used as provided by its founder: "for the relief of the poor but respectable widows of forty-five years of age and over, and whose husbands were Master Masons in good standing in this Masonic jurisdiction within three years of death." I take pleasure in presenting to the Bivouac the deed of gift and by-laws governing this noble charity in memory of a pure and noble woman. It has been said that Southern women were fanatics—a mistaken conception of their character. They would not have been human if they had not sympathized with their fathers, husbands, and brothers; but they were true, noble, sympathetic, and dared to do what they deemed right, and every true soldier, every brave and true man will join in saying: "God bless them!"



THOMAS R. PATTON.

Ellen H. Graham Patton's memory has been honored by her husband because of his affection for her, and yet there is something beautiful and poetic in the thought that, after the mantle of peace covers a united country and the passions and hates of the war have largely passed away, the widows of some of those who wore the blue are now being aided and helped through a fund dedicated and founded in memory of one who respected and honored those who wore the gray. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Ellen H. Graham Patton, "though dead, yet speaketh."

Philadelphia is said to have one of the finest Masonic temples in the world, and "Egyptian Hall" has been dedicated to Thomas R. Patton's memory, an honor that has perhaps never been conferred on a living Mason before; and thus the soldiers' friends of long ago are indissolubly connected with Masonry, the good and beautiful for all time. You will pardon this digression, and my only apology is that I never know when to quit when I begin to talk of the women who sympathized with and aided a soldier boy.

An Escort of Miss Ellen Graham in Her Escape.

Capt. Thomas S. Gibson, Sr., wrote from Gibson Station, Va., July 2, 1898, to Mr. Joshua A. Graham, a nephew of Mrs. Patton as follows:

"*Dear Friend:* In answer to your inquiries, I give you a statement of what your Aunt Ellen Graham did just after the surrender of the Southern troops in 1865. My information was from her own lips.

"Some of the Rebel boys after the surrender who were citizens of Claiborne County and living near Tazewell, Tenn., were caught up by the Federal authorities and placed in jail. Of these parties were Tom and Fish Miller, Daniel Jones, and others. In the latter part of November, 1865, I left the house of H. C. T. Richmond on my way to Wythe County, Va., after some stock I had sent there for safe-keeping. I told Mr. Richmond of my purpose to reach John McElroy's, eight miles above Jonesville, that day, which I did. That night about eleven or twelve o'clock I heard a 'hello.' I recognized the voice as that of H. C. T. Richmond, who wished to stay the remainder of the night. He was accompanied by Miss Ellen Graham, who desired to go east with me. I soon dressed myself, went out, and assisted Miss Graham in alighting from her horse and in escorting her to the house.

"We started quite early next morning, and on our way she told me she was accused of furnishing tools to some of her friends in jail with which they made their escape. The court convened that week, and while in session a friend of hers came down to where she and her mother were living and informed her that she had been indicted and that the sheriff would be down in a few minutes to arrest her. She told me that she went into the cook room, where a colored woman was cooking, exchanged dresses with the negress, taking the colored woman's old black bonnet, which she put on and stepped out, and, crossing the town creek, went to Mr. Frank Cloud's, and from there to Joseph Buis's, who furnished her a horse and escort to H. C. T. Richmond's, and from Mr. Richmond's to Mr. McElroy's that night, as stated. She told me that she furnished the tools with which the boys made their escape.

"We went on out of Lee County, up through Scott County, and through Russell County into Washington County, stopping at or near what was called the Seven Mile Ford Depot. A long train came up shortly with many Confederate soldiers on board. At the sight of these she became anxious lest some one from Tazewell might be on the train hunting for her. I told her there was no danger, and assisted her on the train. There was but one lady on the train, who divided seats with her. She was a Virginia lady who lived near to Bedford C. H., Va., with whom, she wrote me, she stayed two weeks, and from there she went to her sister's in Philadelphia.

"I found Miss Ellen Graham to be one of the strongest of Rebels, true and unspotted to the cause of rebellion, and a perfect lady. She told me of many things she did for the poor Rebel soldiers, particulars of which I did not remember."

Thomas R. Patton's Masonic Record.

In connection with the magnificent memorial to Ellen Graham Patton by her husband, Thomas R. Patton, of Philadelphia, at a cost of $100,000, his fraternity will appreciate an account of his extraordinary Masonic relations. His degree is Thirty-Third. He was Past Master of Union Lodge, No. 121; Past Master of Excelsior Mark Lodge, No. 216; Past Thrice Illustrious Grand Master, Philadelphia Council, No. 11, Royal Select Mason; Past High Priest of Oriental Chapter, No. 183, Royal Arch Mason; Past Eminent Commander Kadosh Commandery, No. 29, Knights Templar; Past Illustrious Commander in Chief of Philadelphia Consistory, Lodge of Perfection, Council of Princes of Jerusalem, Kilwinning Chapter of Rose Croix; thirty-three years Treasurer of Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania; thirty-three years Treasurer of Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania; Honorary Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania since 1902; Representative of the Grand Lodge of England, King Edward VII. Grand Master; Representative of the Grand Commandery of Canada, and many others.

MARYLAND CONFEDERATES AT FIRST MANASSAS.

Col. Winfield Peters has written for the Baltimore papers an account of the 1st Maryland Infantry in the battle of Manassas July 21, 1861. He quotes from the unsent message by President Davis: "Indeed we were saved from a fatal defeat at the first battle of Manassas only by the promptness of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who, acting without orders and moving by a change of direction, succeeded in reaching the battlefield in time to avert a disaster."

He further states:

"Gen. Kirby Smith assumed command of the brigade under Col. Arnold Elzey, of the 1st Maryland, which had come over from the Valley of Virginia. Smith, knowing the desperate straits of the Confederates and the need of more troops, awaited the arrival of the railroad train which brought Elzey's Brigade and met them as they alighted. Anxiously seizing upon the 1st Maryland, General Smith hurried that regiment to the support of Jackson, who received that day his sobriquet of 'Stonewall.'

"General Smith's brigade marched five miles at double-quick step over roads deep with dust and under a broiling sun within an hour. There was no water to slake the thirst, and the physical exhaustion was almost complete. But the dust clouds warned the enemy of approaching reënforcements. The odds against the Confederates had been heavy.

"The Maryland Regiment, keeping in the lead, first met and charged the enemy, drove them from the left and rear of Jackson, pushed steadily on, and fought until the 3d Tennessee Regiment caught up, when the two regiments promptly made a sweeping charge which broke and put to flight the Federal line. At this point the 10th Virginia Regiment caught up and aligned on the left of the 1st Maryland. A simultaneous advance of the Confederate line, extending to the right, likewise broke and defeated the enemy, and then began that which has become the famous Bull Run rout. Pursuing the flying foe being a physical impossibility, the three regiments moved to the Henry House plateau, where the battle had raged for hours, then followed the enemy until darkness overtook them, when they returned to the main battlefield and slept on their arms.

"In this and other battles in which the 1st Maryland made bayonet charges six companies carried Mississippi rifles that had no bayonets, but the remaining companies carried smooth-bore Springfield muskets with bayonets. The riflemen were taught to reverse their pieces and use them as clubs.

"President Davis arrived on the battlefield about the time Smith's Brigade did. He first assisted in rallying troops on Jackson's right flank; then, learning of the splendid conduct of the 1st Maryland, he rode over to them on Jackson's left flank, saluted Colonel Elzey as 'General Elzey,' congratulated him, then raised his hat to the regiment. General Beauregard also promptly appeared and dubbed Elzey the Blucher of the day, that general, as is known, having saved Wellington's allied army at Waterloo. This was the sublimity of glorious victory, with the Maryland line in the forefront. But Elzey's Brigade was subordinate, of course, to Stonewall Jackson's and Bee's victorious troops. General Bee, upon baptizing Jackson and his Virginians as a 'stone wall,' fell, mortally wounded.

"General Smith, leading the 1st Maryland, fell under the first fire from the enemy with a terrible wound, supposed to be mortal. Colonel Elzey, likewise mounted (keeping in the saddle through the fight), was prompt to assume command in Smith's place. Apprehending the desperate situation, Elzey said to Maj. Bradley T. Johnson, 'This means for me six feet of ground or a yellow sash' (worn only by general officers). And so it transpired.

"Recovering from his dangerous wound, General Smith in October returned to the army a major general commanding a division, in which was General Elzey's brigade. A parade of his division occurring soon afterwards, the Maryland Regiment sent up a rousing cheer for General Smith, who responded in a short speech, highly complimenting them, saying: 'I hope for the honor of leading you up Charles Street, Baltimore.' Gen. Kirby Smith was shortly thereafter ordered to the West, where he proved himself an able commander, and was promoted to full general and given command of the army in the Trans-Mississippi Department, retaining it until the end of the war, being the last to surrender. He badly defeated the Federal army under General Banks in Louisiana, near the Red River, and thereafter found no occasion to fight a great battle.

"It is conceded that a defeat at Manassas such as was threatened the Confederates, in the then formative condition of their army nearest Washington, with a preponderance of untaught, untrained volunteers, would have resulted in the abandonment of Richmond, the newly established seat of government, and as a sequence the collapse of the gallant Confederacy. And as an indication of the treatment in store for the defeated Confederates by their Northern conquerors, it will be remembered that the Confederates captured at Ma-

nassas thousands of manacles brought along by 'our friends the enemy' for the entertainment of the so-called Rebels; likewise the real spirit of the North was manifested during the reconstruction era. The glory of the Confederate armies and people would not have been, but instead the South would have been as serfs to the intolerant, heretical North, with the negro in the saddle boasting that 'De white man am as good as de cullud man ef he 'have hissef.'"

Colonel Peters was a private in the 1st Maryland Infantry (Company H, Captain Murray's) in 1861-62, and participated in the Valley and Manassas campaigns under General Johnston. That regiment was formed largely from the 1st Rifle Regiment, Baltimore, Col. George Peters, father of Col. Winfield Peters. Colonel Peters, senior, also served the Confederacy in charge of a department in the army. He died August 29, 1865, from the effects of such service.

GEN. MARK PERRIN LOWREY.

BY P. W. SHEARER, VICKSBURG, MISS.

Referring to an article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I have read with sincere pleasure the just tribute of Col. W. D. Pickett to Brigadier General Lowrey, my beloved old chief.

There were two Mississippi brigadiers of the same name, though spelled differently. One is Gen. Robert Lowry, twice since the war Governor of the State of Mississippi, and now the honored Commander of our State Division, U. C. V.; the other, Gen. Mark Perrin Lowrey, to whom Colonel Pickett so eloquently and gracefully refers. He was a Baptist clergyman, whose unaffected piety, gentleness, and purity of character won the affection of his men, while his courage and skill commanded their entire confidence. The writer, who had the honor of serving on his staff for more than two years, recalls many occasions when the dear old General at suitable times on hard marches during active campaigns, as well as when in quiet camps, called the brigade together and preached to us so earnestly, so hopefully that only eternity may tell the effects of the wise counsel and the good example of this brave Christian soldier.



GEN. M. P. LOWREY.

I am glad to be able to tell Colonel Pickett something of the subsequent life of this useful man. Soon after the war he established at Blue Mountain, Miss., a school for girls, which is now one of the largest and most flourishing colleges for young ladies in the entire South, and is now controlled by the General's sons and daughters. The eldest son, Rev. W. T. Lowrey, D.D., is President of the Mississippi College at Clinton, Miss., ranking high as a preacher and an educator. All of the sons are, as Colonel Pickett surmises, "chips of the old block" in manliness and high character. General Lowrey passed to his reward in 1885, leaving the memory of a life of lofty virtue and high endeavor as a soldier and citizen that places him high on the roll of heroes.

MONUMENT TO EMMA SANSOM.

ADDRESS BY MRS. N. A. HAMMAN, SECRETARY U. D. C., GADSDEN, ALA., TO FORREST'S VETERANS.

The Gadsden Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized by Mrs. Alto V. Lee, Sr., President, in March, 1904. It has been the earnest desire of its members since its incipiency to raise funds for a marble equestrian statue of Gen. N. B. Forrest and Emma Sansom to be erected on Broad Street, Gadsden, Ala. This monument is about completed, at a cost of thirty-five hundred dollars, and represents this brave young girl mounted on the horse behind General Forrest showing him the old ford as they rode under shot and shell to Black Creek after Streight's Federal cavalry had burned the bridge. By untiring efforts this Chapter has secured by donations of our generous citizens, entertainments, etc., the sum of one thousand dollars, and earnestly solicits aid to complete the payments.

The old homestead on the hillside above the ford, now within the environs of Alabama City, is still here, a fast-decaying memorial of Emma Sansom, the girl heroine of the War between the States; while in far-away Texas the sighing winds of heaven are singing their sad requiem over the grave of one of the truest-hearted and bravest women of the Confederacy. But it is here near the home of her childhood and young womanhood, beside the bright waters of the Coosa, that the Gadsden Chapter of U. D. C. would erect a gleaming statue that will tell to generations to come our appreciation of one of our beautiful Southland's daughters, the brave Emma Sansom; and as we honor her memory in giving this memorial, we perpetuate the name and honor the memory, so dear to every Southerner, of that brave and matchless cavalry leader, Gen. N. B. Forrest, who rode to victory that day in 1863 guided by a tender woman's hand.

Can any mother teaching her children this true story of the War between the States withhold a donation to this memorial fund? Our noble, gray-haired veterans who, with their wives, sons, and daughters, have gathered here will hear this appeal and lend a helping hand. All are earnestly requested to assist us in this laudable undertaking. Monuments to women are few in this land. Let this beautiful statue appeal to the gallantry of our Southern brothers and generous sisters all over the South. We hope for a hearty response.

[Contributions may be sent to Mrs. N. A. Hamman, Corresponding Secretary of the U. D. C. Chapter, Gadsden, Ala. The foregoing paper comes from R. A. D. Dunlap, Registrar.]

SOLDIERS OF BOTH ARMIES AT GETTYSBURG.

On September 15-17, 1906, inclusive, there was a Reunion at Gettysburg of the survivors of the Philadelphia Brigade, composed of the 69th, 71st, 72d, and 106th Pennsylvania Regiments, and of Pickett's Division. One of the happiest incidents of this joint Reunion was the return of the sword of the gallant Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, who fell mortally wounded inside the enemy's lines, to the survivors of Pickett's Division on the spot where Armistead fell. At this place is a monument on which is carved:

"Here Gen. L. A. Armistead, C. S. A., fell mortally wounded.
The high-water mark of American valor."

The sword had been carefully kept, and the presentation address was made by Joseph McCarroll, of the 72d Pennsylvania Regiment, and the response was by Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress, of the 56th Virginia Regiment, for Pickett's men. Mrs. Pickett, the widow of General Pickett, was present, as was also her son, Maj. George E. Pickett, U. S. A. There was an immense crowd, and it was a lovely evening. Captain Jeffress stood by the monument in full view of the audience and spoke gracefully. Concluding a suitable address, he introduced Mrs. Pickett, who was standing just behind him, and she made a most appropriate address. The battlefield was in full view, the hundreds of monuments and statues glittering in the golden sunshine. The Confederate uniform appeared side by side with the blue, and the large concourse of attentive old soldiers and spectators marked the memorable occasion.

On the return from Gettysburg a meeting was held of the men of Pickett's Division present, when the sword was returned, and it was unanimously

"*Resolved,* That the sword and the small United States flag accompanying it be placed in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., to be kept in perpetuity, unless claimed by some descendant of Gen. Lewis A. Armistead."

Captain Jeffress, of Chase City, Maj. Henry A. Edmondson, of Houston, and Col. C. T. Loehr, of Richmond (all of Virginia), complied with this commission on September 18, 1906.

Seventeen Confederates Buried at Brunswick, Tenn.—During the war, the hospital at Memphis being too small to accommodate all the sick soldiers, many of them were taken care of by the patriotic citizens of Memphis and the adjacent country. Some of Price's men were sent to the small village of Shelby, now called Brunswick, about nineteen miles from Memphis on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. They were cared for in a church. Seventeen of them died and were buried in the church graveyard. Recently Mr. Russell Jones, an old Confederate veteran living in the vicinity, has at his expense caused to be erected stones marking their graves. Fifteen small stones with "C. S. A." carved thereon were put at the head of fifteen graves. In the center of the plot a large stone was erected with the following inscription on it: "This plot contains the remains of seventeen soldiers of Price's army. Names unknown. Removed from hospital in Memphis in 1862, and died in a church that was converted into a hospital near this spot." Mr. Jones is a member of Company A, Uniformed Veterans of Memphis. He was a member of Company I, 51st Tennessee Infantry, during the war, and was paroled May 5, 1865. He takes great interest in anything pertaining to the Confederate cause. Any one wishing to communicate with him in regard to the above can address him at Brunswick, Tenn.

[The above is from W. B. Stewart, of Arlington, Tenn.]

PRINCETON, KY., WANTS A MONUMENT.

The Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V., Princeton, Ky., has published a letter, directed to "our comrades and friends and to the advocates of the cause for which we strove four long years to maintain," to which cordial response from comrades everywhere is solicited. Some opposition has been made to the building of a Confederate monument in that community, but the Veterans and Daughters are determined to have it. Contributions will be thankfully received.

"In order to commemorate the cause we so much loved and for which we fought, we take it to be a duty to leave to our posterity something to perpetuate the remembrance of that cause, and we think the erection of a standing monument in one corner of our courthouse yard in Princeton, Ky., to the memory of our Confederate dead will be the most impressive and most lasting heritage that we can leave them. Our Camp and Chapter being unable to perform alone this most sacred duty, we feel and hope that our comrades and friends will not think us presumptive when we ask others to assist Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V., and Tom Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., in the accomplishment of this great undertaking. We make this appeal because we cannot build this monument without aid. Send subscriptions to T. J. Johnson, Princeton, Ky.

G. R. White, *Commander;*
T. J. Johnson, *Adjutant J. P. C.*"

ANDERSONVILLE AND MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There are various so-called patriotic societies of men and women through the North, and also various so-called historians of the War between the States writing from a Northern point of view, who have made and are still making the effort to link the names of Andersonville and Maj. Henry Wirz in a bond with eternal infamy. They charge that Federal prisoners of war were deliberately starved to death or died of disease contracted in a place which was chosen "because of its unhealthfulness," and that the terrible death rate among the prisoners was due to the cold-blooded cruelty of Major Wirz, the commandant. And so "the horrors of Andersonville" and the "brutality of Wirz" are emphasized to Northern prejudice, set forth with all the exaggerations that hatred can suggest.

As soon after the war as possible Major Wirz was sent to his death by a court organized to convict, and ever since his name has been held up to execration as a fiend incarnate. A calm, dispassionate study of the facts will show Major Wirz a man of kindly heart, who did what he could for the prisoners consistently with his duty to his country; yet this man was sacrificed to the malignant, vengeful spirit of a triumphant fanaticism.

The true history of the exchange negotiations between the Federal and Confederate authorities will show that the Confederates made every honorable effort to secure a general exchange of prisoners; and when that failed, they sought to protect their prisoners from the hunger and disease incident to our poverty of resources by negotiation with the Federal government. It will show, too, that the Union leaders deliberately refused every offer made to them, however generous, and left their own soldiers to sufferings and to death under conditions which the Confederate government was helpless to remedy unless it should abandon its cause and surrender its dearest rights. And one, reading the history of the time, must believe that all this heartlessness on the part of the authorities

at Washington was for the purpose of arousing and keeping alive the war spirit of the Northern people by holding up the Southern people as monsters of cruelty.

General Grant, himself a magnanimous soldier, wrote General Butler August 18, 1864, from City Point, Va.: "If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners when taken, we shall have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here." What a humiliating confession!

But how did his government treat them? How much better were the prisons at Rock Island, Camp Douglas, Elmira, and other places than Andersonville? If the word of a multitude of our men who were prisoners is to be accepted, they, in a land of plenty, where food and clothing were abundant, suffered the pangs of a hunger which welcomed a diet of rats and dogs instead of moldy bread, wormy beans, and rancid bacon furnished in small doses, endured the severities of a rigorous climate in scant summer clothing, suffered the cruelties of cowardly guards, who shot down many of them in cold blood.

The horrors of those prisons are seldom revealed except as they are told by some old Confederate who endured and survived. But the figures of the comparative death rate in Northern and Southern prisons compiled by Federal officers can be neither explained nor revised away. Out of 220,000 Confederate soldiers in Northern prisons, 26,536 died; out of 270,000 Federal soldiers in Southern prisons, 22,756 died—in the Northern prisons over twelve per cent; in Southern prisons a little over eight per cent.

All this sad record might have been left to the pages of some future historian as the story of an era of strife and passion to be deplored and forgiven, but the United States government has purchased land and inclosed a national prison park and placed monuments with inscriptions false and slanderous and insulting to a brave people who are unable to protect themselves against such petty malice. This park is quite adjacent to the United States National Cemetery, and Northern States have erected magnificent monuments therein.



MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.
(From the family picture owned by Mrs. J. S. Perrin.)

The proposition of the Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a monument to Major Wirz seems to have stirred the indignation of the Grand Army of the Republic, and they protest against it as an insult to the loyal sentiment of the Northern section of the Union.

There is in the South a deep feeling that the execution of Major Wirz was an injustice perpetrated against an innocent man, that he was the victim of a spirit of revenge, and that the inscriptions in Andersonville Prison Park which perpetuate the injustice to the memory of Major Wirz are believed to be false. It seems never to occur to the Northern people that these inscriptions are an insult to the South.

No one objects to the monuments scattered over the South to honor the courage and devotion of the brave soldiers who fought honestly against us; but when a monument is made simply a means of dishonoring our cause and slandering our soldiers, then we can't be expected to be quiet under the reproach.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, noble guardians of the memories of the sixties, stung by a sense of injustice done to the name of one who suffered death and obloquy for the Confederate cause, feel that the time has come to rescue his name from the undeserved odium which has been heaped upon it for more than a generation.

The charge which has been made and repeated in every form of exaggeration is that Major Wirz willfully starved Federal prisoners of war to death and was guilty of the grossest brutality in the treatment of them. The facts are that he was a physician of kind heart, who tried in every way to relieve the severe conditions to which the prisoners were subjected by reason of the slender resources of our country. The prisoners received the same ration that was issued to the Confederate soldier in the field. It is true, the rations were small. It could not be otherwise when the land from which we drew our supplies was devastated by our enemies with the confessed purpose to starve us into submission. Our fields were desolated, our crops destroyed, our stock wantonly slaughtered, our mills and factories burned, medicines made contraband, and our coasts blockaded. The effort was to shut up heaven, earth, and sea against us. General Sheridan could boast that he left the fertile Valley of Virginia so bare that a crow flying over it would have to carry its rations. General Sherman could well report that on his much-glorified yet unhindered "march to the sea" his braves destroyed one hundred millions of dollars' worth of property of the citizens of Georgia. He said, "War is hell," and he did all he could to make it so. [The popular song, "Marching through Georgia," glorifies (?) as terrible a record of vandalism as was perpetrated by Alva in the Low Countries. Yet Southerners have never protested against that song of praise to brutality.]

Of course our soldiers' daily ration was small—little corn dodgers and a little piece of fat bacon, with sometimes a few black-eyed peas or beans or other vegetable. If it happened to be beef issued to us, it was so poor that it was about equal to a diet of twine—it was so stringy. Yet small and poor as it was, we managed to march and to fight on it. We didn't grow fat, but we kept up our spirits.

Let me give some of my personal experiences, which were shared by my comrades. For the last year of the war I sel-

dom cooked my portion of bacon, for I couldn't afford to lose a drop of the grease; so I ate it raw. Sometimes we fried out the grease and crumbled up a dodger or two of bread in it; and then, pouring in some water, we boiled it until the bread was soft; and this, with the bacon crackling, made an appetizing mess. We called it "cush," but the more fastidious called it "puppy feed." It is true that three little corn dodgers and a piece of bacon one-quarter to half a pound isn't a very luxurious ménu, but a prisoner with any genius might devise a good deal of variety out of it.

In the campaign into Tennessee under General Hood in 1864 we often found parched corn a substitute for bread; and meat was so scarce that in my mess each of us kept his piece of bacon to boil on successive days as "seasoning" for the black-eyed peas which we gathered from the fields we passed. I remember that my piece, from repeated boilings, became as black as soot; and when I finally ate it, I might as well have swallowed my dish rag. Twice during the war I was literally three days and nights without a bite to eat: once when Sherman came out through Mississippi and burned Meridian; again on the retreat of Hood's army from Tennessee in December, 1864. On both occasions the country through which we passed had been so devastated that there was nothing left for us. I was in the rear guard in the retreat from Tennessee, and at Pulaski three days' rations of meat and bacon were issued to us. Just as we had finished cooking our bread and had eaten our supper a band of Federal prisoners were halted by their guard by our bivouac fires. They were captured the day before, and had eaten nothing for thirty hours. As they asked us for food, I proposed to my comrades that we give them our rations, to which all heartily agreed. I told our men that we could get enough to eat from our own people as we went on to the Tennessee River; but we were so hard pressed and the country along our line of march was so bare that it was seventy-two hours before we got a bite to eat. When we got across the river, three days' rations were issued to us of beef and corn bread. I remember that I ate all of mine at one meal.

This cry of the Confederate authorities starving prisoners is a falsehood manufactured for a purpose. Prisoners were fed as well as our soldiers were, and our government did the best it could while our country was harassed by an enemy who carried on war by reducing even women and children to starvation and destroying the very sources of our food supply.

When General Lee went into Pennsylvania to the fatal field of Gettysburg, he scrupulously protected private property. But parts of North Mississippi, North Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina were given up to destruction by the Union armies; and were left with only homes in ruins, solitary chimneys standing gaunt and bare, fenceless fields, deserted cabins, the silence of death marking the path of the invader. Burke's celebrated description of the desolation wrought by Hyder Ali in the Carnatic, when he descended on that devoted land like a cyclone of wrath, was reillustrated in parts of the South after they had been visited by some of the Federal troops. It surely comes with poor grace from those who wrought this ruin to object to any effort the Southern people may make to correct the slanders which have been current against them for more than a generation, and especially to repel those slanders which have been carved in stone to perpetuate the falsehood.

One of the worst features of this persistent defaming of Major Wirz is the inscription over a spring which is inside the stockade and which has been flowing for centuries. It is called the "Providence Spring," and this fable is inscribed as an explanation of the name: "The prisoners' cry of thirst rang up to heaven. God heard it, and with his thunder cleft the earth and poured his sweet water rushing here." This blasphemous attempt to make the Almighty a party to a false and malignant charge can be palliated only on the plea of an ignorance which will accept any statement to the discredit of a foe. There is great profession of reconciliation between the sections; but the idea seems to be that we must quietly accept the judgment of the North that we were wrong, and that we must not offend the sensibilities of our conquerors in our monuments to our dead. Yet the South is covered all over with monuments to those who invaded her, and she has uttered no protest nor cherished any feeling of resentment.

We of the South are constantly charged with still feeling the bitterness of the war and being narrow and provincial, while the North has magnanimously forgotten and forgiven the past. But when a test comes up like this proposal of a monument to Major Wirz, then the spirit of sectional hatred is manifest in the North. I trust that the monument will be erected.

Other Orders to Devastate from General Grant.

City Point, July 14, 1864.

Major General Halleck: If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose they have, we should have upon his heels veterans, militiamen, men on horseback, and everything that can be got to follow to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of this season will have to carry their provisions with them.

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*

City Point, July 15, 1864.

Major General Halleck: If Hunter cannot get to Gordonsville and Charlottesville to cut the railroad, he should make all the Valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio road a desert as high up as possible. U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*

Headquarters in the Field, Monacacy Bridge, Md., August 5, 1864.

Maj. Gen. D. Hunter: In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions and stock wanted for the use of your command, and such as cannot be used destroy.

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*

City Point, Va., Aug. 26, 1864.

Major General Sheridan, Halltown, Va.: If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste. U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*

Headquarters Middle Military Division, Harrisonburg, Sept. 28, 1864.

Brig. Gen. W. Merrit, Commanding First Cavalry Division: Destroy all grain and forage. You can drive off or kill all stock and otherwise carry out the instructions of Lieutenant General Grant, an extract of which is sent you and which means: "Leave the Valley a barren waste."

James W. Forsythe,
Lieut. Col. and Chief of Staff to Maj. Gen. Sheridan.

Harrisonburg, Sept. 29, 1864.

Lieutenant General Grant, City Point: Torbett retiring by way of Staunton, destroying according to your original instructions to me. P. H. Sheridan, *Major General.*

City Point, Nov. 5, 1864.

Major General Sheridan, Cedar Creek, Va.: So long as the war lasts they must be prevented from raising another crop both there and as high up the valley as we control.

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*

LOCATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

The twelfth annual convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., concluded its sessions at Americus on November 2. The next convention is to be held in Augusta. This Americus meeting is said to have been the largest held for years.

Mrs. John E. Donalson, of Bainbridge, formerly Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, of Atlanta, introduced a resolution to reconsider the decision of the convention at the Thursday night session upon the location of the Wirz monument, which, by a close vote, was to have been located in Americus. Mrs. Donalson urged patriotic women of the South to place the monument at its rightful place, Andersonville. Her resolution was adopted, and the location of the shaft will be definitely announced at the next meeting of the convention.

Colonel Donalson made a patriotic address and paid a beautiful tribute to Capt. Henry Wirz. He likewise thought the monument should be placed at Andersonville amid the scene of Captain Wirz's labors and sufferings for the cause he loved.

While the above is reported, a succeeding paragraph states that the question of location is still an open one, and will be determined at the Augusta meeting next year.

In a personal letter Mrs. Donalson referred to this subject as follows: "You see even in Americus I had to express my opposition to having the Wirz monument there or anywhere except Andersonville. If we wish to honor Captain Wirz as a martyr, we must bravely place the shaft to his memory where it belongs; and if we wish to make history, we will place it at Andersonville, is my view of it. If we place the monument elsewhere than at Andersonville, it seems to me that we do so fearing vandalism that would reflect upon the North, and it would also seem that we too are fearful. If we haven't the right spirit about the monument, we shouldn't have it at all; and if we build it, we should not fear to have it where it belongs! I honor the North for placing the monuments to their heroes where they feel that they should have them, and they will honor us more for doing the same. The right place to put the monument is the question after deciding that it is right to have it at all, no matter what any section of the country may think."

Rev. J. P. Wardlaw, pastor of the First Methodist Church, was asked for an expression of opinion. Dr. Wardlaw argued that the location of the Wirz monument at Andersonville would forever create a wrathful feeling against those who erected it, and that it could almost be counted on as a certainty that every year at the Federal memorial exercises there speeches would be made that would engender strife and open old wounds long since healed. The VETERAN concurs in the views of Mr. Wardlaw. It would rarely ever be seen there by sympathizing friends.

"On Monday next the committee of the Union War Prisoners' Association will have an interview with the President concerning the proposed erection of a grand national monument to the memory of the thirty-five thousand prisoners who died in Southern prisons during the war. The Association contemplates asking from Congress the grant of a public square on Pennsylvania Avenue on which to erect the proposed monument."

Such is the extract we cull from a Radical sheet. Here is the exciting falsehood that thirty-five thousand prisoners died in "Southern prisons during the war." What is the official evidence that we have, as laid before the country, of a fact that we now assert? It is this: Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army and War Office, year before last made a full report on this subject, showing these startling statistics: that from first to last during the war the Confederates captured of Union soldiers and held in Southern prisons in round numbers 270,000 men, and that the Unionists captured of Confederate soldiers and held in round numbers 220,000 men; yet that there died in Northern prisons in round numbers 28,000 Southern soldiers and in Southern prisons in round numbers 22,000.

Although the Confederates captured and held fifty thousand more men than the Union armies captured and held, yet in Northern prisons six thousand more men died from alleged ill usage, exposure, and deprivation than died from the same causes in Southern prisons. It is a striking fact in this regard that the average percentage of mortality in Northern prisons was greater because Southern prisoners were mostly taken toward the close of the war, and were therefore the shortest time in confinement. But who is there now in the land that does not know, if General Butler is to be believed. that General Grant and Edwin Stanton are directly personally responsible in large part for the deaths of Union men in Southern prisons, and particularly for most of the suffering and harrowing misery at Andersonville?

General Butler has stated on the floor of Congress that, in view of all and every official responsibility attaching to his position as a Representative, as well as in view of every responsibility attaching to his assertion as a man, after he had arranged with the Confederate authorities for the exchange of the Union prisoners upon the fairest—indeed, upon the most exacting Union—terms, the whole arrangement was defeated by the direct interposition of General Grant and Mr. Stanton, upon the ground that "the exchange would give to General Lee thirty thousand fresh troops," which, it is plain they thought, would hazard the safety of Grant's army upon the Petersburg line, as indeed it would have been, though not probably with much prospect of ultimate success. Yet the best military officers of the South only desired, so they say, one additional full army corps at the back of Lee to have cut in two Grant's great army, and thus prolonged the war indefinitely.

We thus cut the head of this systematic Radical Hydra off again, as we have repeatedly done heretofore.

In connection with the well-known fact of the cold-blooded neglect of Secretary Stanton and General Grant to send vessels to carry off Andersonville prisoners, as desired by the Rebel authorities, without stipulation of any sort as to exchange, and their refusal also to provide medicines for them, as also asked by General Ould at Richmond, it must be borne in mind that a resolution which was introduced in Congress to ascertain officially as to facts of deprivation and suffering by Rebels in Northern prisons was deliberately voted down.

We would simply say to the rancorous and revengeful element of politicians that infest the Executive presence and promise to raise monuments and do one and several other things to prolong the hates of the war, provided that they can get office, that a vast number of the very best men in the Republican party are disgusted at their efforts to tear open the wounds that come of civil war. They say: "Let us have peace."

I hereby certify that this is a true copy of the editorial in the National Intelligencer of June 2, 1869, page 2, column 1.

G. T. RITCHIE, *Library of Congress.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of September, 1904. HENRY E. TRIPP, *Notary Public, D. C.*

Hon. T. C. Catchings, member of Congress, wrote from Vicksburg to Gen. S. D. Lee on September 19, 1904: "I have

yours of the 17th inst., inclosing copy of a letter to you from General Boynton, which I return herewith. . . . It does seem rather late in the day for a denial to be made of General Barnes's report. We have all been under the impression for all these years that such a report was made; and as for myself, I do not doubt that it in fact was made."

Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., wrote from Richmond, Va., November 18, 1902, to Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Columbus, Miss.:

"In reference to General Barnes's report on the prison question, I received a similar letter from Dr. Lewis.

"The simple facts are:

"1. The National Intelligencer sometime in 1866, I think, first collated the figures given in General Barnes's report and those given in Stanton's report, Barnes giving the number of prisoners and Stanton the number of deaths on each side, and showed by the figures that nearly four per cent more Confederates died in Federal prisons than of Federals in Confederate prisons. Now at the time this editorial was written Surgeon General Barnes was living, and, inasmuch as the article was widely copied and excited at the time general comment, it seems to me a moral impossibility that the figures would have permitted to pass if Barnes had written no such report and the figures were not accurately given. The fact that there was no denial at the time seems to me conclusive proof that there was such a report.

"2. In the great debate between Ben Hill and Blaine in January or February, 1876, Ben Hill used these figures with terrific effect, calling upon Blaine to send to the library, get the reports, and correct his figures if they were not true. Blaine had twenty-four hours in which to prepare his reply, with all the clerks in the departments at his beck and call, and yet he did not dare to deny the accuracy of these figures, and only ventured an attempt to explain them away by the weak statement that in the last year of the war the Confederate prisoners came into the hands of their captors so emaciated from hunger and want that they died from the effects of the condition in which they were captured in spite of the kind treatment which they received. Of course this cut up by the roots his whole argument; for if the Confederates could take no better care of their own soldiers, how could they be expected to care for their prisoners?

"3. In the discussion of the prison question in 'Southern Historical Papers' for March and April, 1876, I used these figures. I had a proof sheet of a summary of what I claimed to prove struck off, and with a personal letter sent to the leading newspapers and magazines at the North, urging them to correct any point which was not accurately given. No paper, so far as I have ever heard, ventured to reply or to question the accuracy of the figures of Barnes and Stanton. The Nation did after twelve months make a quasi reply, but did not deny the accuracy of these figures. I copied in the 'Southern Historical Society Papers' the whole of the Nation's reply, and offered to give them line for line if they would reciprocate in a full discussion of the matter. The Nation replied that 'want of space compelled them to decline the courteous offer.' I rejoined that I must take leave to believe that 'it was not so much want of space as it was lack of facts and figures to put into the space,' and thus the 'incident closed.'

"4. As you say in your letter to General Gordon, both Mr. Davis and Mr. Stevens used these figures in their books. I used them in my 'Reminiscences of Lee,' published in 1874, and again in my 'School History of the United States.' The first time they were ever denied, so far as I am aware,' was when Dr. H. L. Wayland reviewed my history in the New York Independent and denied the percentage I gave on the authority of the then surgeon general of the United States; but I came back at him with the figures, and Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, then President of Brown University, wrote me that my reply was 'perfectly conclusive.'

"5. After allowing these figures to go uncorrected and unanswered through all of these years, it is too late now for them to attempt to 'cook up' other figures; and if General Barnes's report is not in the surgeon general's office, it is simply because it has been stolen or destroyed."

President Davis on Treatment of Prisoners.

Extract from a letter of Mr. Davis to Hon. James Lyons, dated New Orleans, January 27, 1876: "To the bold allegations of ill treatment of prisoners by our side and humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents it is only necessary to offer two facts: First, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that, though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in Northern prisons than died of Federals in Southern prisons; secondly, that want and suffering of men in Northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies be bought there. General Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies."

Alexander H. Stephens.

From "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 507-610, by Alexander H. Stephens: "It now appears that a larger number of Confederates died in Northern prisons than of Federals in Southern prisons or stockades. The report of Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, on the 19th of July, 1866, exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. This report does not set forth the exact number of prisoners held by each side respectively. These facts were given more in detail in a subsequent report by Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army. His report I have not seen; but, according to a statement editorially in the National Intelligencer (very high authority), it appears from the Surgeon General's report that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons, from first to last during the war, was in round numbers 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was, in like round numbers, only 220,000. From these two reports it appears that with 50,000 more prisoners in Southern stockades or other modes of confinement the deaths were nearly 4,000 less! According to these figures, the per cent of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the per cent of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. These mortality statistics are of no small weight in determining on which side was the most neglect, cruelty, and inhumanity."

From Speech of Hon. B. H. Hill.

In his masterly reply to Mr. Blaine, Mr. Hill said: "Now will the gentlemen believe testimony from the dead? The Bible says: 'The tree is known by its fruits.' And, after all, what is the test of suffering of these prisoners North and South? The test is the result. Now I call the attention of gentlemen to this: that the report of Mr. Stanton, the Secre-

tary of War (you will believe him, will you not?), on the 19th of July, 1866 (send to the library and get it), exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. And Surgeon General Barnes reports in an official report (I suppose you will believe him) that in round numbers the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands amounted to 220,000, while the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands amounted to 270,000. Out of the 270,000 in Confederate hands 22,000 died, while of the 220,000 Confederates in Federal hands over 26,000 died. The ratio is this: More than twelve per cent of the Confederates in Federal hands died, and less than nine per cent of the Federals in Confederate hands died. What is the logic of these facts according to the gentleman from Maine? I scorn to charge murder upon the officials of Northern prisons, as the gentleman has done upon Confederate prison officials. I labor to demonstrate that such miseries are inevitable in prison life, no matter how humane the regulations."

Mr. Blaine's Reply.

In regard to the relative number of prisoners that died in the North and the South respectively, the gentleman undertook to show that a great many more prisoners died in the hands of the Union authorities than in the hands of the Rebels. I have had conversations with surgeons of the army about that, and they say that there were a larger number of deaths of Rebel prisoners; but that during the latter period of the war they came into our hands very much exhausted, ill-fed, diseased, so that they died in our prisons of diseases that they brought with them. And one eminent surgeon said, without wishing at all to be quoted in this debate, that the question was not only what was the condition of the prisoners when they came to us but what it was when they were sent back. Our men were taken in full health and strength; they came back wasted and worn—mere skeletons. The Rebel prisoners in large numbers were when taken emaciated and reduced, and General Grant says that at the time such superhuman efforts were made for exchange there were ninety thousand men that would have reënforced the Confederate armies the next day prisoners in our hands who were in good health and ready for fight. This condition sheds a great deal of light on what the gentleman states."

What Gen. B. F. Butler Said at Hamilton, Ohio.

We had sixty thousand or thereabout of their prisoners. They had thirty thousand of ours or thereabout. I don't give the exact numbers, as I quote from memory; but these are the approximate numbers.

I proposed to go and exchange with the Rebels, man for man, officer for officer, until I got thirty thousand of our men, and then I would still have had thirty thousand of theirs left in my hands. And then I proposed to twist these thirty thousand until I got the negroes out of the Rebels. I made this arrangement with the Confederate Commissioner. This was on the 1st of April, before we commenced to move on that campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, around Richmond. At that time the lieutenant general visited my headquarters, and I told him what I had done. He gave me certain verbal directions. What they were I shall not say, because I have his instructions in writing. But I sent my proposition for exchange to the government of the United States. It was referred to the lieutenant general. He ordered me not to give the Confederates another man in exchange. I telegraphed back to him these words: "Your order shall be obeyed, but I assume you do not mean to interfere with the exchange of the sick and wounded."

He replied: "Take all the sick and wounded you can get, but don't give them another man."

You can see that even with sick and wounded men this system would soon cause all exchanges to stop. It did stop. It stopped right there, in April, 1864, and was not resumed until August, 1864, when Mr. Ould, the Rebel Commissioner, again wrote me, "We will exchange man for man, officer for officer," and saying nothing about colored troops.

I laid this dispatch before the lieutenant general. His answer in writing was substantially: "If you give the Rebels the thirty thousand men whom we hold, it will insure the defeat of General Sherman and endanger our safety here around Richmond." I wrote an argument, offensively put, to the Confederate Commissioners, so that they could stop all further offers of exchange.

I say nothing about the policy of this course; I offer no criticism of it whatever; I only say that whether it be a good or a bad policy it was not mine, and that my part in it was wholly in obedience to orders from my commanding officer, the lieutenant general.

EIGHTH VIRGINIA REUNION AT LEESBURG.

The last Reunion of the 8th Virginia Regiment at Leesburg was in some respects pathetic in interest. It was on the 45th anniversary of the battle of Ball's Bluff.

Capt. W. E. Garrett served as master of ceremonies. Gen. Eppa Hunton, the former beloved colonel of the regiment, and Lieut. Col. Edmund Berkeley were both present. A carefully prepared address was delivered by Colonel Berkeley, which the survivors may publish in full.

General Hunton was then asked to say a word to the "boys" if he felt able to do so, and in earnest, loving words he expressed his great pleasure in being able to meet them under such favorable conditions; and, although in the eighty-fifth year of his age, after talking for a while, he seemed to renew his youth, and made a remarkably clear, connected statement of facts touching the times of October, 1861, which was loudly applauded and highly appreciated by all.

At the close of General Hunton's remarks the line of march was formed and the Sons led the way to the banquet hall; and on arriving there, halted, opened ranks, and with bared heads honored the old Veterans as they passed into the hall. The Veterans were received by a committee of ladies and assigned seats at the table, beautifully decorated by the fair Daughters of the Confederacy and well-laden with the substantials of life, which were by these same Daughters and mothers distributed among them.

The survivors of this gallant regiment resolved upon a more permanent organization and to meet annually in future. Upon General Hunton's suggestion, the organization was named the "Berkeley Camp of the Eighth Virginia Survivors."

Mr. James M. Kilgour, of the Sons of Veterans, was called out by Captain Garrett when the organization had been perfected, saying the fathers would like to hear what the Sons think of their legacy, and "right well" did he respond in a speech full of earnest, eloquent words and proud appreciation of the title "son of a veteran of the Confederate army." Col. John H. Alexander was called for; and, while always happy in his speeches, on this occasion he surpassed himself in a graceful tribute to General Hunton, citing his loyalty to duty and unsullied integrity as an ideal for ambitious youth to follow to attain real success.

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT AT PULASKI.

Much credit is due the Daughters of the Confederacy at Pulaski, Tenn., for their successful achievement in rearing a monument of such proportions to the finest typical hero and man of any age or clime—Sam Davis. (The Nashville monument in his honor is expected to be as near the ideal as it will be possible to make it.)

The meeting of the Tennessee Bivouacs and Camps of United Confederate Veterans was held in Pulaski at the same time, and many thousands of patriotic people were present to do honor to the event.

Capt. J. H. Fussell, President of the State Association of Confederate Soldiers, called the meeting to order, and Hon. Z. W. Ewing, who was the efficient master of ceremonies, presented Mrs. W. B. Romine, of Pulaski, to make the address of welcome for the local Camp, named in honor of the beloved J. H. Wooldridge, who was shot blind away back in a battle of the sixties. Mrs. Romine said:



SAM DAVIS MONUMENT, PUBLIC SQUARE, PULASKI, TENN.

"*My Friends:* This is a memorable day in the annals of Pulaski and Giles County, since we are honored with the presence of so many Confederate soldiers from all over the fine old Volunteer State.

"Confederate Reunions will soon be events of the past and subjects of sacred memories, as so many of the men who followed the flag of '61 are fast passing from the scenes of this life to the realities and rewards of the life hereafter. Soon your Reunions will be held not upon the soil of past battles in this beloved Southland, but in the shade of the trees on the other side of the river. Then you may meet not in the decrepitude of old age and maimed bodies, but in the magnificent strength and stalwart freedom of rejuvenated and perpetual youth.

"To us who come after you will be left the proud memory of your heroism and devotion. We are glad that we are enabled before the parting comes to meet you once again and to look with tender appreciation into your faces while we recount your brave deeds. We are glad to be able to say to you that we love you and revere you for what you have bequeathed to us, and we will keep your memories green when you are gone. As we look upon you we thank a kind Providence that has cast our lots together, so that we may properly commemorate the event of this occasion.

"As to one of the chief features of our coming together: On to-morrow morning we expect to see the sunbeams that have so long and lovingly kissed the brows of the eternal hills which girt this little town rest like our Father's benediction upon the gleaming marble of a shaft to commemorate the life, bravery, and death of one of the grandest characters this or any other country has ever produced—matchless Sam Davis, the young man

'Who died with a rope about his neck,
But at God's great judgment beck
Out of the Southland shall rise
With truth and glory in his eyes.'

"During your stay among us we wish also to call your attention to another monument which has stood for years on a breezy upland in Maplewood, overlooking the marts of commerce and highways of trade, and which marks the last resting place of as true a soldier as the South ever had—that gallant and well-beloved son of Giles and twice-elect Governor of Tennessee, Gen. John C. Brown.

"To me is accorded the proud privilege of representing the John H. Wooldridge Bivouac and Camp on this occasion, and in the name of that gallant and loyal band to welcome you to the hearts and homes of Giles County. I am proud of the men who compose this band, but above all am I proud of the name it bears of as great a hero as ever yielded up his life on the field of battle. It is a grand and noble thing to die for a principle of one's country; but it is a still nobler exhibition of heroism to sit in solitude and darkness for almost half a century, shut out from the loveliness of this green earth, without impatience, without a murmur, without complaint, a typical embodiment of physical, mental, moral, and patriotic endurance.

"Just forty-four years ago on yesterday afternoon, as he was leading his company in the thickest of the battle on the bloody field of Perryville, a fatal shot put out his eyesight forever.

'Twas just as the day king sank to rest
On his couch of gold in the purple west;
Ne'er again would his vision be blest
With the sun's uprising from the gray dawn's breast.

To the earth and her beauties his sight is congealed,
To the sky and its splendor his eyelids are sealed;
But again will they open, and there'll be revealed
O'er the battlements of glory sweet heaven's fair field.'

"I call upon you, citizens of Giles County and Confederates of Tennessee, to rally around this comrade of yours in his declining years and crown him with sympathy ere he passes to the realms of eternal day, where there shall be no more night nor darkness forever.

"But these are but true types of the Southern soldier everywhere. I see around me to-day many with bent forms and broken with wounds who proved the truest of heroes. . . .



MRS. W. B. ROMINE.

I know that under those Rebel jackets beat hearts as true and warm as ever yielded their life's blood upon the field of battle, and I never meet a soldier of the South that I do not feel that I am in the presence of a hero, and I think that, although

'The flag you followed in the fight
Ne'er shall float again,
Thank God it sunk to endless rest
Without a blot or stain!

We love that flag; let smiles and tears
Together hold their sway.
It won our hearts in days agone;
It holds them fast to-day.'

"Once again I welcome you Confederates to Pulaski—

'Pulaski, with seven hills standing as Rome of old;
Pulaski, with valleys green and fields of sunny gold;
Pulaski, so rich in song and story;
Pulaski, so hallowed on the page of glory.

Pulaski, whose soldiers at our country's call stand;
Pulaski, who gave the flower of her land;
Pulaski, for four long years, man after man;
Pulaski, mother of the Kuklux Klan.

Pulaski, dear to my heart, O little town, you lie!
Pulaski, near to thee let me live, and at last let me die;
Pulaski, God's richest blessings rest on thee;
Pulaski, the dearest spot in Tennessee.'"

Pulaski had once before entertained the Veterans of Tennessee, and hence Mrs. Romine's welcome was royally accepted.

DEDICATION OF THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

Hon. Ben Childress introduced Miss Sallie Ballentine, who organized the local Chapter of Daughters, and her address of welcome was interrupted with cheer after cheer.

[The words of Miss Ballentine's beautiful address have not been procured, and the VETERAN is reluctant to go to press without it. Those who know the gifted, patriotic woman may well expect what she said as most fitting for the occasion; but the delivery before so vast a multitude was splendid and with amazing ease and grace. She did honor to the Daughters of the Confederacy, who achieved so much in the monument—from Mrs. Dobree, President of the Chapter (a niece of Gen. John Adams, killed at Franklin), to the humblest member of the Chapter.]

Mr. John C. Kennedy, of Nashville, related his experience in coming with Oscar Davis, a brother of Sam Davis, to Pulaski to identify and carry the body home. He said he only wanted history to record the facts, declaring that the young hero was hanged and buried in a gray uniform.

Gen. George W. Gordon spoke as follows:

"*Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies, Comrades, and Countrymen:* We have not assembled in this memorable little city, around this sacred cenotaph, to celebrate the daring deeds of a martial chieftain or the sanguinary victories of a dazzling conqueror; but to retell the brief story, recall the tragic fate, exalt the glorious name, and honor the noble memory of a humble, loyal citizen, a fearless private soldier, a death-devoted comrade, and a peerless patriot martyr—the boyish but heroic and immortal Sam Davis. On the 27th of November forty-three years will have elapsed since the occurrence of that cruel tragedy that brings us here to-day. Perhaps not a living soul that looked upon that solemn scene is with us now to tell us how the hero died. But if yonder silent trees had tongues, if these eternal hills could speak, they could tell us that he died as becomes a real man to die—faithful to the claims of honor. And more, they could tell us that his firmness, fortitude, and sacrifice once more proclaimed to the world he was leaving that,

'Whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The proper place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.'

"Samuel Davis, better and more fondly known as Sam Davis, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Davis, who resided near the village of Smyrna, in Rutherford County, Middle Tennessee, and was born October 6, 1842, and died upon the scaffold on yonder hill on the 27th of November, 1863, in conformity to a decree of a Federal military commission, pronouncing him guilty of the alleged charge of being a spy.

"Davis inherited from a brave and honorable ancestry the qualities of courage and the virtue of truth, and from early boyhood manifested a tender love and filial reverence for his 'Little Mother.' Like the most of boys in farm life, his earlier years were uneventful. His educational advantages were such as the rural districts of the country then afforded. Later, in September, 1860, he entered the Western Military Institute, at Nashville, where the course of instruction in both the academic and military departments of the institution was very similar to that pursued at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y.

"The wild, stirring, and strangely fascinating days of 1861 found our future hero at the military institute at Nashville, and from the halls of which he heard and responded to the

call, "To arms!" issued by the Governor of Tennessee. He was now nineteen years of age. Intelligent and patriotic, he regularly enlisted as a private soldier in Capt. William Ledbetter's company of the 1st Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. After participating in a number of important battles, he was transferred to the secret service of the Army of Tennessee, and became a member of Captain Shaw's (alias Captain Coleman's) company of Confederate scouts.

"He was in that service when captured by Federal troops a few miles from this city about the 20th of November, 1863, while returning South with information of military importance to the Confederate commander of the Army of Tennessee, then encamped at Chattanooga. There seems to be a singular absence of detailed intelligence concerning the immediate capture of Comrade Davis—the particular day on which it occurred, the exact place where it occurred, and the circumstances attending the event. All of this appears to be wanting. After the fact of his capture, we next hear of him undergoing an inquisition by General Dodge, the Federal commander of the post of Pulaski at that time.

"When Davis was captured, he had upon his person, in his boots and concealed in his saddle, documents, maps, letters, and diagrams, containing information of the Federal forces in Middle Tennessee, their locations, their fortifications, their movements and probable designs. Some of this information, supposed to be known only to a few of the Federal officers, was so accurate that General Dodge seemed to believe that it must have been procured through some traitor in his own camp.

"When General Dodge had read the papers, among them a letter from Captain Coleman, commanding the Confederate scouts, intended for General Bragg, and the order of Captain Coleman permitting Davis to pass the Confederate lines, he is reported to have sent for Davis, whom he took in his private office, told him that a serious charge had been made against him, that he was a spy, and from what had been found upon his person he had accurate information in regard to his army and he must know where he obtained it, saying that he was young and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. To which Davis, in a respectful and dignified manner, replied: 'General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation and am willing to take the consequences.'

"General Dodge then asked him to give him the name of the person from whom he got the information; that he knew it must be some one near headquarters or who had the confidence of the officers of his staff, and repeated that he must know the source from which the information came. He further insisted that he should tell him, but Davis firmly declined. General Dodge then told him he would have to call a court-martial and have him tried for his life, and from the proofs he had the court would be compelled to condemn him, and that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. Davis replied: 'I know that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I will do so feeling that I am doing my duty to my God and my country.' General Dodge is reported to have then said: 'I pleaded with and urged him with all my power to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He [Davis] then said: "It is useless to talk to me. I will not do it. You can court-martial me or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him.'

"We have no copy of the proceedings of the military commission that tried him save a copy of the order appointing the commission, a copy of the sentence of the commission condemning the prisoner to be hanged, and a copy of the order of General Dodge approving the sentence imposed by the commission and directing that the sentence be carried into effect between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. November 27, 1863.

"We have no copy of the written charges and specifications made against the prisoner, if any were ever made, and it is presumed they were. Nor have we a copy of the pleas, if any were made, by the defendant, and it is presumed they were. Neither have we a copy of the evidence adduced against the prisoner, except of some of the papers that were found in his possession when captured. Nor are we informed whether the prisoner desired or was allowed counsel to advise and defend him. All of this, however, may be of record in the archives of the War Department in the city of Washington, and it is earnestly hoped that it is, as it might prove to be an interesting and instructive, though melancholy, chapter in the dramatic history of that untimely war.

"With the lights before us we cannot admit that Davis was a spy as that word is defined by military usage and understood in the customs of war. He was a scout. A spy is one who in disguise or without the insignia that discloses a hostile intent enters the enemy's lines to obtain information that may be serviceable to the army or nation to which he belongs, and by the laws of war when captured is liable to suffer death. But a scout is a soldier who operates on the outskirts of the enemy's army, with such concealment as the case may suggest, but without disguise; while a spy is one who enters in disguise within the enemy's lines. A scout if captured has, by usage and custom, the rights of a prisoner of war; while a spy is held to have forfeited all rights and is subject, in case of capture, to be executed. Both scout and spy seek information of the enemy's whereabouts, his strength, his movements and designs; but the one operates in his proper uniform in the vicinity of the enemy's forces, while the other, in disguise, penetrates his lines, perchance enters his camp, numbers his forces, and inspects his defenses.

"Sam Davis was not in disguise when captured, but was clad in the suit he wore in the Confederate army and in which he had fought in battle, though not the regulation uniform of the Confederate army. Few Confederates wore that complete. In addition to this, he wore a Federal military overcoat; but not in its original blue (for then he would have been in disguise), but which had been dyed in a brownish walnut color to prevent its appearance as that of a Union soldier. By his garb he was readily recognized as a Confederate soldier, and, as far as known, made no attempt to conceal that fact. He was not captured within the enemy's immediate lines. There was no proof of where, when, or how far he was from Pulaski when he received the information found upon him when captured. Suppose he had been captured five hundred miles from Pulaski by a Federal scouting party in the same garb and with the same information upon him, would he still have been held to be a spy? Certainly not. But his information would have been equally serviceable to the Confederate commander in either case.

"Maj. John Andre, who was executed by General Washington as a British spy, had entered the American lines in dis-

guise, negotiated with Arnold, the traitor, for the surrender of his army, and was returning with this information to his commander when captured—information that involved the fate of an army, perhaps that of a nation.

"Col. Nathan Hale, who, having volunteered to penetrate the British lines to obtain information for General Washington, was detected and executed as a spy by the British in New York, had entered the enemy's camps in the disguise of a Tory schoolmaster, obtained the information he desired, and was about to return when detected, seized, tried, and condemned. Neither of these is a parallel case. But whether scout or spy, such service is honorable, and so regarded by the laws of war. Davis perished in the same cause for which Lee and Forrest fought and for which Johnston and Jackson died.

"But to return to our story. Friday, the 27th of November, has come. The day dawns bright and beautiful, but the hearts of the people of this little city are filled with terror, gloom, and sorrow. Their youthful countryman and valiant defender is doomed to die to-day. A wagon bearing a coffin and guarded by armed soldiers is driven to the jail, the prisoner is called from his cell, his hands are bound, he is placed in the wagon, seated upon his coffin, and driven to yonder hill, the place selected for his execution. Arrived there, the prisoner is on the scaffold, the rope around his neck, the open coffin before him, the grave gaping ready for him, enemies all around him, with no friend to encourage and no kindred to console him. Alone and unterrified he faces the scene! At this trying crisis a horseman is seen coming. It is Captain Chickasaw, a messenger from General Dodge. Arriving on the spot, he hurriedly dismounts, approaches the gallows, and cries out to the prisoner: 'It is not yet too late! Give the name of your informer, and life, liberty, and a safe escort to the Confederate lines are yours!' Hear his reply, which is quick and decisive: 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray a friend or the confidence of my informer.'

"Then there was a sudden hush! The trap fell, and the glorious spirit of Samuel Davis took its flight beyond the stars. Ah! what issue had been presented for that young soul to decide! The loss of life or the loss of honor. Triumphantly he met the crisis. Life perished, honor survived, and the name of Sam Davis was handed to immortality. In thus dying he gave to the world an example of heroic self-sacrifice, of fidelity, fortitude, and courage that is unsurpassed in all the annals of authentic history—an example for the admiration and emulation of the youth of all the coming ages, a beacon light to guide, an ideal to inspire. Every schoolboy in the land should hear the story of Samuel Davis, and learn therefrom the beauty of fidelity, the glory of honor, and the grandeur of courage—courage, 'that splendid thing that gathers up all the days of living, all the forces of one's being into one supreme moment that is the test of all the rest.'

"If the courage of the youthful Pelham (about the age of Davis), of the Army of Northern Virginia, who fell in a charge amid the excitement and thunders of battle, had justly elicited so much praise and admiration, what shall we say of that displayed by Davis, of the Army of Tennessee, amid the tranquillity of a deliberate execution? Lee finely said of Pelham: 'How glorious to see such courage in one so young!' Be it said of Davis: 'How sublimer still to see it in one so young, so tried, so tempted, so circumvented!' So far from the scaffold being the symbol of a culprit's disgrace in this instance, it became the shining altar of a hero's immolation—his sacrifice to truth, honor, and fidelity. He primarily died that another might live, but incidentally in the service of his country. Men have perished bravely on the scaffold when that issue could not be avoided or at the stake for the right of a faith in the hope of salvation, but Davis died a martyr to the obligations of honor. As the blood of the 'martyrs' inspired the faith and the courage of their followers, let that of Davis animate the youth of the land with lofty sentiments, noble aspirations, and exalted ideals.

"When the tidings of the fate of young Davis reached the home of his parents, they secured the services of a neighbor. John C. Kennedy, who knew the young man, to go to Pulaski and ascertain if it were indeed their son who had been hanged; and if so, to bring his remains home. Oscar Davis, their little son, was sent with Mr. Kennedy to aid in the identification of his brother. The distressed mother gave Mr. Kennedy a sample of the material with which she had lined a vest that she had made for her son, that it might aid in his identification. Arriving at Pulaski and his mission made known to the Federal authorities, Mr. Kennedy was allowed to disinter the remains to ascertain if they were those of Sam Davis. This being done, the body was uncovered; the face was scarcely recognizable; but a comparison of the lining of the vest with the sample of cloth that had been furnished Mr. Kennedy established the identity, and the grewsome journey homeward began. An incident occurred on the return at Duck River, near Columbia, that deserves to be mentioned. The banks of the river were steep and dangerous, and it was difficult to descend with a wagon to the ferryboat and still more difficult to ascend the bank on the other side. There was a Federal guard at the ferry, and Mr. Kennedy went in front of the team to check the animals in the descent. On learning that he bore the remains of the brave Confederate scout who had been executed at Pulaski, and the story of whose splendid heroism being known by them, they told him to get in the wagon, and it was carefully taken down the bank by those Federal soldiers, accompanied across the stream, and aided by their hands and shoulders to the top of the opposite bank. Mr. Kennedy thanked them; and as he bade them adieu, they reverently raised their hats and stood uncovered in the presence of the departing dead—a tribute that chivalry pays to courage.

"Arriving at the gate of the old homestead, the father anxiously asked: 'Was it Sam?' As the messenger answered 'Yes,' the mother threw up her hands and fell, and the father's head was bowed in grief. They buried him in the yard of their home near their hearts, where a modest marble monument marks the spot where their brave boy sleeps. Long since both have been laid beside him.

"There is a place in the great city of London that has been immortalized by the blood of the Christian martyrs, and there is a place in Tennessee—Pulaski—that has been immortalized by that of a patriot martyr. After years of patient, persevering effort, the noble women of this city and vicinity have erected this humble testimonial that we dedicate to-day to tell the world where Davis died; and in the name of the people of Tennessee, and more especially on behalf of the Confederate soldiers here and everywhere, we acknowledge our gratitude to our honored countrywomen whose love and loyalty have erected this monument and thereby consecrated a hero's fame."

John Trotwood Moore recited his poem, the first written and published in his "Songs and Stories from Tennessee," entitled "Sam Davis."

Just as he concluded the following young ladies, representing the thirteen Confederate States, unveiled the statue: Misses Maskie Mai Blackburn, Mattie Harris, Louise Stacy, Louise Buford Brown, Ella Sumpter, Mary Baugh, Rhyburn Crow, Nelle Moore, Pearl Butler, Susie Mai Lightfoot, Suzanne Nelson, Elsie Abernathy, and Rebekah Braden.

When the classic features of the young hero were first revealed to the public view, hats were removed, and there was silence for some moments in profound reverence.

There is not granite enough in the bosom of this continent to build a dome too high for Davis. Pulaski is his deathbed; all Tennessee his monument. A place has been legally set apart on the Capitol grounds in Nashville for the erection of a mausoleum to the memory and glory of this exceptional man—this patriot martyr—and it is hoped that his remains will yet be taken there, that his head may be pillowed on the heart of his State. Tennessee has the melancholy but honorable distinction of having given to the world, in the person of this incorruptible citizen, dauntless soldier, and matchless man, one of the noblest and sublimest examples of patriotic self-sacrifice known to all time and all history; and it is eminently dutiful and appropriate that the State should commemorate his martyrdom in a manner commensurate with the exceptional character of the sacrifice and the grandeur of the example thereby established.

COMBAT AT LOCKRIDGE'S MILL.

COL. THOMAS CLAIBORNE—COL. JOHN G. BALLENTINE.

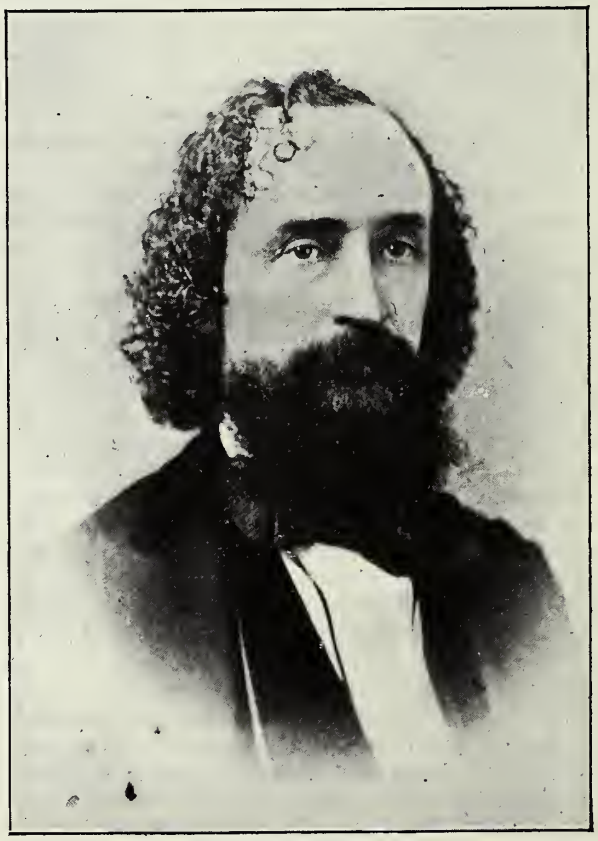
In May, 1862, Colonel Lane, afterwards brigadier general, commanding the Federal forces at Forts Henry and Heiman, sent out an expedition in the direction of Paris and Dresden for the capture of medical supplies reported to have been sent out from Paducah to the Confederate army, the expedition consisting of three companies of cavalry commanded by Maj. Carl Shaeffer de Boernstein. Col. Thomas Claiborne, with his own and the 7th Tennessee (Col. W. H. Jackson), the whole force twelve hundred and fifty strong, striking the trail of the Federal expedition, immediately took it up and followed it for about thirty-three hours without stopping, and overtook it at Lockridge's Mill, in Weakley County. Capt. John G. Ballentine, of the 7th Tennessee, with five companies in advance, surprised the pickets, and with a yell Ballentine's force, followed by the entire command, charged the Federals and pursued them in a hot chase for fourteen miles. The Federal force was dispersed and scattered in all directions. Six were killed, sixteen wounded, and sixty-seven captured.

In his official report Colonel Claiborne stated that Captain Ballentine was most of all conspicuous for his gallant bearing and use of his saber and pistol. He fired at and mortally wounded Maj. Carl Shaeffer de Boernstein. He engaged in a saber hand-to-hand combat with a brave fellow named Hoffman, who several times pierced the Captain's coat with his saber but was forced to yield finally. Captain Ballentine also received blows by a carbine and was severely bruised.

In the autumn of 1861 Captain Ballentine made a reconnoissance, under orders from General Polk, on Paducah and other points occupied by the Federal forces. Near Paducah he attacked a strong outpost after a fierce combat in which James W. Fleming, afterwards a prominent citizen of Tennessee, was wounded and permanently disabled. Fleming was the first Tennesseean wounded in the Southwest. In this affair Captain (afterwards Colonel) Ballentine exhibited the enterprise, dash, and splendid courage for which he was so often subsequently distinguished. Colonel Claiborne, of Claiborne's Cavalry, after the campaign of 1862, accepted service on the staff of Maj. Gen. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) H. B. Buckner, where he served with distinction. He was an officer of the United States army, and resigned as captain of the mounted rifles and offered his sword to his native State of Tennessee. He was a veteran of the war with Mexico, and was brevetted for gallantry at Huamantla.

[The foregoing is from "Confederate Military History," of which Hon. James D. Porter is the author.]

A most thrilling account is given of the hand-to-hand combat between Colonel Ballentine and a Federal officer—perhaps the Major Hoffman referred to above. Ballentine, then captain, with his command, was pursuing Federals on retreat, and, presenting his pistol, he demanded that the Federal officer surrender. That officer, with saber in hand, smiled at the Confederate and asked him to put up his pistol and he would fight him. Ballentine saw that his antagonist was a gentleman and realized that he was brave, so the challenge was accepted. Placing his pistol in its holster, Captain Ballentine spurred his horse and dashed to the side of the Federal, who was ready and skillfully warded off the blade. Captain Ballentine soon realized that the Federal was a better swordsman, but that he had the better horse. They fought along the road for a great distance. At one vicious stroke by the enemy Ballentine's soft hat was shorn of its brim; then he made a desperate and fatal thrust, piercing the side



HON. JOHN G. BALLENTINE.

of the brave Federal officer, who surrendered. Before the Federal officer died he expressed admiration for the man who slew him, and presented him with his horse.

Soon afterwards Captain Ballentine was promoted to colonel and to the command of the 2d Mississippi Cavalry.

Ballentine was a student at Yale College before the war, and one of his most ardent admirers is Hon. Thomas Gartner Sparks, of Louisiana.

Colonel Ballentine has always been a forceful, successful man. He represented his district with conspicuous loyalty and ability in the Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Congresses. He is now venerable and feeble. Upon his last visit to this office, leaning upon the arm of a stalwart son, he said: "Let the VETERAN come on; my dying won't make any difference."

BISHOP JOHN JAMES TIGERT.

Bishop Tigert, of the M. E. Church, South, was not a veteran because he was not old enough to serve in the war. Although born by the Ohio River, in Louisville, Ky., his every thought and sympathy was with the South, and many interesting reminiscences are treasured by this editor of the zeal he felt in all the years of his life for "Dixie's Land." More than from any other by him was given also plans for the future—and they were of youthful order—to buy a home near the Kentucky line, so as to be in nearer relation to the homes of his birth and of his adoption (Nashville) through his marriage with a daughter of Bishop McTyeire, of the M. E. Church, South, but for whom there might not have been a Vanderbilt University.



BISHOP J. J. TIGERT.

Bishop Tigert was in the Indian Territory to hold his second Annual Conference, having been the first chosen of the bishops elected at Birmingham in 1906. The calamity, from human vision, occurred by his getting a small chicken bone under the tonsil, which brought on much pain and then blood poison, causing his death.

The funeral services were held in Nashville November 23, all of the Methodist ministers and some of other denominations being honorary pallbearers. Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, the only member of the College of Bishops present, participated. The principal funeral address was by Rev. G. B. Winton, Editor *Christian Advocate*, and accurately portrayed the noble characteristics of the man.

FROM DR. WINTON'S ADDRESS.

Bishop Tigert, D.D., LL.D., was born in Louisville, Ky., November 25, 1856; and died in Tulsa, Ind. T., November 21, 1906, lacking but four days of completing fifty years of earthly life. Into those fifty years he crowded much work. Inheriting from his parents, John and Mary Van Veghten Tigert, an exceptionally robust physique and a strong, clear mind, he likewise learned and accepted from them the principles of the Christian religion and the doctrines of the Methodist Church, of which both were devoted and consistent members.

Having completed the studies of the municipal schools of Louisville, and being determined already to give his life to the Christian ministry, he came to Vanderbilt University for a course of theological training. After a brief period of labor as a pastor in the Louisville Conference, studying meanwhile under the guidance of Dr. John A. Broadus and of other scholarly professors in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, he returned about 1880 to Vanderbilt University, seeking a more thorough training in the usual studies of a college course. These studies he carried on while supporting himself and his family—for he had been married in the meantime—by teaching some of the sub-college classes which at that time were conducted by the University.

He had a phenomenal capacity for work. For months together he would teach all day and would study far into the night, apparently without detriment either to his freshness of spirits or to his physical well-being; and after two or three years as instructor, he was made full professor of philosophy.

In 1890 he was appointed to a pastoral charge in Kansas City, Mo., after which he was made Editor of Books and of the *Quarterly Review* of his Church, which position he held twelve years. He wrote, he edited, he revised. He traveled widely, as demanded by his work. He preached much and well. He lost none of his evangelical fire by reason of his wide studies, but took part in revival meetings with great zest and effectiveness. His character was indeed so simple that it seemed sometimes to lend itself to misapprehension. There was a sort of artlessness about the man, a directness and a sincerity which were so genuine that many people suspected there must be something behind. He enjoyed the confidence that the Church reposed in him; he enjoyed the great opportunities and the wide sphere of influence which the Church's confidence gave him. He did not hesitate to make known his enjoyment of these things. He had a clear, strong mind, and it was driven by a dominant, resistless will and supported by a splendid physical constitution; it was natural for him to believe in himself and to succeed in the thing that he undertook. As a member of the recent Joint Commission on Catechisms of the two Episcopal Methodisms, he had much to do with the preparation of the recently published Standard Catechism, now accepted as such by the two Churches. He was Secretary of the General Conferences of 1898, 1902, and 1906, and a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London, 1901.

TREATMENT OF VETERANS IN NORFOLK.

BY THOMAS SHANNON, ADJUTANT STONEWALL CAMP, U. C. V.

As a matter of pride in our city government, its efficient administration, and its officers, and believing there is no other city in the entire South which honors the veterans of the Confederacy so much, it affords me great pleasure to give you below a list of the various officers of this city all of whom are ex-Confederates—our comrades:

Judge of the City Court, Clerk of the City Court, Commonwealth's Attorney, Sheriff or City Sergeant, Clerk of the City Council, Chief of Police, Clerk of the School Board, Street Inspector, Keeper of the Cemeteries, Commissioner of Revenue, City Collector, Superintendent of City Schools, President of the Board of Aldermen, Keeper of the Orphan Asylum, Sealer of Weights and Measures, and the Mayor, which office a veteran has held for twenty-four years.

COL. ELI TAYLOR CONNER'S SWORD.—In the battle of Malvern Hill a handsome sword and scabbard on which were engraved both on sword blade and scabbard as follows, "Presented to Lieut. Col. Eli Taylor Conner by the citizens of Carbon County, Pa.," was lost, Colonel Conner being killed in said battle. A suitable reward will be paid cheerfully to anybody returning said sword to Eli Taylor Conner.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FAYETTEVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY, TENN.

In no hearts have the fires of patriotism burned more brightly than in those of the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, No. 16, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Fayetteville, Tenn. They have worked together for eleven years harmoniously and untiringly to do honor to the cause for which their beloved sires surrendered liberty and life. Their first few years as a Chapter were devoted to relief work, and many an old soldier and destitute family reaped the benefit of their loving labors. They also sent a goodly sum to the Confederate Battle Abbey enterprise, and contributed liberally to the Jefferson Davis, Sam Davis, and other monuments. Later it was their pleasure to contribute in some degree to the comfort and happiness of the old veterans at the Soldiers' Home, and they hope in future to be able to do more in that line.

About eight years ago they conceived the idea of erecting a monument to the soldiers of their own county, the fair domain of Lincoln, which sent three thousand valiant men to the Confederate army. The idea, once suggested, was never relinquished, for to put their hands to the plow is never to look back with the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter.

Mrs. Felicia Zollicoffer Metcalfe, their President since the organization of the Chapter, November 2, 1895, has never allowed a note of discouragement to be sounded; but has looked forward with the eye of faith to the glad day when with appropriate ceremonies the monument should be unveiled—a finished memorial of the love and honor of Lincoln County heroes of the fearful sixties. The Daughters worked with indomitable will, and their monument fund grew apace. They were assisted by contributions from the Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and many interested friends; and the corner stone was laid with solemn rites in September, 1902. Since then the monument fund has grown slowly but surely until it procured the monument, which was finished in June, 1906. Owing to a delay in mounting the immense siege guns, however, which are mounted just north of it, and the beautifying of the grounds, it was not unveiled until Sepetember.

Confederate Park, the northeast corner of the courthouse yard of Fayetteville, was given to the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., by the honorable County Court of Lincoln County, and is a lovely, grassy square embellished with grand forest trees which form a green, shadowy background for the gleaming marble of the Confederate monument.

Iron and rustic seats offer rest to the tired visitors who come to look on the sculptured face of the typical Confederate soldier who surmounts the handsome pedestal or read the loving, patriotic words inscribed on the snowy marble. The figure—a private soldier at parade rest with a frank and fearless look upon his graven lineaments—was made at Carrara, Italy, and is a work of art. The monument was erected by Mr. Lewis Peach, a stone worker of marked ability and one of Lincoln County's own brave soldiers. The monument, including the statue, is about twenty-one feet in height, and stands upon a slight elevation. The figure is in good proportion to the base and pedestal, which are massive. The pedestal is of a beautiful quality of white Georgia marble, and the base is of Bedford stone.

The figure faces the north, commanding a view of the two great cannon. These cannon were brought from Fort Morgan, Mobile, Ala., and the balls were from the arsenal at Philadelphia. In the summer the monument was flanked on every side by handsome century plants. Two larger ones, each one thirty years old, were the gift of Mrs. C. C. McKinney, while the two smaller ones were given by Miss Rebecca March, now of Texas. There is an inscription on each of the four sides of the monument, as follows:

On the north side:

"This carven stone is here to tell
To all the world the love we bear
To those who fought and bled and fell,
Whose battle cry was do and dare.
Who feared no foe, but faced the fray—
Our gallant men who wore the gray.
A tribute from the
Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter,
U. D. C."

On the east side:

"Preserve the truth in history."

On the west side:

"In perpetual remembrance."

On the south side:

"1861-1865.
In loving memory
Of the three thousand Confederate soldiers
of Lincoln County

Whose patriotism and heroism we hold in
perpetual remembrance.
Crest to crest they bore our banner,
Side by side they fell asleep,
Hand to hand we rear this token,
Heart to heart we kneel and weep."

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

The unveiling of this monument took place on the forenoon of September 6, 1906. The day was gloriously bright, all that could be wished, and the red, white, and red of bunting flags and flowers flashed in the morning sunbeams. By nine o'clock the good old town of Fayetteville was full to overflowing. There were said to be three thousand people in the courthouse square. Veteran soldiers, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and hosts of friends, all wearing happy faces, had come with enthusiastic hearts to witness the unveiling.

The orators for the day were Elder R. Lin Cave, of Nashville, Rev. D. C. Kelley, of Nashville, and Hon. J. J. Bean, of Lynchburg, Moore County; and the programme was deeply interesting. To quote from one of our papers: "The exercises were of a character that was gratifying in the extreme to those who were participants in the bloody drama of forty years ago. It was also an object lesson of most potent influence to the young, teaching them that patriotism is the noblest virtue that finds lodgment in the human breast, and that the performance of deeds of emprise in behalf of native land encircles the actor with a halo of glory that will never fade, that the lapse of time can never dim."

The music for the occasion was stirring and patriotic, and was furnished by the Silver Cornet Band of Fayetteville. There were three beautiful Southern songs sung by a fine male quartet, which with their sweet pathos stirred deeply the fountain of every Southern heart. After a burst of martial music, the exercises commenced with the drawing of the cord that relieved the fastenings of the snowy drapery that veiled the monument by Mrs. A. N. Gillespie, the honored Treasurer of the Chapter and its oldest member. The veil fell in graceful folds just as the clock in the belfry rang out eleven times, revealing the monument in all its beauty. Mrs. Gillespie's address, spoken in silvery tones just before drawing the potent cord, was as follows:

"*Dear Friends:* I speak to you out of a past that is present to me, while to many of you it is but the echo of a tradition, yet we meet across the bridge of love, a rainbow of hope and promise that spans the river of time. In the pensive pathos of old age I stand where the bridge meets the other shore, and a rushing flood of memories is in the tide I hear. Half dreamily I listen to the golden laughter of youth on the bridge, and my old heart beats in happy sympathy with the joy of the young world; but loudly from the shadowy, dim shores is borne on winds from the isle of long ago martial music from a phantom ship that floats by in stately measure, noble, graceful, brave, and beautiful, the ship of the Confederacy. From its mast waves a flag that bore a nation's hopes, a cross symbolic of their glorious endeavor and prophetic of their heartbreaking doom. Stars that were the hearts of States, but bowed the knee to no sovereign master, flashed from that flag a people's devotion. Starlike eyes I see on that ship that flash to me messages of courage, chivalry, loyalty, and devotion. Ah, those four years of a nation's life! Full and crowded to the brim was the cup. There was many a quaff of exultant joy for victory that followed our flag, descending like a goddess from its folds to crown battles where bravery laughed at numbers. And at last when the overflowing cup was spilled by the hand of Fate we drank the poisoned dregs with the determination to be true to the deepest meaning of our cross and stars. This is our heritage to you. Be vigilant, be brave, be watchful, be true. You bear in your hearts a knowledge of the guerdon the South must keep. The purity and privilege of a race, the race of your conquering sires, lies in the hollow of your hand.

"I draw the veil from a monument reared in the pride of a people's heart loyal to the glorious memory of a mighty struggle. I show you the calm, undaunted marble face, typical of the spirit of our cause, looking steadfastly into the future.

"I show you the figure in repose, resting on its arms neither broken nor shattered, virile and full of power, for how can that be dead that lies in the throbbing heart of a noble, progressive people?

"On the bridge of love I stand, not a memory slipping away into the shadow land, but one who before sailing in the phantom ship stretches out the hands of your mother's blessing and bequeaths to you the ever-living cause of the South."

As Mrs. Gillespie finished and the veil floated gently down as a sea gull folds its snowy wings, the band broke into the stirring strains of "Dixie," so dear to every Southern heart; and, while the glad news rent the air, a beautiful thing happened. To quote again: "The thirteen States that furnished troops to the Southern cause were represented by little girls and one for the Confederacy. They were dressed in white, and in their beauty and immaculate purity fittingly represented the justice of the cause and the purity of Southern motives. They came forward and, removing their crowns of roses, laid them at the base of the monument. A more beautiful picture was never witnessed, and it is indelibly burned upon the mind of every one present."

Elder R. Lin Cave, the eloquent minister and very forceful speaker, delivered an address which made a lasting impression. He recounted from actual experience many incidents of that sanguinary period. His presence and speech contributed largely to the success of the day.

As September 6 was the time and Fayetteville was the place selected for the annual meeting of General Forrest's staff and escort, Dr. D. C. Kelley, who was colonel under the "Wizard of the Saddle" and was closely associated with him, was spokesman for the escort. No one is better prepared to speak of Nathan Bedford Forrest and other great generals than he, and his graphic descriptions, interspersed with anecdote and incident, were exceedingly interesting and given with delightful vigor and animation.

Hon. J. J. Bean, one of our most brilliant young men, held his audience with a charming flow of eloquence. His address abounded in lofty sentiment as the loyal son of a Confederate veteran. Mr. Bean was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. The speakers were introduced by Mr. James W. Holman, one of our younger lawyers and a loyal son of the Confederacy, who acquitted himself with credit.

After the exercises, an elegant and abundant dinner was served to every one present, well-filled baskets having been brought by many who wished to make the day a success. The ladies interested themselves particularly in seeking in the crowd for every old soldier, all of whom had early in the day received badges prepared for them by the Daughters, and seeing that he was bountifully supplied with luncheon. Lincoln County, famed for its fine housekeeping, surpassed its reputation on this auspicious day. After dinner, the cornet

band gave a delightful open-air concert from their new bandstand recently erected near the monument.

The Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter feels justly proud of the success that has crowned their earnest efforts, and thank all who aided them in rearing their beautiful Confederate monument.

GEN. F. K. ZOLLICOFFER.

BY MARGARET BOYLES, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There is a nobility *de jure* and a nobility *de facto;* a nobility which passes from father to son through successive generations of titled blood, and one which arises not from the blue blood of royalty but from the infinitely better source of the inherent worth, the true knightliness of the man. To the latter class of noblemen belong the Zollicoffers.

To quote from the quaint old decree of Rodolphus the Second, in 1578 ruler of Switzerland and various other European provinces, "the several brothers and cousins of the Zollicoffer family, by reason of their courage, bravery, honesty, loyalty, and good deeds, were declared noble Knights of the Order of Tournies in the same manner as if they were issued from a noble race." From one of these knights descended the subject of our sketch, Felix Kirk Zollicoffer.

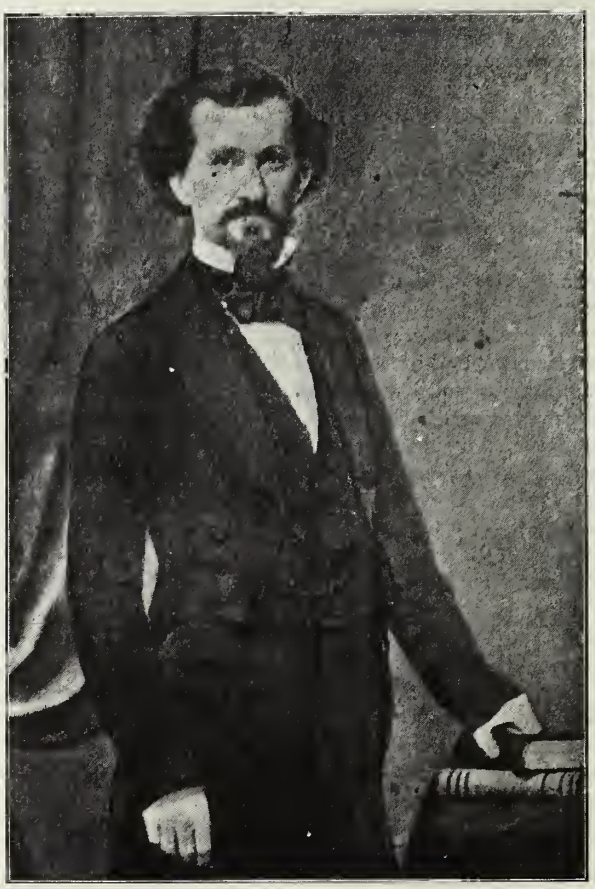
Many noble men have arisen to crown fair old Tennessee with glory and many heroes did she give to the Confederacy—men who poured out their lifeblood and counted it a privilege; men whose names are among the brightest stars which light up the darkened past of a ruined Confederacy—and in Tennessee's constellation one among those of first magnitude is General Zollicoffer. He was a man without military training of any kind. He began life as a printer, and edited several newspapers in the course of his career. He held the position of State Printer and later that of Comptroller. In 1852 he was elected a member of Congress, where he served for four years and where he exerted a marvelous influence, being a man of marked personality. After the expiration of his term in Congress, he remained a private citizen until 1859, when he was appointed to represent Tennessee at the Peace Conference. He came home from that Conference sad, discouraged, and dejected. He could look into the future and foresee results. His face expressed the history of the Confederacy. But with a loyal heart he gave himself to his beloved Southland. He was offered a commission of major general, but he declined it because he could not risk the lives of his fellow-citizens of the Volunteer State through his own inexperience. He afterwards, however, accepted the appointment of brigadier general.

Kentucky was at this time endeavoring to maintain a neutral position, and a Federal force in that State threatened an invasion of East Tennessee. Accordingly General Zollicoffer took his position in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky for the purpose of defending Tennessee. About the middle of September, 1861, he received the information that a Federal force of about fifteen hundred men was located near Barboursville, Ky., and was threatening his position. With a portion of his command he dispersed the Federals and drove them toward Somerset, where a much larger force was in camp.

After this expedition General Zollicoffer moved to Mill Spring, Ky., and was about to go into winter quarters. On the night of January 18 a heavy rain fell, causing a sudden flood in Fishing Creek, a stream near the Confederate encampment in the direction of Somerset. During the next day word was received that two regiments of Federals had been cut off by the flooding of the stream. Orders were at once given to prepare for an attack upon them. By some means the Federal commander heard of the intended attack and was reënforced by two other regiments. These four Federal regiments were expecting a new brigade commander to take charge of them.

After forming his men for the attack, General Zollicoffer and several of his staff rode forward to inspect the enemy's position and passed beyond the Federal line of battle. Discovering his mistake, he endeavored to retrace his steps; but, on turning and proceding a little way, he found himself face to face with a Federal regiment under command of Colonel Fry. The Federals mistook General Zollicoffer for their new brigade commander, his uniform being covered with an oil-cloth overcoat. He saw his mistake, but rode boldly forward; and after the usual salutations, he started down the road a little in advance of Colonel Fry. He had not gone far when one of his staff fired at the Federal line. Immediately a volley was returned, and General Zollicoffer fell dead.

He was among the first who laid down their lives, but his influence lived. His nobility, courage, and purity shaped other men's lives, gave them ideals for action, inspired them to noble deeds. He lived again in the lives of his devoted men. He shall ever live as one of the heroes of our South.



GEN. FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER.

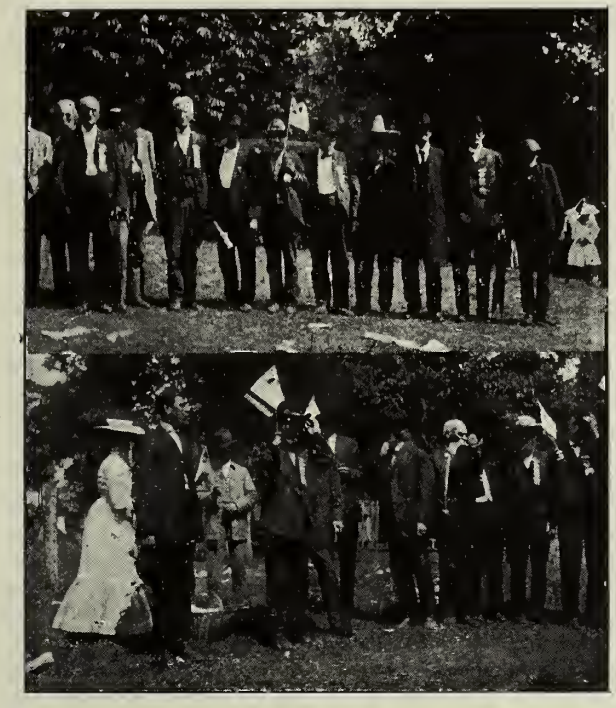
MODEL CAMP AT MORRISTOWN, TENN.

BY J. C. HODGES, TREASURER OF THE CAMP.

The W. B. Tate Camp, No. 725, U. C. V., was organized in August, 1895. It was named for an ex-Confederate soldier who served as a private during the entire war, and who at one time made a donation of twenty thousand dollars cash to

the one-armed and one-legged Confederate soldiers of the First and Second Congressional Districts of Tennessee. The Camp has an enrollment now of one hundred and thirty members. Eighty-five of these men are active, paying members. Twenty-nine have died since organization. One has died within the last year.

The Camp has never missed a regular monthly meeting since its organization, nor has it ever failed to cause its meetings to be opened and closed with prayer by its own members. We have held annual memorial services since organization.



The memorial sermon in every instance except the last has been preached by a member of the Camp, but not twice by any one member. There has been no day since our organization when we did not have some money to our credit in bank; so that, while we have not been accustomed to lavish donations, we have always been able to respond to the cry of necessity among our members, and have always done so. We have a regular relief committee to look after cases of sickness and distress. Almost every member of our Camp is a member of some one of the orthodox Churches.

We have a list of the graves of all the Confederates buried in Hamblen County, and see to it through proper committees that all graves of dead Confederates are decorated with flowers and usually with Confederate flags on memorial days. These days are always made as pleasurable as possible by picnics and general social enjoyment after the sermon.

Our Commander and Adjutant are keeping an accurate roster of all members, and are gathering from time to time such historical data as may be found valuable in the years to come. We see to it that every deceased member of the Camp has a decent, Christian burial, nearly always using on such occasions our simple, beautiful ritual.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY ROBERT C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Since a good deal is being said against the placing of a monument to the memory of Capt. Henry Wirz, I want to record something of prison life at Johnson's Island as I saw it.

With quite a number of prisoners I arrived at Johnson's Island about the middle of October, 1863. So soon as we were inside the stockade from all over the prison we heard the cry, "Fresh Fish!" We were immediately surrounded by prisoners eager to know who we were and what news from the front. I was fortunate in finding friends and acquaintances, and was assigned to Room 19, Block 4. My roommates were Col. M. B. Locke, of Alabama; Capt. F. S. Blair, of Wytheville, Va.; Adjt. C. T. Newman and Capt. H. H. Taylor, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Lieut. W. M. Gammon, of Rome, Ga. During 1864 Capt. John R. Thornton, of Camden, and Lieutenant Ammonet and two other comrades, all of Arkansas (whose names I have forgotten), were added to our room.

Johnson's Island proper is a rock raised like a turtle shell out of Sandusky Bay, in its highest part perhaps thirty feet. This rock is covered with clay and soil for from two to ten feet in depth. The prison proper is on the eastern part of this island, an oblong square of perhaps twelve acres. In this inclosure were confined about thirty-five hundred prisoners. There were thirteen blocks occupied by the prisoners, one of which was used as a hospital. These block houses were arranged with six on each side of the avenue, and the thirteenth was in the center of the avenue at the eastern end. The street between the two rows of houses was about one hundred and fifty feet wide, and in the center of this avenue was a row of shallow wells from which the prisoners were compelled for many months to draw all the water they used. The privy vaults, immediately back of the houses near these wells and being dug down to the rock, necessarily contaminated the water. It was horrid stuff.

Back in my native town, Jonesboro, was a bold spring, familiarly called "Mill Spring," from which the larger part of the eastern end of the town had their supply of water. I recall how that in my dreams I often was back at that old spring enjoying the pure, cold water for which East Tennessee is justly celebrated.

In 1864 the 1st Brigade, 1st Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, General Terry in command, was sent to the island as an additional guard. Major Thaler was placed in immediate command of the prison. He saw the cruelty of forcing prisoners to use such water, and at once had provision made for water supply from the lake. I think this was on the first day of his administration.

Adjutant Crocker, in the November VETERAN, gives the experience of every prisoner after we were placed on half rations. It was my part of the work of our mess to divide the rations. I made a pair of balances and divided the bread almost to a crumb; and after dishing out the small allowance of beef on six plates each day, one of our mess would turn his back and call out the portion each was to have. I recall that Lieut. John D. Traynor, of Cleveland, Tenn., who was hospital druggist, made me a present of a considerable amount of garden sage. Out of this we made tea, which, without sugar or cream, I am sure, was enjoyed more than would be now a cup of "Maxwell House Blend." Several times instead of beef would be issued codfish. You can imagine what a savory dish was codfish straight.

The barracks, or prison buildings, were large two-story frame structures about 40x200 feet, weatherboarded up and down, eight of them with only one partition, with neither ceiling nor plaster; heated with four to eight wood stoves; about two hundred and fifty to three hundred men to the

building. Wood was issued each day in winter to the different buildings and saws furnished to prepare it for burning. The amount was about the same each day, regardless of the weather, and was far from sufficient. The prisoners slept in narrow plank bunks on straw ticks, with army blankets for covering. Every expedient was used to keep warm. I remember we fastened newspapers between our blankets and nailed blankets to the side and foot of the bunk. Scantily clad and with a lack of nourishing food, who can forget those bitter, cold winters?

While I had no personal acquaintance with them, I always remember Major Scoville and Dr. Woodbridge as kind-hearted, humane men, who extended to prisoners every courtesy possible. A sergeant named Burger, who had charge of express matter, was a cruel-hearted fellow. I never again want to see him.

My father had sent me a box of tobacco; and when I was released, June 14, 1865, I sold it for a few dollars. The authorities furnished us transportation; nothing else. My few dollars in money and kind friends on the way enabled Capt. H. H. Taylor and myself to reach Wytheville, Va., where my father then lived. I recall that Captain Taylor and myself when we reached Wytheville between us had a ten-cent shinplaster.

NOTES FROM U. D. C. CONVENTION AT GULFPORT.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the U. D. C. was held at Gulfport, Miss., November 14-17, 1906. The Convention assemblies were in the pavilion on the pier, while the main domicile was in Captain Jones's Great Southern Hotel. On Tuesday, November 13, important committee meetings were held, principally that of the Executive Committee of U. D. C. and the advisory meeting of State Presidents or representatives. Tuesday night an informal reception was given by the Beauvoir Chapter to visiting Daughters at the pavilion, which was appropriately decorated with red and white bunting, with moss and palmetto decorations on the platform. Refreshments were served from small tables on which glowed rose-colored candelabra. Souvenir spoons of the occasion were bestowed on the guests.

The Convention opened November 14 at 10 P.M. with an invocation by the Bishop of Mississippi, Rev. Theodore Bratton, D.D. Greetings were extended by Governor Vardaman, who issued "a special proclamation;" by the Mayor of Gulfport, who tendered "the keys of the city;" and on behalf of the Sons of Veterans by Hon W. Calvin Wells, Jr., who said "anything we looked like we wanted" would be supplied, and the Veterans offered themselves. A cordial welcome was extended from the Confederate mothers by Mrs. Sarah Eggleston, and the response was by Mrs. Vaught, Second Vice President U. D. C. Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, National President, called the Convention to order, and badges were distributed to delegates.

On Wednesday afternoon Gen. I. C. Walker spoke in the interest of the monument to women, and reports of the President and national officers were given. The delegates were entertained at a reception that evening by the Mississippi Division at the capacious hotel.

On Thursday morning the annual memorial hour was observed, and resolutions were read in memory of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. J. M. Keller, Mrs. Martha O. Patterson, Mrs. Charles E. Hooker, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler, the service closing with the hymn "How Firm a Foundation."

On Thursday morning Colonel Herbert made a plea to the Convention for the Arlington monument, but many of the State Divisions were already pledged for the Shiloh monument; and as this plea came before State reports were read, in which our President, Mrs. Thompson, had asked the sympathy and aid of the Daughters, this was the first official intimation of what the Arlington Confederate Monument Association desired. After hurried conference of our delegation, when we saw the Convention was not prepared to give all we hoped to receive, as chairman of the delegation I stated that the "District of Columbia would prefer the matter given due consideration and not rushed." This closed debate.

On Thursday afternoon a lawn social was given at Beauvoir by the King's Daughters. The night session was given to reading State reports, and they were specially good.

On Friday morning there was a continuation of State reports, the most interesting being from the Ohio Division, as were those of South Carolina and the Chicago Chapter the night before. Regular order of business was suspended to allow a special resolution introduced by Tennessee to the effect that there be no sponsors and maids at the Richmond Reunion. This was unanimously passed.

One of the most interesting reports of the Convention was that of the Custodian and Committee on Crosses of Honor, which recommended several changes, the most important being the creation of a new office, a Recorder in each State Division. to whom applications for crosses must be mailed not later than three weeks before date of bestowal. Alphabetical lists must also be kept of all applications by the Chapter, State Recorder, and National Custodian. A veteran losing his cross can have another in its place.

Much interest was shown in the Wirz monument and pledges were given from the floor to the amount of $515 in connection with the Georgia State report. The request of the District of Columbia for indorsement of a Confederate monument in Arlington was made the special order of business Friday afternoon, limited to half an hour. The Convention was ready for us, and quickly responded with floor donations to $575, two annual donations of $10 each and one annual of $25, and then the U. D. C. subscribed one thousand dollars annually till completion of monument, but cut this year to $500 by the Finance Committee.

On Friday night a ball was given at the hotel in honor of the guests. In election of officers, Mrs. Hickman and Mrs. Gabbett refused to be candidates. Mrs. Dowdell, of Alabama, was unanimously elected Recording Secretary and Mrs. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., Custodian. Mrs. Gabbett was made Custodian General and delegate to all future Conventions. Mrs. Williams, the newly elected Treasurer to succeed Mrs. Leigh, is an efficient member of the U. D. C. and an author of acknowledged merit. She has contributed to the Arlington monument, through Stonewall Jackson Bazaar, $43; also eight authentic autographs of Jefferson Davis and two volumes of the "Blue Cockade," works of fiction by herself.

WELCOME OF THE U. D. C. TO MISSISSIPPI.

[Address by Mrs. Sarah D. Eggleston, Honorary President Mississippi Division, Raymond, Miss.]

In the name of the Mothers of the Confederacy of the Mississippi Division I greet and welcome you, and thank you for your presence in our midst. It makes my heart glad to see so many of you here, and the fact that you belong to this organization proves that you are proud of the noble heritage bequeathed to you by your fathers and by your mothers as well; for the women of the Confederacy, though exempt from

the dangers of the battlefield, bore their part no less heroically than did the men. The men gave, or offered to give, their lives. The women gave what was dearer to them than life: they gave the men they loved.

I will give some instances to prove the spirit of those women. I had a friend, a widow, who had only two sons. They both enlisted for the war. The first one was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg; the other was killed by the same volley that laid low our immortal Jackson, and this heroic boy, with his lifeblood ebbing fast, had only breath to gasp: "Is the General hurt?" When I was weeping with that poor mother, she said: "Both of my boys are gone; but if I had to do all this over again, I would not act differently."

I knew a boy who belonged to the company that was organized in the village where I am now living. When he had been in Virginia over two years and had been in many battles, his mother wrote to President Davis, using these words: "I notice that General Lee has gone into winter quarters and there will be no more fighting for several weeks; so if my boy has done his duty, I respectfully beg that he be granted a furlough, that he may come home to me, for I greatly long to see him." Mark the simplicity and sublimity of that mother's words: "If my boy has done his duty!"

Bishop Polk gives an instance of sublime devotion of a Tennessee mother who gave five sons to the Confederacy. When the first one was killed and the Bishop was trying to say some words of comfort, she said: "My son Billy will be old enough next spring to take his brother's place." The only idea of duty that this heroic mother had was to give her sons to the cause she loved as soon as they were old enough to bear a musket.

Such was the spirit of your mothers and your grandmothers.

I will tell you of two funerals that I witnessed—one in 1861, the other in 1865. I was in New Orleans in the early part of the summer of 1861 when I witnessed the funeral of the gallant Col. Charley Dreux, who had been killed in a skirmish in Virginia before any of the great battles had been fought. He was the first Louisianian who had the honor of sealing his devotion to the cause with his blood, and among the very first from any State. When he was borne to his last resting place, a vast concourse of people followed with drooping flags, muffled drums, bands playing the dead march, and the tolling of all the church bells of the city. It was indeed such a funeral as befitted a hero who had died in defense of his country.

Far different was it, nearly four years later, when I was in Mobile during those last sad weeks of the war. The enemy were vigorously pushing the siege against Spanish Fort, across the bay from Mobile. The roar of the cannon was heard above all the noises of the city. I was attending service in Trinity Church, for while the men were fighting the women were praying. The services were progressing, and we heard the muffled tread of feet, when, looking up, I saw eight soldiers in their worn and faded gray, and on their shoulders was a rude, pine coffin which contained the remains of a comrade who had been killed that morning at Spanish Fort. The burial squad, taking their comrade for burial, had seen the church door open, and, hearing the voice of the minister, had gone in, that some prayers might be said over the fallen soldier. Slowly and sadly they bore him down the aisle, placing him at the foot of the chancel, they standing reverently about the coffin. Without one word the aged minister began the burial service, all of us joining in. We did not know over whom those prayers were said; but we did know that he was the father or husband or son or brother or lover of some Southern woman, and we knew that he had died in defense of his country. The services over and the burial squad having removed their dead comrade from the church, the congregation slowly dispersed, some of us being loath to return to our lonely apartments. It so chanced that I was the last person to leave the church; and when I reached the steps, I saw a woman standing there. Doubtless she saw in my face the same tense anxiety which I had noticed in hers, for, pointing in the direction of Spanish Fort, she said in a voice that I have never forgotten: "O, listen to those guns! All that I have in this world, my only boy, is there." And I said: "And my husband is there too."

During the four years of the war it was my lot to hear the guns of three besieged cities—Vicksburg, Richmond, and Mobile. I saw many partings on the eve of battle. But seldom did I see women weep when those farewells were taken. We parted from our loved ones with a smile upon our lips; but when night came, our pillows would be wet with tears.

I have told you some things that I saw. I will now tell you what I did not see. I saw no mother trying to keep her boys from going into battle, I saw no wife trying to persuade her husband not to go to the front, and I saw no woman who cried surrender. If you ask me to explain this, my answer is: Because we knew we were right, our cause was just.

And once more, dear Daughters, I bid you welcome.

Woman's Monument Project.

Mrs. Henderson, President General, in her report, recommended that the U. D. C. should indorse and join hands with the Veterans and Sons in their movement to erect memorials to the mothers, the true women of the Confederacy. She introduced Gen. C. I. Walker, who acts for the Veterans in cooperation with the Sons in this matter, asking him to speak on the subject, which he did, explaining the conditions fully, and in connection with which he presented an earnest and sympathetic letter from Gen. Stephen D. Lee inviting the cooperation of the U. D. C.

The matter was referred to the committee on the President General's recommendations, which committee on Saturday afternoon made a report approving the movement in the following generous words:

"1. That the U. D. C. cordially approves the movement, for which the Veterans and their sons are working, to honor our mothers, the noble women of the Confederacy, and wishes them Godspeed in the glorious work.

"2. That the U. D. C. heartily responds to the fraternal spirit expressed by the Veterans through their distinguished Commander in Chief, and desire to meet the same, joining hands in this great work by morally supporting them in their efforts to honor, in everlasting form and for the good of future generations, our heroic mothers, who so ably aided the cause which we shall ever hold dear and just."

The report was adopted unanimously.

Centennial Anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee's Birth.

The attention of the Memorial Associations throughout the South is directed to the circular letter issued by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, Va., for the purpose of securing a general observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great and immortal Robert E. Lee, commander in chief of the Confederate army.

The people of the South will unite heartily with Virginia in celebrating one of the most important events in her history. The military career of Robert E. Lee has caused him

to rank as the greatest military general of the nineteenth century, and in his private and public life he has given a noble example to the youth of this country.

Therefore, in accordance with the above suggestion and in obedience to General Order No. 58, issued by Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, I, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, do hereby recommend that all Memorial Associations provide in an appropriate manner for the celebration of this important event, and that efforts be made to have the celebration approximately simultaneous with that of the Richmond Associations by assembling on Saturday, the 19th of January, 1907, at 12 M., and that during the service the hymns, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord" and "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest," be sung; furthermore, that the reading of Gen. Robert E. Lee's farewell address to the Confederate army be read.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. WHEELER AND MRS. DAVIS.

FROM REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER AT GULFPORT, MISS.
BY MRS. JAMES HARVEY PARKER, PRESIDENT.

[This report deals with national characters so generally and so well that it is given in full, although the substance of portions of it has heretofore appeared in the VETERAN. It is addressed in the usual way to Madam President General and United Daughters of the Confederacy.]

The business report of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., will be as brief as possible this year, as more interest will be centered in the terrible loss we have recently sustained than in any account I might render of our prosperity and well-being. The statement is therefore simply made that the condition of the Chapter is perfectly satisfactory. We number four hundred and eighty-five full members, one hundred and sixty-two associates, making a total of six hundred and forty-seven. We have held our five regular meetings and one special meeting, called to consider a revision of our constitution and by-laws. The entertainments were our annual ball in December, President's reception in January, birthday party in March, and luncheon in April. Our first historical meeting, under the auspices of our Historian, Mrs. Myles C. Collier, was enjoyed on an evening in May at the home of one of our members, Mrs. Jesse Graffe. The paper was read by our gifted associate, Mr. Hawn, the subject being the origin of Memorial Day.

We have contributed $100 to the Davis monument, $100 to the Southern Industrial Educational Association, $100 to General Walker, of Charleston, for a monument to the Women of the Confederacy, $10 to the Solid South Room at Richmond, $10 to a Texas Home, and a trunk of woolen underwear for stricken San Francisco. Our relief work, as usual, has gone unceasingly forward, our latest charity being the payment of rent for eight months for an aged woman without means. We have aided two aged applicants to move, and assisted in the burial of a poor Southern woman, who lay in a cheap lodging house friendless and uncared for when the case was brought to our knowledge. Having conferred the Crosses of Honor upon the Veterans of the Camp, notices were inserted in the New York Herald for three consecutive months, in accordance with the rules of the Crosses of Honor, after which we were in readiness to confer Crosses upon descendants; but as yet have had no applications for them. We have sustained many losses by death during the past year both among our full members and associates.

I had the honor of sitting next to General Wheeler at the dinner on the 17th of January, which was destined to be his last in the social world. He looked so well, and was in such a flow of spirits as he told of his experiences in the War between the States and Spanish-American War that the guests accorded him undivided attention. My reception to the Chapter was to follow on the 20th, and he promised to receive with me, laughing like a pleased child when I told him I would place him first in line, as I knew my Daughters would rather see him than me. Alas! as I stood there without him a telegram was handed me, and this is what I read:

"It is impossible for me to express in words my appreciation of your great courtesy in tendering me the honor of standing by your side this afternoon to meet the Daughters of the gallant men who fought and endured under our superbly brave and skillful army commanders. I wrote you, but fear my letter may be delayed. Please let the ladies know how disappointed I am in not realizing the pleasure I so much anticipated. JOSEPH WHEELER."

In one brief week he had breathed his last, and North and South mourned in a common sorrow. The funeral services were held at St. Thomas's Church. Those who were present will never forget the beautiful and impressive ceremony, the chancel full of exquisite floral offerings, the solemn music, the casket borne by men in uniform and draped with the Union and Confederate flags, the latter our Chapter flag. It went with him to Washington, it enfolded him even in the palace car, where many came to look at it and all commented upon its fitness to be where it was, and it was removed only when the body was consigned to its last resting place. During the services at St. Thomas Dr. Stires, departing from the custom of the Episcopal Church, gave a eulogy on General Wheeler brief and beautiful, and ending with these words: "The North gives him unstinted honor; the South, even in her grief, is proud of her ever loyal son; Cuba, for whose freedom he fought, sobs out her grief across the waves; and the whole world pauses for a moment to declare that this was indeed a man, and to-day a Southern gentleman unafraid stands in the presence of his God to receive the 'Well done' of long and faithful service."

A heavy loss to us also was the death of Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, the founder of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York; but the most dreadful loss of all to our Chapter was our revered and beloved member, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and this loss is so great and so recent that we can scarcely refer to it with calmness. Under orders from Gen. Frederick D. Grant, a company of artillery from Governor's Island, accompanied by the post band, led the cortége from the Hotel Majestic to the railroad station, whence the body was removed to Richmond. Following the national soldiers came a squadron of mounted police and a guard of honor from the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York commanded by Maj. Edward Owen, which accompanied the funeral party to the Virginia capital.

The delegation from our Chapter consisted of Mrs. Chas. E. Bateson (grandniece of Mr. Davis), Mrs. Clara Kyle Crank, Mrs. Louis Bennett, Mrs. James Harvie Dew, Mrs. Charles R. Ruggles. It is needless to state that I went to Richmond. I would have shown her that last token of love and respect as my own beloved friend had I not been her President as well; for, although we had elected her our Honorary President, she insisted on paying her dues and continuing to be my Daughter. It is an irreparable loss to any one who was not able to attend those solemn services in Virginia's beautiful capital, when "the South stood in stifled silence at her bier."

Nothing more beautiful in flowers can be imagined than those which filled St. Paul's Church to the door in honor of the Widow of the Confederacy. It was my privilege and honor to design three floral offerings. One was from the body general of the U. D. C., which was a large heart five feet high of crimson roses and lilies of the valley, tied across the center with white satin ribbon, marked in red letters "U. D. C.," and placed in full view of the assemblage. The second, from the State Division of Mississippi, was a large wreath of autumn leaves with purple orchids and palms, tied with purple ribbon lettered in silver, "Mississippi Division, U. D. C.," and suspended from the pulpit. The third was the offering of her own Chapter, a cross four and a half feet high of white roses with a mantle of Jacqueminot roses flung across the arms, tied with white ribbon, lettered in red, "New York Chapter, U. D. C.," and placed nearest the bier.

After the simple but beautiful service, the casket, covered with two Confederate flags, was slowly carried down the stairs, escorted by twelve Confederate Veterans, and placed in the hearse, which was driven by an old negro who had been a faithful servant of Mr. Davis. Side by side walked the escort of Federal troops with the Veterans of her own South; and it is stated that it was the first time in the history of the republic that the obsequies of any woman, however eminent, were so honored. High tribute indeed to be shown to our very own! The funeral cortége, winding slowly through the streets of the fair Southern city which holds "so much for memory to dwell upon;" the crowds which lined the sidewalks with bared heads and saddened faces, unheeding the rain, which fell steadily through the day as if nature were one with us in our sorrow; the drifting leaves and sighing winds; the soft pattering of the raindrops upon the window panes; the stopping at the open grave; the music of the band; the salutes of cannon and rifle breaking upon the stillness; the solemn tolling of the bell; and last, most touching, most impressive of all, the bugle call of taps—formed an experience which the mind will retain while memory lasts.

When the grave was finally covered, the cross sent by our Chapter was, at the request of the family, placed at the head of the mound; while that of the city of Richmond was placed upon the center. The superb floral offering of orchids sent by President and Mrs. Roosevelt was placed upon the pedestal of President Davis's statue at the foot of the figure, and the beautiful wreath of palms and orchids from Mississippi reposed in the arms of the exquisite angel of the Winnie Davis monument, and induced the thought that the Daughter of the Confederacy was bending down to offer the wreath of Mississippi to the beloved mother dead at her feet. Nothing that was tender or beautiful or solemn or touching was unthought of; and the stranger in Richmond could not but be impressed by the beauty, tenderness, and ability with which all ceremonies and arrangements pertaining to these funeral rites had been planned and carried out by her Sons and Daughters alike.

Acting under instructions from our President General, our Chapter was invited to attend a memorial service on Sunday, October 21, at four o'clock in the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, where Mrs. Davis latterly worshiped. Dr. Lubeck, the rector, delivered a fitting and beautiful eulogy, and the services were solemn and impressive. If the dead know and see and hear, our dead must have been comforted and satisfied with the efforts made to honor her. From the hotel in the great city where she died to the quiet grave in the lovely city of the Southland where she lies at peace, the tragedies which crowded her sorrowful life ended, surrounded by her loved ones, after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.

"If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

Her voice is silent and we see her no more, but in our hearts she dwells in everlasting remembrance.

The foregoing is but one of many reports made at the general Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy. It is used as a typical report, womanly in spirit, and in many respects of valuable historic value.

LEE—1807-1907.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

No State alone can claim the warrior brave;
His fame the land reveres from sea to sea.
America her fairest wreath puts on his grave,
And Honor proudly guards the name of Lee,
The upright soldier and the Christian pure!
His deeds belong to the immortal years;
His is the fame that will fore'er endure,
Kept bright beneath the Southland's sweetest tears.

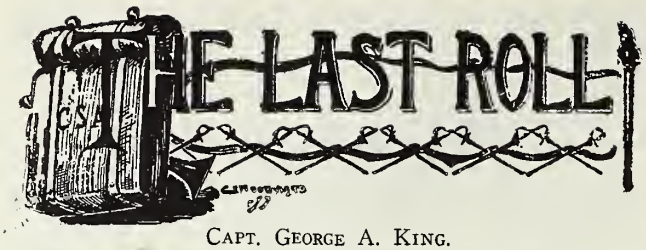
The sword he drew he sheathed without a stain;
Its steel is just as bright as on that day
When, overpowered on the battle plain,
His "farewell" echoed 'mid his ranks of gray.
Virginia's son! He needs no carven pile,
No mighty granite towering to the sky;
His love still lingers in his latest smile,
And in his wreath are stars of victory.

The fields he won emblazon history's page;
He led his legions when the fight was on.
And all the world admires the soldier-sage,
The gentle Lee of haunted Arlington.
Go write to-day upon the scroll of Time
The name that echoes yet twixt sea and sea;
Go turn the pages of earth's deeds sublime,
And find thereon the deathless name of Lee!

Empires and kingdoms, they shall rise and fall,
The stars of nations shall forever set;
But brighter still and far above them all
The star of deathless Lee will blazon yet.
A Rebel? Nay! He heard the voice of home,
His Southland, calling for the sword he wore;
And when he drew it 'neath the azure dome,
'Twas in the cause his legions still adore.

So long as flow the rivers to the sea,
Bearing afar the great Virginian's fame,
So long will luster crown the brow of Lee
And glory wreathe his never-dying name.
They're marching now toward the silent shore;
His dauntless veterans, old and stooped and gray,
Ere long will echo back the muffled oar
That bears the last one to his rest away.

Their fame is ever linked to one who led
Them in their youth to victory's fields afar,
Where oft their blood they freely shed
Beneath the banner of the cross and star.
So let him rest; the centuries to come
Upon his brow a brighter star will see.
And the immortal years that laurel home
And land will add unto the fame of Lee!



CAPT. GEORGE A. KING.

Capt. George A. King died at his home, in Marlin, Tex., July 23, 1906. He was born at Annapolis, Md., September 4, 1831. His father was a soldier, and from his earliest childhood he exhibited a fondness for military life. When a mere lad, he entered the United States army as bugler. He was with General Scott in the war with Mexico, and remained with the army until 1857, when he was honorably discharged at Fort Stanton, in New Mexico, at which time he was chief bugler. In June, 1852, he was married to Mrs. M. R. Dunn, who died in 1898. Of the children of this union, five in number, only two now survive—George A., Jr., and Charles H. King, both of Marlin.

After his discharge, in 1857, Captain King settled on a little farm on the Rio Bonito, near Fort Stanton. At the breaking out of the war of 1861 Captain King was tendered a commission in the United States army, which was handed him at a dinner given in his honor by the commanding officer of the fort. This he respectfully but firmly declined.

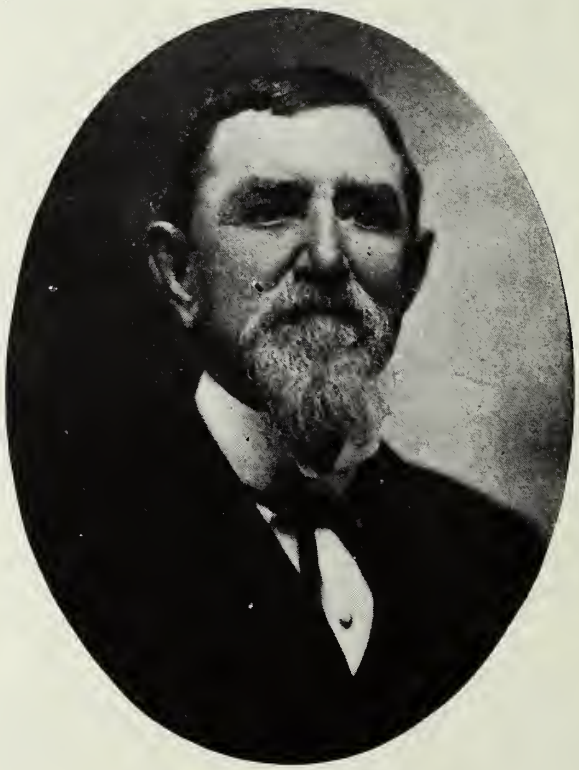
He rode from Fort Stanton to Sante Fé, N. Mex., horseback in order to cast his vote for Jefferson Davis for President of the Southern Confederacy; and when the United States troops abandoned Fort Stanton, Captain King, Judge Silas Hare (the father of Gen. Luther Hare), and others who were small farmers in that neighborhood refused to leave and go with the troops; but as soon as they had gone they got together and took charge of the fort, sending one of their number down to Dona Ana to inform the Confederates at that point of their condition and requested them to send a company of Confederates to take charge of the fort. A company under command of Capt. Jimmie Walker came back with the courier, took charge of the fort, and hoisted a Confederate flag, made by the ladies of that little party, at the top of the mast where lately had floated the stars and stripes of the Union. After staying there a short while, Captain Walker abandoned the fort and went back to Dona Ana, and from there to Mesilla, and there they met General Sibley and his command. Captain King at once joined General Sibley's Command, and was with him at the battle of Valverde, when the celebrated battery bearing that name and so dearly loved by the Texans was captured.

When Sibley's command returned to Texas, Captain King came with it on that long march, bringing his devoted wife and two small children with him. He remained for some time at San Antonio, and there began the organizing of a company of cavalry for service in the Confederacy. This company was completed at Belton, in Bell County, Tex. Captain King declined the captaincy of this company, but accepted the place of first lieutenant. This company was attached to George W. Baylor's regiment and Tom Green's brigade. When the company left Belton, it camped a short while at the falls of the Brazos, about five or six miles from the town of Marlin, and Captain King went up to Marlin and purchased a house and lot and located his family, and there they have resided ever since. In 1862 he was made captain of his company, and in that capacity he served until the close of the war, adding no little to the glory of that immortal brigade. Captain King was with his command in every engagement, and of him it may truthfully be said "that no braver soul on border sod to siege or rescue ever rode."

After the close of the war, he returned to his home at Marlin penniless; but possessed of that same indomitable courage that had always sustained him, and after farming awhile, he managed to purchase a train of wagons and hauled freight from Millican, the then terminus of the H. and T. C. Railroad. He later went into business at Marlin. In 1897 his health failed, and he retired from business.

Captain King took a lively interest in all public questions, and never failed or feared to do his whole duty to his country. He loved his adopted State, and many a time has he been heard to declare that the happiest day of his life was when, in 1873, the heel of the tyrant was lifted from the necks of her people and the reins of government were turned over to her own people. He was a Democrat of the old school.

He was the first marshal of the town of Marlin, and afterwards served as alderman of the city for several terms. He was one of the charter members of the Texas voluntary fire department, and was ex-president of that organization. He was one of the organizers and a charter member of Willis Lang Camp, U. C. V., of Marlin, Tex., and surely no man ever enjoyed anything in this world more than he did the meetings of that Camp. He held the position of Commander until he was appointed on the staff of Gen. Jim Shaw, and never missed a Reunion of Confederate Veterans when it was possible for him to attend. He was also a Royal Arch Mason.



CAPT. GEORGE A. KING.

In a beautiful casket covered with Confederate gray cloth and dressed in a suit of Confederate gray he was laid to rest with a small Confederate flag in his right hand. His grave has the flag of the cause he loved so well floating over it yet.

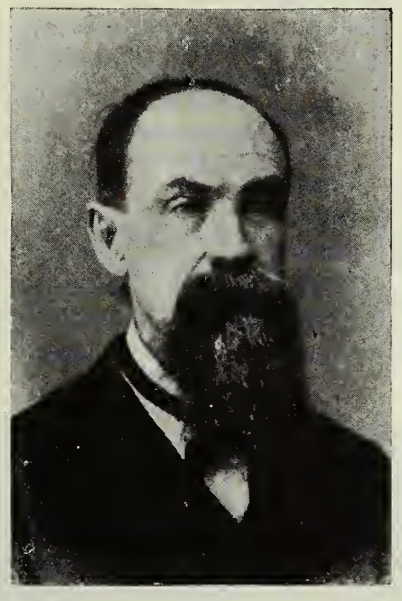
[The foregoing tribute is from J. H. Swann.—Ed.]

JOHN EDWARD HELMS.

John E. Helms was born April 7, 1827, in Fincastle, Botetourt County, Va., and came with his father's family to Knoxville about 1833. When eleven years old, he was apprenticed in the office of the *Knoxville Argus* for five years, after which for a few terms he attended the East Tennessee College (now the University of Tennessee) until the breaking out of the Mexican War, when he enlisted in Company K, First Tennessee Cavalry, and served one year, being one of the youngest members of his company. After returning home, he declined a lieutenancy in the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment.

Resuming business in civil life, he purchased the Knoxville *Standard,* and in partnership with his brother, W. T. Helms, published that paper several years.

In 1850 the *Plebeian* was started by them, and it was made a morning daily in 1851, being the first daily paper published in Knoxville. In 1873 he purchased the Morristown *Gazette* of L. P. and G. E. Speck, and retained its ownership until



COL. JOHN E. HELMS.

succeeded by his son, John E. Helms, Jr. He continued newspaper work until a few months ago. He was postmaster at Knoxville for four years under Pierce's administration. He was the first Odd Fellow in East Tennessee, and that before he was of age, by special dispensation. From early manhood he was a Mason, and was also a member of the Knights of Honor and the A. O. U. W. He was an early President of the Tennessee Press Association. He was twice married—first, on November 17, 1847, to Margaret L. Lones, who died January 2, 1878; and he was afterwards married to Miss Sallie E. Van Meter, of Virginia, who survives him. His children are: John E. Helms, Jr., Mrs. S. I. Gilchrist, Mrs. C. A. Halley, Mrs. Alice Browne, and Mrs. James Hoss.

During the War between the States he was employed in the executive offices of the Confederacy at Richmond for a time, and was also located at Nashville, Atlanta, and elsewhere in the South.

He was a member of the first Railroad Commission of Tennessee, being appointed by Gov. James D. Porter. For four years he was Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, and in 1875 and 1877 was Clerk of the Tennessee Senate.

He held various other important public positions, one of which was from President Cleveland in Washington. His death occurred at his old home, in Morristown, August 25, 1906. He was, therefore, seventy-nine years old. While a positive character, he was a most agreeable man and never willingly offended his fellow-man. He was for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Among his papers was found the following, which had evidently been recently written:

"All through life I've seen a cross
Where sons of God yield up their breath;
There is no gain except by loss;
There is no gain except by death."

A little lower on the same sheet he had written: "So death *is* gain to the believer."

Mr. Helms's grandfather, Rev. John S. Helms, was a pioneer Methodist minister in Virginia, being one of the first given license to preach by the celebrated Bishop Asbury; and the license, now in the possession of his son, is one of the most valued of the family relics. This minister was not a soldier of the Revolutionary War; but his brother was the Captain Leonard Helm, who was associated with George Rogers Clarke in the winning of what was then the great Northwest.

The editor of the VETERAN had a long and delightful friendship with Colonel Helms.

F. J. MANNING.

Death claimed Comrade Frank J. Manning at his home, near Charleston, W. Va., recently. A local paper, the Spirit of Jefferson, states:

"Mr. Manning was a native of this county, having been born on the farm where he died in November, 1849. Almost before he entered boyhood the War between the States began. Fired with the spirit that animated the boys of his native county at that time, he eluded his mother, and at the tender age of fourteen years volunteered in the Confederate army, enlisting in Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry. A severe bullet wound that rendered him an invalid the remainder of his life attested his courage and supplied proof of his devotion to the cause for which he fought. When the war was over, he was sent to the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, where he completed his education. Returning from school, he took upon himself the management of his large landed estate, Vinton, near town. In addition to his large farming operations, Mr. Manning engaged in raising fine stock, making a specialty of high-bred horses. Mrs. Manning (who was before her marriage a Miss Cowan, of Rockingham County), three daughters (Mrs. S. Preston Smith, of Charleston, W. Va., Misses Delia and Antoinette Manning, at Vinton), and one son (Mr. T. J. Manning) survive.

"Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon in Zion Episcopal Church, conducted by Rev. J. S. Alfriend, and were largely attended, John W. Rowan Camp and the Jefferson County Camp, U. C. V., and the Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. S. C. V., forming an escort."

JOHN M. RUSSELL.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., writes that John M. Russell, who was a member of Company H, Muldrow's Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, died in Columbus on October 14, aged seventy-six years. He was a native of York District, of South Carolina, and was a good soldier of the Confederacy. "I was orderly," says Comrade Campbell, "and could always depend upon him."

Col. W. H. Tibbs.

Col. William H. Tibbs was one of the few members of the Confederate Congress who had survived the forty-first anniversary of the fall of the Confederacy. On June 10, 1906, he celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He was until a short while before his death remarkably alert and vigorous as well as physically active for one of his years. He had been successful in business after the close of the war, but died without large means.

He was well known through the South. In 1833 and 1834 he was a resident of Columbus, Ga. Shortly after that he assisted in the removal of the Indians from North Georgia, from the same section of the State in which he lived. Later he moved to Tennessee, and it was from that State that he was elected to the regular Confederate Congress. He was a firm believer in the duty of every man of proper age going to the front in the service of his country, and he introduced and secured the passage of the conscript act, under which the Confederacy secured many more men.

Believing that there was a scarcity of men at the front, he declined to make the race to succeed himself in the Confederate Congress, shouldered his gun, and went to the front. Hon. A. S. Colyar, whom he had formerly defeated, was elected to succeed him.

Capt. David Puckett.

On the 14th of October, in Brandon, Miss., after a long illness, Capt. David Puckett, one of the "old guard," a member of Rankin Camp, No. 265, U. C. V., departed this life, leaving a widow and two daughters, Mrs. John A. Gayden, of Brandon, and Mrs. J. W. Tucker, of Cato, Rankin County. Captain Puckett enlisted in Company A, 6th Mississippi Infantry, was wounded at Shiloh, and on May 1, 1863, was captured at Port Gibson, Miss., and carried to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner until the close of the war. While there he was drawn to be shot under some retaliatory order, which was fortunately rescinded. During those horrible days of suspense he never at any time lowered his crest nor swerved from his allegiance to the flag he loved. He was a true and faithful Confederate; and after the war, in the fearful reconstruction era, he stood for the rights of his people, and no man in his limited sphere did more to rid his country of radical rule. He was a good citizen and a true friend. He was treasurer of his county and a member of the Legislature. In every position he was true and faithful. He was entering his seventieth year.

James P. Craver.

The W. P. Lane Camp, Marshall, Tex., mourns the death of another loyal, faithful, and beloved comrade. James P. Craver was born on December 22, 1844, in the State of Georgia. He entered the Confederate service December 20, 1862, as a private in Company D, 32d Texas Infantry, and was mustered out of service at the close of the war, in 1865. As he was when only a boy true and faithful to his country and her cause, so when the war was over he addressed himself with the same unswerving fidelity and zeal to the building up of her waste places, to the encouragement of his fellow-men, and to the establishment of that golden rule which requires us to do as we would be done by. At Kennesaw Mountain he was shot through the right lung, and one rib was taken out and carried off. He was believed to be dead, and was taken to the dead house, where he remained all night. The next morning he was discovered to be still living, and was taken back to the hospital; and after many weeks of suffering, he recovered and returned to his command.

Comrade Craver's death occurred on June 25, 1906, at his home, in Harleton, Tex., and the next day with willing hands but sorrowing hearts we laid him in his grave with the usual ceremonies in the presence of his large family and many sorrowing friends.

Dr. M. A. Brown.

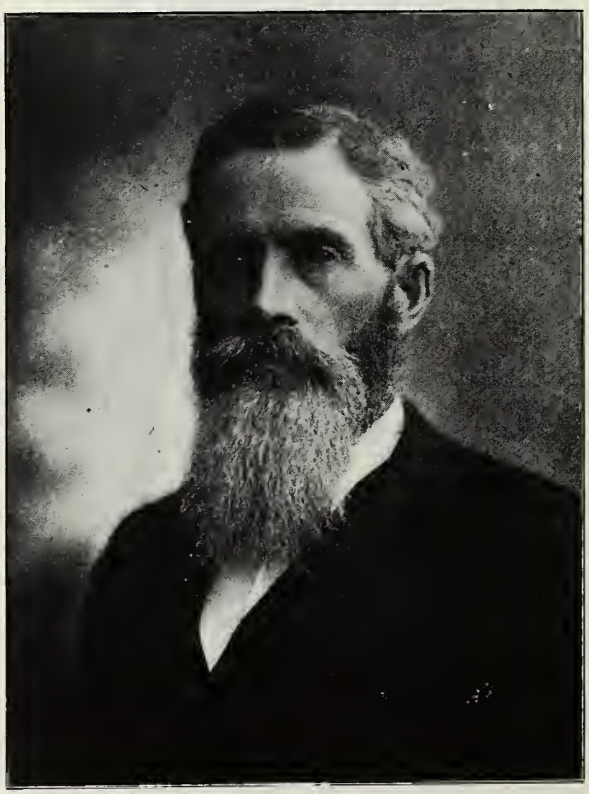
Comrade M. A. Brown died sitting in his chair in Marshall, Mo., October 31, 1906. Dr. Brown was born in Albemarle County, Va., in 1833. In 1860 he entered the University of Virginia to study medicine, and in the spring of 1861 was graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Upon his return home he found his county in turmoil over the War between the States. He at once enlisted in the Missouri State Guard, which afterwards became a part of the Confederate army. He was at once made regimental surgeon, with rank of major of cavalry, which position he held throughout the entire war. He was married in the early seventies to Miss Mattie Waters, of Boone County, Mo. She died in 1876.

James Edward Hogin.

An independent cavalry company was organized in June, 1861, and elected T. C. Sanders captain and V. H. Allen, R. D. Flippen, and J. E. Hogin lieutenants. It was mustered into service of the State of Tennessee July 1, 1861.

Comrade Hogin was captured near Corinth, Miss., a few days after the battle of Shiloh, and was not present at the reorganization of the company. When exchanged, he returned to the company, and served as a private until a vacancy occurred, when he was unanimously elected lieutenant.

On the formation of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment (familiarly known during the war as "Paul's People") this company became a part of this regiment, Harrison's Brigade, and was with the Army of Tennessee to the close of the war,



J. E. HOGIN.

surrendering at Charlottesville, N. C., in May, 1865. Comrade Hogin was severely wounded at Fayetteville, N. C.

He was a brave soldier, stanch and faithful, who never shirked duty in any phase, and had little respect for one who did. He was born November 1, 1833; married October 7, 1858; joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1885; and died September 15, 1906, at his home, near Gordonsville, Tenn., loved and respected by all who knew him. Comrade Hogin is survived by a wife and four children, to whom he left comforts of life and a heritage of integrity and honesty.

[G. C. Moore sends the foregoing sketch.]

Deaths of Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans.

Since his report to the Veteran of deaths in the membership of this Camp, Thomas Shannon writes that "four more of our dear comrades have answered the last roll and passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." They are:

James Veale, private in Company H, 3d Virginia Infantry; died June 14, 1906.

James T. Stewart, private in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry; died August 22, 1906.

James W. Fendley, color bearer in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry; died August 31, 1906.

Edmond Augustus Perry, private in Company D, 61st Virginia Infantry; died October 24, 1906.

M. C. Cooper.

Marcellus Carter Cooper was born in Augusta, Ga., December 6, 1834. On reaching his majority he left home for Montgomery, Ala., where he remained several years, and then moved to Orion. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted with Pike Grays, A. P. Love commanding, and was elected lieutenant. The company entered the 22d



M. C. COOPER.

Alabama at Notasulga, Ala., October 6, 1861, and went into camp near Mobile with Gladden's Brigade. At the battle of Shiloh he was wounded, but remained with his command. He was a gallant soldier, an efficient officer, and served his country till the close of the war with fervency and zeal. The war over, he returned to Orion, Ala., where he was most happily married to Miss Texas J. Farrior, and to them were born eight children, four of whom, with his wife, survive him and mourn their great loss. For a long time he was a citizen of Montgomery, and then removed to Meldrim, Ga., where he died June 15, 1906. On December 24, 1900, he became a member of Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., of Montgomery, Ala., and after his removal to Georgia joined Lafayette McLaws Camp, No. 596, of Savannah.

"Doc" Cooper, as he was known, was an excellent citizen, a true friend, a devoted husband and father, and a Christian gentleman. May he awake with a likeness that will satisfy!

Maj. R. G. Cross.

Maj. R. G. Cross died in Rome, Ga., November 6, 1906. When the War between the States began, Major Cross was engaged in the hardware business in Nashville with the firm of Macey & Hamilton. The 44th Tennessee Regiment was organized in and around Nashville. The Rev. Wiley M. Reed was the first colonel, and he served as such until after the battle of Shiloh, when the regiment was reorganized with John S. Fulton as colonel; McEwin, of Franklin, lieutenant colonel; Henry Ewin, of Nashville, major; and Lieut. R. G. Cross was made adjutant. This regiment was assigned to the command of Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, and remained with this celebrated old brigade until the close of the war. It participated in the Kentucky campaign, in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, and at Chickamauga. Maj. Henry Ewin was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. After the battle of Chickamauga, it was consolidated with the 25th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. R. B. Snowden. It accompanied Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Division to East Tennessee. It was in the attack at Fort Saunders, at Knoxville, at Bean Station, and in the fights around Petersburg, Drury's Bluff, and at Fort Harrison, in Virginia. In these fights Colonel Fulton, Lieutenant Colonel McEwin, and Major McCarver were killed. Major Cross and Colonel Snowden were wounded and Capt. W. T. Blakemore, A. D. C., lost his leg. This command was surrendered at Appomattox C. H. In all these fights Major Cross frequently acted as adjutant of the brigade. He was a conscientious, gallant soldier. After the war he married and settled in Cleveland, Tenn., where he remained a few years, then removed to Rome, Ga., and engaged in the insurance business. Major Cross was of Scotch descent, and was in his seventy-fourth year.

Mrs. W. F. Spurlin.

The loss to our friend and patron, Col. W. F. Spurlin, in the death of his beloved companion of more than fifty years elicits the sympathy of friends everywhere. After some months of gradually failing health, her death occurred on the morning of October 25, 1906, so suddenly that it came as a shock to all. Her maiden name was Catherine Jane Hubbard. She was born in 1836 in Livingston, Sumter County, Ala.; but in early childhood removed to Wilcox County, where, in 1855, she was united in marriage to William F. Spurlin. Only a son, Rev. W. D. Spurlin, of Demopolis, now survives of the four children born to them. Noble tributes were paid to her as wife, mother, and Christian. She was a leader always among the Daughters of the Confederacy, giving her time and labor to the many good works of the organization at Camden. The resolutions passed by the Chapter there speak of her as "one of its most efficient and zealous members, who never failed in her deep sympathy and earnest work."

Judge Walter H. Rogers.

From the resolutions passed by Camp No. 2, Army of Tennessee, New Orleans, La., the following notes are taken on the life of Judge Walter H. Rogers, who died there on April 16, 1906:

"Walter Henry Rogers was born in New Orleans October 13, 1843, and educated in the public schools of the city, from which he graduated with highest honors. He was among the first to respond to the call of his State for soldiers, and in April, 1861, enlisted in the first company of Louisiana Volunteers under command of Capt. Charles D. Dreux, going at once to the seat of war. He was with this company for twelve months in Virginia, and then joined Fenner's Battery.

"Subsequently he became attached to the military court, serving throughout the war. He surrendered May 10, 1865. Returning to New Orleans, he took up the study of law, graduating from the University of Louisiana in 1866 as valedictorian of his class. He became prominent in the practice of his profession and as a man of public spirit. In the revolt of 1874 against the alien government he took a prominent part in the struggles which led to the redemption of the State under the leadership of the gallant Francis T. Nicholls. From 1876 to 1880 Comrade Rogers was Judge of the Fifth District Court for the Parish of Orleans, and afterwards Judge of the State Court of Appeals. Resigning in 1884, he resumed the practice of law; but late in that year was elected to the State attorneyship. In exalted public trusts he discharged his duty with fidelity and efficiency.

"Comrade Rogers was a charter member of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, of which he was President for four years, during which time the tomb of the Army of Tennessee was erected in Metairie Cemetery. He also aided in the establishment of Camp Nicholls, the Confederate Home for Louisiana, and served as President of the Board of Administrators for some years.

"His private life was dominated by the same principles which guided him in his discharge of public affairs. He was a public-spirited citizen, ever ready to aid in beneficent enterprises; he was a lover of his fellow-man, and none appealed to him in distress without receiving aid and sympathy; he was a practical and sincere Christian, devoted to the services of his Church; he was endeared to all who knew him through his courtesy and kindness; a faithful and loyal friend, public-spirited citizen, to whom his State and city were indebted for many years of wise counsel and untiring services. For all these qualities the people of New Orleans and comrades of the United Confederate Veterans deeply mourn because of his death."

Maj. Frank McIntosh Myers.

Maj. Frank M. Myers died at his home, near Lincoln, Va., it is supposed, of heart failure. He enlisted early in the war, and was promptly promoted for bravery to the captaincy of Company A, White's Battalion; and finally, toward the close of the war, he was commissioned major of the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. He was conspicuous as a daring cavalry leader, and was painfully wounded at Tom's Brook while campaigning with Early in the Valley of Virginia. He was a member of Clinton Hatcher Camp, and warmly espoused every effort that had for its object the preservation of the truth of history.

Major Myers had been for some years a devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church. He was well grounded in the faith and loved the brethren. He had a bright mind and an exceptionally retentive memory. He was a writer of more than ordinary ability, as is evidenced by his cleverly written history of White's Battalion entitled "The Comanches." His war reminiscences were always thrillingly interesting.

Major Myers had a kind, sympathetic heart and a character strikingly adorned with many beautiful, lovable traits. His disposition was almost effeminate in its retiring modesty, yet he was brave and courageous and at all times a courtly, chivalrous gentleman.

Major Myers was married to Miss Fannie Shawen, who preceded him to the grave some years since. Of this union, there are living two daughters and three sons, all of whom are grown. One of the latter, Mr. D. C. Myers, is Deputy Treasurer and Deputy Sheriff for Mount Gilead District.

Col. James D. Blanding.

Col. J. D. Blanding died October 24, 1906, in Heriot, Lee County, S. C., from a paralytic stroke. Much honor was paid Colonel Blanding's memory in Sumter, the place of his funeral. Colonel Blanding had entered his eighty-sixth year. It is said that no man in South Carolina was better known or held in higher esteem that Colonel Blanding. He was a survivor of the Mexican War. As a lawyer, he was a brilliant success; as a Christian citizen, he was patriotic, energetic, and generous. In 1876, when real men were needed so badly, Colonel Blanding's work and brain did more for South Carolina than can be realized.

Col. James Douglass Blanding was a son of Abram and Mary C. Blanding, and was born in Columbia, S. C., June 26, 1821. He read law under his uncle, William F. DeSaussure, in Columbia, and was admitted to the bar in December, 1842. He married Lenora A. McFaddin, of Sumter County, in February, 1849. He was Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the South Carolina College from 1843 to 1852, and before the great war he was a Trustee of the Sumter Academical Society. After the war he was a Trustee of Davidson College, North Carolina; also of the Agriculture and Mechanical College of South Carolina.

He was colonel of the 22d Regiment of South Carolina Militia in the forties. He was mustered into the United States service in 1846, and served from the siege of Vera Cruz to the capture of the City of Mexico as adjutant, and was promoted to captain after Colonel Butler was killed. He was mustered out of service in September, 1848. He raised the first company in Sumter district for State service, which became Company D, of the second of the ten regiments raised by the State in anticipation of its ordinance of secession. It was the first regiment to reach Morris Island before the fall of Fort Sumter. This regiment was made the basis for the organization of the second, the ninth, and the twelfth regiments mustered into Confederate service from South Carolina under command of Col. J. B. Kershaw, Lieut. Col. J. D. Blanding, and Maj. Dixon Barnes. Colonel Blanding carried the Ninth to Virginia, reaching the field of First Manassas on the evening of the battle.

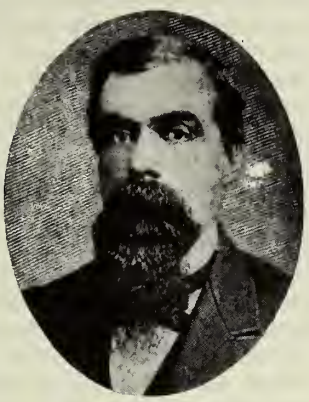
Being disabled, and yet anxious to continue in service, he was ordered to report to the inspector general, and was assigned to duty as inspector of seacoast batteries from Charleston to the North Carolina line and of the regiments of reserves on the coast. He also did duty in the ordnance department, and so served until the end of the war.

He was an active Democrat, and for over forty years was a deacon and elder in the Presbyterian Church. After fifty years of professional work, he retired on account of defective hearing, the primary cause of which was the bursting of a shell near his ear during the War between the States.

Maj. John T. Hunt.

A Daughter of the Confederacy writes from Barnesville, Ga., of the sudden death of Maj. John T. Hunt, Commander of the Pike Camp of Confederate Veterans:

"Major Hunt was not only a brave, true soldier during the War between the States but an honored soldier of the cross, and for seventeen years was superintendent of the Methodist Sabbath school.



MAJ. J. T. HUNT.

"He was born in Putnam County, Ga., in 1842; and died in December, 1905. He was a pupil of old Mount Zion Academy with Professor Neel, of Gordon Institute, but came to Barnesville when quite young. He enlisted with the Holloway Grays under Capt. A. J. White, afterwards being transferred to the 3d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters, who fought bravely in Virginia, at Missionary Ridge, and at Franklin. His old comrades were very dear to him, and the deepest fount of feelings was stirred whenever he addressed them. His fluency in oratory was proverbial, and his command of language was always ready for any emergency. He was married during the war to Miss Mattie Hightower, a graduate of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. After her death, he was again married, Mrs. Addie Chambers Davis becoming his second wife. Her heart and home are now in gloom.

"The Barnesville Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, had conferred on him the honor of presiding every year as master of ceremonies on Memorial Day.

"Major Hunt had often expressed the wish to be buried in his Confederate gray uniform, with the cross of honor and badge of his Camp over his heart. This request was of course complied with, and on that noble heart was stamped: 'True to his principles of right, true to his friends, and true to his God.' Gen. Clement A. Evans, the grand old soldier and Christian gentleman, officiated at the funeral services, which were attended by a large number of veterans, and in his beautiful tribute said no one was more deserving."

Major Hunt was a brother to James Hunt, whose wife, as Lizzie Murphy, is held in sacred remembrance by the Veteran. Both families were of Barnesville. In a personal letter the author of this sketch, Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, writes: "I have been surprised that the Camp here did not send an earlier notice of Major Hunt, he was so true and so devoted to his comrades. Our Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, furnished a handsome floral design and marched in a body to the church and then to the cemetery."

Lucien C. Ricketts.

Lucien C. Ricketts, a prominent citizen of Guyandotte, W. Va., a survivor of the Confederate army, died on September 18, 1906, in his sixty-second year. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and a lawyer by profession, possessing a brilliant mind, and in his earlier days was considered the ablest young lawyer in the State of Virginia. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, and served upon the staff of Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins, who was also from that section. He resumed his practice after the war, and was twice prosecuting attorney for Cabell County, and was land examiner for the government under Cleveland's administration. Comrade Ricketts was a member of Camp Garnett. His wife survives him with two daughters and a son.

Capt. James R. DuBose.

Capt. James R. DuBose, of Asheville, N. C., fell asleep on the 29th of September, 1906. He was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in January, 1837, and was educated at Washington, Ga. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted as a private with the Irwin Guards, and in June his company was sent to Virginia and assigned to the 9th Georgia Regiment, "Tige" Anderson's Brigade. In June of that year he was commissioned by President Davis as second lieutenant and ordered to report to the 1st Regiment of Georgia Regulars for duty. He was assigned to Company M and remained with it during the war. In 1864 he was promoted to captain, and surrendered with his company at Greensboro on the 26th of April, 1865.

A comrade writes: "An upright, honorable man, a brave officer, and a consecrated Christian has gone to his reward."

S. C. Tullos.

Resolutions adopted by W. B. Plemons Camp, Amarillo, Tex., on September 16, 1906, express their loss in the death of S. C. Tullos, an esteemed member, of whom it is stated that he was born in Bedford County, Tenn., March 9, 1838. He enlisted in Company F, 4th Tennessee Regiment, in May, 1861, and participated in many battles and endured many hard campaigns. Being pleased with his gallantry and ability, Gen. Earl Van Dorn appointed him as aid-de-camp on his staff, which position he occupied when the General was killed. He afterwards was detailed for the bodyguard of President Davis.

After the fall of the Confederacy, he accepted the changed conditions and set about to help build up the waste places, and in his citizenship reflected honor as did his soldiership for the Confederacy. He was married in 1867 to Miss Josie Robinson, who has stood by him through an eventful life to the end on the 22d of August, 1906. A son and two daughters are left as her comfort in this affliction.

Maj. Sylvester C. Cooper.

The death of Maj. S. C. Cooper occurred at his home, in Puryear, Tenn., on the morning of September 11, 1906. Major Cooper was a gallant Confederate and a splendid citizen. He entered the service as captain of Company D, 46th Tennessee Infantry, and was later promoted to major and commanded his regiment at Franklin. Of his conduct on that occasion Gov. James D. Porter, in his address at the unveiling of the Henry County monument, said: "Major Cooper was in command of the 46th Tennessee, and in the assault by Quarles's Brigade won distinction. He led his men up to the enemy's works, where his color bearer, Paul Sullivan, planted his flag. Cooper, by his side, was the fore leader of his regiment. He carried the men over the enemy's works, where he was shot down."

After the surrender, he lived a useful citizen. For many years he was an influential member of the County Court, and served with fidelity in both branches of the Legislature. He was always on the moral side of all public questions. As a member of Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V., he was interested in Confederate matters, and presided over its meeting for several years.

Col. Stephen Decatur Thruston.

Dr. S. D. Thruston, a prominent physician of Dallas, died there in December. He had been in poor health for several months. Colonel Thruston was born November 28, 1833, in Gloucester, Va. His father, who was a prosperous farmer, died when he was ten years of age, leaving a widow and five children—three sons and two daughters. He was sent to the academy at Stephensville, where he remained until he was seventeen. He then attended the University of Virginia, where he remained for three years—two years in the study of medicine. Shortly after leaving the University of Virginia he entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Thruston settled in Wilmington, N. C., where he practiced medicine. In 1856 he married Miss Anne Everett. He was a member of the Wilmington Light Infantry, who were the first to respond to the call of the Governor for troops, and his regiment was the first to throw the dirt at Fort Fisher. Dr. Thruston was chosen captain of Company B, 3d North Carolina Infantry. This regiment was ordered to the Potomac, but arrived too late to participate in the first battle of Manassas. At the battle of Antietam it received its first baptism of fire. During this engagement the colonel of the regiment was killed and Captain Thruston took command, and it is said that ninety per cent of his men were killed. After the battle he was highly complimented for his bravery by Gens. D. H. Hill and James Longstreet. His next hard fight was in the battle of Chancellorsville. His last engagement was in front of Winchester with General Early's command, when they were defeated by the Union army under Sheridan.

During the four years of his army life Colonel Thruston was wounded four times. At Antietam seven bullets pierced his jacket, one of them entering his right lung. He remained in the hospital for ten days, when he rejoined his command. At Chancellorsville he was shot through the left foot, the injury proving so serious that he was compelled to retire. This prevented him from participating in the battle of Gettysburg, but he again joined the regiment on its return at Orange C. H. On May 10, 1864, he was injured in front of the Spottsylvania courthouse, a Yankee bullet going through his left lung. The last injury he received was on September 9, 1864, in the battle of Winchester, when he was shot through from hip to hip, completely disabling him and ending his military career.

In the year 1872 Dr. Thruston went to Texas and located in Dallas, where he lived ever afterwards. He was married twice. His first wife died in 1887, leaving two children, both of whom have since died. He was married the second time on April 2, 1889, to Mrs. Ella V. Chappell (née Wilson), who survives him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was a steward in the Church until his death. As a Church worker he was untiring.

Dr. Thruston was the examining physician for a number of insurance companies. The following is a list of the pallbearers: Honorary—Gen. W. L. Cabell, W. S. Kirby, Col. Will Holland, Will Apperson, Dr. J. B. Shellmire, Judge N. W. Finley, and Col. J. R. Cole. Active—Dr. J. M. Pace, Dr. W. R. Allen, A. G. Wills, Duncan Culbreath, Henry W. Jones, Capt. W. H. Gaston, and S. J. Hay.

Col. John N. Clarkson.

Col. John N. Clarkson, a gallant Confederate and for years prominent in the affairs of West Virginia, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mollie Langley, in Charleston, W. Va., on October 12, 1906. He had passed his four score some years ago. Colonel Clarkson was a native of Albemarle County, Va., but settled in Kanawha County in 1834. He married Miss Anna Early, sister of Gen. Jubal A. Early, who became distinguished as a Confederate general. His wife died many years ago, leaving a son and daughter. Colonel Clarkson was a man of great intellect and strength of body, and was a prominent citizen of West Virginia for twenty-five years preceding the war. He held prominent positions under both Gens. John B. Floyd and Henry A. Wise while they were in command of Confederate troops in Western Virginia, and as colonel under these generals he had various engagements with the enemy in different places, in which he was successful. His noted bravery, his readiness to fight whenever the occasion required it gave him the reputation of a daring and fearless man.

In the year 1863 the scarcity of salt in the Confederate States and the well-known ability of Colonel Clarkson as a salt manufacturer induced the Legislature of Virginia, at Richmond, to pass a law taking the salt works at Saltville, Va., out of the hands and control of its owners, Stuart and Palmer, and placing the property in charge of Colonel Clarkson, who agreed to make the salt and sell the same at a very reduced price to the States of the South. He continued at this business until the war terminated.

Subsequent to the war he was actively engaged in different pursuits. Under Cleveland's administration he was a contractor in Washington City. He carried to his grave several bullets received in conflicts with the enemy.

Maj. P. W. Farrell.

The death of Maj. P. W. Farrell, of Blackwell, S. C., occasioned much regret in his circle of friends and acquaintances of the State. He had gone to North Augusta for medical treatment soon after the death of his wife, and there passed away on the 5th of October, 1906.

Before the war Major Farrell was a resident of Charleston, and with many of its citizens served the Confederacy bravely and devotedly for four years. He was attached to Walter's Battery, first known as the Washington Artillery, and by its commander, Capt. George H. Walter, he was regarded as a model soldier and a credit to the company.

After the war he settled in Blackville, where he became prominent and prosperous in business. His noble characteristics won many friends, and his home was the seat of hospitality. He was on the staff of Maj. Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, commanding the State Division U. C. V., and took an active interest always in reunions of Confederate survivors. Major Farrell was ardently attached to the home of his childhood, Charleston, and his visits back there were a source of pleasure to himself and his many devoted friends of that city. He was patriotic and progressive, and during reconstruction he worked untiringly for home rule. His love was given also to his native Ireland, in whose affairs he was deeply interested. He is survived by a son and three daughters.

Capt. J. L. Price.

Capt. J. L. Price, a former Commander of N. B. Forrest Camp of Chattanooga, Tenn., a gallant soldier, courteous gentleman, and good citizen, died at his home, in St. Elmo, on the 24th of November, and was buried on the following day in the Confederate Cemetery by his comrades of the Camp. He served through the war in Cutts's Artillery, A. N. V., surrendering at Appomattox. He was much loved and will be sorely missed.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

The idea of the Southern Cross of Honor to be given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Veterans and descendants of deceased Confederate soldiers and sailors originated with Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, Athens, Ga.

The design offered by Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Atlanta, Ga., chairman of the committee appointed by Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, President U. D. C., at Hot Springs, Ark., November, 1898, to procure designs, was accepted at Richmond, Va., November, 1899. The members of the committee were Mrs S. E. Gabbett, Chairman, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, Athens, Ga. Upon the resignation of Mrs. Erwin, Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Athens, Ga., was appointed in her place.

The rules formulated by this committee were found insufficient to meet the many questions that arose regarding the bestowal of the Cross, so at the request of Mrs. Gabbett, who had been appointed Custodian of the Cross at Richmond, 1899, Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, President of U. D. C., enlarged the committee at Montgomery, Ala., November, 1900.

The members of this committee are Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex., Chairman; Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, West Virginia; Mrs. J. W. Tench, Florida; Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Florida; Mrs. Beede, California; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Georgia; Mrs. Andrew Broaddus, Kentucky.

RULES FOR BESTOWAL OF CROSS OF HONOR.

Rule I.

Section 1. Each State and Territorial Division shall elect or appoint a Recorder of Cross of Honor to whom Chapters shall apply for blank certificates of eligibility to be filled out by the Veterans and blank forms for alphabetical lists to be filled out with data from the certificates by the President of the Chapter ordering Crosses. When so filled out, these shall be sent to the Recorder of said Division for approval or correction and forwarded by her to the Custodian of the Cross, who will forward the Crosses to the Chapter. The Recorder shall apply to the Recording Secretary General, U. D. C., for the blank forms of certificates and blank forms of alphabetical lists, supply these on demand to the Chapters, accompanied by an order to the Custodian, signed by the President General and Recording Secretary General, U. D. C.

Section 2. The oldest living lineal descendant of Veterans who has not received a Cross may secure it in any county, provided that three consecutive monthly notices be inserted in the city and county papers calling upon Veterans to send in certificates for Crosses. If at the expiration of three months there are no other applications from Veterans, the bestowal of Crosses upon such descendants may begin, the same to be governed by rules for bestowal upon Veterans. Where there is no lineal descendant desiring the Cross, it may be bestowed upon the widow of the Veteran who has not received a Cross, provided she be a Confederate woman, one who has endured the hardships and privations of the period from "sixty-one to sixty-five." No descendant or widow can receive a second Cross, nor can such descendant or widow wear the Cross. The Recording Secretary General will supply to the Recorder of Cross of Honor of each State and Territorial Division special blank forms of certificates for descendants and widows which must be filled out with data of eligibility of ancestor or husband.

Rule II.

Section 1. No Crosses will be furnished by the Custodian unless the order is accompanied by certificates of eligibility properly filled out by the Veterans and certified to by two or more members of a Camp of United Confederate Veterans and alphabetical list from Chapter President.

Section 2. Presidents of Chapters shall fill out blank alphabetical lists from the certificates, with all data contained therein, and forwarded with certificates to their State Recorder of Cross of Honor with money order for the number of Crosses desired. The Custodian of the Cross of Honor shall keep a book, or books, in which shall be kept, alphabetically arranged, the names and data of all Veterans, descendants of Veterans, and widows to whom Crosses have been issued.

Section 3. The certificates shall be returned by the Custodian to the Presidents of Chapters who have ordered Crosses, and the same be placed on file by said Chapter, that data may be furnished when needed for historical or other purpose.

Section 4. Each Chapter shall keep a book, alphabetically arranged, in which is recorded the name and service of every Veteran and ancestor of descendant and widow of a Veteran who receives a Cross. Each State or Territorial Recorder shall keep a similar record book of all Crosses issued.

Rule III.

Section 1. Crosses may be granted by the muster roll of the nearest Camp, U. C. V., and to Confederate Veterans who are not members of a Camp who can give the required proof of eligibility, attested by two Veterans who are members of a Camp.

Section 2. The oldest living lineal descendant may secure the Cross by giving the same proof of eligibility as that required of his Veteran ancestor, and Confederate widows of Veterans applying for Crosses must fill blank form of certificate, giving service of Veterans whose widows they are. Such widows must have endured the hardships of the war period from 1861 to 1865.

Section 3. Upon the certificate of a reputable physician that a Veteran is dying, if desired, he may receive the Cross immediately.

Rule IV.

Section 1. The Crosses may be bestowed on the Memorial or Decoration Day selected by each State or Territorial Division, U. D. C., the birthdays of President Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee (June 3 and January 19), and one commemorative day, between July 1 and January 19, to be selected by each State or Territorial Division in convention assembled. The presentation shall be accompanied with such ceremonies as will give proper dignity to the occasion.

Rule V.

Section 1. A Veteran in good standing having lost his Cross may have it replaced once only by applying to the President of the Chapter from which he received the Cross, and he must furnish copy of the certificate on which the Cross was first bestowed. If a second Cross is lost, a certificate may be given in testimony that such Veteran has been awarded a Cross. No descendant or widow of a Veteran can have a second Cross.

Section 2. Chapter Presidents are urged to advise Veterans to have their names engraved on the bar of the Cross for the purpose of identification if lost.

Section 3. A Veteran having been awarded a Cross and dying before it is received, the President of the Chapter bestowing it may give it to the oldest living lineal descendant or widow under provisions of Rule I., Section 2. A Veteran having received the Cross may bequeath it to any lineal descendant that he may select.

Rule VI.

The Cross cannot be worn in any case or on any occasion except by the Veteran upon whom it was bestowed. No descendant or widow can wear it.

Rule VII.

Section 1. Where counties have no local organization of U. D. C. a Veteran may receive the Cross through the President of the nearest local Chapter, or the President of Chapter in the county from which he entered the Confederate service if so desired.

Section 2. When Chapters are not able to bear the expense of purchasing Crosses for other counties than their own, these may be furnished at the expense of the General Association upon the authority of the President General U. D. C.

Rule VIII.

All orders for Crosses shall be filed in the Custodian's office three weeks before the day intended for bestowal.

Rule IX.

Any Chapter departing from these rules will not be entitled to Crosses for presentation. Preceding the presentation of the Crosses, Rules V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX. shall be read on every occasion of the bestowal.

The President of each Chapter shall see that the Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans in her county shall receive a copy of these rules.

"POST-MORTEM STATEMENT" OF MRS. DAVIS.

The startling announcement that a lady of the U. D. C., in its annual Convention at Gulfport, Miss., had a "post-mortem statement of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis," which it was proposed to have read, created a peculiar sensation. Of course all wanted to hear it—men would have been curious as well. The paper was a simple statement of conditions whereby Mrs. Davis had the remains of the Confederate President buried in Richmond. True, she incidentally explained that Mississippi did not manifest that interest in his burial place which she felt was due, but there was neither bitterness nor ill feeling manifested in it. The editor of the VETERAN had read the letter, and he had accounts repeatedly direct from Mrs. Davis containing the substance of what appears in that "statement." The failure to give the statement to the public created widespread comment, as if it were a severe arraignment of people in the State that she loved best. Her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, the only surviving child of those honored parents, has been so worried over the matter that she wrote Gen. Stephen D. Lee, a part of which letter follows:

"As to this letter of my mother's, allow me to say that it was written some years ago, and was prompted by a desire to justify her actions in the eyes of the Southern people, whom she loved with unfailing loyalty and devotion. This defense of herself, sent to a friend to be read after her death, she wrote after numberless articles from different newspapers and letters condemning her actions were received by her when she was in failing health. If I had been consulted by those in whose hands it was placed, it should never have been given publicity; for only last spring, after discussing the fact of its existence, my mother decided to recall it, and I hoped—until I heard of its being read—that it had been destroyed.

"Whatever my mother may have been goaded into writing at the time this letter was sent to Judge Kimbrough, when she left this world she felt safe in the love and respect and consideration of her own people, among whom she would gladly have lived and died if her health had permitted; but unfortunately, as you know, she could not bear the excessive heat of the South, and was very prone to become malarial there. Then again, after my father's death, she was afraid to live in the country with my sister, there being no male member of our family who could stay with them.

"Besides this, my sister had literary ambitions, and it was her wish to live in New York, as she felt it would be a better field for her efforts and my mother's. After the loss of my sister, my mother received the most tender consideration from the many friends, both Northern and Southern, they had made during their years of residence in New York; and as my mother's income was not large, she stayed where she could live in comfort and health, and most reasonably.

"I might further add that the New York World gave my mother a handsome salary to become a member of its staff, and this was another reason why she lived in New York, for her far from large income made this addition a very welcome one. Though her brilliant and graceful pen was always at the command of the New York World, its managers demanded little of her of late years, and showed her the utmost consideration, for which I am deeply grateful.

"I do not offer an apology for any action of my mother's, for I feel she had a right to live where she pleased, and did what she thought wisest and best at the time; but I must feel that if anything that she wrote gave offense to the people of the South, particularly Mississippians, it was misunderstood, and far from being intentionally hurtful.

"My father's remains were lovingly guarded by the city of New Orleans, where he died, for over a year; and after much thought and deliberation, my mother decided that Richmond, as the seat of government during the Confederacy, was the proper place for my father and his descendants to rest. If Mississippi was slow in asking for my father's remains, I am sure it was not through lack of love and reverence. Also if Governor Lowry wrote anything which wounded my mother at the time, I feel sure that he did not intend to do so, for I know he was one of my father's most devoted and loyal friends, and I heard my father express the warmest regard for him many times.

"I urged the claims of Mississippi as above those of all other States. It was the State which had conferred every honor upon my father, his best beloved, and where he made his home during the last years of his life, as also during his youth. This State he taught his children to love loyally, and he also taught us that no matter where we were born we were Mississippians, as he and my mother were. He rejoiced in the fact that I married a native of Mississippi, one who, when little more than a child, had joined the Confederate army, as all of his family had done.

"Let no one think other than that my mother loved and honored the South and the Southern people above everything; and let me assure those who may read these lines that with all the tender letters and respectful resolutions from our beloved people of the South before my eyes I, her only surviving child, feel nothing but deepest gratitude and appreciation of all the honors showered upon her memory, and I hope that her few enemies will be silenced if not won by this explanation, which is in no sense an apology.

"To the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the United Confederate Veterans, to you, their honored Commander and my father and mother's true and valued friend, also to the Southern press, whom I ask to publish this letter, I offer this explanation, and ask that only reverence and respect shall be given to the memory of my mother, the 'Mother of the Confederacy.'"

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION STATISTICS.

The Jamestown Exposition site takes in three hundred and fifty acres of land on the southern shore of Hampton Roads and contains nearly two miles of water front.

Twenty foreign nations have accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to participate in the grand military and naval display.

The grounds of the Exposition are encompassed by a beautiful floral fence more than two miles in length.

"Lee's Parade"—named in honor of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the first President of the Exposition Company—contains thirty acres in the center of the grounds, and is bordered by a thousand apple trees, all transplanted. The magnitude of the work of transplanting these large trees is most extraordinary.

The two main exhibit palaces of the Exposition to house the exhibits of manufactures and "liberal arts" and machinery and transportation are immense in size and beautiful in construction. They contain three hundred and fifty thousand square feet of exhibit space each.

The various State buildings are artistically grouped along the water front of the Exposition grounds. They are all of permanent construction, with the idea of selling them as summer homes at the expiration of the Exposition.

The grand piers, being built by the United States government, will extend out into Hampton Roads for a distance of one thousand feet, and will be illuminated by more than a million electric lights. The harbor illuminations will be unique in that by a novel method of submerged lighting the water in front of the Exposition will have the appearance of a sea of liquid gold.

The amusement section of the Jamestown Exposition will be known as "The Warpath," and is to contain only high-class attractions.

Side trips by excursion steamers will be made throughout the entire period of the Exposition to the many points of historical interest in and about Tidewater, Va., and such places as Jamestown Island, on the James River, Yorktown, on the "York River," and Old Point Comfort will be the salient points visited.

The attendance at the Jamestown Exposition is expected to be larger than any of the previous celebrations, based upon the historic and modern attractions and the fact that within a radius of twelve hours' ride live twenty-one million people and within twenty-four hours' ride live forty-one million, or more than half of the entire population of the whole country. Water transportation will evidently bring into use practically every craft that floats about American shores and all rail facilities that can be utilized.

The Exposition grounds are nine miles distant from Norfolk, about six miles from Newport News, and half as far from Old Point Comfort, and are reached by three street car lines, one railroad, and several ferry lines. A beautiful boulevard is being built from Norfolk.

A throbbing feature that excels all other Expositions yet held in this country is the patriotic motive, and in it the South is deeply interested.

MEMORANDA OF FEDERAL AND STATE PARTICIPATION.

The United States government has appropriated $1,575,000.

Certain States have made appropriations as follows:

Virginia has appropriated in the aggregate $450,000.

New York has appropriated for 1906 $70,000 and to become available in 1907 $80,000.

Pennsylvania has appropriated outright $100,000; New Jersey, $75,000; Ohio, $75,000; Maryland, $65,000; Massachusetts, $50,000; North Carolina, $30,000; Connecticut, $26,000; Illinois, $25,000; Georgia, $30,000; South Carolina, $20,000; Rhode Island, $50,000; Louisiana, $30,000.

Missouri appropriated in 1905 $10,000 for moving exhibit, with the assurance of an additional $50,000.

Michigan passed a bill appointing a commission to report to the next session the amount necessary for proper participation. Estimated, $60,000.

Wisconsin passed a bill appointing a commission to report to the next session the amount necessary for proper participation. Estimated, $60,000.

Florida passed a bill appointing a commission and pledging the State to give an amount necessary for proper participation. Estimated, $50,000.

Maine appointed a commission to collect $40,000 by *public subscriptions.*

Delaware has a bill appropriating $30,000 awaiting action of the Legislature.

Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and Montana are raising $50,000 each for joint exhibition. Legislative action is to be taken January 1.

The Vermont House of Representatives has passed a bill for $10,000, while Kentucky citizens are raising $40,000.

Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the official organ of the soldiers who fought for the Confederacy, and gives its space largely to their affairs. The magazine has, however, a permanent historical value, as it publishes so much matter that pertains to the war of the sixties which cannot be obtained elsewhere. However, no element of bitterness nor trace of unfairness to the other side can be found in its handsome pages."

It will surprise many to learn that the *Western Christian Advocate* is constant in making some kindly reference to the VETERAN. Hardly an issue fails of some accurate and generous mention of its contents.

"THE OLD SOUTH."—Dr. J. C. Pitner, of Jacksonville, Ill., writes to Dr. Hamill, author of "The Old South:" "I shall treasure the book for its merits and prize it as a token of friendship." Mrs. Pitner writes of it: "'The Old South' was immediately read with the greatest interest. With all my Southern blood I could say 'amen' to every chapter. While I enjoyed every page, I think the closing paragraph as fine a sentiment as I ever read."

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELER AT LEXINGTON, VA., AFTER THE WAR.

The life-size painting of Gen. R. E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, is a triumph of high art. It has been admired by all who have seen it, especially by those who knew General Lee in life. They regard it as the most faithful and characteristic portrait yet produced of the great commander. His famous war horse, Traveler, is here painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, which adds much to the value of the picture.

Photographs from this fine painting are now for the first time offered for sale. There are two sizes, one 20 by 24 inches, price $3; the other, 11 by 14 inches, price $2. Both are mounted on the best white card, with wide margins, ready for framing. Prices have been increased on account of heavy expense in getting out pictures. Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

INVESTIGATION OF SMOKE BY UNCLE SAM.

A letter of inquiry concerning the J. B. Harris Smoke Consumer elicited interesting correspondence. The following letter was dated Nashville, Tenn., December 21, 1906, and addressed to Prof. D. T. Randall, Engineer in charge of Smoke Investigation United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Sir: At the request of Dr. J. B. Harris, inventor and patentee of the "Harris Smokeless Furnace," we have visited the Nashville Laundry Company's plant in this city, in whose furnaces the appliances covered by Dr. Harris's invention are in operation, and we here give you the benefit of our observations.

It was not our object to investigate the details of construction and the *modus operandi* or principles of the invention, these being set forth and lucidly explained by Dr. Harris in his printed circulars.

The object of our visit was to simply witness the actual result of the use of the appliances, and the following is what we saw:

1. The fuel used in the furnaces was of a low-grade bituminous coal, the slack or sweepings of the mines.

2. The fuel was fed into the furnaces freely in great quantities.

3. Looking into the furnaces while appliances were in use, there was a fiery white glow all over the bed of burning fuel, and no vapor or smoke apparent.

4. Stopping outside, so as to get a view of the top of the large brick smokestack, there was no vapor or smoke visible issuing from the stack or, at times, only a small amount. The contrast between this smokestack and various others in the neighborhood, from which were pouring vast volumes of dense, black smoke, was most striking.

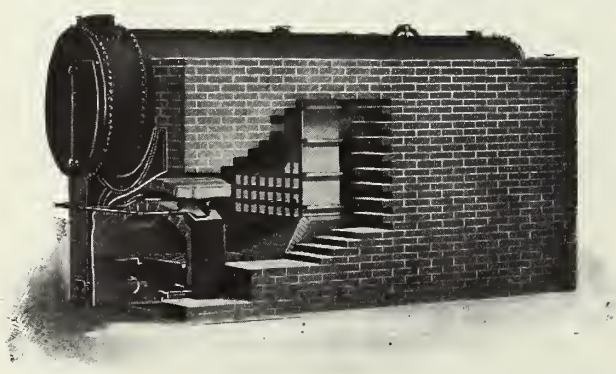
5. When Dr. Harris's appliances were shut off, their operation in the furnaces stopped, then the same phenomenon observed on the neighboring smokestacks, clouds of dense black smoke, developed at the top of laundry stack.

From our observations it appears to us that there would result from the use of Dr. Harris's invention by manufacturing establishments, and all establishments operating furnaces, benefits of great pecuniary value.

1. Because of the economy of fuel, arising from the more complete combustion.

2. The greater effect of the heat produced by reason of its application to sheets and flues not cushioned with soot, as in other furnaces where combustion is imperfect.

These two results it seems would be of immense value. And last, and not least, if not greatest, the blessing to every community in the abolition or reduction to a minimum of the smoke nuisance, so destructive to comfort and health of the people.



THE J. B. HARRIS SMOKELESS FURNACE.

We think this invention of Dr. Harris's ought to be thoroughly investigated by scientific men; and if it is what it is claimed to be and what it appears to common-sense observers to be, then it ought to be introduced everywhere, for the reasons set forth and stated above.

The letter was signed by George N. Tillman, lawyer; Leland Hume, General Manager Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company and President Nashville Board of Trade; W. W. Dillon, of R. W. Turner & Co., prominent real estate agents; Robert Ewing, Business Manager of the *American;* Walter E. Knox, General Manager Nashville Terminal Company; W. H. Howe, President Howe Ice Company; Paul Roberts, First National Bank Building; John P. Dale, Resident Agent Erie City Iron Works, Boilers and Engines; John D. Anderson, President Empire Coal Company; J. S. Walker, Assistant United States Engineer; J. O. Cheek, President Cheek-Neal Coffee Company; J. W. Pentecost, Superintendent City Electric Light Plant; A. W. Wills, Postmaster Nashville; A. B. Anderson, lawyer, ex-member City Council; A. M. Tillman, United States District Attorney; Lewis T. Baxter, prominent real estate agent; T. P. Weakley, prominent real estate agent; J. H. Bannerman, Ex-Master Mechanic Illinois Central Railway Company; F. W. Smith; W. N. Holmes, M.D.; Charles Breyer.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 22, 1906.

I am personally acquainted with the gentlemen whose signatures are subscribed to the foregoing, and certify that they are men of the highest charaoter and standing in this city, and their testimony is entitled to great weight.

Respectfully, T. O. MORRIS, *Mayor.*

The VETERAN commends the foregoing report unstintedly, as it seems the great problem of equalizing the forces of hydrogen and oxygen is solved. Its editor is interested in the enterprise.

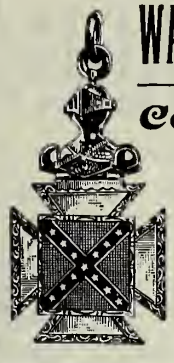
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DAVIS BROTHERS, Kent, Ohio.

R. G. Childress, of Company B, 3d Texas Regiment, Ross's Brigade, now at Roscoe, Tex., wants to locate some old comrades: "Parson" Dade, of Company G; Dave Maples, of Company H; and Sam Jackson, of Company D—all of the 3d Texas. Jackson was captured near Rome, Ga., in May, 1864; Dave Maples was captured near Lovejoy Station in September, 1864, by Kilpatrick in his raid in the rear of Johnston's army; "Parson" Dade was last seen near Rome in the spring of 1864, when he helped Childress capture one of two "Yanks" they had been chasing near their lines.

Miss Nannie L. Greer, of Anna, Tex., reports gratifying response to her inquiry for a copy of Mr. Stephens's "War between the States," but asks that the old gentleman from Missouri (who is threescore years and ten and has no child) who offered her the book will kindly send her his address again, as it was misplaced while she was ill, as was also the address of some one in Texas who answered her inquiry. She would like to hear from them both again. Her address is Rural Route No. 4, Anna, Tex.

Dr. R. W. Douthat, of the West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., would like to get into communication with any of the officers or men of Gen. A. R. Wright's Georgia Brigade who were in the second day's battle at Gettysburg. He is making a special study of that battle, and would be pleased to meet any of them on that great field in the latter part of August.

Mrs. Sallie E. West, of Courtney, Tex., would like to locate a family in Tennessee with whom were left a Bible and some clothes during the war. The Bible had the name of J. H. West, and it was left by his brother while on retreat through a little place called Yankeetown in Tennessee. Some member of the family may yet be living and remember the circumstance.

F. A. Hanner, Adjutant, Dardanelle, Ark., reports that at their county reunion in August ninety-seven Veterans, members of Camp McIntosh, No. 531, U. C. V., answered to their names, representing every branch of the Confederate service and nearly every Southern State. Only five have died during the year.

O. W. Blacknall, of Kittrell, N. C., wants the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: All of 1893; July, August, October, December, 1895; January, February, March, August, and November, 1896. Write him, stating price asked. They must be in good condition.

J. P. Leslie, of Sherman, Tex., asks that any comrades of Orren E. Hawley, who was born and reared at Camden, Tenn., will write to him, for the benefit of the widow, anything of his war record. She thinks he was with Forrest or Morgan near or at the close of the war.

Aaron A. Butts, of Sedalia, Mo., makes inquiry for some comrade who can testify as to his service in the Confederate army. He says he was in Company D, 7th Louisiana Infantry, under Col. D. B. Penn. Response to this will be appreciated.

M. L. Jarrett, of Jarrettsville, Md., wishes to know if Frank A. Lipscomb is still living. He was a member of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, and had his horse shot under him near Falling Water in August, 1864.

Relatives of J. O. Powell, Company H, 54th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, may learn something of his last days by writing to A. Galpin, No. 536 College Avenue, Appleton, Wis., or to J. D. Shaw, Waco, Tex.

The 3d Brigade of the Texas Division, U. C. V., will hold a reunion at the midway station on the interurban railway, between Temple and Belton, on July 5 and 6.

The McLemore County Confederate Association (Texas) will hold its Camp meeting for 1905 at McGregor, twenty miles west of Waco, on the Cotton Belt railroad.

Capt. John W. Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., needs February of 1896 and July of 1901 to fill out those volumes of the VETERAN.





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Rev. A. E. Potter, of Rush, Pa., writes of a Testament picked up by his father, who served in Company H, 109th Regiment New York Volunteers, just after the capture of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, on the flyleaf of which is: "Peter W. Baker's Book, Company B, 5th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Peter W. Baker was born November 27, in the year of our Lord 1837. Now in the twenty-eighth year of his age." "The book evidently ran the blockade," says Rev. Potter, "for it is an Oxford, printed at the University Press and dated 1863. It is a 32mo book, nonpareil type. I would like to ascertain something concerning this man or his immediate family."

A. V. Callen, of Cordell, Okla., inquires for John F. Doogan, who had lived with him for three years up to 1861, when he enlisted in William Pointer's company of infantry for the South. Mr. Callen heard that he started back to Carroll County, Ark., after the war, but he has never seen or heard of him since. Doogan had entered a tract of one hundred and sixty acres northeast of Green Forest, in Carroll County, now well improved, which was confiscated for taxes. Mr. Callen is in a position to help him if possible to locate his whereabouts.

D. F. Redding, of Mena, Ark., would like to hear from any surviving members of the 32d Texas Cavalry, A. J. Andrews's Regiment. He is trying to get proof of his service in order to secure a pension, being old and needy. Replies can be addressed to Capt. W. S. Ray, DeQueen, Ark.

Miss Maud Graham, of Anniston, Ala., writes that the widow of Larkin P. Allen wishes to hear from some comrades of her husband, so as to establish her claim to a pension, now so much needed in her old age. Mr. Allen enlisted May 12, 1862, in the 60th Georgia Infantry from Walker County, Ga., near Lafayette, under Capt. Frank Faris, of Lafayette, General Gordon's command, and served a little over three years. He was taken prisoner just previous to the surrender and confined at Newport News. He died in Carroll County, Ga., in 1888.

Mrs. Eloise Justice, of Beach City, Ohio, seeks information of her father's war record, of which she knows that he was captain of Cleburne's Sharpshooters. He was Capt. W. A. Brown, of Grenada, Miss., a West Point cadet. In the battle of Shiloh, when his flag bearer fell, he caught the flag, sprang upon a parapet, and held it aloft until wounded near the close of the battle. He was captured in the battle of Franklin, sent to Johnson's Island, and released at the end of the war.

G. A. Braswell, of Oxford, Ala., who served in Company C, 12th Georgia Battalion of Artillery, Gen. C. A. Evans's Division, Gordon's Brigade, Lee's Army, wants to hear from any survivors of his command. Wash Johnson was captain of Company C, under Major Buce. They were first stationed at Savannah, Ga., later went to the Tennessee army, back to Savannah, and then to the Virginia army, and paroled at Appomattox C. H.

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Sep W. Abbay, of Nashville, Tenn. (R. R. No. 8, Box 103), makes inquiry for T. J. Garrett, who was a prisoner of war at Rock Island and was in Barrack 47. He belonged to an Arkansas regiment, and had been badly wounded in the arm. He also wants to hear of W. W. Holt, whose address at one time was Terrell, Ark., and Charley Hemming, orderly of Barrack 32 at Rock Island.

D. W. Hughes, of 5351 Delmar Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., who made the small cannon used in Gen. M. Jeff Thompson's command in and around New Madrid, Mo., and South in 1862 and 1863, would like to correspond with any surviving members of that command. Special information is wanted for historical purposes.

We are in the market for one hundred thousand Confederate States notes, also Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas Treasury notes that were issued during the war. Write, stating the condition and number of notes you have for sale. American Import, Export & Commission Company, Inc., Board of Trade Building, Norfolk, Va.

Acknowledgment is made to Latham, Alexander & Co., New York City, of a copy of their handsome publication on "Cotton Movement and Fluctuations," which is issued annually and has become a standard book of reference. The publication is issued for gratuitous distribution among their customers. In it will be found many valuable articles on the different features of the cotton market, with the usual table of receipts, stocks, exports, consumption, etc., with much other original matter that cannot be found elsewhere in such concise form.

On the retreat of Bragg's army through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee, a soldier, utterly exhausted from the long march and "indulgence in the ration that did not come," threw himself on the ground and audibly groaned. A sympathetic comrade asked the cause, when the prostrate soldier cried out: "I feel plumb full of wind shakes and woodpecker holes." Many a soldier at that time was compelled to put up with this substitute for army rations.



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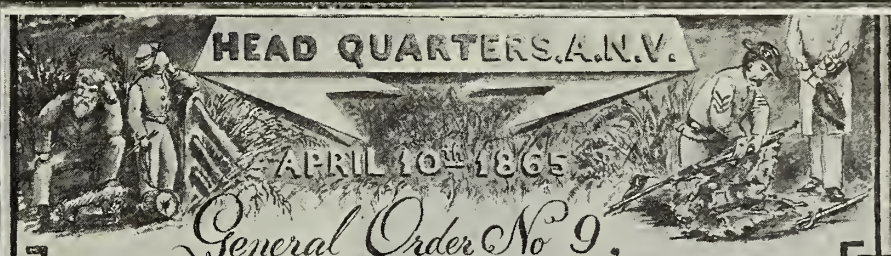


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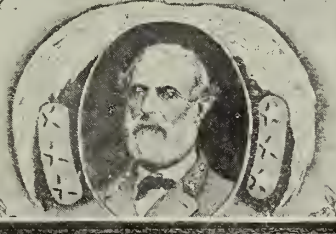
I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuation of the contest I determined to avoid the sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

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You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate Farewell.

R E Lee, General.





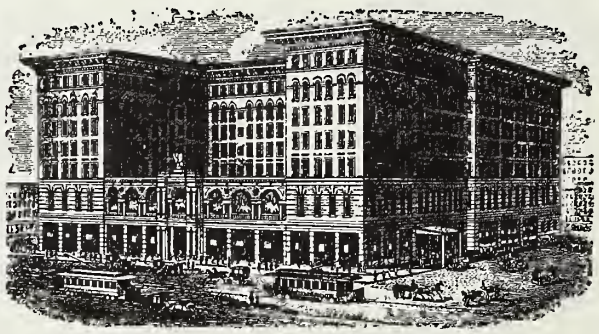
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Capt. J. H. George, of Floyd, Tex., says: "I cannot see how any man who loves the South can refuse to take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Its editorials are, and always have been, conservative. It gives facts without harshness to either side; it defends the cause of the South as no other publication has done; it deserves the support of not only the Confederate soldiers but of the younger men of the South.

Miss Louise C. Eley, 925 O Street, Fresno, Cal., inquires as to the time L. W. Harrison served in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 51st Alabama. He was under Morgan, Bragg, and Johnston. She wishes to establish the record of her father, Merritt T. Eley, who served in the same regiment with Comrade Harrison, but of whose service she has no data whatever.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, 106 Water Street, Tampa, Fla., is very anxious to complete Volume I. of the VETERAN, and will pay well for January, February, March, and June, 1893. Write him in advance of sending.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1907. | NO. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

SENDING THE VETERAN TO ALL CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

I notice that you say that the VETERAN will be sent to all Chapters which have as many as ten members and meet as often as once a month. The ten members is all right, for we have very few Chapters which would not come in under that; but not more than one-third of the Chapters meet as often as once a month straight through the year. The Chapter of which I am a member, for instance, doesn't have regular meetings during July, August, and September. Most of the members are away during those three months, and those who are at home find it best to stay at home and out of the sun and night air as much as possible. This is the case with most of the Chapters in the far South, and nearly everywhere the members "rest from their labors" in the summer. So I am going to beg that you do away with that condition. I am anxious to have all the Chapters get it this year and see if all will not want it enough to subscribe for it after that.

What we need most is to keep in touch with each other continually. I want the U. D. C. to work like a well-regulated army. That's what my husband says, and he is correct. Why shouldn't we? If we would do that, we would very soon be the most influential association in this country. We inherit from our parents the ability to put self entirely out of sight; and if we will use this heritage and work together as a well-regulated army, there will be no limit to what we can accomplish by our influence for good. God has not allowed us to grow so rapidly and so well for a small purpose. He means for us to do great things for our country. There is a great future before us; I am sure of that, and I pray most earnestly that we will ere long go at it with our whole heart and strength. You are helping us greatly. I thank you for it.

While the foregoing was written as a personal letter, its use herein is consistent, and it is made the occasion to explain that the limitations as to membership and times of meeting of the Chapters were simply that the compliment be extended to live organizations. Our special mail list already includes every Chapter so far procurable. There are no stinted methods in the management of the VETERAN, and there should be none toward it. A class of people alien to narrowness is that which it seeks to honor and to aid in establishing the truth of history. One word to every Chapter intending to coöperate in the agency: Begin at once. Sènd one or two rather than delay.

RICHMOND MAKING REUNION PREPARATIONS.

Gen. W. E. Mickle, Adjutant of the United Confederate Veterans' organization, has returned from a trip to Richmond, where he went in connection with the plans for the next reunion. He reports that Richmond is making great preparations, and expects a large crowd. The organizations in that city will begin soon to raise the necessary funds. As the Jamestown Exposition occurs next year, Richmond plans to invite the veterans and their friends to remain five days, so that they may see everything. They will probably ask that the gathering commence on May 30, which is the Virginia Memorial Day of the Confederate veterans and ladies, and last to and including June 3.

He reports that if this plan is accepted it is intended to unveil a monument of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart on the 30th. The Jefferson Davis monument will be unveiled on June 3.

The veterans and their friends will be able to go about to the various battlefields in the vicinity of Richmond, which are reached by cars and carriages, and they can also visit the Chimborazo Hospital, in which so many wounded soldiers were cared for by the Confederate government. It is expected that this Reunion will be largely attended.

General Mickle has a plan to have two parades. One will be of the old soldiers entirely, and will be unique, and the other will be composed of military organizations, Sons and Daughters of Veterans, sponsors, and other features, and the old veterans may witness the marching of their children.

Since the foregoing was published, official announcement is made that the Reunion will begin May 30 and end on June 3.

REPORTED SOLILOQUY OF A CONFEDERATE.—Inquiry as to "How is the VETERAN?" is so frequent that a friend was asked why the anxiety—why not presume that it is all right after fourteen successful years? "Ah, well, I was considering it from its untried view point. There can be no successors to the Confederate Veterans; they are fast disappearing from the reading world, and whether or not the generations succeeding will sustain it is yet to be tested." In answer to this faithful friend the statement is made that in its fourteen completed years there has been no retrograde. The circulation is now twenty-one thousand copies per month, and it could easily be doubled in sixty days. Just think of how easy it would be for each subscriber to procure another!

FORREST'S CAPTURE OF COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, NEWPORT, ARK.

Perhaps a few words about General Forrest's West Tennessee campaign in the winter of 1862 and the capture of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll would be of interest to the VETERAN. The incidents attending these events occurred forty-four years ago, and are now recounted without data. I was a boy at the time, just past my fourteenth birthday, and had not then joined the army; but was on a runaway from home, with a few choice associates for that purpose, trying to get South through the Federal lines, being closely followed by my father, who, while in perfect accord with the Southern cause, objected to my entering its army on account of youth.

Thus on the 18th of December, 1862, we were caught almost in the very jaws of the two hostile forces. Having quit the main road for a few miles to avoid a collision with a Federal cavalry column moving southward, upon coming into the road again we gladly, though unexpectedly, met General Forrest's advance, composed of four companies of Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Frank B. Gurley, then near Lexington, in West Tennessee, and which in a very few minutes thereafter encountered the 3d Battalion of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, some three hundred strong, commanded by Capt. James C. Harrison, which command Captain Gurley charged and drove rearward at a furious gait until the eastern limits of Lexington were reached, making many captures. There strong epaulements had been hastily erected for the Federal artillery, with dismounted cavalry on each flank and in support.

Here Captain Gurley formed for battle and paused for alignment, at which juncture General Forrest arrived with the main body of his command, and, with an eye and judgment equal to any emergency, ordered the position on the Federal left carried, which order was promptly and gallantly executed by his ever-willing and resolute Tennesseeans and with their characteristic impetuosity and dash, which nothing in blue withstood that day.

I sat upon my horse and stared with boyish wonderment at what appeared an apparition, the most inspiring personage my eyes had ever beheld. It was General Forrest superbly mounted upon a spirited animal, which seemed to catch the inspiration of its master as he led his battalions by our position rightward toward the Federal left; and soon we heard heavy firing in that direction, accompanied by the Rebel yell, which transmitted the result to those sturdy soldiers where we were, and they in turn announced its significance to us. At that moment Captain Gurley ordered our line forward, which, coming within the zone of the Federal artillery fire, was quickly dismounted and advanced in splendid style.

The 7th Tennessee Federal Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Isaac R. Hawkins, occupied the Federal left, in what was considered a strong position; but when the Tennessee Confederates advanced toward them, their line vanished like vapor, and thus the position occupied by Colonel Ingersoll with the 11th Illinois Cavalry, dismounted, was flanked and enfiladed, and he and most of his officers and men captured, together with all his artillery, small arms, and ammunition.

The Federal artillerists, commanded by Lieut. John W. H. McGuire, stood stoutly by their guns, alternating with shrapnel and canister; but so close was Gurley's line upon them that their missiles flew harmlessly overhead, and not until close quarters were reached did Gurley's line sustain any casualties, where, after a hand-to-hand encounter and an almost superhuman defense of their guns, the Federal artillerists yielded to numerical superiority, giving up their guns, and those not killed became prisoners. Lieutenant McGuire, after being exchanged, became captain of his battery.

The artillery captured here consisted of two three-inch steel Rodman guns, belonging to Capt. Merideth H. Kidd's 14th Indiana Battery, and formed the nucleus for Morton's Battery, and used thence and effectively by General Forrest until the end in 1865.

Colonel Ingersoll was a brave and skillful officer; and had the Tennessee Federals stood well to their colors, General Forrest might have been defeated, for his armament was very ineffective, being a mixture of flintlock muskets, double-barrel shotguns, and Derringer pistols, and supplied with only a few rounds of ammunition. He was therefore in poor condition to encounter such formidable equipment as Ingersoll's men possessed.

Colonel Hawkins was in no manner responsible for the bad conduct of his regiment on this or any other occasion. He was a brave, conscientious, though indulgent officer, and no truer man to his government or to his friends ever donned the Federal uniform.

Colonel Ingersoll was captured by Capt. Frank B. Gurley, of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, who, when commanded by Captain Gurley to surrender, said rather nonchalantly: "Is this your Southern Confederacy for which I have so diligently searched?" Being assured that it was, Colonel Ingersoll replied somewhat facetiously: "Then I am your guest until the wheels of the great Cartel are put in motion." He then added: "Here are the Illinoisans; the Tennesseeans have ingloriously fled."

Never in all General Forrest's captures—and they were many—did he make such timely acquisitions in war material as here or capture a foe possessed of so much wit and humor.



CAPT. FRANK B. GURLEY.

Already aware of the aggregated number of Federal troops stationed at different points in West Tennessee and the names of the respective commanders, and being anxious to know whose command he had just encountered, General Forrest accosted Colonel Ingersoll soon after the latter's capture with the inquiry as to whose command he belonged, and was promptly answered: "To Colonel Ingersoll's, if I was not

the man myself." General Forrest knew of no such command, and, being satisfied that it was only a detachment, was extremely anxious to strike the other portion at once before its commander heard of the discomfiture of the Ingersoll detachment; so he asked Colonel Ingersoll from where he came, to which the wily Colonel replied: "From everywhere but here, and I hope to be from here just as soon as I can secure your genial approbation to that effect." General Forrest greatly enjoyed such an exhibition of humor, and thereupon released Colonel Ingersoll temporarily on his verbal parole, which the Colonel faithfully observed.

My father now put in his appearance, which had a decided tendency to calm my military aspirations, for I was relieved in short order of what soldier's regalia I had become possessed of, and, like a peacock with its tail feathers plucked, started back to my "Old Kentucky Home" somewhat crestfallen, but resolved to again give the credulous old gentleman the slip.

General Forrest had on this expedition little less than two thousand men, composed of the following Tennessee cavalry organizations: Starns's 4th, Dibrell's 8th, Biffle's 9th, and Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry, and two companies of Woodward's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, with Freeman's Tennessee Battery of four guns, with which was the gallant young Lieut. John W. Morton, who became successively captain of Morton's Battery and chief of Forrest's Artillery, and participated with distinguished gallantry and admiration of management of the artillery arm of Forrest's Cavalry in all the battles and campaigns of which that command formed the whole or a part except at Paducah, Ky., where only the Hudson (Miss.) Battery, Capt. Edwin S. Walton, participated.

Some ten days later this force was augmented by the arrival of Nappier's and Cox's Tennessee Battalions of Partisan Rangers, some two hundred and fifty men each, which General Forrest consolidated, forming the 10th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. Thomas Alonzo Nappier, who a few days later fell, an immolation to the Southern cause, at Parker's Crossroads while gallantly leading his regiment to a charge in the very face of enfilading Federal fire of musketry and artillery—a gallant but unnecessary sacrifice and unauthorized by General Forrest.

It was here that an old lady who chanced to live in that vicinity lost her ash hopper, as she said, by the unmitigated carelessness of one "Mr. Forrest and his hoss critters in forming a streak of fight" in her back yard, which resulted in the utter demolition of her only ash hopper and garden fence. She never forgave the General for this carelessness.

General Forrest was absent from the army under General Bragg on this expedition less than thirty days, subsisting entirely on captures from the Federal commissariat. He had crossed the Tennessee River going and coming, which was almost bank full, without adequate means of ferriage, in midwinter and almost in the presence of a hostile Federal force numerically much his superior and without loss or hindrance. He penetrated West Tennessee, then swarming with Federals perchance twenty times his numbers, his advance going as far north as Moscow, Ky., puncturing the Federal garrison at all intermediate points, with his command continually under fire. He fought two pitched battles, in both of which he was successful, and did immense damage to General Grant's communications by rail, causing frantic consternation throughout his department and the retention of several thousand Federal soldiers in West Tennessee, who otherwise would have gone to reënforce Rosecrans, then confronting Bragg in front of Murfreesboro. Returning, his command was almost constantly in battle formation; and frequently, when his column was in motion and his advance warmly engaged with the enemy in front, another column of the enemy approaching from a different direction was at the same time hammering vigorously at his rear, and often extrication seemed impossible.

Notwithstanding these environments and that no less than a half dozen different Federal columns, each of which greatly outnumbered him, were seeking his annihilation, he recrossed the Tennessee River with more men and artillery than when he entered West Tennessee, some twenty days before, gestant with an impedimenta of some seventy-five wagons heavily laden with valuable captures of hospital and medical supplies, nearly all of which he succeeded in carrying safely through to the Confederate army, and to the great joy of General Bragg, who in a general order complimented and characterized the expedition as the most brilliant cavalry achievement of the war, a mark of appreciation manifestly due that redoubtable cavalryman.

It was under such gallant and magnificent leadership that Forrest's Cavalry learned to soldier "On the Horse" and to write the brilliant story of his campaigns across the pages of the world's history, endowing him with the title, the "Wizard of the Saddle," and as an intrepid champion.

CONFEDERATE MATTERS IN FLORIDA.

BY GEN. FRED L. ROBERTSON, TALLAHASSEE.

Thompson B. Lamar Camp, No. 161 (named after the gallant colonel of the 5th Florida, who gave his life at the Weldon Road fight August 21, 1864), held a meeting at the home of Ex-Governor Bloxham recently and practically reorganized. The meeting was the aftermath of the sad gathering of November, when the Camp buried its Commander, Judge R. A. Whitfield. After the funeral, the comrades met and elected T. Heyward Randolph Commander and David J. Cay Adjutant. The meeting was well attended.

I am trying to get the boys to organize. They are full of promises, but somehow do not seem to realize the importance of combination or what will grow out of it. I attribute very much of this indifference to the teaching of the deplorable falsehoods that have in the name of history poisoned the minds of the youth of the South for the past forty years. One young man said to me: "I do not think it is right to organize these Camps of Sons. The South was in rebellion against the United States, and it is all wrong." I asked him if he believed his father would be guilty of treason, of lying, of disgraceful conduct, and if his mother would for one moment encourage murder, treason, rapine, and such disgraceful things? His answer came quick enough: "No, sir. My father is a gentleman and my mother one of the old school ladies of the best families of the South." Then I said: "I am surprised at your attitude. Your father was a gallant Confederate soldier, and your mother took the carpets from her floors to make covers for the soldiers in Virginia, the linen from her tables for lint and bandages for the wounded, the sheets from her beds for the hospitals, and did without comforts for these same considerations. Do you believe she would have done all this for traitors?" Again he answered: "No, sir." And then he said: "You have put this to me in a new light. I shall have to begin all over again with my history. I learned from my books and from my teacher (a Yankee) that I ought to feel humiliated at the way the South had acted toward the United States and thankful that the government was so merciful. I never then associated my father with the Confederate cause or my mother with the soldiers of the South."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Mrs. Nettie Smith to Capt. Thomas Preston Campbell, of Richmond, Va., in December, 1906. This announcement will come as a surprise to many friends of our former traveling representative, whose visits were welcomed each year; but none the less will they join with the VETERAN in wishing her happiness in her new life. As a resident of Richmond, she will be glad to greet many of her Veteran patrons there next June.

RESPONSES TO A CIRCULAR LETTER.

The following letter was sent to thousands in January, 1907:

"*Dear Sir:* The policy of the VETERAN for fourteen years has been to send it to any one who will ask it and to continue after expiration of subscription, presuming that it is desirable. This rule will be maintained, although delays in remitting often cause inconvenience and loss. It would be a great kindness and help if every one would be diligent to renew, and especially a great favor if every one during January, 1907, would see to it that payment is made so as to advance the date beyond 1906.

"This note is sent as a reminder of such request. Don't wait for an agent. Traveling agents will not canvass as generally in future as heretofore. Local agents are wanted in every county of your State. Please remit without delay, deducting cost of money order."

The finest response ever made to any request by the VETERAN came to the above. The result has been most gratifying. Only one person is recalled to have referred to it as a "dun." A few thousand persons have not responded yet, but it is anticipated that they will do so. Some will not. By and by they will claim that they did not order a renewal and that they are unwilling to pay for it. The patrons of the VETERAN are exceptionally good in paying, but occasionally an ugly notification will come, whereby it is understood that they will not pay. Let such meditate, before giving notice, upon the harm to the cause the VETERAN represents. In the aggregate such treatment would be fatal. Let everybody know that the VETERAN is mailed with a date unless pay is expected, and if it is not intended to pay to please give notice quick, that it may be discontinued.

Officials of highest rank in all the organizations are expected to make impersonal appeals for doubling the circulation at an early date. This movement was proposed and is being prepared for public presentation. Will you coöperate?

SENTIMENT RATHER THAN BUSINESS.

An earnest expression to comrades and Southern friends is written in the hope of a sympathetic realization of the responsibility that attaches to the VETERAN. The business is going on smoothly, evidences of high appreciation are received daily, and yet in looking at the situation as no one else can see it the outlook depresses. Since the indorsement of the VETERAN is unstinted by all the leading organizations of Confederates, its every friend has a right to expect the highest possible results. Our comrades and our noble women—Confederate Mothers—are falling asleep rapidly; the necessity of recording as much of the truth as possible in an acceptable manner to those who are to be influenced thereby is the greatest than can be imagined. The time is distressingly short; so that, if the VETERAN is half as worthy as the indorsements of it indicate, every Southerner should begin interest anew to extend its circulation and to furnish facts for its pages. In considering these responsibilities the founder and editor becomes nervous, and feels like starting the race afresh and like crying aloud and with greater pathos than ever that every friend coöperate as never before. All can do something toward extending the circulation; there is not a subscriber who cannot get one other. Many could get clubs from those who don't realize what the VETERAN is doing.

A large number could add largely to the interest and value of its reading. This plea is not for something "to fill up." The most embarrassing feature of all is in having so much sent that it can't be used speedily. There is, however, a way to improve the contents and to save the editorial department much work. In conformity with this request, let every contributor bear in mind the importance of telling the most and the best in the least space. When an article is written, let it be revised with the determination to tell as much as possible in the pleasantest way and that which is as strictly true as it is possible to do it. In writing for the "Last Roll" please remember that it is not necessary to say the comrade "was educated in the country schools and then went to college." Let the country school feature be assumed. It is doubtless a fact that no periodical in the history of printing has given gratuitously as much to personal tributes. From every post office, North as well as South, to which the VETERAN goes send some paragraph of interest. At the North write of some Confederate, poor or rich, and whether he is a credit to the stars and bars under which he fought. Send a little, a very little, about every Camp or Chapter. Tell something they did that it would be well for others to do in like manner. Let contributors who seek some personal benefit by publications in the VETERAN realize that the actual cost for the space of a page is from $15 to $20, and that they should in their appreciation endeavor to make up for that expense.

It occasionally happens that when a comrade dies his family want a long sketch of him and then stop the VETERAN. A more grievous thing occurs occasionally when some son of a veteran becomes diligent to have published his father's record for the special purpose of advancing his personal business interests, get a few copies of that number—maybe without charge—and then fails to subscribe.

Let comrades in far-away places see that records of their life and zeal are made known through the VETERAN. Look well to the books advertised in its pages, and do not fail to protest against the terms "New South" and "Lost Cause."

PENSION DECLINED BY MRS. M. A. JACKSON.—In declining to accept a pension of one hundred dollars per month from the State of North Carolina, the widow of Stonewall Jackson wrote: "I most welcomingly appreciate this patriotic and loyal tribute to the name of my hero husband, but I do not feel that I would be justified in accepting it. I am informed that the laws of North Carolina limit all pensions to those who have not five hundred dollars of personal property, and as I do not come under the law, I respectfully request that the bill be withdrawn." Mrs. Jackson suggests that the proposed pension in her behalf be appropriated for the relief of destitute widows of Confederate veterans. As it was her desire, the bill calling for the pension was withdrawn.

THE OTHER SIDE AT ANDERSONVILLE.

BY CAPT. J. M. BRYANT, SUPERINTENDENT NATIONAL CEMETERY.

I have been somewhat dilatory in acknowledging your kindness in sending me the August, September, and October numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The two former reached me at Lowell, Mass.; the latter, after my return. I thank you for this kind remembrance. I appreciate it very much. I found their reading very pleasant, especially the October number, which was replete with matter relative to the "Wirz Monument." I read every word pertaining to that subject, and it appears to me one of the most unfortunate questions that could possibly be brought up at this stage, when amity and good feeling between all sections of our common country are so widespread and predominant, and when our commercial and social relations are rapidly becoming what those between different parts of a common country ought to be. So far as I am able to see, nearly all the evidence favorable to Mr. Wirz, if not all, is of a negative character, while that leading to his conviction was positive and overwhelmingly convincing of guilt.

The personal character of the officers composing the military commission before which Mr. Wirz was tried precludes the possibility of an unjust verdict being reached. General Wallace, President of the Commission, was a man of high attainments and of undoubted integrity; and, in fact, it would appear that special care was exercised in selecting the commission to insure that none but officers of unimpeachable character were placed upon it. The review of the case by Judge-Advocate General Holt is full and complete; and had improper evidence been received by the commission, Mr. Holt would certainly have called attention to it. The credibility of the witnesses has been called in question by some, but it is impossible to conceive that all could have sworn falsely without the court finding it out.

The claim that Mr. Wirz was offered his liberty if he would inculpate Mr. Davis appears to be of recent origin and unsupported by competent testimony. It appears unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Johnson could have made such an offer—none other could have advanced such a proposition with power to carry it out—or would have dared to do it even if desired. A man who could have made such an offer would merit a fate equally infamous to that of Wirz himself. Furthermore, this claim, made, I understand, by Mr. Wirz's lawyer, has a suspicious appearance, inasmuch as he fails to name the officers approaching him on the subject. No credit ought to be given to such testimony; no court could entertain it for a moment. Had he named the officer, it could have had a different aspect.

While I believe Mr. Wirz had a fair and impartial trial and was condemned justly, yet I also believe these ladies are sincere in their belief of his innocence, and in their efforts to erect a monument to his memory are actuated by pure motives. That they are mistaken in their premises I think can be established beyond question.

On General Grant's tomb appear these words: "Let us have peace." The sooner we drop these questions of the past and unite as one people (as we are now doing to a very great extent) in an effort to advance the prosperity and influence for good of our country, the better for us all. Let us take for our motto: "In essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty; in all things, charity." In hastening the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, we shall most surely advance our own peace and happiness and contribute our mite toward effecting a similar condition elsewhere. But we cannot accomplish this by incriminating one another. We must forgive others if we expect to be forgiven ourselves.

I realize, of course, that we cannot always think alike, nor is it necessary or desirable that we should; but in spite of that fact we can love each other and work for each other's good.

With a corrected proof of the above Captain Bryant stated that it was not sent for publication, but he had no objection to its use. The VETERAN has exceptional advantages in placing any matter before the entire South; and, while ardently devoted to the vindication of all worthy Confederate proceedings, it realizes the duty to establish the truth as fully as practicable, and desires to treat the other side justly.

Captain Bryant is partisan for his side, but certainly means well. He is not careful to credit the unfortunate Wirz with the small title which is certainly due. President Davis writes of him as "Major" Wirz. Certainly he was of as high rank as captain, and was in responsible position enough to entitle those who placed him in command to have their representative designated above the plane of "Mister."

Attention is called to the strange "official record" of testimony published in a dozen pages containing thirteen specifications of his deliberately killing or having killed thirteen men, the name of each of which is stated to be "unknown." He is charged with having shot and mortally wounded one; of jumping upon another, stamping, kicking, and bruising him until he died, "name unknown;" of shooting with a pistol another whose name was "unknown," inflicting a mortal wound; of another whose name is "unknown," put him in stocks and so cruelly treated him that he died ten days afterwards, yet nobody knew him (?); of another who was put in stocks and died six days afterwards, and yet the name was "unknown;" and so on specifications being the same of the thirteen men—that not one of them was known. These specifications are beyond question the vilest that ever were framed in condemnation of mortal man. The trial occurred at one of the worst periods possible, and good men believed Major Wirz a fiend incarnate. It is not to the credit of the military commission that such a maliciously partisan spirit controlled. It is not to the credit of the prisoners in Andersonville to have submitted to such treatment. If Commander Wirz had been half as mean as this testimony made him, the thirty or forty thousand prisoners owed it to every instinct of manhood to have broken down the walls and killed every man who opposed them. The guards were a mere bagatelle, and the prisoners should have given their lives rather than submit to such treatment of their fellows, and somebody would have known some of those murdered if the charges were true. Extracts from these specifications lengthily reiterate that "Henry Wirz, an officer of the military service of the Confederate States, 'so-called,' while acting as said commandant willfully and of his malice aforethought did jump upon. stamp, kick, bruise, and otherwise injure with the heels of his boots soldiers belonging to the army of the United States, of which said stamping, kicking, and bruising maliciously done and inflicted by the said Wirz died."

REPORT FROM AN ANDERSONVILLE PRISONER.

BY M. J. HALEY, HELENA, MONT.

I did not know Maj. Henry Wirz except what I have heard and read about him. I am not from the South. Washington, D. C., is as far in that direction as I have been; neither am

I an ex-soldier. It is simply a case of a layman intruding on military matters. I was born in New York State, and during the war was not old enough to enlist, but had brothers in the Union army. One was killed at Gettysburg and another saved the regimental colors at Chancellorsville and was promoted. During the latter part of the war he was detailed for duty at Elmira, N. Y. It was so distasteful to him that after a few months he applied to get back to his regiment. This was during the "retaliatory" period, when Stanton was mowing a wide swath. My brother said that a cat, notwithstanding its proverbial nine lives, wouldn't live five minutes in the Rebel prison at Elmira. I well remember my poor, sympathetic mother (God rest her soul!) weeping over his recital of the sufferings of that prison.

Even before I read the beautifully sad songs (if such a term is not inconsistent) of Father Ryan I was convinced that there were two sides to the deplorable controversy.

For forty years the North has been flooded with distorted and false histories of Maj. Henry Wirz, the political or sectional martyr—a man who was condemned before he was tried!

For years the subject, from a Northern standpoint, has been treated in a way that reminds one of the answer given by Talleyrand when asked concerning the court-martial and execution of the Duke d' Eughein. The great diplomat's reply was: "O, that was horrible! It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder."

An influential, respectable, and honored citizen of Montana, who has held important positions in this State, an ex-soldier of the Union army, and a prominent member of the G. A. R., who was a prisoner in the South for thirteen months, now proposes to publish his side of the story. He was for seven months at Andersonville. I will here refer to the gentleman as Captain P.; but his name, his rank while in the army, and other facts will be given in full in the book.

Captain P. is nearly seventy years of age. The last position he held in Montana was a State office. He tendered his resignation, and it was reluctantly accepted. He was orderly sergeant in a Michigan regiment when captured, and was first confined at Belle Isle. In the summer of 1865 he was mustered out of the service as second lieutenant. He was prominent among the prisoners at Andersonville to the extent of being chosen as chairman of—as he terms it—a "relief-asking committee." He was the spokesman of this committee. While at Andersonville he kept a diary, and one can see at a glance that he acted an important part among his fellow-prisoners. He has a fund of Andersonville anecdotes and incidents. He waited upon Major Wirz, or "Captain Wirz," frequently, and they became intimately acquainted.

Here is just a fragment of Captain P.'s story: "I liked the man. I never saluted Captain Wirz, no matter how busy or hurried he was, that he did not return the salute. I can convince any reasonable being that Captain Wirz was humane and kind-hearted. He never refused a reasonable request if it was in his power to grant it. Captain Wirz, it is true, was quick-tempered, but was good-hearted. Twice when I waited on him tears came to his eyes. The last time that I saw him, with tears in his eyes he exclaimed: 'God help you; I cannot. What can I do? Why, sir, my own soldiers are on short rations. They haven't enough to eat.' And he turned his back. We were both crying. He was not cruel! Captain Wirz did the very best that he could with the scant means at hand. He had no kindergarten to deal with! The very fact that we had to hang six of our fellow-prisoners proves that. I believe that I was the first prisoner to ask him for relief from our own murderous thugs. One thing I am certain of: I was of the party to whom he granted permission to organize and try our prisoners. It was I that asked him to send in timber to build the scaffold upon which we executed them. I saw him four or five times draw his revolver on the prisoners, but never saw him fire. Prisoners behind his back would throw stones and clods of dirt at him. This would make him angry; but if you were to ask those at that time which they hated the most, Stanton or Wirz, it is safe to say that Stanton would be the unanimous choice. In the summer of 1864 we all knew that Stanton's policy was to let us die rather than exchange us. We realized that we were forsaken by our own government. (The Confederate government was anxious to exchange.) The realization of this increased the fatality. As soon as the prisoner, whether at Andersonville or Belle Isle or at Rock Island or Elmira, became despondent he was doomed. It must have been early in August when we heard of the cold-blooded and atrocious Stantonian ukase, 'We will not exchange able-bodied men for skeletons;' and again, 'We do not propose to reënforce the Rebel army by exchanging prisoners.' While I was at Andersonville (and I was there during the latter part of it) I never heard nor never knew that Captain Wirz ever shot a prisoner or was personally responsible for the death of a solitary inmate of Andersonville, and I thought that I knew about everything that was going on there. It was news to me in November, 1865, to learn that he killed prisoners right and left. There was perjury enough at that trial to fill a good-sized penitentiary."

The above is only a sketch of Captain P.'s story. He proposes to call "a spade a spade."

To illustrate the fact that Captain P. is not altogether an eleventh-hour advocate, arrangements were made to have him as a witness upon the part of the government at the Wirz trial in October, 1865. He expected to be put in the witness chair. The army officer, however, who acted as prosecuting attorney questioned Captain P. The gist of his answer was that Major Wirz did all he could and the best he could under the circumstances, and Captain P. (or Lieutenant P., as he was mustered out) was curtly told that his testimony was not wanted. He did not testify. It has been the regret of his life, but it didn't make any difference. Major Wirz would have been hanged just the same.

Not allowing this man to testify was a marked exhibition of the cloven foot. For a dozen years I have been after Captain P. for this story.

The part your correspondent takes in this work is but little more than that of an amanuensis, for Captain P. tells the story of Major Wirz and Andersonville himself, without assistance or dictation. He requested me to obtain outside matter. The work will embrace a wide range. Reference will be made to, and comparisons made of, prison life in Rock Island, Camp Morton, Johnson Island, and Elmira. Statistics have been gathered from various sources having a bearing on this story. We are under obligation to many in the North and South for valuable information. Gen. J. A. Chalaron, the efficient Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Association, mailed me last month an invaluable contribution in the shape of an explicit and full history of Major Wirz's military life. It will be a revelation to the North. He was twice wounded in battle.

Richardson, Kellogg, Urban Spencer, and other untruthful Andersonville authors have all referred to him as never being a soldier nor never facing the enemy in battle.

Captain P. says that it was well known at Andersonville that he had been wounded; that, in fact, while he was in command (of the interior) of Andersonville prison he was still suffering from wounds that he had received on the field of battle which unfitted him for duty at the front.

My friend takes the high ground that these Washington authorities primarily should be held responsible for the thirteen thousand graves of Union soldiers at Andersonville. Facts will bear him out in maintaining that position.

On February 1, 1862, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston forwarded a letter of the Confederate Secretary of War to the Washington authorities, asking for an exchange of prisoners. As to terms, it was more than liberal; it was generous. The closing paragraph reads: "In the hope that your answer will be favorable and that we may thus together take at least one step to diminish the sufferings produced by the war, I am," etc. (See "Johnston's Narrative," pages 94 and 95.) General Johnston adds: "As this proposition was not entertained nor the letter noticed, the matter is introduced here only to show how early in the war the Confederate government attempted to lessen the sufferings of prisoners of war by shortening their terms of confinement and how little of that spirit was exhibited by the Federal administration."

Had the Washington authorities acceded to the reasonable terms proposed by the Confederacy, there would have been no Andersonville, Salisbury, or Millen.

Albert D. Richardson was the war correspondent of the New York Tribune. He was made prisoner and confined at Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Andersonville. Notwithstanding he pictures Major Wirz as a monster, on page 417 of his "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," written in 1865, he says: "The government held a large excess of prisoners, and the Rebels were anxious to exchange man for man; but our authorities acted upon the cold-blooded theory of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that we could not afford to give well-fed, rugged men for invalids and skeletons." Again on page 457: "Those five thousand loyal graves at Salisbury will ever remain fitting monuments of Rebel cruelty and of the atrocious inhumanity of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, who steadfastly refused to exchange those prisoners," etc.

Is it not singular that the thought did not occur to Mr. Richardson when he wrote the above that were it not for Stanton's policy there would have been no Salisbury nor "Rebel cruelty?"

The writer would like to give here that logically interesting editorial on this subject which appeared in the New Orleans Times-Democrat of January 6, but he fears that he has already made this too long.

. . . . . .

In his narrative Captain P. says:

"Richardson, Kellogg, Urban, and others of our Northern Andersonville historians refer to Captain Wirz as brutal, profane, ignorant, and besotted. This is, to give it a mild name, willful misrepresentation. He was an educated man. He spoke English, French, and German fluently, and, if I am not mistaken, Italian. I have an indistinct recollection of his conversing with some Italian prisoners from New York in their own language.

"The above writers quote him as saying, 'You Got tam Yankees, killing is too goot for youse,' and similar expressions. He never used such language toward the prisoners. They also refer to him as a 'Dutchman.' Captain Wirz was a native of Switzerland. It is true that he spoke with a foreign accent, but the language above quoted was not his.

"There were originally fourteen of my comrades, raised in my home vicinity and belonging to my regiment, the 6th Michigan Cavalry, who were sent from Belle Isle to Andersonville with me. Nearly all of us had money. I had something over forty dollars when I reached Andersonville. At that time there were about twenty-five hundred prisoners there. We agreed to remain together, and we bought logs and poles and built quite a comfortable cabin sufficiently large for all of our needs. Afterwards the inclosure filled up and room was scarce. One day when there were something over thirty thousand prisoners there a lieutenant under Captain Wirz notified us that our cabin was two feet within the so-called 'dead line' and that we would have to move it. My comrades and I told him that the place was so occupied that it was impossible to move it. Every available square foot was taken up. He said then that we would have to take it down. I immediately went to Captain Wirz. He heard my story. Our cabin was neither moved nor taken down. It was one of the very best of the modest habitations within the stockade. Hundreds of prisoners at Andersonville knew of this incident. and there are to-day ex-Union soldiers who were at Andersonville who will remember it.

"This story of Andersonville has been told too often; but for the purpose of vindicating a much-wronged man, so far as it is in my power so to do, is my only excuse for taking the reader through the succeeding pages. Taps will soon sound for us all who passed through those experiences, and I am sure that I can feel more easy as I pass down to the valley of death if I say what I can truthfully in defense of the man who befriended me when I was in the greatest need and when there was no other recourse.

"At the close of the war the feeling was so intense in the North that something had to be done to satisfy the clamor, and Captain Wirz was doomed as the victim before this trial. In the death of this innocent man there was an odor of Stantonian malignancy. It will ever remain in the annals of American history as a most wanton act.

"He never wore side arms among us. One day while at his quarters I said: 'Captain, I have always noticed that you never wear a sword in the prison, while the other officers do.' 'The poor fellows have other reminders of the war,' he replied, 'without my parading up and down with sash and saber.'

"'Did you get your box?' was his inquiry one morning in August when riding through the camp. I saluted, and said that I did. 'You got one before, didn't you?' 'Yes, sir.'

"It was the third box of articles greatly needed that kind friends had sent me from Grand Rapids, Mich., which I received while at Andersonville.

"Often when I waited on Captain Wirz at his quarters he would engage me in conversation, as if to take my mind from our hardships. At one time I told him about a comrade of mine losing a shoe in the mud while we were on the march after Fredericksburg. 'Ah, Jimmie,' he laughingly rejoined, 'it was not the only instance of sticking in the mud at Fredericksburg. Burnside's loss was greater than your comrade's, but I shouldn't joke about this.'

"There was but one perfect Man that ever lived on earth. Captain Wirz was human, and had his faults like the rest of us. He was inclined to be a martinet, a characteristic of European military men. Captain Wirz was a stickler for regularity in military detail. One of the grandest and most patriotic characters of the American Revolution was a martinet—a severely strict disciplinarian. In his day many of

the soldiers, according to historical accounts, considered him something bordering on a tyrant. Yet this man, who was aid-de-camp to Frederick the Great, a major general in the Prussian army, and a German baron, gave up all to fight for American liberty, and died in poverty in a log cabin in New York State—the great patriot, the Baron Steuben.

"I have an idea that, were Captain Wirz in command of a regiment, brigade, or division, he would have been disliked, particularly by the shirks."

HONOR FOR ANDERSONVILLE PRISONERS.

There seems to be overlooked a feature of the monument intended for Major Wirz which is recalled by a letter from Col. George Wythe Baylor, writing from Guadalajara, Mex. (who was colonel of 2d Texas Cavalry and commanded Baylor's Brigade, C. S. A.). It relates to a monument to the honor of the Union soldiers who were permitted to go to Washington, D. C., and make plea in behalf of an exchange of prisoners and in failure returned. Colonel Baylor writes of them as "heroes of American blood," and adds: "Any soldier, no matter whether he wore the blue or gray, who admires true courage and patriotism in friend or foe should help save from oblivion the names and memories of the brave men who went from Andersonville to Washington City to get President Lincoln and his Cabinet to agree to exchange prisoners with the Confederate government; and, failing, returned to prison, perhaps to a lingering death, which poor Dixie, staggering under the blows given by her powerful foe, aided by those of foreign lands (who could be bought to shed blood), could in no way prevent. Many monuments have been erected on the prison grounds of Andersonville by fanatics intended to humiliate the South. Now let us see if there are not enough Confederates still alive who will give something to erect a monument to the memory of these brave Americans. Their President refused to aid them; their commanding general, U. S. Grant, said to release the Confederates in prison 'would endanger the safety of Sherman's army;' and if the prisoners were exchanged, the war would last until every Southern soldier was killed."

Colonel Baylor concludes: "I stand pledged to give one dollar to such a monument and another to the Wirz monument. What say you, Johnny Reb?"

The original proposition by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy was to include the honored deed of these men in returning to prison with the outlook for exchange utterly hopeless. Those who have assailed their motives have given no credit for this noble feature of their plans.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT ROCK ISLAND.

[J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., wrote to Gen. Stephen D. Lee in November in regard to Rock Island Prison records.]

Concerning the number of prisoners confined at Rock Island, Ill., during 1863-65, I believe I can furnish you the exact figures. I was an inmate of Barrack No. 47 for sixteen months, and on the 15th of June, 1865 (three days before being released), I obtained the following figures from one of our boys who had been acting as clerk at Colonel Johnston's headquarters for some time. He was to be released the next day (the 16th) and I met him on the main avenue. He happened to have a paper in his hand. He was then on his way to his barrack "to pack up." I stopped him to ask of conditions, and, noticing the paper, asked him its nature. He showed it to me, and explained that, as he was to leave for home on the morrow, he had copied that morning's report from that book to take home with him. I then asked him for a copy of it. He did so on the blank half of the sheet in his hand, and I have saved it all these years. The figures are as follows in report of June 15, 1865: Received, 12,215; exchanged, paroled, etc., 4,719; joined United States navy, 1,077; joined United States army, 1,795; released on petition, 1,424; escaped, 45; transferred to other prisons, 71; died, 1,963; present, 1,121. Total, 12,215.

From the manner in which I obtained this and the source the figures are as near exact as it would be possible to make them. The figures given in the "Confederate Handbook" are by a misprint utterly misleading and equally unjust to our opponents. This is a fearful record and utterly beyond all credences, and all by the dropping of a digit. The "Handbook" should have been 12,484 instead of only 2,484. The difference with the figures I here present would be but 269, a permissible discrepancy, all circumstances considered.

When I reached the prison, on February 18, 1864, I, with about a dozen others, was assigned to Barrack 47, all the barracks above having a complement of inmates, though none were filled to their "full capacity—120 men." During the summer and winter of 1864 the number was between 8,000 and 9,000 men. I distinctly remember that after the organization of the "Seven Confederate Knights" the success of a "sortie" by the prisoners was discussed in my presence, and it was then argued that with between 8,000 and 9 000 men our chances of making a successful break would be good, provided we could rely on all to stand together. But doubts were expressed as to the feasibility of perfecting the plans, owing to the large number of weak-kneed and spies among us. Suddenly the guards were doubled, and orders were issued forbidding the prisoners from assembling in groups of more than "two" on any of the streets and avenues. Then we knew that the spies had got in their work, and there was in consequence a greater severity on the part of our jailers toward us. Men were shot on the streets without warning or provocation and barracks were shot into in the dead hours of night just for fun or out of pure meanness. The 108th negro regiment was bad enough; but when the 192d Illinois hundred-day men came, it was worse. We could in a measure find excuse for the negroes; but we can find no excuse for the supposedly civilized and Christian white men—some of them mere boys—of the 192d Illinois. For a while not a man in my barrack would venture to the "sinks" during the night. I saw one man murdered while returning from the sink at night when within but a few steps of his barrack door. He was shot through the back without having been warned or challenged.

Maryland Confederate Daughters.—At the annual meeting for the election of State officers for the Maryland Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. G. Smith Norris, First Vice President, presided. The meeting was an unusually large and satisfactory one, all of the State Chapters being represented. Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, who has continuously held the office of President of the Maryland Division since its organization, eleven years ago, having sent in her resignation, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, of Odenwold, in Howard County, was elected her successor, Mrs. Wright, on motion of Mrs. John P. Poe, being elected Honorary President for life. The other officers elected are: Vice Presidents, Mrs. G. Smith Norris, of Belair, Mrs. R. Alexander Hammond, of Jessups, Mrs. Victor Baughman, of Frederick, and Mrs. A. T. B. Egee, of Chesapeake City; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs.

Neilson Poe, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Miss Georgiana Graham Bright; Treasurer, Mrs. Winfield Peters; Historian, Miss Mary Hall; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Miss Mary Zollinger. Mrs. John P. Poe, Chairman of the Maryland Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, gave an interesting description of the work during the past year toward the appropriate filling up of the room, which is now rapidly nearing completion. Mrs. Poe furthermore asked for the cooperation of the Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the State in securing headstones for the unmarked graves of a number of Maryland soldiers buried near Wytheville, Va., the names of nineteen having already been identified by Mrs. Poe, who hopes shortly to secure the full and correct list.

A POPULAR CONFEDERATE.

Col. Andrew R. Blakely, of the St. Charles, is not handsome, but he is popular. A defect in the loss of an eye tends to his modesty. A comrade told the VETERAN that he was ramming a cannon charge when his eye was shot out, and that dazed he ran round and round in a circular way for some time afterwards. However, he is a hustler, and the assertion would hardly be questioned that he is the most progressive man in the Crescent City. He is appreciated not only by the public, but by the employees of the great hotel at the head of which management he has been for years.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat of January 26 states:

"As a remembrance on his sixty-sixth birthday, the employees of the St. Charles Hotel Thursday afternoon presented to the proprietor, Col. Andrew R. Blakely, a handsome silver loving cup. The gift was a surprise to the veteran hotel man, and its presentation was made in a unique and fitting manner. While Mr. Blakely was taking a drive Thursday afternoon the cup was filled with flowers and placed upon a center table in his apartments. Upon his return Colonel Blakely found it and asked for an explanation. As a reply, W. E. Harris, his private secretary, and W. P. Todd, chief bookkeeper at the institution, stated that they had been appointed a committee to present the gift in behalf of their fellow-employees.

"The cup is of Grecian design, and is unusually large. It is of a size and quality seldom presented, except upon State occasions. It is twenty-two inches high, including the base, and has a capacity of five and a half pints. It is six or seven inches across the top, and tapers to the base. There are three handles, and upon one panel appears an etching of the face of the recipient taken from his latest photograph. Under the etching is the inscription: 'Presented to Andrew R. Blakely, on the occasion of his sixty-sixth birthday, from the employees of the St. Charles Hotel, January 24, 1907.' The cup was made by Coleman E. Adler."



ANDREW R. BLAKELY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS PAPERS IN MUSEUM.

MISS MARY RITTER SHEA, OF NEW YORK, DONATES THEM.

Valuable papers bearing upon the life of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, were presented to the Richmond Museum yesterday afternoon by Miss Mary Ritter Shea, of New York City, the occasion developing into a most notable Confederate gathering. Miss Shea is spending the winter at the Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point. She reached Richmond yesterday morning and is at the Jefferson Hotel. She is the daughter of George Shea, of Ireland, afterwards Chief Justice of New York, and, with Charles O'Connor, defender of Jefferson Davis at the time of his trial. His daughter inherited from her father valuable papers and letters relating to the Davis trial. These, together with a Bible used by Mr. Davis, were inclosed in the folds of a worn Confederate flag, the Bible bearing the inscription in Mr. Davis's handwriting: "To George Shea, from his friend and fellow-citizen, Jefferson Davis."

The papers were letters giving accounts of Mr. Shea's efforts in behalf of Mr. Davis, of his visits to Mr. Davis at Fortress Monroe, and of the latter's final release from imprisonment. The original draft of the bail bond which set Mr. Davis free was also included in the collection.

Many members of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Hollywood Memorial Association gathered to welcome Miss Shea, together with many gentlemen. Miss Shea, who possesses a frank, cordial charm of manner, was thoroughly at home amid the throng of Virginia women assembled in her honor, at the head of whom stood Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee and Regent of the Virginia Room at the Confederate Museum; beside her Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Vice Regent of the Virginia Room.

Lieut. Gov. J. Taylor Ellyson, as presiding officer of the meeting, introduced the Rev. William M. Jeffries, D.D., who took up the subject of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and his sufferings. He declared that Mr. Shea said to his daughter, then a child: "Mary, this is all wrong, and I must try to right it." He told how Mr. Shea and his daughter visited Mr. Davis in prison; how they very nearly lost their lives by a mistake of the sentry on the occasion of one visit; how, finally, Mr. Shea's eloquent and convincing arguments prevailed with Mr. Greeley and other influential men; how the bail bond was signed and Mr. Davis freed.

The archdeacon, in a vivid outburst of eloquence, paid a splendid tribute to Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. He said he had no doubt in entering heaven that many would say, looking at the thrones raised high above others around them: "And, Lord, who sits here?" And the Lord will answer: "Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis. They indeed have come out of great tribulation, but they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Rev. Dr. James P. Smith received the papers and other relics given by Miss Shea from the archdeacon as the Chaplain of the Museum and the representative of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. His remarks in doing so were char-

acteristically appropriate. Said the Doctor in conclusion: "I put on my gray Confederate coat on Saturday last; and as I marched in the ranks of my comrades, I asked myself what I was doing there, what was the meaning of it all, and why I had donned the gray and the brass buttons. And the answer came at once: 'Because I desire to show to those around me and those who come after me that I stand where I stood during my service in the Confederate army, and am moved by the same hopes, principles, and desires, knowing that truth is mighty and must at length prevail.'"—*The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va., January 22, 1907.*

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. A. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT.

The Tennessee Division's growth is a matter of pride, it now ranking third in membership and voting strength. Ten new Chapters were reported at the Gulfport Convention, and a large amount of good work was done during the past year. Two Chapters have been organized within the last few days. There are now four young ladies' Chapters. According to a by-law adopted at the U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport, an application for a charter must be sent to the State President accompanied by the application for membership of the charter members; and unless these applications are sent to her, the State President may not sign the application for a charter.

Many Veterans have lost their Crosses of Honor, and it is a matter of rejoicing that now a Veteran in good standing having lost his Cross may obtain a second Cross by applying to the President of the Chapter from which he received the Cross and by furnishing a copy of the certificate on which the Cross was first bestowed. There is some misapprehension about Crosses for descendants. Crosses are not given to all descendants of Veterans, but only to the oldest living lineal descendant of a Veteran, and then only when the Veteran has died before obtaining the Cross. This is not making Crosses common nor of less value to Veterans, because it is only the one Cross to which the Veteran himself would be entitled if living that his descendant or widow may obtain; but the right of wearing a Cross is reserved for the Veterans alone.

Every State now has a Recorder for Crosses of Honor, from whom all information about Crosses can be obtained, also all papers needful for ordering Crosses. This State office was created by the U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport to lighten the work of the Custodian of Crosses. The Recorder for Tennessee is Mrs. W. W. Baird, of Humboldt; and all Chapters are advised not to delay communicating with her if they wish to confer Crosses, as she must abide by the rules for Crosses of Honor and she must have time to look over and have corrected any papers sent her.

The five sets of Sheppard pictures—water colors portraying the uniforms of Confederate soldiers—given the State President by the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association for presentation to schools of Tennessee have been presented by the State President to the following schools: The Public School of Dyersburg, for the library established there by John Lauderdale Chapter; to Columbia Institute, which has given a scholarship to Maury County Chapter; to Franklin Female College, which has donated a scholarship to Franklin Chapter; to Chattanooga High School, for Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter; and to the Public School of Paris.

In answer to many inquiries about children's auxiliaries, I will say that all children—boys and girls—under the age of seventeen years are eligible to membership; no application blanks are required to be filled out, and no dues. The parent Chapter should be careful to select a judicious, purely patriotic woman as director of the auxiliary, the officers of the auxiliary to be elected from and by the children. The director is responsible to the Chapter, and should make reports to same, also to chairman of auxiliary committee, Mrs. Carey A. Folk, Nashville, the Chapter making a report of the auxiliary work, with all items of interest, to the State Convention. Do not make the children do too much work, now they are going to school, but cultivate in them a love for Southern principles and Confederate veterans, and devotion to the U. D. C. organization and its aims. Those Chapters desiring a more specific outline of work should communicate with the chairman of auxiliary committee, Mrs. Folk.

At last work is begun in earnest for a fitting monument to the illustrious men of Shiloh. The United Daughters of the Confederacy pledged themselves at San Francisco and repledged themselves at Gulfport to this work, and will give to it five hundred dollars yearly until the monument is completed. All the State Divisions have taken up this work and are raising money for it, Missouri alone having raised last year $527.

This monument, a Southern monument to all Confederates who were in this terrible two days' battle, will be on Tennessee soil. The work for this monument was inaugurated by Tennessee women—the Shiloh Chapter—and a Tennessee woman, your State President, has been appointed Chairman of the General U. D. C. Shiloh Monument Committee. In view of all these conditions, much will be expected of Tennessee Daughters, and it is to be hoped they will do as much as or more than any other State for Shiloh. It cannot be built without funds, and I ask every Chapter of the Tennessee Division to do something for Shiloh this year. Let every Chapter give at least ten dollars this year. Let us all show that Tennessee can and will do her full part in this as in all things.

STATE MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

A letter addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives of the Tennessee Legislature states:

"To the honor of Tennessee, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the State have united in an appeal to the Legislature to appropriate a fund for the erection of a monument to the Confederates who offered up their lives as a sacrifice on Shiloh's sanguinary field, which has been converted into a national military park.

"With its stately monuments to the Federal dead, its graveled drives and picturesque forests, it is a place of surpassing beauty, containing four thousand acres bordering on the Tennessee River. But above all else, it contains, dear to every Southern patriot, the spot where fell the immortal Albert Sidney Johnston. More than $200,000 has been expended by Northern States, and more than one hundred handsome monuments erected by the government and Northern States. But to the thousands of visitors who ask, 'Where are the Confederate monuments?' we can only say, 'Come a few years later and you shall see us dedicate one to all our fallen heroes.'

"The Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled during the Reunion at Louisville, 1905, passed the following resolution:

"'*Resolved,* That this Convention of Confederate Veterans respectfully and earnestly requests the Legislatures of the Southern States to make further and liberal appropriations, which are urgently needed, in order that the particular points

where Southern soldiers distinguished themselves and honored their respective States may be appropriately marked by some monumental inscription.'

"The following resolutions were reported by the committee and unanimously adopted by the Veterans at the Reunion held in Charleston, S. C., in May, 1899:

"'*Resolved*, That we trust the people of the Southern States will take early and effective steps to erect upon these battlefields suitable monuments in honor of our glorious heroes in gray, who fought and died for what they believed to be right.

"'*Resolved*, That the Adjutant General and the Secretary of this Convention forward copies of these resolutions to the Governors of all Southern States, with the request that the same be communicated to their respective Legislatures.'

"May we not, without further trespass on your valuable time, leave this whole cause to your most favorable consideration, with sanguine confidence that your action will be in full harmony with the patriotic sentiment of the State?"

The State Legislation Committee for the Shiloh monument is comprised of Mesdames T. J. Latham, Chairman, Memphis; H. S. Mizner, Knoxville; Xavia Haynie, Gallatin; E. W. Cheek, President Chapter, Tracy City; T. B. Carroll, Henderson; A. G. Thompkins, President Chapter, Murfreesboro; C. C. Miller, Puryear; S. J. Berry, Memphis; W. B. Romine, Pulaski; Lucy Landess Lasater, Fayetteville; June J. Crawford, President Chapter, Union City; Colyar, President Chapter, Winchester; Benton McMillin and Reau Folk, Nashville; Miss Anna Roane, Covington.

It will be remembered that the U. D. C. general organization is interested in this Shiloh monument.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

BY J. W. ANDERSON, COVINGTON, GA.

If any of the following who were members of Gen. James Longstreet's staff as special couriers during the years 1863 and 1864 are still living, I should be delighted to hear from them. They are or were as follows: W. W. Gardner, of Kentucky; Tucker and Jennings, of Virginia; J. C. Vance and Jefferson Brown, of South Carolina; Morris, Anderson, and Hardee, of Georgia; Spencer, McClellan, and Youngblood, of Alabama; and Cage, of Louisiana.

They were a gallant and fine lot of young men, and as brave and patriotic and knightly as ever drew rein over warrior's steed. We parted in October, 1864, near Richmond, Va., and I have never seen but one of them (Morris) since that time, and have heard of only two of the others (Spencer and Hardee) since the war, and do not know if they are now living. Spencer was appointed aid-de-camp to Gen. G. M. Sorrel after our separation, and Cage was appointed aid-de-camp to General Hay, of Louisiana.

It is a long time since we parted, in October, 1864; but memory goes back to the fateful two years we served together at headquarters with the most cherished and pleasant recollections of each, and the desire to hear from them and to know that they are still living grows stronger even as the years go fleeting by. I should be more than delighted to hear from each one of them.

"If Henry Burcher, a member of the 20th Virginia Cavalry, William L. Jackson's brigade, and who was wounded in the battle of Fisher's Hill September 22, 1864, is still living, I should like to hear from him," writes J. W. Erwin, Adjutant A. S. Cabell Camp, Charleston, Ark. "He was a Virginian like myself, both born in Lewis County and both belonging to the same brigade. I was a private in the 19th Virginia Cavalry. I tried to take him off the field when our position was flanked by the enemy; but, having no help, I did not succeed, and he was captured. He escaped from prison, however, before his wound healed, and came to my regiment to see me before he was sent to the hospital. I should like also to hear of another man wounded in that fight. I don't know his name or his command, but he was from North Carolina. He was standing close by me when wounded, and I caught him as he fell. A comrade of his was at hand instantly, and we tried to carry him, but could not. We hailed a man on horseback, who proved to be a brigadier general, who took the man up behind him and said he would see that he was not captured. These incidents occurred forty-two years ago, and it may be that all have answered the last roll call except myself; but they may have related the occurrences to thers who may remember them and will be kind enough to write to me."

FORREST AND LEE.

BY MRS. W. B. ROMINE, OF PULASKI, TENN.

If we search the wide world o'er,
Through countries bathed with patriots' gore,
  And far and near through foreign lands
  For bravest chiefs of bravest bands—
Our hearts are here, and still will be,
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If old Scotland stand with sword in sheath,
Telling with pride of Douglas and Keith;
  If England yield her richest brood,
  From Saxon worth and Norman blood—
Our hearts are here, and still will be,
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If we climb the grape-crowned slopes of sunny France afar,
With Napoleon she adores and the white-plumed Navarre;
  If we see Portugal's men in brave battle array
  Ne'er faltering in duty nor fleeing the fray—
Our hearts are here, and still will be,
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If through the streets of once imperial Rome we tread,
Where Nero boasted, where Cæsar bled,
  Where Horatius from the bridge with nerve in every fiber
  Swam the swollen waters of the tawny Tiber—
Our hearts are here, and still will be,
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If we visit the Orient, where roses in myriads swarm
About a marble Taj Mahal mid India's breezes warm;
  If where an Egyptian princess her very heart's blood shed
  For a haughty warrior lover, who life and love had fled—
Our hearts are here, and still will be,
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

And, methinks, when at last we journey to the land of endless sun
And read the long, long list of hard-fought battles won
  By honored patriots and heroes from every land and clime,
  Whom homeland's thrall and duty's call had stirred the soul sublime,
High on the honor roll of heaven, surely, yes, we'll surely see
Enscrolled in gold Nathan B. Forrest and Robert E. Lee.

CENTENARY OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S BIRTH.

It was deemed in the outset so nearly impossible to report exercises in honor of General Lee's one hundredth birthday anniversary that it was determined to report none direct. There are statements in many beautiful tributes which it is hoped will be recorded in these pages from time to time. Extracts from eminent sources are here given, together with some Northern press comments, which are followed by a carefully prepared paper by Dr. John S. Wyeth that has been held over for some time.

The farewell words of General Lee to his surrendered army are given on our title-page.

LORD WOLSELEY'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed.

BENJAMIN H. HILL'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.

He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty;
A victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring.
He was a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile;
He was a Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny,
Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward.

Thirteen Confederate organizations in New Orleans participated in the R. E. Lee memorial services January 19, 1907.

Richmond and New Orleans may be regarded as well-matched rivals in paying tribute to the great and good man.

Dayton (Ohio) Herald: "History will deal chiefly with Lee's military record and achievements; but it was as a man, as a beautiful character, of noble traits, of lovable personality that he won the affection of his soldiers and of the entire people of the South; and it was because of these attributes that in the years since the war he has taken a high and enduring place in the admiring regard of the people of the North. In honoring his memory, both as a brave and able soldier and as a Christian gentleman and citizen, the nation's sentiment is unanimous and sincere."

Gen. Fred Grant, in a recent article concerning General Lee, states: "One of his greatest assets as a military leader was his personality. Every one who met him was charmed and impressed by his force." And again: "General Lee was a beautiful, lovable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. Few men have been so human, and at the same time held the confidence of military men."

This testimony, coming from so notable a source, is no more significant tribute to the essential greatness of Robert E. Lee than are the utter absence of bitterness and the invariable attitude of admiration which mark the expressions of the veterans against whom he waged a glorious but hopeless warfare. We doubt if in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic to-day there can be found a single survivor of that four years' struggle who is not ready to pay his tribute of esteem and appreciation of the deeds and character of their noble foe.

Lee passionately loved the Union, and he deprecated and discouraged the secession movement; but when his beloved State of Virginia left the fold, he, like thousands of others, sorrowfully obeyed what he believed to be his higher duty.

The Springfield (Ohio) Sun:

"Robert E. Lee was possibly the greatest military genius to whom the Western continent has yet given birth. Northern orators yesterday vied with their silver-tongued brethren of the South in proclaiming the virtues of a man as to whose military genius and personal character there is now practical unanimity of opinion.

"Lee's campaigns after the first year of fighting, when the immeasurably superior resources of the North began to turn the tide of conflict with an irresistible force, are comparable in every way to those of Hannibal, the Carthaginian, with the sole exception that Lee's operations were conducted in friendly territory. . . .

"But it is in another respect that Lee compares even more favorably with the men who are by common consent rated as the world's greatest soldiers. The Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Napoleons of history, for the most part, have nothing else to commend them to the admiration of mankind than their military genius. As men they have too frequently been lacking in all the essentials of character. Unscrupulous, dissolute, selfish, possessed of ambition and egotism which completely choked out their finer natures, it is a relief to turn from the contemplation of soldiers of this class to one who combined with military genius of the highest order the manly qualities of a Christian gentleman. . . .

"It was inevitable that he should be idolized by his soldiers. Evenly balanced mentally, of clear discernment and judgment, dispassionate, of undeviating honesty with himself and his fellow-man, loyal to the truth and the right as he saw them, it is not to be wondered at that in the long and trying campaigns he endured with this wonderful army of 'Rebels' that they should form an attachment for him unsurpassed in personal devotion in all military annals.

"We are far enough removed from the days of slavery and secession to concede that, no matter whether a man in those days decided to cast his lot with his State or the nation, so long as honesty and not self-interest dictated his choice, he was not a traitor and did what was right, according to the light he had. It is only with this concession in our minds that we of the North can patriotically ascribe to Lee the sincerity and nobleness of mind and purpose which were certainly his animating motives.

"He was a great soldier, a worthy son of a long line of fighting ancestors, a noble and chivalrous foe. And we of the North only honor ourselves by giving freely our meed of praise to this son of the South, who, aside from all political considerations, is a worthy type of our great Americans."

"There is no death; the stars go down
Only to rise on some fairer shore;
And, added to the luster of heaven's bright crown,
Shine on for evermore."

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled hour.
Though grief abide an evening guest,
Joy surely comes at earliest hour.

For God will mark each sorrowing day,
And number every falling tear:
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

ADDRESS BY DR. JOHN ALLAN WYETH BEFORE THE NEW YORK SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

The South may claim with pardonable pride that it furnished not only the President of each of the divided sections in the struggle for the establishment of a separate Confederacy but the great central figure of the War between the States for the North as well as for the South. History will accord that Abraham Lincoln was the one conspicuous figure on the side of the Union, and for the South none will challenge that claim for Lee. They were, moreover, representatives of the widely divergent classes of our section, the plebeian and the patrician. The story of Lincoln might well be classed with

"The short and simple annals of the poor,"

while Lee came straight from the cavaliers and their descendants, the wealthy, cultured aristocracy of Virginia. His father, Col. Henry Lee, better known as "Light-Horse Harry," was the *beau sabreur* of the American army in the War of Independence, and it was he who proclaimed George Washington as "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Upon his mother's side he claimed the lineage of the Carters, of Shirley. Born on January 19, 1807, his childhood and youth were passed in the cultivated circles of the tidewater region of Virginia. At the age of eighteen he entered West Point, and, completing the course of study without a single mark of demerit, he graduated second in a class of forty-six. For several years he served in the engineer corps constructing coast defenses, and for a part of this time in charge of the astronomical department of the government. In 1832 he married the daughter of George W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and later was made captain on the staff in the Mexican War.

Of all the brilliant reputations among the younger group of officers which were won in that campaign, Lee's was the most conspicuous. Upon him the commander in chief leaned as upon no other. At Cerro Gordo he was brevetted major for exceptional gallantry. At Contreras and Cherubusco he was officially proclaimed for meritorious conduct, and on account of a wound received in the assault on Chapultepec, September 13, 1847, he received his promotion to lieutenant colonel. It was here at Contreras, when the army was baffled, that the quick eye of Lee discovered by a daring reconnoissance a line of approach hidden from the enemy by which the position might be taken. This the commander in chief of the army characterized as "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual during the entire campaign."

In his official report General Scott said: "I am compelled to make special mention of Capt. R. E. Lee, engineer. He greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz, was indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances, as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planting batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy." He further says: "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me, until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries."

After the Mexican War, he was appointed in 1852 Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and in 1855 lieutenant colonel of the 2d Cavalry, under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. In 1859 he was directed by the President of the United States to arrest John Brown and his followers in their murderous invasion of Virginia, and on March 10, 1861, he was appointed colonel in the United States army.

When the Southern States were seceding and war seemed inevitable, upon the recommendation of General Scott, then commander in chief, President Lincoln offered Lee the command of the armies of the Union. Virginia had not yet seceded; but Lee, looking into the future and feeling assured that his native State would upon any act of aggression make common cause with the other Southern States, declined the tempting offer.

In a letter written April 20, 1861, he made that never-to-be-forgotten declaration: "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. Save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

When at length hostilities began and Virginia took her place in the Confederacy, the people of the Old Dominion with one voice turned to him as commander of her army. Then:

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led on to Victory.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!"

The story of his military career is practically the story of the Army of Northern Virginia, and it reads more like romance than history. Through four years of the bloodiest war known to history at that time that army, composed of the flower of Southern manhood, under its matchless leader made a record of victories never surpassed in the annals of warfare—a record which we of the South and our children's children to the remotest ages should claim as our proudest heritage. He assumed command of this army in June, 1862, when McClellan was immediately in front of Richmond. On June 26, with an army inferior in numbers and equipment, he attacked the forces of McClellan in their intrenchments, and for seven days the bloody conflict raged, until McClellan took refuge under the protection of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing. This army defeated, Lee turned upon a second larger than his own, marching upon Richmond from another direction.

By one of the most brilliant and daring movements in the history of wars Lee, with his able lieutenant, Jackson, routed Pope's army at Groveton and Second Manassas, and drove him for safety under the protection of the fortifications at Washington. McClellan had been removed for his defeat, and Pope followed in his train. Disregarding both of these defeated armies, Lee moved rapidly into Maryland, captured Harper's Ferry and its large garrison on the way, and fought at Antietam on September 17, 1862, the bloodiest battle of the War between the States. McClellan, who after Pope's defeat had been reinstated in command, was again removed for failing to inflict a crushing defeat upon Lee, and Burnside was made commander in chief of the Army of the Potomac.

In December of that year this same army of Lee signally defeated the army of Burnside at Fredericksburg. Burnside was removed and General Hooker placed in command. In May, 1863, Hooker marched on Richmond, having issued

a general order in which he said that the Confederate army must "either ingloriously fly or come out from behind its intrenchments, where certain destruction awaited it." A few days after this announcement was made Hooker's army was surprised and attacked by Lee and Jackson simultaneously in front and rear at Chancellorsville and overwhelmed, fleeing in the greatest disorder from the field. Lee then invaded Pennsylvania, where at Gettysburg after three days of bloody conflict, unable to carry the Federal position, he remained twenty-four hours in line of battle with his army in their immediate front inviting attack, and then withdrew without interruption to Virginia.

It was in 1864, in the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, that the star of Lee reached its zenith. Under his leadership the Army of Northern Virginia up to this time in offensive warfare had held every battlefield upon which it had fought with the exception of Gettysburg and Sharpsburg or Antietam, and upon these fields, although it failed to beat the army pitted against it, it stood in battle array on each occasion for twenty-four hours, but was not attacked and marched away unmolested.

He was now to show that in defensive fighting he was a greater master of the art of war than in his offensive operations. Grant, with the largest army ever marshaled upon this continent under a single commander, with unlimited resources of men and money, with the world to draw upon for all that was most useful in destructive warfare, advanced upon this army of Lee, wanting in everything but valor, and so decimated that, as Grant expressed it, "it had robbed the cradle and the grave" to fill the gaps between the veterans that still survived. There followed from May 5, 1864, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania C. H., at Cold Harbor, and the North Anna a series of conflicts so frightful in their havoc that the history of this campaign might well be written in blood.

The most recent and, in my opinion, the most reliable history of the United States, written by James Ford Rhodes, of Boston, a conscientious student, a capable analyst, and a just recorder, says: "Grant's loss from May 4 to June 12 in the campaign from the Rapidan to the James was 54,929, a number nearly equal to Lee's whole army at the commencement of the Union advances. The confidence in Grant of many officers and men had been shaken."

As Spottsylvania Nicolay and Hay, authors of the "Life of Lincoln," say: "Grant was completely checkmated."

That this is true is evident from the fact that, turning aside from the direct route to Richmond, with Lee's army in front of him, which army he announced in the beginning of the campaign as his objective, he marched toward the James River, which he crossed in the effort to capture Petersburg by surprise. The army of Lee was, however, at Petersburg in time, and there held Grant at bay for nine months of the summer and winter of 1864 and 1865.

As far as the Confederates were concerned, the annals of the siege of Petersburg might well be termed the annals of starvation, exposure, and misery. True to its colors, the army of Lee was starving to death. The commissary general reported that "the Army of Northern Virginia was living literally from hand to mouth." Beef sold for six dollars per pound, and flour at one thousand dollars a barrel. At one time, pleading with his government for food, Lee said that for three days his men had been in line of battle and had not tasted meat.

In the early spring of 1865, after nine months of persistent effort, Grant, with one hundred and thirteen thousand men, well fed, clad, and armed, broke through the lines defended by Lee's force of forty-nine thousand veterans, half-starved, ragged, and most of them shoeless.

Then came the end at Appomattox, where on April 9, 1865, the remnant of this once magnificent army, now numbering less than twenty-eight thousand (of which only fifteen thousand were carrying arms), surrendered, and the Confederacy was no more.

Upon this world's stage no more pathetic scene, no more heroic incident has ever been witnessed. With what pride the generations yet unborn shall claim descent from those who, true to their sense of duty, which Lee himself said was "the sublimest word in the English language," fought under the banner of this immortal soldier and died on those victorious field or, in surviving, stood true to his colors at Appomattox!

In his farewell address to his army he said: "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Soon after the surrender he accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Va. He had refused large proffers of money for his services or the use of his name for various enterprises. He declined them all, saying he felt it his duty to live with his people and to endeavor in educating the youth of the South to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony and the acceptance of the policy of the State or general government.

Though war in all ages and with all people arouses that which is worst in human nature, and though bloodiest and bitterest is internecine war, it still seems difficult to believe even after the lapse of so short a time as forty years that for the part this noble man took in obedience to his conviction of duty Andrew Johnson, then President of the United States, obtained his indictment for treason. Against this unwarranted and ignoble act the great soldier Grant arose and stayed the hand of malice and persecution. It seems equally incredible to conceive that within two months of the death of Lee, which took place on October 17, 1870, speaking to a resolution which had for its object the return of the estate of Arlington to the family of Lee, Charles Sumner said in his place in the Senate: "Eloquent Senators have already characterized the proposition and the traitor it seeks to commemorate. I am not disposed to speak of General Lee. It is enough to say that he stands high in the catalogue of those who have imbued their hands in their country's blood. I hand him over to the avenging pen of history."

As man and soldier "the avenging pen of history" has already written this of Lee: "In nobility of character, in moral grandeur, attested by his humanity, he lived 'the model for all future times.' In the annals of war his place is with the greatest."

What of this charge of treason, and what kind of traitor was Lee? A distinguished soldier and citizen of Massachusetts, Charles Francis Adams, reared in the New England school of politics, himself throughout the war in the army which confronted Lee, son of that Charles Francis Adams who as United States Minister to England during the War between the States, probably did as much as any other one man to defeat the cause of the Confederacy, grandson of John

Quincy Adams and great-grandson of that elder Adams who succeeded Washington as President of the United States, a man who so differed from Lee in his interpretation of the duty an American citizen owes as between his State and the central government that he declared he would go against Massachusetts for the Union, has written this for history:

"If Robert E. Lee was a traitor, so also and indisputably was George Washington. Washington furnishes a precedent at every point. A Virginian, like Lee, he was also a British subject; he had fought under the British flag, as Lee had fought under that of the United States; when, in 1776, Virginia seceded from the British empire, he went with his State, just as Lee went eighty-five years later; subsequently Washington commanded armies in the field designated by those opposed to them as 'rebels' and whose descendants now glorify them as 'the rebels of '76,' much as Lee later commanded and at last surrendered much larger armies, also designated 'rebels' by those they confronted. Except in their outcome the cases were, therefore, precisely alike, and logic is logic. It consequently appears to follow that if Lee was a traitor Washington was also. . . .

"In him there are exemplified those lofty elements of personal character which, typifying Virginia at her highest, made Washington possible. Essentially a soldier, Robert E. Lee was a many-sided man. I might speak of him as a strategist. but of this aspect of the man enough has perhaps been said. I might refer to the respect, the confidence, and love with which he inspired those under his command. I might dilate on his restraint in victory, his patient endurance in the face of adverse fortune, the serene dignity with which he in the end triumphed over defeat. But, passing over all these well-worn themes, I shall confine myself to that one attribute of his which, recognized in a soldier by an opponent, I cannot but regard as his surest and loftiest title to enduring fame. I refer to his humanity in arms and his scrupulous regard for the most advanced rules of modern warfare."

Denying the contention that war must be made hell, holding up to execration the authors of the bloodiest deeds in history, this generous foe and great American said:

"I rejoice that no such hatred attaches to the name of Lee. Reckless of life to attain the legitimate ends of war, he sought to mitigate its horrors. Opposed to him at Gettysburg, I here, forty years later, do him justice. No more creditable order ever issued from a commanding general than that formulated and signed at Chambersburg by Robert E. Lee, as toward the close of June, 1863, he advanced on a war of invasion. 'No greater disgrace,' he then declared, 'can befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our movement. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men.'

"In scope and spirit Lee's order was observed, and I doubt if a hostile force ever advanced into an enemy's country or fell back from it in retreat leaving behind less cause of hate and bitterness than did the Army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign which culminated at Gettysburg."

In dwelling on this theme, in contrast to Lee's humanity, may not "the avenging pen of history" quote from "Ohio in the War," by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, at this time Ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James, who, in speaking of the burning of Columbia, wrote:

"It was the most monstrous barbarity of this barbarous march. Before his movement began General Sherman begged permission to turn his army loose in South Carolina and devastate it. He used this permission to the full. He protested that he did not wage war upon women and children. But, under the operations of his orders, the last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families that his soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes rose day after day the mournful clouds of smoke on every side that told of old people and their grandchildren driven in midwinter from the only roofs there were to shelter them by the flames which the wantonness of his soldiers had kindled. Yet if a single soldier was punished for a single outrage or theft during that entire movement, we have found no mention of it in all the voluminous records of the march?"

May not this avenging pen of history which Sumner invoked record that order of General Halleck, chief of staff and military adviser to President Lincoln, which said to General Sherman, "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession," and Sherman's reply in his dispatch of December 24, 1864: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina?"

And may it not transcribe upon its pages that other order to his efficient Lieutenant Hunter: "He [Grant] further says that he wants your troops to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provender with them?"

Of Lee as a general, President Roosevelt, in his "Life of Thomas H. Benton," says:

"The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth; and this, although the last and chief of his antagonist may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

From no more capable source could higher praise be given.

In the "Story of a Soldier's Life," Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, speaking of the Seven Days' battle, says:

"General McClellan's splendidly equipped army had been driven from the peninsula and General Pope had been made short work of on the Rappahannock. They were unable to cope with General Lee's army, though it was far inferior in strength. In fact, the Confederates had won all along the line, thanks to the ably conceived and well-calculated strategy of the great Virginian leader and the brilliant tactics of Stonewall Jackson and other capable soldiers and to the superior fighting qualities of their splendid and patriotic rank and file.

"That campaign was a masterpiece both in conception and execution, and did high honor to the soldierlike spirit and patriotism of the ill-shod, overworked, badly clothed regimental officers and men of the Southern army.

"According to my notion of military history, there is as much instruction both in strategy and in tactics to be gleaned

from General Lee's operations of 1862 as there is to be found in Napoleon's campaigns of 1796. Though badly found in weapons, ammunition, military equipment, etc., his army had nevertheless achieved great things. His men were so badly shod—indeed, a considerable portion had no boots or shoes—that at the battle of Antietam General Lee assured me he never had more than thirty-five thousand men with him. The remainder of his army, shoeless and foot-sore, were straggling along the roads in the rear, trying in vain to reach him in time for the battle."

Of this visit to Lee, General Wolseley says:

"As I waited outside of General Lee's tent while his aid-de-camp entered to tell him who I was and to deliver him a letter from the Confederate Secretary of War, I remarked that it had the name of a colonel of some New Jersey regiment printed upon it. Subsequently I referred to the fact in my conversation with him. He laughed and said: 'You will find every tent, gun, even our blankets, accouterments, and all the military equipment we possess, stamped with the United States initials.' Every incident in that visit is indelibly stamped on my memory. All he said to me then and during subsequent conversations is still fresh in my recollection. It is natural that it should be so, for he was the ablest general and to me seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with, and yet I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck.

"General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, and yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial, winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of dress come back to me among the most cherished of my recollections. His greatness made me humble, and I never felt my own insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence. He was then about fifty years of age, with hair and beard nearly white. Tall, extremely handsome, and strongly built, very soldierlike in bearing, he looked a thoroughbred gentleman. Care had, however, already wrinkled his brow, and there came at moments a look of sadness into his clear, honest, and speaking dark brown eyes that indicated how much his overwhelming national responsibilities had already told upon him. He was indeed a beautiful character, and of him it might truthfully be written: 'In righteousness did he judge and make war.'"

Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson, professor of military art and history in the Staff College of the British army, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," says:

"If the names of the great captains, soldiers, and sailors be recalled, it will be seen that it is to the breadth of their strategical conceptions, rather than to their tactical skill, that they owe their fame. We have the strategist, a Hannibal, a Napoleon, or a Lee triumphing with inferior numbers over adversaries who are tacticians and nothing more."

In speaking of Lee's audacity in attacking with a force inferior in numbers and equipment McClellan's thoroughly organized army in their intrenchments in the Seven Days' battle, he says:

"From Hannibal to Moltke there has been no great captain who has neglected to study the character of his opponent and who did not trade on the knowledge thus acquired, and it was this knowledge which justified Lee's audacity. He was no hare-brained leader, but a profound thinker, following the highest principles of the military art. That he had weighed the disconcerting effect which the sudden appearance of the victorious Jackson, with an army of unknown strength, would produce upon McClellan goes without saying."

Again he writes:

"Lee, with his extraordinary insight into character, had played on Pope (at Second Manassas), and his strategy was justified by success. In the space of three weeks he had carried the war from the James to the Potomac. With an army that at no time exceeded fifty-five thousand, he had driven eighty thousand into the fortifications of Washington. He had captured thirty guns, seven thousand prisoners, and twenty thousand rifles. He had killed or wounded thirteen thousand five hundred Federals, destroying supplies and materials of enormous value, and all this with a loss to the Confederates of ten thousand officers and men."

If, as Moltke avers, the junction of two armies on the field of battle is the highest achievement of military genius, the campaign against Pope has seldom been surpassed; and the great counter stroke at Manassas is sufficient in itself to make Lee's reputation as a tactician. Tried by this test alone, Lee stands out as one of the greatest soldiers of all times. Not only against Pope but against McClellan at Gaines's Mill, against Burnside at Fredericksburg, and against Hooker at Chancellorsville he succeeded in carrying out the operation of which Moltke speaks, and in each case with the same result of surprising his adversary. None knew better how to apply that great principle of strategy to march divided, but to fight concentrated.

In this action Lee violated both of the maxims of Napoleon—never to divide an army into two columns unable to communicate or to attempt a junction in the presence of a concentrated enemy—but Lee knew his men. He violated the last section of this maxim because he knew Pope, and the first because he knew Jackson. It is rare indeed that such strategy succeeds. Hasdrubal, divided from Hannibal by many miles and a Consular army, fell back to the Metaurus, and Rome was saved. Two thousand years later Prince Frederick Charles, divided by a few marches and two Austrian army corps from the Crown Prince, lingered so long upon the Iser that the supremacy of Prussia trembled in the balance. But the character of the Virginian soldier was of a loftier type. It has been remarked that after Jackson's death Lee never again attempted those great turning movements which had achieved his most brilliant victories. Never again did he divide his army to reunite it on the field of battle. The reason is not far to seek. There was now no general in the Confederate army to whom he dared confide the charge of the detached wing, and in possessing one such general he had been more fortunate than Napoleon.

It is noteworthy that Moltke once at Königgratz carried out the operation referred to; Wellington twice at Victoria and Toulouse; Napoleon, although he several times attempted it, never, except at Ulm, with complete success.

In his "History of the American War," Lieutenant Colonel Fletcher, of England, says:

"The armies of Grant and Lee were still in the vicinity of Spottsylvania C. H. The former, notwithstanding his vastly preponderating strength, was awaiting reënforcements. The latter, with only a small and overworked army to rely on, was expecting the arrival of troops from the Shenandoah.

"It must ever remain a marvel how this small force, ill supplied, overworked, and harassed by continual fighting and marching by night and by day, could hold its ground against the almost innumerable host in Grant's command. That it did so, inflicting losses far heavier than it sustained and creating

a belief in the mind of the enemy of numbers far larger than it contained, has been already shown.

"Two of the three armies of Sigel, Meade, and Butler had been forced to seek shelter behind fortified lines, the third had been brought to a halt to await reënforcements, and the arteries which supplied life to the capital of the Confederacy had been preserved."

Of the movement to the North Anna River in the Wilderness campaign he says: "Here Lee by the exercise of consummate generalship foiled his opponent." And of the final end of Grant's endeavor to crush Lee in this campaign he says: "After many battles and losses of which few wars can afford a parallel, and which surpassed in number the whole strength of the enemy's force, General Grant had brought his army to a position which McClellan had reached with far greater ease and far less expenditure of life two years previously."

From the "History of the United States," by the distinguished writer, Mr. James Ford Rhodes, of Boston, I quote this concerning Lee:

"The Confederates had an advantage in that Robert E. Lee espoused their cause. To some extent appreciated at the time, this in reality was an advantage beyond computation. Had he followed the example of Scott and Thomas and remained in service under the old flag in active command of the Army of the Potomac, how differently might not events have turned out!

"Lee, now fifty-four years old, his face exhibiting the ruddy glow of health, was physically and morally a splendid example of manhood. Able to trace his lineage far back into the mother country, the best blood of Virginia flowed in his veins. Drawing from a knightly race all their virtues, he had inherited none of their vices. Honest, sincere, simple, magnanimous, forbearing, refined, courteous, yet dignified and proud, never lacking self-command, he was in all respects a true man. Graduating from West Point, his life had been exclusively that of a soldier, yet he had none of the soldier's bad habits. He used neither liquor nor tobacco and indulged rarely in a social glass of wine, and cared nothing for the pleasures of the table. He was a good engineer, and under General Scott had won distinction in Mexico. The work that had fallen to his lot he had performed in a systematic manner and with conscientious care. 'Duty is the sublimest word in our language,' he wrote to his son. Sincerely religious, Providence to him was a verity, and it may be truly said he walked with God.

"A serious man, he anxiously watched from his station in Texas the progress of events since Lincoln's election. 'Thinking slavery as an institution a moral and political evil,' having a soldier's devotion to his flag and a warm attachment to General Scott, he loved the Union, and it was especially dear to him as the fruit of the mighty labors of Washington. Although believing that the South had just grievances due to the aggression of the North, he did not think these evils great enough to resort to the remedy of revolution, and to him secession was nothing less. 'Still,' he wrote in January, 1861, 'a union that can be maintained only by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charm for me. If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defense will draw my sword on none.' Summoned to Washington by his chief, Lee had arrived there a few days before the inauguration of Lincoln, and he had to make the decision after the bombardment of Sumter and the President's call for troops whether he should serve the national government or Virginia. The active command of the Federal army, with the succession to the chief place, was virtually offered to him; but with his notion of State rights and his allegiance to Virginia his decision, though it cost him pain to make it, could have been no other than it was. He could not lead an army of invasion into his native State; and after the ordinance of secession had been passed by the Virginia convention, he resigned his commission and accepted the command of the Virginia forces.

"Northern men may regret that Lee did not see his duty in the same light as did two other Virginians, Scott and Thomas, but censure's voice upon the action of such a noble soul is hushed. A careful survey of his character and life must lead the student of men and affairs to see that the course he took was from his point of view and judged by his inexorable and pure conscience the path of duty to which a high sense of honor called him. Could we share the thoughts of that high-minded man as he paced the broad, pillared veranda of his noble Arlington house, his eyes glancing across the river at the flag of his country waving above the dome of the Capitol, and then resting on the soil of his native Virginia, we should be willing now to recognize in him one of the finest products of American life. For surely as the years go on we shall see that such a life can be judged by no partisan measure, and we shall come to look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington, whom little more than a century ago they delighted to call a rebel. Indeed, in all essential characteristics Lee resembled Washington; and had the great work of his life been crowned with success or had he chosen the winning side, the world would have acknowledged that Virginia could in a century produce two men who were the embodiment of public and private virtue."

"The avenging pen of history" has placed the name of Lee side by side with Washington. So writes the historian of to-day, and so will the future historian prolong the noble record. The fame of Robert Lee is secure in that last appeal to

> "Time, the beautifier of the dead,
> Time, the corrector where our judgments err,
> The test of Truth."

WHAT CONFEDERATE MOTHERS HAVE DONE.

The "History of the Memorial Associations of the South" has received the indorsement of the Historical Committee, United Confederate Veterans, through its Chairman, Gen. Clement A. Evans. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has written of it as follows to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President: "I have carefully examined the 'History of the Confederated Memorial Association of the South' and most cordially recommend it to the people of our Southland. It is nicely edited and beautifully illustrated, and tells in modest style 'of that superb, noble race of Southern women who suffered with us in the epoch of war and were the first to overflow the graves of our dead with beautiful flowers and to build monuments to their memory.' These memorials and monuments will ever point our descendants to the heroism, patriotism, sacrifices, and fortitude of their fathers and mothers, thereby treasuring the heroic deeds of remote ancestry and inciting them to like conduct when occasion demands like displays of heroic action. This splendid volume should have a place in the home of every one who loves his Southland."

ORIGIN OF THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

BY CHARLES L. SHIPLEY, PIKESVILLE, MD.

In the battle of Manassas, or "Bull Run" (the latter term erroneous), between the hours of three and four in the afternoon of July 21, 1861, when the Southern troops had been beaten back at various points and the fate of the Confederacy appeared to be trembling in the balance, General Beauregard, in looking across the Warrenton Turnpike, which passed through the valley between the positions of the Confederates and the elevations beyond occupied by the Federal forces, noticed a body of troops moving toward his left. He was in great concern to know whether they were Union or Confederate, but could not decide because of the similarity of the colors carried.

During this terrible anxiety General Beauregard determined that the Confederate soldiers should have a flag distinct in design. As soon as practicable he conferred with Col. Porcher Miles, of his staff, with a view to securing such an ensign. He decided upon a blue field, red bars crossed, with stars of gold. The officers had quite a discussion on the subject. Colonel Miles contended that the ground should not be blue, the bars red, and the stars gold. He proposed that the ground should be red, the bars blue, and the stars white. Beauregard approved of the change, and discussed the matter with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

While the design for a flag was under consideration many designs were submitted, and the matter was freely discussed. When General Beauregard arrived at Fairfax Courthouse, he directed his draughtsman, a German, to make drawings of all the various designs that had been proposed. The officers at headquarters agreed upon a red field, a blue cross, and white stars. The flag was submitted to the War Department, and was approved.

The first flags sent to the army were presented by General Beauregard in person, with the expressed hope and confidence that they would become the emblem of honor and victory. The first three flags were made by the Misses Cary, of Baltimore, Md., and Alexandria, Va., as soon as they obtained a description of the design adopted. The making of these flags cannot be better described than in the words of Mrs. Burton Harrison, a distinguished authoress (at that time Miss Constance Cary), who describes the event in an article in the Century Magazine, some twenty years ago, entitled "A Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War."

In describing the event she says: "Another incident of note in my personal experience during the autumn of 1861 was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle flags of the Confederacy. This was directly after Congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of seceding States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Gen. Earl Van Dorn, the latter afterwards a dashing cavalry leader, but he commanded infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could hope for; were toasted, fêted, and cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smoke-stained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout, one of the most daring in the army, with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said, to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home—something that would prove to me 'how much they thought of the maker of that flag.' After some hesitation, I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest. A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented piece of finery left 'within the lines,' a wrap of white and azure, brought to us by Dillon himself with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of fire wood, and while peddling poultry had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph with a letter in the folds telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the Confederacy."

The three ladies referred to in this sketch were considered to be among the most handsome and accomplished of their day, and were noted for their devotion to the Southern cause. Miss Constance Cary, of Virginia, as is well known, married Mr. Burton Harrison, private secretary to President Davis, and has since attained a national reputation in literature as an author of fiction. Miss Hettie Cary married General Pegram, who was killed in battle at Hatcher's Run in February, 1865. Later on in life Mrs. Pegram took a trip to England, where she became acquainted with Prof. Henry Newell Martin, whom she subsequently married, and who became a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore. She and her husband are both deceased. Her sister, Miss Jennie Cary, who assisted in the flag-making, remained single, and assisted until her death in aiding her mother in the management of the Southern Home School for Girls in Baltimore. Another sister, Miss Sallie Cary, married the late James Howard McHenry, of Pikesville, Md. She is also deceased, but her four surviving children still reside in the neighborhood of the village. Two brothers of these handsome and talented Virginia-born women still reside in Baltimore.

THE FIGHT AT FORT WAYNE, IND. T.

BY THOMAS S. BARKER, YUBA, IND. T.

The battle of Fort Wayne, near Mayesville, Ind. T., was important, as it decided the fate of the Confederacy over all that part of the Indian Territory north of the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers for the remainder of the war, although our scouts made some raids and did some fighting in that part of the Territory afterwards.

I have never seen any account of the battle, so will give my experience just before, during the battle, and a few days afterwards. We had retreated from Newtonia, Mo., where our forces had a considerable combat with the Federals, resulting in a victory for us. I was not in that battle, having been left sick at Pineville, Mo.

We had been quietly camped for a few days at a place we called Fort Wayne, four or five miles from Mayesville on the road leading to Tahlequah. Our camp was on one branch of the Sparrow Creek. Mayesville is on the Arkansas State line, part of the town in Arkansas, part in the Cherokee Nation, and only a few miles from the Missouri State line.

The battle was fought on the morning of October 22, 1862. The night before the battle I slept near the captain and lieutenants of the company to which I belonged. Late in the night the captain and one of the lieutenants awoke me with their animated conversation over the report of a courier who had just arrived saying that a Federal army was only about fifteen miles distant and coming our way and that we would have to fight them by daylight if not before.

It was reported before daylight that another courier had arrived saying that the Federals were not more than eight or ten miles from them, advancing rapidly, and that there seemed to be several thousand of them. Our little army, so far as I could see, seemed to be sleeping. Just at daylight, as the men were starting fires generally to prepare breakfast, the wagon train came into camp, and orders were given to load all camp equipage quickly and form a line of battle. It was understood that the Federals would be upon us in a few minutes, that they were then between us and Mayesville. I heard the commander tell the wagon master to take the train to the Moravian Mission as quickly as practicable. Everything loaded, the train started, and we were in line of battle in a short time. For two hours or so we could not hear any more of the Federals, when an order came to form in the road in quick time. In less time than it takes to tell it we were on the road moving south in quick time, leaving the Federals behind, as I thought, but not so. When we had gone a mile or more, the first that I knew of the nearness of the enemy a cannon shot whizzed over our heads, followed by the report of cannons quite near us. The Federals were trying to cut off our retreat.

I didn't hear any orders. Our army whirled from the road into an old field, and a terrific firing was soon in progress with our forces and the Federals. Our battalion was supporting the battery. We lay flat on the ground. There must have been a little high ground between us and the enemy, as not a man of our battalion was hit, while our artillerymen and horses were being mowed down. Some of our men had holes shot through their hats. After a while the Federals charged us, and captured our battery of four splendid guns and everything belonging to the battery except two teams of horses and two caissons. We were forced to run to avoid being captured. I had been sick and was not able to keep up with our retreating army, so I turned to the left and went into a deep hollow, where I was safe for the time being. One of my messmates, Frank Skaggs, two or three years younger than I, said he would stay with me whatever our fate might be. We were in a precarious condition, and what to do was a serious problem. All supplies in that part of the Indian Territory had been destroyed in the early part of that year, and the people had been forced to leave their homes, going either North or South. When the Confederate army was not there, the Pin Indians were continually making raids through the country, killing nearly everybody and everything they came across.

I did not have an idea of the size of our army. I know we had as much as two brigades of Indians—Stand Watie's and Cooper's Brigades—our battalion, the artillery company, and a few white men mixed in with the Indian regiments. The Indians were mostly Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws. General Cooper was the commanding officer of that army.

Now after forty-four years it almost makes me shudder to think of our situation: two boys in a hostile Indian country, behind our retreating army, in front of the enemy, and hardly able to walk. We soon made our way down that hollow some miles, where we came in sight of a regiment of Indians in camp. Their horses were saddled and the command was ready to start, but did not know which way to go. When they saw us coming, the colonel, with several of his officers, came in a gallop to meet us, and his first question was: "What has happened at the fort?" I told him briefly that the Federals had captured our cannons and our army had left the battlefield in confusion. He said that was the first he had heard of the Federals being near; that they had heard the firing and knew that something had happened, but did not know what to do or where to go. He then asked if we had been surprised, and I explained that we had had notice that they were coming several hours before they got here. He then asked if our train had been captured, when I told him how it had been ordered soon after daylight to the Moravian Mission, which was about halfway from Fort Payne to Tahlequah. Remarking that "that is the way our army has gone," the colonel said something to his officers in Indian language, who hurried back to their men. All mounted and started in the direction of the Moravian Mission, the colonel and a few men remaining behind.

The colonel was a very fine and very intelligent-looking man and spoke English well. After his men had gone, he gave us good advice, saying we were in a very dangerous place; that in a few hours the country would be full of Pin Indians picking up stragglers. He was well acquainted with all that country; and as our army had been defeated, he did not think it would stop at the Moravian Mission, there being nothing at the place to stop for; but that they would go on to Tahlequah or Fort Gibson, and perhaps not stop this side of the Arkansas River. He gave us directions to Tahlequah, about thirty-five miles away, with instructions not to go to the Moravian Mission, as the enemy would probably be there before us, and we were to keep off the main road until near Tahlequah. We followed his directions, and arrived at Tahlequah late the next day, and were told that the army had gone to Fort Gibson. Having had nothing to eat since the battle, we got a good supper. We were advised not to leave town that night, since if we were captured in town we would be treated as prisoners of war; but if outside of town, we would probably be killed. After breakfast the next morning we started to Fort Gibson, and late in the evening passed our picket guards near the town.

So ended three of the most fearful days of my life. We had traveled about sixty miles between the two armies—behind our rear guard, before the Federals—through a hostile Indian country almost without seeing any living being except at Tahlequah. We were told that our army had crossed the Arkansas River, and that all Confederate supplies would be moved from Fort Gibson next day. We camped near Fort Gibson that night, crossed the Arkansas River next morning, and were told that the army had gone to Fort Smith. Fifteen miles farther on the road to Fort Smith we came up with the army, to the surprise of all. The colonel said he was expecting to be attacked at any time until after our army had passed Tahlequah, and that he did not feel safe until after crossing the Arkansas River.

STORY OF JOHN BROWN'S CAPTURE.

George W. Young, a Virginian who came to Nashville early after the war, and who died some months ago, leaving his aged widow poor in health and in purse—and away from all relations and former friends, making her condition most pitiable—was interviewed by the Nashville Banner for the issue of July 13, 1900, and the following is copied from that paper:

"There's a man with a history," said a friend of the reporter the other day as the two passed down North College Street and at the time pointing out an old man who stood behind a small ice stand and waited on occasional customers. There was nothing particularly distinctive in the man's appearance beyond the fact that he was tall and slender, held

himself as straight as an Indian, and wore long whiskers, which had originally been of a sandy color, but are now fast turning gray.

"Tell me his story."

"No; you will have to get it from him. I will tell you that he aided in the capture of John Brown and witnessed the hanging of that notorious abolitionist or liberator, as he was wont to term himself."

The reporter sought an interview, and he found the man, George W. Young, very intelligent, and his story is given as near as possible in his own words. Mr. Young is a native Virginian, but has lived in Nashville for thirty-two years. He is now sixty-seven years of age, and was a soldier in the Confederate army as a member of the gallant Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and during the four years' contest he saw much fighting and passed through many an ordeal; but his experience during those years, says the old man, is not comparable to the night he spent in October, 1859, on the bridge in front of Harper's Ferry.

"This," said Mr. Young, "was my first experience as a soldier; and the exciting events which I witnessed then were indelibly impressed upon my mind, and they seem just as fresh to-day as they were two days after their occurrence. I lived then at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson County, and located ten miles from Harper's Ferry, and was a member of Capt. John W. Rowan's company, a volunteer military organization.

"John Brown and twenty-one of his raiders had been located at Dr. Booth Kennedy's farm, on the Maryland side, in the Blue Ridge, for three months past. They gave out that they were there prospecting, and very little attention was paid to their goings and comings. It was Sunday night, October 17, when their true purpose first became known, and came like a storm. Cook, one of the raiders, was well known in the community. During the three months previous to this memorable date he made frequent visits to the surrounding plantations, and had become well acquainted with the topography of the country. He was a frequent visitor at the homes of Col. Lewis Washington and Mr. Alstadt, two of the most prominent planters in that section.

"On Sunday night the guard of the United States armory at Harper's Ferry was surprised and captured by these raiders. They took possession of the armory, and took as prisoners Colonel Washington, Mr. Alstadt, the guard, and thirty or forty citizens of Harper's Ferry, and terrorized the rest of the inhabitants.

"The first we at Charlestown heard of the raid was a call for the military company, the order being brought by a courier. Captain Rowan at once called out his company, of which I told you I was a member, and we left Charlestown Monday morning, went by rail to Halltown, and thence on foot to Bolivar. Here we were told that we could not enter the town by the Virginia side. We were then marched around through the Maryland side and took charge of the bridge over the Potomac River. When we arrived, Brown and his men had been driven into the engine house, where they barricaded themselves by closing the heavy iron-clad doors. Through these they cut portholes commanding the bridge and street.

"The original number was seventeen whites and five negroes; but when our company arrived, the number of raiders had been reduced to seven, five whites and two negroes. Some of the raiders had been killed by the citizens and others fled.

"All during the day Monday firing was almost incessant, and soon after our arrival Fontaine Beckham came out to receive us. Just as he was walking on the bridge he was fired upon by the raiders and killed. I saw him fall. My father, Samuel C. Young, lost an arm also.

"Captain Rowan and the other military officers planned an assault on the engine house; but later it was decided to wait until Tuesday morning, by which time Col. Robert E. Lee and Jeb Stewart, of Confederate cavalry fame, arrived with the United States Marines and cavalry from Washington.

"At daylight Colonel Lee sent a citizen named Strider under a flag of truce to the engine house and demanded Brown's surrender. The raider refused, and made a proposition to be allowed to march over the bridge into Maryland to the foot of the mountain, a mile distant, where he promised to release all of his prisoners, and then with his companions fight their way out. This Colonel Lee refused to accede to, and ordered the marines to charge and beat down the doors of the engine house.

"The men, armed with sledge hammers, responded, but were unable to effect an entrance. They abandoned this, and secured a long ladder, which they used as a battering ram, and at the second assault the doors gave way and the soldiers rushed in. Lieutenant Green, of the marines, headed the squad, and he ordered the prisoners to hold up their hands, so they could be designated and thus protected. Lieutenant Green struck Brown over the head with his sword, and one of the soldiers jabbed him in the side with a bayonet. One of the marines was killed in the charge and a number of the raiders were wounded. The soldiers all remained at Harper's Ferry till the raiders were tried and hanged. The first hanging was on October 4, when Cook and Coppor were executed. Stevens and Hazzlett were the next; then the three negroes, Shields, Green, and Copeland, and the execution of old Brown followed on December 2.

"The raiders were armed with Sharp rifles, and they had at the Kennedy house two or three thousand spears with which they proposed to arm the negroes as they liberated them. The executions took place in the suburbs of Harper's Ferry, the gallows being erected near a small apple tree. When the Yankees came into Harper's Ferry, they dug this apple tree up and cut it into small pieces as souvenirs. They also carried away as souvenirs pieces of the jail where the raiders were confined before their execution and the courthouse where they were tried. These buildings were almost demolished by souvenir hunters."

THE MEMORIAL TO POE.—The Richmond Times-Dispatch of recent date states that at a meeting of the Council Mr. H. R. Pollard, Jr., Subchairman of the Finance Committee, introduced a resolution that "the Finance Committee of the Council be instructed to provide a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars to be appropriated for the Poe Memorial Association, to be used for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, provided the said Poe Memorial Association shall raise the sum of five thousand dollars to be placed with the amount appropriated by the city to be used for the above-named purpose." Poe is recognized abroad as America's greatest literary genius; but there is no monument to his memory, and the Northern doctors did not deem that he was worthy of a tablet in the "Hall of Fame." He was once a citizen of Richmond, and some of the most eventful years of his life were spent here. Richmond owes it to Poe and to her own fame to erect a memorial in marble to Edgar Allan Poe.

CAPTURE OF THE J. H. MILLER.

Account of the Wonderful Achievement by Three Boys (Johnny Jones, Church Price, and Bennie Riggs) on the Arkansas River.

BY B. F. RIGGS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

It has not been my pleasure at any time to exploit my deeds during the sixties. When that cruel war was over, I submitted and hushed my mouth like a little man. I have accepted the situation, and my purpose ever since has been to make a good citizen. . . .

It has been a long time since that war; but, as well as I remember, we three boys left Monticello, Ark., in August, 1864, with orders (either from General McGruder, our ranking general, or General Dockery) to penetrate the enemy's country between the Arkansas and White Rivers and to ascertain, if possible, whether the Federals were reënforcing Little Rock by means of the railroad running from Duvall's Bluff, on White River, to that place. We expected to cross the Arkansas River between Little Rock and Pine Bluff at Lipscomb's Bar, a place fordable in low water. If not fordable, we expected to use a flatboat that we knew was kept at that place. When we rode out of the Pinny Hills down through the bottoms to the river, we noticed above us a mile or so a steamboat seemingly aground out in the river about one hundred yards from the south bank. It was being unloaded by means of a flatboat which was being pulled back and forth by a line which was made fast to the bank. We at once abandoned the idea of crossing the river. So we concluded to ride up to the front of the boat and maybe fire a shot or two and capture it, for we had once captured a boat (the New Iago) at Swan Lake, twenty miles below Pine Bluff, and had set it on fire, when we had to get away because of an approaching Federal cavalry force.

We were entirely within the enemy's line, being just sixteen miles above Pine Bluff, which was heavily garrisoned with Federal troops commanded by Gen. Powell Clayton, who now resides in Arkansas. We tarried but a moment, when our minds were made up to dash up to the boat. Mr. William Lipscomb, a good Southern man and as true as steel, lived just below the boat; and we thought maybe we might see him and procure some information. The water being low and the banks high, with a levee extending along between the river and the road, rather obscured us from the boat. Mr. Lipscomb's house was back about fifty yards from the road; and as we dashed up, we saw a yard full of people, consisting of men and a few ladies. Several of the men were in Federal uniform. We immediately covered the party with our pistols and ordered them to throw up their hands and surrender, which they did. We then ordered Mr. Lipscomb, under penalty of death, to search them, which he did. Some of them carried pistols. We then ordered them to advance out to us at the front gate. The party, we found, consisted of the "Vane Templeton Opera Troupe," including the mother of our delightful Fay Templeton. The captain of the boat was Reece Pritchard. Then there were two pilots, a United States mail agent, and a Federal lieutenant in the crowd. The boat was being lightened by unloading, so as to pass the bar. These people were at Mr. Lipscomb's place eating watermelons.

The day (August 18) was beautiful. They were taken completely by surprise, and surrendered readily, begging us all the while not to kill them. Captain Jones, being the eldest and who was our commander, asked the captain if he had any soldiers or government stores aboard of the boat. He answered, "No." Jones then asked again and said: "Captain Pritchard, I ask you upon your life if you have any soldiers or government stores aboard." Captain Pritchard then said: "Yes; we have soldiers and also government supplies." Captain Jones then said: "I command you to surrender the boat, and we will hold you in ransom for its faithful performance. If there is a shot fired by any one from the boat, we will kill every one of you. We are but the advance of our company, but it is useless for you to make resistance." Pritchard then said, and the lieutenant also, that they would order the surrender of the boat.

The party, all of them, were now ordered in front of us, and we marched them around, so as to keep them obscured from the boat as much as possible until we got right up in front of the boat and then out quickly to the top of the bank, where we could look down directly upon the boat. We fired several shots, not with a view of killing anybody, for that was not our purpose now since the captain had agreed to surrender, but simply to frighten them. You never saw such hustling to get inside and off from the deck. They were taken completely by surprise. Some jumped in the water and swam to the opposite side, which was exactly as we wished them to do, for we were very much in favor of getting rid of as many as possible. Some ran back into the engine room, and I am told nine of them went down in the hull of the boat. Captain Pritchard kept calling at them to surrender and come ashore, that they would not be hurt, and for them not to fire a shot; if they did, it would forfeit his life and every one out on the bank. In a little while we had them getting into the flatboat; and when the boat was loaded, it was drawn to the bank by means of a head line, which, as heretofore stated, extended to the shore. When the boat landed, we ordered one up the bank at a time, when he was searched by Mr. Lipscomb. As soon as each was searched thoroughly he was ordered out to stand in line, and so on until we had gotton all of them, as we thought, ashore—about a hundred.

Captain Jones then commanded me to go aboard of the boat. I did so, taking Mr. Lipscomb with me. I directed Mr. L. to be careful and keep a watch for me, having so much to look after, as I knew we would have to do, in unloading the boat, as we had agreed to spare as much as possible all private property. The Templeton Company had begged us to spare their property. Besides, there were many merchants aboard, some of whom I knew. They were good Southern men, most of whom lived in Pine Bluff. They had been East, and were returning to Pine Bluff with their several stocks of goods.

Bear in mind that the Confederates had control of nearly all that part of Arkansas River from Pine Bluff to its mouth. Above was in possession of the Federals as far up as Fort Smith. There was a large garrison of Federals at Little Rock under command of General Steel, and we were between two forces. Any goods or traffic coming from the east, say from Memphis, had to come from Duvall's Bluff, on White River, to Little Rock by rail; thence down the Arkansas to Pine Bluff. So we had to operate in a hurry lest some of the Federal scouts would run in upon us.

I was right amused when I ordered Mr. Lipscomb to come and go with me aboard and assist me. He knew that he would have to remain in the Federal lines after we had gone; and if it was known that he had aided or abetted us in any way, he would be made to suffer. So when I ordered him he said: "Look here, Bennie Riggs, I have known you ever since you was a shirt tail boy, and I say to you that I don't want you to burn this boat, and I don't wish to have anything to do in it." But after we had gotten off to ourselves, so no

one could hear, he said: "Burn it, d— it; burn it to the water." I ordered the deck hands, twelve in number, to get aboard of the flatboat, when it was pulled to the main boat. I then put them under the mate with instructions to unload, taking off just such goods as belonged to the passengers. We could show no favors; and had we done so, those in sympathy with the South would have been made to suffer. After instructing the mate thoroughly, under penalty of death for any disobedience, I then stepped to the hatchway and locked the door down close and tight and threw the key into the river, making sure that any one who might have gone down into the hull, finding out our strength, could not come out and attack me. I then went on the top of the boat and took down the flag.

I went down into the passenger cabin and commenced an examination of each stateroom, fearing that there might be a soldier secreted in some of them. There was none to be found, to my great relief. I found a large cavalry saber, however, and I swung it on to my belt, simply as a trophy, which I wanted to carry out. I then went to the clerk's office and examined the safe. I found it was locked. I then called to Captain Jones to send the first clerk aboard. When he came, I demanded the keys to the safe. He didn't want to open the safe. I commanded him at the point of my pistol to do so. The safe was unlocked, and there exposed to my view I saw more money than I had ever seen before. It was in packages. I don't know how much there was, nor did I care, as I regarded it of but little value. The clerk did not want to surrender the money, saying it was not government money, but belonged to private individuals, and that the boat did not belong to the government. I said: "Do you pretend to deny that this boat is not chartered by the United States government? Have you not government stores, government troops, and government mail?" Now I didn't wish to have another word, and proceeded to place it all into my pockets. I remember that I was wearing a gray Confederate coat with brass buttons and with two pockets cut slanting down deep on each side. These pockets were filled with greenbacks. I found in one of the drawers a Smith and Wesson pistol, the first I had ever seen, as we used the Colt and Remington. I took quite a fancy to this pistol, and placed it down in my belt securely. Captain Jones had now come aboard and ordered me to hurry.

I then went down on the boiler deck to see how they were getting along unloading and to hurry them. We went back into the rear and found a fine sorrel mare (said to have belonged to General Steel) which was being sent to Pine Bluff to run a race. I called several deck hands back and had them push the mare off into the water, when she was led by skiff to the bank and out in perfect safety. After this Captain Jones returned to the shore. (This mare was afterwards presented by us three boys to our captain's father, Dr. J. J. Jones, Sr., who was chief surgeon, with headquarters at that time at Camden, Ark.) Very soon after this a Mr. Jacob Fife, a Jew and merchant, who resided at Pine Bluff, and whom I had always known, came aboard of the boat to make some suggestions as to moving some of his boxes of merchandise. He called me aside and said: "Ben, do you remember Jim Day, who lives in Pine Bluff and who has caused us Southern people so much trouble by reporting and insulting us in every way? Well, he is aboard of this boat, and I wish you would capture him and take him out and turn him over to your government."

This Jim Day was a blue-eyed and freckle-faced negro, large and of great strength and endurance. I knew him and began to hunt for him. I was told that he was in the water under the guards. I went to the side of the boat, and by lying down flat I could see under the guards. I then went to the other side, and there I found him crouched under the hull of the boat with his head just sticking out. I commanded him to come out and get up on the boat. He came out and rose up, standing in the water with his hands on the guard. I ordered him to get out and up on the boat. I turned to give him way, so as to be clear of him as he sprang upon the boat. As I turned, Mr. Lipscomb cried out: "He is coming! Watch out!" As I faced him he was standing with a capstan stick uplifted ready to strike me down. I fired two shots. He sprang off into the water, diving off as far as possible, when Mr. Fife cried out: "O, Ben, that will do; don't shoot him any more." The first ball had passed clear through the neck and the second had struck him fairly in the head seemingly, but passed around and out. When he came to the surface of the water, he struck off down the river, swimming as gracefully and with as fine a stroke as I ever saw. I was bewildered that he could swim at all after having two such fearful wounds. Of course I wanted to kill him. The water was reddened with the blood as it streamed from his head. I watched him with my spy glass nearly a mile, and I could see him as he emerged from the water over a mile away. He lived many years after the war. He snapped a pistol at me from ambush a year after the war at Pine Bluff.

You never saw negroes work as those deck hands did after this shooting. They now realized that we meant business, and would shoot if necessity compelled it. I called again to Captain Jones to send the barkeeper aboard of the boat. I asked him if he had any good whisky. He said: "Of course." I said: "Fix up a glass brimful of good whisky. Now stir that good and you take a drink." He said: "But I don't drink." I said, "But you must," when he took a swallow. I was afraid that he might have placed poison in it. I then went back into the ladies' cabin to search there. After getting back all alone, Mr. Lipscomb said to me: "Ben, I fear the Federals are going to make me suffer for this." I replied that he had been compelled (?) to do everything he had done under penalty of death. I handed him out a handful of the money. How much, I presume I will never know. I then ordered him (Lipscomb) to gather up some of the mattresses from the rooms and place them up beside the bar counter. We saturated these with whisky, brandy, wine, coal oil, and everything we could find and struck a match to it, when it shot off like a cannon, and pretty soon the J. H. Miller was a livid flame of solid fire. We then hustled down to the boiler deck, and everybody was gotten into the flatboat and yawl, when we were pulled to the shore.

We had consumed now very nearly two hours, and we were in dread all the time that the enemy would come in upon us. We had risked our lives in consuming time merely to save property that belonged to individuals. These goods were now all upon the bank; and as goods were a great rarity to our soldiers and our people, we were invited to open the boxes and help ourselves to anything we wanted. Of course they doubtless knew we would do this anyway if we wished; but be it said to their credit, one and all, they seemed willing for us to help ourselves. We opened the boxes, and we did help ourselves. If horses were ever loaded down with goods, ours were. Gray cloth, calico, linen, tobacco, brandy peaches, canteens full of whisky—we piled it on, thinking that we would store it away, and when on our next scout we could get it.

Just before we started we paroled everybody under oath not to take up arms against the Confederacy. As we had mounted ready to start, we saw approaching some one riding up dressed in blue and who looked like a Federal soldier. Jones rode out in advance and halted him, while Price and I held back upon our horses. This party claimed to be a Confederate soldier and a Missourian and on his way to overtake General Marmaduke's command, to which he said he belonged, that was *en route* to Missouri with General Price. Of course he seemed willing to join us. So we rode away, and had got-



BENJAMIN F. RIGGS.

ten about a mile, going through the woods, when we stopped to hold a consultation. We had ten negro prisoners that we were carrying out, aiming to turn them over to our forces to work on breastworks. We concluded that we would unload our goods and hide them away in the woods, and that Price and Adams would go back to the boat or bank, where we had left these goods, and get another load and bring them out. Captain Jones and I were to stay with the negroes. The understanding was that if Price and Adams remained longer than half an hour we would take it for granted that something was wrong and would be on our guard. The half an hour passed and Jones said to me: "Ben, I will ride out in the open and look down in the bottom and see what is the matter." When he rode away, I dismounted and hitched my horse. The negroes I had all seated a respectable distance in front of me. They seemed perfectly contented. One had actually gone to sleep. I took the sword I had gotten from the boat out from my belt and laid it down at my side. As I sat down I noticed that the Smith and Wesson pistol I had also gotten off the boat pinched me in my belt, as I had no scabbard to carry it in; so I drew this out and placed it right to my front, handy, as I thought.

I then commenced to divide the money I had secured; not as would a man with any experience, but was counting it out in three piles. I would say five dollars to John Jones, five dollars to Bennie Riggs, and five dollars to Church Price. When I came to a twenty note, I would lay it aside until I had gotten three; then I would say twenty for John Jones, twenty for me, and twenty for Church Price. I was not giving Adams any of it. I judged that I had counted out about a thousand dollars apiece, when whack! something took me on the head. My first impression was that a limb or pine knot had fallen from a tree, as the wind was blowing, when whack! another stroke and another, when I did not remember anything further. The only thing I knew was when I came to myself I was flat on the ground. I rose to my feet quickly, realizing that I had been attacked by one of the negroes and with the sword. It seems that the negro thought he would kill me and get my money, and then flee to Pine Bluff.

I suppose from where I was first stricken to where I received the last blow must have been fully thirty yards. As I rose to my feet I saw the negro advancing upon me with the pistol in his hand that I had left in front of me. I can't account for why he had left me and gone back after the pistol, unless it was when he struck me the last lick he knocked me so prostrate that he thought undoubtedly he had killed me, and left me, thinking that he would go back to where he had first struck me and get the money that was in front of me and the pistol, and if I was not dead then shoot me. But as he advanced toward me I had drawn my revolver; and as I leveled it down on him he seemed to crouch, as if trying to dodge the expected missile, when I fired, the ball striking him in the head. He sank right down upon himself. I knew I had killed him.

I now realized that I was badly wounded. I expected these other negroes would renew the attack, and in my condition I knew I was no match for any further defense. This was in a very dismal place. I had heard a chicken crow, and I knew that there was a place near, so I started in that direction right through the worst brier thicket I thought I had ever seen. I came pretty soon to a small bayou. I was bleeding very profusely and growing quite faint. As I waded across the little stream I took up some water and bathed my face, and this seemed to refresh me, when I went along, pretty soon arriving at the place. I remember distinctly all about the little place. It was a story and a half log house in front, with a frame one-story back used simply as a kitchen. I went in the back way without knocking or any ceremony. The mother and two daughters were in the house all alone. When I sprang into the house all covered with blood, they began to scream and run from the house. I cried out: "Don't run; I am not going to hurt you. My name is Bennie Riggs, and I am fearfully wounded." Then the mother returned, pitying me. I told her that my father lived in Pine Bluff, that I was a Confederate, that we had captured a steamboat down at Lipscomb's Landing, that I had been left to guard some negroes that we had taken prisoners, and while guarding them I had been taken unawares and had been wounded. She said: "Why, I know your father and your mother. O, my dear boy, is there any word you wish to send to your mother? You are bound to die. The brains are running out of your head."

This rather excited me, and I placed my hand up to the head, and I found that I had four deep cuts, besides three on

my arm, which I doubtless received in trying to parry off the strokes. I pulled out all the fractured bone I could. I then asked if she had any turpentine in the house. I had her pour some of this on my wounds. I told her that the others were with me, and that they had gone down to the boat to get some more goods we had captured, and I asked her if she would not let some one go down there and find the boys and inform them that I was wounded. One of the young ladies spoke up and said she would go, and pretty soon she had caught up her horse and jumped upon him bareback and started.

I was very much afraid the other negroes would follow me, and I asked the sister if she could not get me out in the woods, so that I might secrete myself; that if the negroes came to the house and did not find me there they would make no further search for me. The young lady volunteered to pilot me out into the woods. She took along some bandages, a bucket of water, turpentine, and common soot from the chimney. When we had been properly secreted, she began to attend my wounds, dressing them and cheering me all the time not to give up. It seems that the young lady missed the boys, and they came to where they had left me. They saw my horse standing hitched, the negro that had been shot dead, and the rest of us gone. Their first impression was that I had been captured, that in the attempt I had killed one of the negroes, and that they were carrying me into Pine Bluff as a prisoner. So they doubled back to the main road, and succeeded in overhauling the other negroes and brought them on with them. They came on up to Mrs. Ramsey's (that was the noble lady's name) and made inquiry for me, when she directed them to where I was.

I shall never forget my feeling when I saw the negroes advancing in front of them toward me. I was back in the bushes, and a small field intervened between where I was and the house. I was rather at the foot of a slope, and in coming over the top of the hill I could see the negroes some little time before I saw the boys. I drew my revolver and handed to the young lady the other, and I had concluded to sell my life as dearly as possible. She said she would die with me. In an instant I could see the boys as they came riding up. I began to upbraid them for leaving me alone, when they began to console me by telling me that I was not so badly wounded. They gave me some brandy and placed me upon my horse, and I was carried to the home of my uncle, John Rogers, a distance of nine miles, by one riding on each side holding me to my saddle.

I wish I had space to relate the strategy that Captain Jones used to save me from capture that night, because the enemy was on our track by this time and had been following us. I remained at my uncle's for quite a little time, when I was escorted to Monticello, where I was given a nice room in a hotel and attended until I was well. General McGruder's headquarters were in the same hotel and right across the hall from my room. He visited me each day. Everything that could be done by the best and grandest woman on earth was done for me. They would send me in linen for bandaging my wounds and the very best of everything to eat. It was quite three months before I was again ready for my command. I cannot speak in too much praise of the gallantry and strategy of Captain Jones and Church Price, poor boy! He was a brave, noble fellow. We were all equally exposed.

I was born April 2, 1849. The capture of the J. H. Miller was on the 18th of August, 1864. A line would find me at 1567 Pope Street, Louisville, Ky.

"Johnny" Jones Writes of the Event.

Dr. John J. Jones, now of Philadelphia, complied with a request from the Fort Smith (Ark.) Times last September for a brief account of the capture of the Miller in which he states:

"When we rode up to the gate at Lipscomb's residence, we noticed a number of people on his gallery. These people proved to be passengers from the steamer Miller, which we learned was aground in the middle of the river about one mile above the house. There were nine persons in this party, including one woman, Miss Belle Vane, sister of Alice Templeton, the then expectant mother of Fay Templeton. Fay Templeton was born the following month in Little Rock, Ark. We secured this party as prisoners, and the writer rode forward toward a point opposite the boat to reconnoiter, directing the prisoners to follow under the guard of Bennie Riggs and Church Price. One prisoner, a returning furloughed Federal soldier, was picked up on the way and added to the party.

"When the writer reached the bluff bank opposite the boat, he observed that the ferry flat was alongside of the boat being loaded, and a large quantity of freight was seen on the lower bank under where the writer stopped. The attention of the officers of the boat was attracted by a pistol shot fired over the boat and a demand made for immediate surrender. Confusion among those on the boat was quite apparent when this demand was made; and, while seemingly hesitating, the approaching party of prisoners was obscurely seen through the underbrush as they came along a pathway near the edge of the river. The number of this party was magnified by the excited officers, and they consented to surrender at once. When the people on the boat went to the lower deck to get into the ferry flat and the boat's yawl, they could not see to the top of the bluff bank upon which we, with the prisoners, by this time stood, and so the deception as to numbers continued until the boat's party came ashore into our midst. During the excitement on the boat several soldiers jumped into the river on the opposite side of the boat and swam ashore. Some negro soldiers hid themselves in the shallow water under the outer deck, where they were afterwards disposed of.

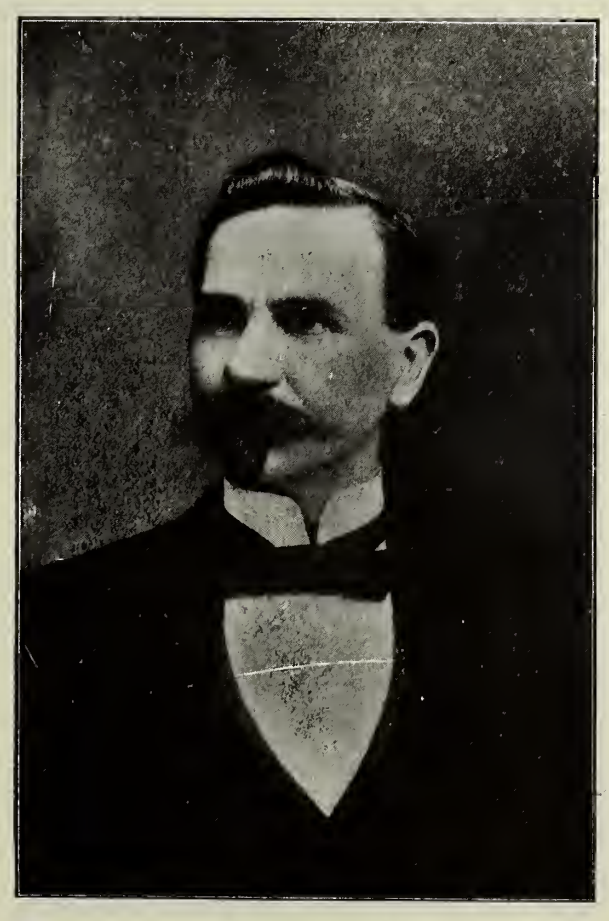
"About one hundred and twenty-five persons, including passengers, soldiers in uniform and citizens' dress (the latter being officers returning to duty after a furlough, and some who hastily donned citizens' dress to avoid capture), and a dozen or more negro deck hands constituted the human prizes of the occasion.

"Leaving the prisoners under the guard of Church Price, Bennie Riggs and the writer went on board the boat by means of the yawl. Sympathizing with the passengers, we put the deck hands to work and removed all their trunks and other baggage ashore. A fine mare, said to belong to the Federal General Steele, commander at Little Rock, was found on the boat. We had the deck hands shove this mare overboard and swam her ashore. The writer presented this mare to his father, a surgeon in the Confederate army, who rode her to the end of the war. Some Federal flags, pistols, guns, and swords, with other articles, were sent ashore as trophies of war.

"After setting the boat on fire and witnessing its destruction, we loaded our horses and eight negro prisoners with such material as we thought best to take and went back of Lipscomb's field, a mile distant, to deposit the goods until such a time as we might better be enabled to take them South. The prisoners were paroled, and the freight left on the bank we hoped would come into possession of the Confederate wives and widows in the neighborhood. We afterwards learned that these goods were taken away by the neighbors.

"Leaving Bennie Riggs to guard the goods and negroes, Church Price and the writer went out for forage for the horses. We had not proceeded far when we heard a pistol shot in the direction from which we came. Rushing back, we found that one of the negroes had attacked Bennie Riggs with one of the captured swords and severely wounded him; but Bennie had finally secured his pistol and shot the negro through the head, killing him instantly. We managed to convey Bennie in his desperately wounded state to Mr. Harris's residence, some ten miles from this place, and it was three months afterwards before he could be taken farther South.

"I reported this capture to General Dockery, then at Monticello, Ark., on August 23, and he gave me an order to act upon the frontier as a recruiting officer for the Confederate army. While this was an irregular sort of commission, it proved a protection to us from the charge of being guerrillas. I mention this fact to offset a statement that has been made that we were members of Jonas Webb's company, of Colonel Wright's regiment. We never acted with this company or command at any time. The documents now in my possession



DR. JOHN J. JONES.

substantiating these facts consist of General Dockery's commission to the writer, a letter from John Templeton and his wife (written after the war) thanking us for our kindness to them on the occasion, numerous orders from General McGruder, General Fagin, and Col. J. W. Rogan (provost marshal of District No. 4, Arkansas) ordering us on special duty, extracts from Camden (Ark.) and Montgomery (Ala.) papers and official war records, a letter from the Federal general at Pine Bluff offering terms of surrender at close of war, etc. At the end of the war the writer, with Bennie Riggs and other members of the company, was enrolled with General Fagin's escort and surrendered at Shreveport, La., on June 7, 1865.

"Church Price (native of Arkansas) died before the end of the war; Bennie Riggs (B. F. Riggs, native of Arkansas) now resides in Louisville, Ky."

Other Incidents Related by "Captain" Jones.

The following are a few of the events participated in by the writer (native of Georgia) during the war:

"With Bennie Riggs, Lewis Holsenbach, and George Rowell we captured the Federal transport, New Iago, at Swan Lake Landing, on the north side of the Arkansas River below Pine Bluff. After capturing this boat and setting her on fire, we were approached by a large body of cavalry and fled.

"The boat's crew succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and the boat proceeded down the river. She was attacked on the following day near Douglass's Landing by Maj. Walter Greenfield's command of two hundred and fifty Confederates, and captured and burned after a running fight of eighteen miles. We fired but half a dozen pistol shots in the process of the capture we made. With Bennie Riggs and a half dozen other boys we burned French Town, after running in the enemy's picket, two miles below Pine Bluff. French Town was occupied by a picket guard and a large number of contraband negroes. We captured a steamer at Gaines's Landing, on the Mississippi River, to have it rescued from us by traitorous Confederates who were about to ship stolen cotton on the boat. We led the enemy into numerous ambuscades, and with few men captured and killed many times our number.

"The writer witnessed the attack made by the Minute Men of Napoleon, Ark., on the steamer Ohio Belle, which occurred before the capture of Fort Sumter, thus being the first gun of the war. He then participated in a skirmish at Monticello, Ark., which was reported by Colonel Rogan from Memphis, Tenn., to General Hill's magazine, called 'The Land We Love,' published in Richmond, Va., as the last gun of the war.

"Too much cannot be said in honor of the bravery of Bennie Riggs and Church Price displayed in these and numberless other dangerous exploits encountered during the war.

Why Firing Occurred at Dead Angle at Night.—T. L. Taylor, Company C, 4th Tennessee, Bailey, Tenn.: "I think I can give the cause of the firing at the Dead Angle on the night of June 30, 1864. The 4th, 5th, and 51st Tennessee Regiments were at the Angle, and of course took an active part in the firing. At the angle and to the right our videttes were in the works, but to the left thirty or forty feet and ten feet to the front we had a vidette standing behind a tree. A short while after being placed on duty he came in and reported that the enemy was coming, when the firing commenced and continued twenty or thirty minutes. A few days afterwards some prisoners were taken, and they said that their commissary wagons had been driven up near their line, and they were drawing rations when the firing began. They reported the loss of several hundred men killed and wounded and the loss of many mules and some wagons."

Bear in mind that all books advertised in the Veteran are by it furnished at an advantage. The price of the Veteran for a year or half of it is almost invariably saved in buying through it. Besides, many leading Confederate histories are furnished at greatly reduced prices.

GEN. TOM GREEN.

[An address delivered by Mrs. Z. T. Fulmore, of Austin, Tex., before the Texas Veterans in Dallas, Tex., in behalf of the Tom Green monument.]

Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The Roman actor is said to have won tumultuous and prolonged applause when in the theater he cried: "I am a man, and nothing that is human can be foreign to me." I appear before you to-day a Daughter of the Confederacy with a message to sons of the South which cannot be a matter of indifference to those who are heirs to the glorious history of the South, and who hold in reverence the splendid traditions of patriotism and of valor that have made the South sacred to all her true children and given her a place in the annals of heroism and self-sacrifice that shall shine with an undimmed luster until Time's last chapter is written.

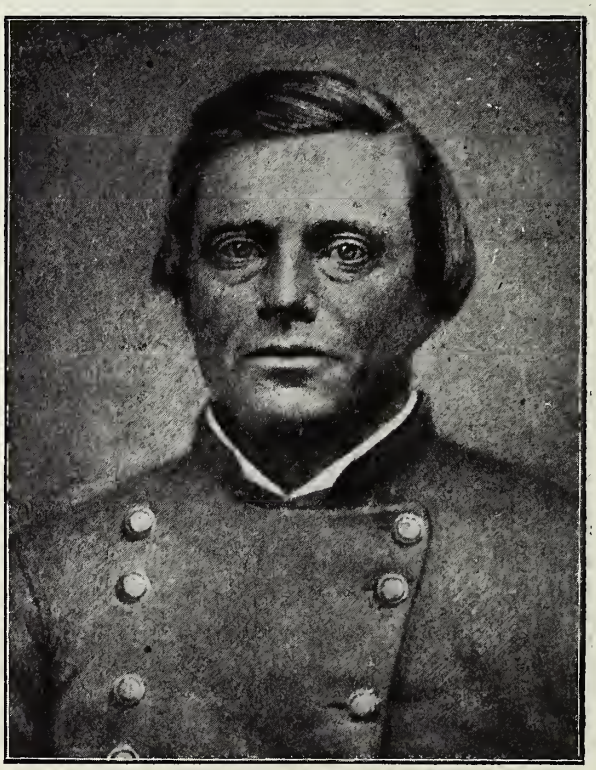
From the time that the spirit of Freedom began its mighty and prolonged struggle with a myriad-handed despotism our race has been glorified by many great heroes—men who have concentrated in themselves the lofty passions of an age, the sentiments, hopes, and aspirations of a people, and accentuated them in devoted and desperate leadership upon the field of battle in heroic struggle for the divine birthright of freedom and for all that gives a nation moral vigor and self-respect. From the beginning the world has felt that such names should not be allowed to perish. And so it has gathered up its admiration and affection and poured them in an unstinted largess of honor and devotion at the feet of such men as Leonidas, Tell, Hampden, Winkelried, Bolivar, Washington, Joubert, Cronje, and Gomez—men in whom the noble passion of patriotism came to its consummate flower, and amid the rain of blood and tears, and often amid the tempests of defeat and national ruin, bore fruit in glory and immortality. Such men exalt our humanity and glorify the history of our race. They were true patriots. They loved not merely the local scenery of their native land—they loved the people, their history, their happiness, and their laws. The living ideal of freedom, breathed into the human soul when it received the imprimatur of the Creator's hand, had found incarnation within them. The final and irreversible verdict of the ages, as well as the sentiment of their contemporaries, assigned such men a place among

"The few immortal names
That were not born to die."

And do we know naught of names that shall rank with these in the world's temple of heroes—the pages of history? Men who came forth from our own Southland, who were inheritors with us of all the noble traditions of the past; men of godlike attributes, of splendid powers, of vast capacities, and a passionate love of freedom and of home; men who, when the frowning front of oppression threw its shadow across the land they loved, arose with intrepid hearts to meet it, and gladly laid their all upon the altar of a pure and disinterested patriotism in a desperate and unequal struggle at which the world held its breath in amazement and in admiration? Yes, in that galaxy of devoted patriots which lights up the sky of history no names shine with a more full-orbed glory than those of Lee and Jackson, Stewart and Forrest, the Johnstons, Tom Green, and others. In them the spirit of freedom and patriotism found glorious incarnation. They illustrated and emphasized in their own persons and made more hallowed to us by their brilliant deeds and heroic sufferings the sacred sentiments of freedom, home, and country. They now belong to the ages and to the hearts of their own people. Being dead, they speak to us with an eloquence the living tongue cannot essay; nor can we grow indifferent to their mighty voices until we have sunk down into a degenerate manhood and womanhood. They knew that

"Not to themselves alone they were lent.
Each human soul
Must with the strong tides of life be blent.
The stars that roll
Their bright circles through the firmament
Are parts of one great whole.
Stars! They were stars whose radiance here
Through the dark night of war
Spoke to our hearts in bright beams of cheer
None may restore.
But with wider light across time's rolling sphere
They shine for evermore."

It is especially in behalf of the memory of one of these heroes that I appear before you to-day—a hero of three wars, with a triple claim upon the hearts of Texans; one possessed of those qualities that make the great leader, the generous victor, the sympathizing friend; wise in the council chamber, skillful and prescient in his plans of battle, intrepid on the field, impetuous in the assault; one who to the imperturbable resolution of a Wellington added the brilliant fervor and dashing enthusiasm of a Ney; who laid all he was and



GEN. TOM GREEN.
Born January 8, 1814; killed at Blair's Landing, Ga., 1864.

all he had upon the altar of Texas and the South and sealed the offering and made it final with his life. I refer, as you at once perceive, to none other than to Gen. Tom Green.

In appealing to you to-day for a just recognition of his services to his country, and especially to Texas, and for a proper commemoration of them above the grave where he sleeps, I shall claim your indulgence while I briefly review his

history as a warrior and patriot and an ardent and devoted champion of the cause of Texas and of the South.

General Green came of a warlike ancestry. Through his mother, who was a granddaughter of Colonel Anderson, of North Carolina, he was a lineal descendant of those Revolutionary heroes who, from Lexington to Yorktown with blood and tears and unspeakable suffering, won for us the heritage of freedom which we now enjoy. It is not surprising that a love of battles and of heroes and of the stormy pageantry of wars manifested itself in the child. He sought out the history of great generals and famous military chieftains, and would sit absorbed in them for hours while his companions were romping on the playground. And it was not merely the romance of war and the imposing pageant of moving armies, in their appeal to a young and fervent imagination, that absorbed him in such literature; but the rationale of battles, the strategic movements in which the acuteness and prescience of the military genius are often so brilliantly and effectively displayed, charmed him no less. And when he grew to manhood, he was thoroughly versed in ancient and modern history, and had the salient features of the world's great campaigns and decisive battles at his tongue's end.

He received a liberal education at Princeton College, Kentucky, Jackson College, in Maury County, Tenn., and at the University of Nashville. He studied law with his illustrious father, Nathan Green, who for nearly a quarter of a century was one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. It was in the winter of 1835 that the sound of the desperate struggle which the Texans were making for their independence reached his ears in his Tennessee home. Can there be a more eloquent and commanding appeal to the heart of a true hero than the spectacle of a handful of patriots

"Facing fearful odds
For the ashes of their fathers
And the temples of their gods?
And for the tender mothers
That dandled them to rest
And for the loving wives that nursed
Their babies at their breast?"

Tom Green had a heart that could not resist the passionate eloquence of such an appeal. His love of freedom and of right, his scorn of tyranny and his hatred of oppression, inherited from his revolutionary ancestry, decided the battle which must have raged fiercely for a time in his heart between the instinct of natural affection and the instinct of that wider affection which feels its brotherhood with all who suffer and rushes to the rescue of all who are oppressed. And so, in obedience to the larger and more disinterested passion, he tore himself from the arms of a weeping mother and made his way to the land where the "Lone Star" was struggling to arise out of the fogs and shadows of Mexican misrule and slavery and fix itself in the bright constellation of free and independent nations. Here in deep veneration for the rights of humanity and in sacred love of freedom he offered his sword and his life to Gen. Sam Houston for the cause of Texas independence. He was present at the memorable and decisive battle of San Jacinto, and for gallant conduct on the field was promoted to a lieutenancy by General Rusk, who was at that time Secretary of War. Subsequently he was appointed aid-de-camp to General Rusk with the rank of major. The routed Mexican army being swept beyond the Rio Grande, the President of the Mexican Republic a captive, and Texas independence established, Major Green returned to his home in Tennessee, and spent another year in the study of law. In the spring of 1837 he returned to Texas. In 1840 he was elected to Congress from Fayette County. In 1841 he was appointed clerk of the Supreme Court of the Republic of Texas. These offices he filled with a manifest fidelity and ability and with that gentlemanly bearing and courteous cordiality that made lasting friends of all who came in contact with him and by which he became universally popular throughout the republic.

I pass over his services to the republic in expeditions against hostile Indians and as scout to the fated Mier expedition and come at once to the stirring days of annexation. Tom Green was secretary of the convention that framed the constitution of 1845, and no sooner was war declared than he obtained an order from the Governor to organize a company, which became a part of the regiment of Col. John C. Hays. This regiment was composed of veterans who had seen service in the former war, and was one of the most gallant that ever marched out of Texas. It formed the van of General Taylor's invading army. It was in the forefront of the battle of Monterey, accompanied General Worth in his movements to the rear of the city, occupied the advanced position in the town after the outposts were carried, and had the honor to receive the first flag of truce under which negotiations were begun which led to the final capitulation of the enemy. To the influence and example of General Green as much as, if not more than, to any other officer, were due the unity of sentiment and of action and the spirit of intrepidity which gave that regiment its world-wide fame and crowned the name of the Texas Rangers with imperishable honor.

At the opening of hostilities between the States Tom Green accepted a colonelcy in the expedition to Arizona and New Mexico under General Sibley. In that campaign his military qualities shone forth with conspicuous luster. At the battle of Valverde less than two thousand Confederates were called upon to dislodge an army of seven thousand Federals. General Sibley was sick, and at his order Tom Green took command. He ordered Captain Long and Major Raguet to charge the enemy's cavalry, and at the same time he hurled the remainder of his force against the enemy's artillery and infantry; and so spirited and determined was the attack that, although the Confederates were armed, for the most part, with shotguns and charged across an open plain, the battery was soon taken and the infantry driven in confusion across the river. And the whole army of General Canby should inevitably have been captured had not General Sibley, who had resumed command about seven o'clock in the evening, ordered the pursuit to cease.

It is as much the presence of a great commander on the field as the active play of his thought in the movement of his forces that inspires an army and gives it the impetuous instinct of victory. It was the estimate of Wellington's officers, to which the Duke himself assented, that the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte on the field of battle was equal to forty thousand men. So much for the power of personality. General Green was a man of commanding presence. He was over six feet high, of strong and muscular frame, and presented a martial appearance on the field of battle. His presence inspired his troops with enthusiasm, and their confidence in his ability as a leader assured them that they followed no will-o'-the-wisp when at his command they launched the thunderbolt of war. In honor of the success of the Confederates at this battle an artillery company was formed of which Ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers, of Texas, was made captain, and it was known throughout the war as the "Valverde Battery."

I wish I had time to tell you of his strategy at Paralta,

when by consummate cunning he saved his command and crossed his whole army to the left bank of the river and joined General Sibley in safety, and with what splendid ability and heroic devotion he conducted one of the most hazardous expeditions of the whole war—that for the capture of Galveston Island. His own words in this connection must suffice. They flash a sufficient light upon the man and upon his spirit and purpose. In his address to his soldiers he said: "You are called upon to volunteer in a dangerous expedition. I have never deceived you; I will not deceive you now. I regard this as the most desperate enterprise that men ever engaged in. I shall go, but do not know that I shall return. I do not know that a single man who goes with me shall, and I want no one to volunteer who is not willing to die for his country, and to die now." Those are immortal words. They make fragrant the air that bears them to our ears. They exalt our conception of the patriot and make us proud of the humanity which we share with the man who uttered them. It is not to be wondered at that the people of the far past deified their heroes. I doubt not that the demigods of antiquity were but the historic memories of great men who had saved or died for their nation in some great crisis of peril. The national conscience and love would not allow that such men could die and be no more. Such power, such patriotism, such wisdom and devotion could not disappear amid

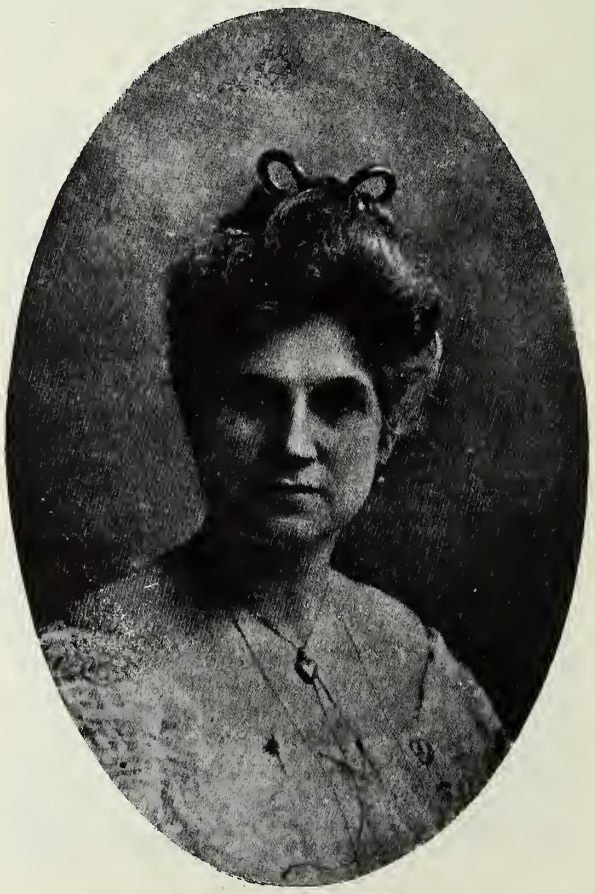
"Festering bone and rotting limb,
In dire confusion tossed."

They looked for their return; but as they never blessed the earth again with their familiar presence, the grateful hearts of their countrymen deified them, gave them a place among the gods, and so made their names and memories forever honorable and immortal on earth. It is a feeling akin to this, though guided by a more enlightened intelligence, by which we are impelled to rescue the names of our great dead from oblivion and to lavish our love and gratitude upon their memories in monumental marble and mural tablet and in anniversaries, centenaries, and celebrations that know no halt nor weariness from year to year.

But I must hasten to a close. I should love to follow Tom Green in the campaigns in Louisiana, where with his brigade he joined the command of Gen. Richard Taylor; how he made secure General Taylor's retreat from Franklin by covering his rear; his brilliant capture of Brashear City with its $3,000,000 worth of stores; how at Lafourche with sixteen hundred men he repulsed an enemy of six thousand; how he attacked the enemy at Bayou Burbeaux, who were intrenched in superior force, and carried off nine hundred prisoners, and put all the country above Vermilion Bayou once more in the hands of the Confederates; how he was ordered back to Texas to take command of the defenses of Galveston; how he was again ordered to Louisiana; was promoted to major general; how he won the battle of Bayou du Paul with a greatly inferior force in numbers; how he won the battle of Mansfield, bringing away as spoils of victory the enemy's entire artillery, all his transportation, and about four thousand prisoners. All this is history, and our time will allow us only thus briefly to glance at it. It will be read by our descendants with quickened pulses when the dust shall lie thick upon our faces.

But a few days after the great victory of Mansfield the whole country was startled by the announcement of the death of Gen. Tom Green. He had died at his post of duty at Blair's Landing, on the Red River. The body of the fallen hero, accompanied by his chief of staff, Maj. Joseph D. Sayers, and his brother, was brought to Austin, where a guard of honor received it and where it lay in state for a number of days in the hall of the House of Representatives. Thence it was borne to the City Cemetery, and, according to his own request, consigned to the grave in his own family burying lot. And there to-day sleeps the sacred dust of this great patriot and soldier, with not as much as a simple marble slab to tell the passer-by that beneath that grassy mound lies a hero of three great wars—a man without fear and without reproach, a patriot who laid his all upon the altar of his country and sealed the gift with his life.

Shall this continue? Shall we, amid all the mighty material achievements which mark our advancing civilization and the ever-widening activities of our social and intellectual progress—shall we give to the world that sign of the saddest of all decadence—a growing indifference to the great sentiments and principles that made our Southern history imposing and glorious and which entitled our Southern leaders to rank among the world's greatest patriots and which establish for them a claim upon our reverence, gratitude, and love which can end only with life itself? There is hope for a people as long as their great dead are not forgotten, for from their very urns they shall still inspire and rule and point to nobler things



MRS. Z. T. FULMORE, AUSTIN, TEX.,
Chairman of the Tom Green Monument Committee.

and show the way. Out of their graves shall come a mighty moral influence which shall quicken the living with renewed life and purpose when depressed by misfortune or degenerate through luxury. The grave cannot hide those great lives nor arrest the influence of their great hearts upon the living if we but be true to their memories and worthy of the heritage which they have bequeathed us. It is true, their names have

passed into history. There the reader of books and the student of the past shall find them shining and reigning, secure against assault or displacement. But this is not enough. History is not the expression of a people's love and gratitude. It is the work of the unimpassioned chronicler of events. It is the photographs of a people's footprints as they move across the theater of time. History may or may not do justice and honor to the memory of the dead, but the love and gratitude of one's own people never fail to do both.

It is not enough that the records of great lives, great hearts, and great achievements be written in the annals of a people. They should speak in marble, in stone, and in bronze from our cemeteries, our public squares and capitol grounds; they should speak in pictures from the walls of our Senate rooms and halls of legislation; they should be made audible and spectacular in moving pageants through our streets with music and drums and banners. Thus shall the rising generations be kept in vital and inspiring contact with the spirit and genius of the past, and in times of despondency or lethargy or of menacing mammon worship they shall cry: "Let us prove ourselves worthy of the spirit and deeds of our fathers, and not unworthy of the precious heritage which they have transmitted to us." And thus the mighty dead, though long since vanished in their visible presence, shall still walk in the midst of us; and as once they drew their swords to protect us from an invading foe and to vindicate our chartered rights, so now they shall hover about us in unseen presence, and save us from those subtler foes that eat out our nobleness, paralyze our manhood, and drag us down into a besotment of selfishness which is concerned only with the questions: "What shall I eat? What shall I drink? Wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

This is the most inspiring way of writing history. It appeals to all, and by the persuasiveness of beauty and the subtle power of poetry and imagination stirs the heart which the historic page would leave unillumined and unkindled. Slowly this great work is going on. One by one the monuments are rising o'er the graves where our heroes lie sleeping. I appeal to you to-day to help us to erect another. Let us do this tardy justice and honor to the memory of that great hero of Texas and of the "Lost Cause," Gen. Tom Green. We plead for a fitting monument to mark the spot where his sacred ashes lie. As chairman of the Tom Green Monument Committee of the U. D. C., I appeal to you to assist us in this noble work. We are trying to raise $1,200 for this purpose. Of this amount, $525 has already been donated, which leaves a remainder of $675 to be raised by the 1st of December.

I appeal to your patriotism, to your pride in your history, and in the priceless traditions of honor and valor which have come down to you from your fathers and from your brothers and comrades who bore themselves so gallantly in the burning front of battle. I appeal to your love for the present generation and to your hope for those that are to come.

Ye gray-haired veterans of the "Lost Cause," whose white heads glorify this assembly, you have doffed the gray, you have laid down your arms, and your honor as Southern soldiers, untainted in defeat as in victory, is pledged to accept the issue and to rally for the greatness and glory of a reunited nation. But never has and never shall a blush of shame mantle your cheek for the part you played in that gigantic struggle. We may say to-day with a consistent fervor and an unchallenged patriotism: "We love our country." From Aroostook, in Maine, to the Golden Gate and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, it is ours. We love the North. Why should we not? The blood of our ancestors baptized her soil, and beneath her green sod their ashes lie. The good, the great, the mighty dead once were hers in living presence, and good and true men are struggling to guide her fortunes to-day. But above all we love the South. It is the sunny land where "first the light of heaven blessed our infant vision." It was at her generous breasts we drank the milk of joy. Beneath her sod our fathers and our mothers sleep, and the ashes of her heroic sons await the vindication of the last Assize. If to love the South above the North, above every country of the globe; if to revere and honor her heroes above all other heroes; if to shrine her history and her struggles in our hearts as the most sacred of our inheritances—if this be treason, then your speaker is a traitor.

"If e'er to bless her sons
My hands or voice deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die."

So I appeal to you gray-haired veterans who once stood shoulder to shoulder with your fallen comrades amid the pitiless peltings of death's rattling hail on the field of battle. See to it that no meed of honor be denied your fallen comrades. Let all the world see that their graves are hallowed spots and that their memories shall flourish in immortal green. Some one has written very beautifully about the grave of Gen. Tom Green:

"Tom Green is no more; loved and honored he lies
In his home by the murmuring river,
In the soil that he saved 'neath his own Southern skies,
Where praises from lips yet unborn shall arise
And bless him forever and ever."

But that song shall not be complete until a fitting monument above his grave shall vindicate its truth before the eyes of men. Then shall we be one step nearer the consummation when of all our dead heroes it shall be sung:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave,
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps
Or honor guards the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.
The marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

Savannah and Philadelphia in Days of Old.—Dr. William Burroughs, of Brunswick, Ga., writes some interesting historic data concerning Savannah for the Morning News. Savannah was incorporated in 1789, Governor Telfair signing the act of the Georgia Legislature, "which occurred in the town of Augusta" on December 23. The city of Philadelphia was incorporated that same year. Savannah had a disastrous fire in 1820, and Philadelphia made the largest contribution for relief of the sufferers. In 1774 John Houston, Archibald Bulloch, and Dr. Noble Wimberly were elected delegates to the Continental Congress. George Washington visited Savannah in 1778.



GOV. JOHN I. COX, STAFF, AND SOME FRIENDS AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

SILVER SERVICE PRESENTATION.

On December 15, 1906, there occurred the coincidence of presenting magnificent silver services to three armored cruisers named for three Southern States—Louisiana, Tennessee, and Virginia. The first was at New Orleans, the second at Hampton Roads, and the third in the Norfolk Navy Yard. Unhappily, the ceremonies on Virginia waters being at the same hour, none could attend both, although within a few miles of each other, so it happens that while the VETERAN is loyal equally to the interests and honor of all, the report of the Tennessee is given, illustrating the usual proceedings.

A splendid tug carried the Governor of Tennessee, his staff, one of the United States Senators, Frazier, their wives, and a daughter of each, together with perhaps forty or fifty invited guests, from Tennessee mainly. As the powerful tug steamed by the side of the great cruiser, anchored quite centrally in Hampton Roads, it seemed to be as solid as a granite island. Every condition, including the weather, conspired to as perfectly happy occasion as could have been anticipated.

Captain Berry, the commander of the ship, himself a Tennesseean, and all the men under him, numbering over seven hundred, were on guard to honor and to serve guests in every way. The $6,000 silver service was placed on deck in the foreground of the picture here given. Governor Cox, attending his fair young daughter, who had been chosen to make the presentation address, said:

"Captain Berry, Officers, and Men of the Cruiser Tennessee:

"We are here as the representatives of all Tennesseeans in recognition and appreciation of the honor conferred upon our people by the Navy Department in giving to this splendid war vessel the name of our great State.

"I assure you that we are delighted to find our namesake commanded by a worthy son of Tennessee. We shall claim all who command and man the ship as sons and adopted sons of noble Tennesseeans, who in every conflict our nation has had with a foreign foe have given to the defense of our common country such devotion, fidelity, courage, and patriotism as to win for our commonwealth the proud and undisputed appellation, 'The Volunteer State.'

"We gave to history the immortal Farragut, one of the world's greatest sea captains, who became a midshipman at the age of eleven, and at the age of twenty-three, in the battle of Mobile Bay, had his body lashed to the rigging of his flagship, so if wounded he could direct the fight while he died. He gave his whole life to the navy, and died in the Portsmouth Navy Yard in his seventieth year.

"We gave to the world the great Maury, who gathered the observations of the ocean winds and currents and gave to us the 'physical geography of the sea.'

"We gave to history the immortal Jackson, one of the greatest military heroes the world has produced. These we offer as worthy ideals for you who are to defend our nation.

"We are here amid historic surroundings. Here at Norfolk lived Farragut when Virginia seceded; here in these waters met the Virginia and the Monitor in deadly conflict. In the Virginia was crystallized the inventive genius of the South in its ideal war vessel; in the Monitor was concentrated the inventive genius of the great North. The clash of these monsters gave to the world its first battle of the ironclads. The result revolutionized naval construction throughout the world, and made obsolete every war vessel that then sailed the seas."

The notable event of the ceremony was the presentation address by Miss Mary Cox, daughter of the Governor, a bright, vivacious schoolgirl, whose manner and whose words were equally charming. She disconcerted those who are accustomed to public speaking. Even Captain Berry, the commander of the cruiser, could hardly assume his usual dignity.

THE FAIR SPONSOR'S WORDS.

Miss Cox, sponsor of the occasion, and a winsome young woman, said, in formally presenting the beautiful silverware:

"From the land of our ancestral sires; from the old Volunteer State, made memorable by their march to King's Mountain, and the victory that turned the tide of the American Revolution; from the gathering place of the clan at Sycamore Shoals, on the beautiful Wautauga, we come with greeting and a memento of respect, love, and confidence, in and for those who are to command and man this, our noble namesake, 'The Tennessee.'

"Socrates was devoted to his philosophy, Wolsey to his earthly master, Calvin to his creed, and we to old Tennessee—but not more than to the Virginia State and this historic spot; this gateway to the home of Washington, to Lee, and Jackson; this 'open sesame' to all the nations of the world; this landing place of our forefathers.

"Brave men, may you ever be foremost in the fight, and last to surrender, if surrender you must!



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TENNESSEE CRUISER'S OFFICERS AND CREW ORDERED BY COMMANDER BERRY FOR MISS COX.

"With this service we bring the benediction of the old Volunteer State, and, in the language of the hero of Trafalgar, 'We expect every man to do his duty;' and may you, like that celebrated hero, know 'how to love, how to fight, and how to die!'"



MISS MARY COX.

Senator James B. Frazier gave a beautiful greeting for Tennessee in which he said: "Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet to tread upon Virginia's historic soil and my eyes to rejoice in her beauty and her thrift. Here where Henry spoke and Jefferson wrote and Washington fought for human freedom, here in the very cradle of American liberty, I hasten to render that obeisance that every American owes to Virginia when he stands uncovered in her historic presence. Here in Hampton Roads, made famous by the courage and heroic fortitude of American seamen, I doff my hat to the American navy."

THE STANDARD BEARER.

BY BEATRICE STEVENS.

Look! he has gained it, the foremost place
The glory of victory covers his face.
Cheering and beautiful, over his head,
The flag that he loves to the wind is spread—
  Cheers for the standard bearer!

God! he has fallen! O help him! There,
Comrade, so near to him—sweet brow bare—
Up with the standard! It must not lie
Soiled in the dust, though ten thousand die
  Brave as the standard bearer!

Rage, thou fierce torrent, fearfully red!
Hurl thy surf, crimson, above the dead;
But all thy harsh voices summon in vain
Him who lies silent among the slain—
  Beautiful standard bearer!

Honor and cherish him, land o' his love;
Whether the raven or whether the dove
Shadow thy doorway, his like are thy gold.
Thou, mourning mother, in glory art stoled—
  Honor the standard bearer!

Dyersburg, Tenn.



Ah! each year their ranks grow thinner—
Veterans, weary by the way;
Soon life's sun will sink forever
On those wearers of the gray.

One by one they answer roll call,
One by one they pass away—
Pass beyond this vale of heartaches,
Noble wearers of the gray.

Capt. Louis W. McLaughlin.

Capt. Louis W. McLaughlin was born in Louisville, Ky., September 26, 1839. He moved to Louisiana, and in April, 1861, was enlisted in the army of the Confederate States in Company K (Nelligan's), 1st Louisiana Infantry, in which he was appointed third sergeant. He was promoted to second lieutenant in December, 1861, to first lieutenant April 28, 1862, and to captain in January, 1863. He was paroled at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865. He served without intermission, except when imprisoned, throughout the war, doing much active service. He was taken prisoner once.

After the war Mr. McLaughlin moved to Eufaula, Ala., where he lived until his death, which occurred on September 5, 1906. Captain McLaughlin is survived by his wife (who was Miss Belle Hart, of Eufaula) and two daughters (Mrs. C. O. Hearron, of Spartanburg, S. C., and Miss Dot McLaughlin, of Atlanta, Ga.). Mr. McLaughlin served faithfully and most efficiently as tax officer for twelve years in Barbour County, Ala., and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the people in other lines of business in which he engaged. If any of his old comrades in reading this should recollect him kindly, his family would appreciate some expression from them.

[The foregoing is from "S. H. B.," Eufaula, Ala.]

Maj. P. H. Morel.

After a short illness, Maj. P. H. Morel, aged sixty-two years, Registrar of the City Health Department, a Confederate Veteran, and a prominent Mason, died at his home, in San Francisco. He is survived by a son and two daughters. Major Morel was born in Savannah, Ga.; but removed to California during the year following the close of the war, and had resided in San Francisco since, and during the last eight years he was connected with the health department of the city. The members of George B. Eastin Camp, United Confederate Veterans, accompanied the body to the grave.

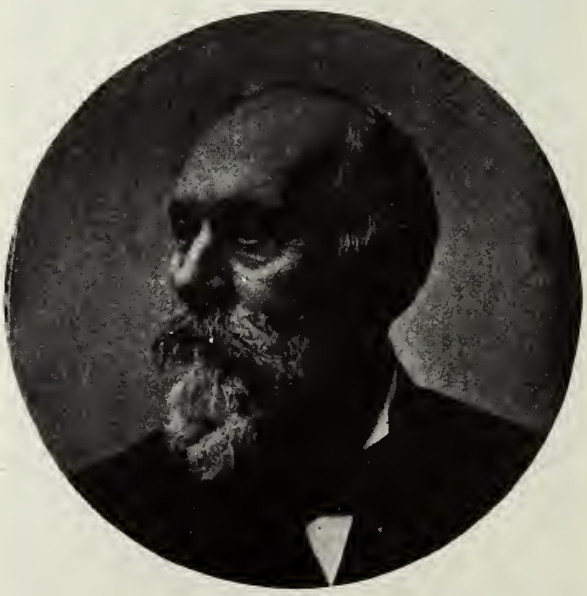
George B. Houser.

George B. Houser died at his home, on Purgatory Creek, Va., on the 9th of November. He was born in 1847, and at the age of seventeen enlisted in Capt. G. W. Breckinridge's company, and served until the close of the war. He was married a few years after the war, and three daughters and two sons survive him. He was a consistent member of the Church, his life being an example to others. Never putting himself forward in anything, he was always ready to respond when called upon. A friend of many years writes that he never knew of his doing a single act unbecoming a Christian gentleman, and from Capt. G. W. Breckinridge comes this tribute: "As his captain, I can say that a better soldier never shouldered a musket, nor since the close of the war has Botetourt County had a better or more worthy citizen."

Col. A. M. Shannon.

Col. Alexander M. Shannon, an honored citizen of Galveston and prominent throughout the State of Texas, died on the 28th of October, 1906. He was born in Arkansas May 7, 1839; but went to Texas at the age of fourteen, settling finally in Southwest Texas, having acquired a fine ranch along the San Antonio River. Here he was living when the war broke out, and in 1861 he was one of the seven men in Karnes County who opposed secession; but when his State went out, he cast his lot with her. He joined the famous Terry's Texas Rangers. He was first lieutenant of Company C, afterwards its captain, and did gallant service in that capacity until July, 1863. He was then detached and assigned to command of the secret service of the Army of Tennessee, reporting to the commanding general; and in February, 1865, while still in this service, he was promoted to colonel. He was with Johnston's army in North Carolina when news of General Lee's surrender was received, and was then selected as commander of the escort detailed to accompany President Davis and aid him in getting to the west side of the Mississippi River; but the Confederate chieftain was captured before Colonel Shannon and his men could reach him. Colonel Shannon was wounded several times during his service in the army.

At the conclusion of the war Colonel Shannon returned to his ranch on the San Antonio, but after a short time removed to New Orleans and engaged in business with the tropics. In 1869 he joined Gen. John B. Hood in the commission and insurance business in New Orleans, and in November went to



COLONEL SHANNON.

Galveston to take charge of the Texas division, the business having grown to large proportions. In 1880 Colonel Shannon engaged in government contracting, doing jetty work along the Texas coast from Louisiana to Mexico, at one time having

under contract nearly all the work on the Texas coast. Under him the south jetty in Galveston Harbor was carried out about four and a half miles into the Gulf. He was engaged nearly ten years in work of this kind. In 1890 he was made General Manager of the Galveston and Western Railway, and in December of 1893 was appointed postmaster of Galveston. He was very little in public office, but after making his residence in Galveston was interested in the growth and upbuilding of the city. He was married in 1872 to Miss Clara Viola Scott, daughter of Maj. William B. Scott, of Alabama, and granddaughter of Governor Murphy, of that State. Three daughters and four sons blessed their union. The latter all reside in Galveston.

R. B. Sandiford.

Ralph Benjamin Sandiford died in Oxford July 17, 1906. He was born on St. Helena Island, S. C., July 1, 1837. He entered the Confederate service with the Oglethorpe Light Infantry of Savannah, which became Company B, 8th Georgia Volunteers, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. This, it is said, was the first company in all the South that offered its services to President Davis for the war. It was mustered into service May 21, 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox, having taken part in forty-one battles.

Comrade Sandiford received a severe flesh wound in his thigh December 11, 1864. He refused to make known to the surgeon the full extent of his injury, and in a short time, with the aid of a crutch, he walked about seventy miles to rejoin his regiment. When Lee and Johnston had surrendered, he walked to Savannah. Mr. Sandiford would have been promoted by one who occupied a high position in the War Department of the Confederacy, but he respectfully declined.

He was married April 23, 1877, at St. Mary's, Ga., to Jennie G. Burns. After the mother of his children died, he devoted himself entirely to the work of rearing them properly, and he acted the part of both father and mother. He led a quiet Christian life, knew no town gossip, was very charitable in word and deed. He was always prompt in meeting his obligations. He left a small legacy to the colored woman who had served the family faithfully for some years.

Maj. John G. Thomas.

Maj. John G. Thomas, son of John S. and Mary Bryan Thomas, was born in Milledgeville, Ga., March 28, 1833; and died calmly at his home, in Scottsboro, near Milledgeville, November 11, 1906, in his seventy-fourth year. Heart trouble, precipitated by a severe cold, was the cause of his death. He was buried from Stephen's Episcopal Church at Milledgeville, the Rev. W. R. Walker, of Macon, officiating.

Graduating from Yale in 1853, he studied law under J. S. Pettigrew, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., and was admitted to the bar in that city in 1855; but, abandoning this profession, he went to Florida and engaged in planting. In 1861 he shouldered his musket and entered the Confederate service as a private in a Florida regiment for one year, the term of his enlistment. After that he was assigned to duty as assistant inspector general of cavalry, with the rank of major, on the staff of Gen. Joseph Wheeler until the summer of 1864, when he was appointed special aid to his brother, the lamented Gen. Bryan M. Thomas, late of Dalton, Ga., in which capacity he continued to serve until the close of the war, when he wended his way through the ashes and smoke in Sherman's wake back to the land of the palmetto and the pine, and with undaunted spirit engaged in the culture of cotton in Florida and in Dooly County, Ga., until 1876, when he returned to Baldwin County, his native heath, where he afterwards lived in quiet and at peace with the world and all mankind, dispensing hospitality, charity, and good cheer to the extent of his ability. He served as judge of one of the courts for many years, even until his death. "He presided with graceful ease and ability."

Major Thomas was a gentleman of the old school, with strong convictions of his own and the courage to defend them. He is survived by his good wife and six children (Mrs. E. K. Lumpkin, of Athens, Ga.; Mrs. Alexander R. Jones, of San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Elizabeth Thomas, now of Savannah, Ga.; Miss Martha G. Thomas and John G. and F. Drayton Thomas, of Jacksonville, Fla.) and one sister (Miss Mary Neyle Thomas, of Milledgeville). As a husband and father, he was gentle, loving, considerate, and kind; as a friend, generous, unwavering, and true; and in his death the country and community have lost a valuable citizen. He fought the good fight, answered the last roll call, crossed the river, and joined his former comrades in arms in their bivouac under the shade of the trees beyond, where the bugle note disturbs not and the war cry sounds no more.

Judge J. H. Fulton.

Judge John H. Fulton was captain of the Wythe Greys, 4th Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, Grand Commander Confederate Veterans, Virginia Division, and Judge-Advocate General Second Brigade, Virginia Division. This distinguished soldier, civilian, and jurist died at his residence, in Wytheville, Va., on January 7, 1907, of heart disease in his seventieth year, having been born in Wytheville, Va., July 18, 1837, within about one hundred yards of the house in which he died and in which he had long resided. His father was Judge Andrew Fulton, for many years circuit judge under the old régime.

John H. Fulton was educated at Emory and Henry College, studied law, and was licensed to practice at an early age. He joined a military company, the Wythe Greys, organized about the time of the John Brown Raid, of which he was made second lieutenant, and he was with the company at the execution of John Brown at Charlestown, Va. This company volunteered its services to the State as soon as the ordinance of secession was passed, was at once called into service, and became one of the companies which formed the original "Stonewall Brigade," and served under the immediate command of Gen. T. J. Jackson. He was made captain of the company in May, 1862, and was wounded at Second Manassas, when Jackson held his lines with such obstinate valor until Longstreet's Corps could reach them. When the ammunition of some of the companies was exhausted, they disdained to retreat; but fought with rocks, of which fortunately there was abundant store at hand, and thus repelled the enemy.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, when Jackson doubled up Hooker's right and compelled the withdrawal of his army, Captain Fulton had his thigh broken near the hip joint, and was thereafter unfitted for active service. He was relegated for support to his crutch ever afterwards.

Captain Fulton resumed the practice of law after the war. He was elected a member of the House of Delegates of the first Legislature which met after reconstruction, and was elected judge of the circuit composed of the counties of Wythe, Giles, Bland, Tazewell, Pulaski, Carroll, and Grayson. For about twenty years he filled this place with distinguished ability, and established a reputation as an able jurist. He re-

signed his position, however, and resumed the practice of law, bearing a reputation for ability and knowledge of the law not confined to his circuit or section. A correspondent of the Richmond Times-Democrat thus estimates his legal powers: "It may be truly said that he was the Nestor of the bar of the Southwest. He was a man of retiring disposition and marked modesty, but with a reserved force which when called into action was alike the admiration of his friends and the fear and apprehension of his opponents."

While gallant as a soldier, wise as a judge, and able as a lawyer, it was to his higher attributes as a man and a citizen that he won the love and affection of the whole community amongst whom his life was passed. Pure, upright, and honorable, kind, charitable, and benevolent, he made his record.

Judge Fulton was elected Commander of the William Terry Camp of Confederate Veterans at the first organization, and held the office up to the time of his death. At the hands of the State organization he was made Commander at its session in Petersburg in the fall of 1905, and as such he presided with dignity and marked ability at its annual meeting in Roanoke in October, 1906. He was Judge-Advocate General of the Second Brigade, Virginia Division, at the time of his death.

Judge Fulton in 1876 married Miss Cynthia McGavock, of Wytheville, who survives him with one daughter, Mrs. J. Norment Powell, of Bristol. His domestic life was simply ideal in the wealth of love and affection which marked his intercourse with his family.

Judge Fulton's funeral was very largely attended. It was held in St. John's Church, of which he was a regular attendant, and was conducted by his rector, Rev. W. H. K. Pendleton, assisted by Rev. T. S. Russell, of Bristol, Tenn. William Terry Camp of Confederate Veterans acted as honorary pallbearers with full ranks, together with a large delegation of the State organization and members of the bar from Wythe and adjoining counties, members of the Council, the Masonic Fraternity, the vestry of the Church, and very many persons from other sections.

At a meeting of William Terry Camp, Confederate Veterans, held in Wytheville on January 9, 1907, suitable resolutions offered by Col. R. E. Withers, who was colonel of the 18th Virginia Infantry, were unanimously adopted. In a personal tribute Colonel Withers said of him: "Nearly forty years of almost daily personal intercourse afforded ample opportunity to estimate his character, appreciate the high standard of morality which governed his daily intercourse with his fellow-men, and the unswerving integrity which dominated his life. I have known no man whose probity and honor exceeded Judge Fulton's, no man who measured up more fully to the high standard of the 'Virginia gentleman' of the old régime, and no higher eulogy in my judgment can be pronounced."

Capt. John Henderson Pickens.

Captain Pickens was born at Marion, Perry County, Ala., February 1, 1842; was educated at the State Military Academy at Tuscaloosa, Ala.; and died at Mineral Wells, Tex., May 13, 1905, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He enlisted in the Confederate service in Company G, 40th Alabama Infantry, in March, 1862, and was elected first lieutenant, and in the following May, upon the death of Capt. Hugh Summerville, he was promoted to captain, in which capacity he served with zeal and honor until January, 1865, when he was appointed adjutant and inspector general of Holtzclaw's Brigade, which, upon its return from Hood's Nashville campaign, was, with other brigades of that shattered army, sent to Spanish Fort for the defense of Mobile, where he served with marked distinction until the evacuation of the fort, and at the general surrender was paroled by the Federal authorities in May, 1865.

Captain Pickens was with his regiment in all of the hardships incident to the Confederates in Pemberton's campaign in Mississippi, and was taken prisoner with the army at Vicksburg. After the exchange, his regiment and brigade (Moore's) were sent to Bragg at Chattanooga, where he was engaged in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, was with Johnston and Hood through the Georgia campaign; and everywhere, in whatever position he was placed, he was the cool, fearless, determined man and the intelligent, efficient officer. He was keenly alive to anything that partook of the ridiculous, and his fun of sparkling humor never forsook him in the camp, on the march, or in the deadly conflict; and he was always cheerful, making a happy effect upon his men and upon all with whom he was associated. He was wounded three times, and always with his face to the foe. With his regiment he fought until his company was less than a skeleton. No braver man wore a sword or carried in his bosom a tenderer or more unselfish heart for the feelings or sufferings of others. He was modest and retiring, and never sought the applause of men, and in repose was as quiet and gentle as a woman; but in action he was transformed into the lion. All who knew him were his friends—aye, none knew him but to love him.

He was of the old South Carolina Pickens line of patriots. His grandfather, Gov. Andrew Pickens, was a general in our Continental War of Independence, and his cousin, Frank Pickens, was War Governor of South Carolina during our Confederate struggle.

At the close of our Confederate war he was left with nothing but his honor, his untarnished record, his love for his Southland, and his hatred of oppression; and in "Reconstruction" days he left his Alabama home and came West to begin life anew, where he would be free from the annoyance of "carpetbaggers" and scalawags, and finally located at Abilene, Tex. In 1890 he and Mrs. Eva Polk Brigham were united in marriage, and with hand in hand and with hearts that beat as one they lived and walked together until death, which had so often passed him by on the battlefield, called him to rest in his eternal home.

He was Grand Standard Bearer in the Grand Commandery of Texas, and was a sincere and active Christian, who filled up his life with good deeds and in helping others, who will bless his memory with recollections of his sympathy, his great heart, and open hand.

William H. Harrison and William Shaw.

A few days ago I reported to the Veteran the death of our beloved Chaplain, S. U. Grimsley. Now I have to report that two more have crossed over the river.

On January 3, 1907, Comrade William H. Harrison, Company A, 19th Virginia Battalion Heavy Artillery, crossed over the river. On January 7, 1907, Comrade William Shaw, Company C, 8th Alabama Infantry, passed quietly away. These two comrades had about rounded out four score years. After they laid down their carnal weapons of warfare, they both enlisted in the army of the Lord, and we believe they were faithful followers of their great Captain.

[The foregoing is from Thomas C. Kelley, Adjutant Harmanson-West Camp, U. C. V., No. 651, Hallwood, Va.]

WHITMIRE.—Jesse W. Whitmire, of Company H, Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, died September 16, 1905, at Everett, San Jacinto County, Tex. Thus another of the few remaining members of his old company has joined the great majority "on the other side."

BARRON.—Mrs. Agatha Scott Barron, wife of Capt. S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., died July 29, 1906. In the resolutions passed by Frank Taylor Chapter, U. D. C., it is stated: "We hold in grateful remembrance the many meetings of Frank Taylor Chapter at the home of Mrs. Barron; also her untiring efforts in collecting and making flags for the Chapter; also her great interest shown in all efforts toward the erection of the Confederate monument."

COL. M. M. DUFFIE.

Col. M. M. Duffie passed away at his home, in Malvern, Ark., September 12, 1906, after a lingering illness of general debility, having reached the ripe age of seventy-four years. He was a native of South Carolina, and graduated from Erskine College, of that State, in 1856. Soon after he went to Arkansas and located at Princeton. He studied law under Judge F. W. Campbell, and was admitted to the bar in 1858 at Princeton and to practice in the Superior Court of the State in 1860.

When the war broke out, he organized a company of ninety-nine men; and, strange to say, there was but one married man in the whole company. With this company he enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, joining the 6th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, Army of Tennessee. He rose to various grades during the war, and participated in nearly all the battles his regiment was engaged in. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, and when paroled he was lieutenant colonel of his regiment. After the war, he returned to Arkansas and resumed the practice of law. He represented Dallas County in the State Legislature in 1868, was elected to the State Senate in 1879 and was chosen President of that body. He was presidential elector in 1884, and carried the vote of his State to Washington City. He was appointed consul to Winnipeg, Manitoba, during President Cleveland's administration, and remained in office for one year after the Republican party came into power. He returned to Arkansas and settled at Malvern, associating with him his son, William R. Duffie, in the practice of law, and there resided till his death. He was married to Miss Cooksey in 1866.



COLONEL DUFFIE.

Colonel Duffie was a Director of the First National Bank of Malvern and a member of Rockport Lodge, F. and A. M., and also of Malvern Chapter, R. A. M. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity with the members of Van H. Manning Camp, U. C. V.

MISS ANNE BLACKWELL PICKETT.

One of Lexington's most prominent and venerated women died recently of pneumonia. Only a few days before she seemed quite well and was out calling on friends. Miss Pickett was eighty-two years of age, her death occurring almost on the anniversary of her birth. Her brother, Col. W. D. Pickett, was with her. He is a widower, and, having retired from business about three years ago, came from Wyoming to spend his declining years with his sister. A year ago the two bought a pretty house in Campsie Place, and Miss Pickett was active and happy in her household duties, being a model of the women who grow old gracefully. She was widely beloved, a devoted member and worker in the Episcopal Church, and always intensely interested in her friends and the affairs of the day. Another sister of Colonel Pickett, Mrs. Isaac Scott, died some years ago. The only other member of the family surviving Miss Pickett is her brother, Maj. George B. Pickett, who lives at Los Angeles, Cal.

The funeral services were held in Christ Church Cathedral. Dean William T. Capers conducted the services, assisted by Bishop Lewis W. Burton, and the burial was in the Lexington Cemetery.

JOHN RILEY ROSS.

John Riley Ross, a faithful Confederate soldier, answered the last roll call on May 30, 1906. Surviving him are his wife, daughter, and four sons, with a host of friends and relatives to mourn the passing of a beautiful life. He had passed his sixty-sixth year by a few months, yet retained the vigor and brilliancy of youth.

Comrade Ross volunteered in the first year of the war, serving under Captain Tripp in Company B, 40th North Carolina Regiment Heavy Artillery. His first service was at Fort Hill, near Washington, N. C., and from there to New Berne, Fort Macon, Fort Fisher, and other forts near Wilmington until Sherman's raid, when they were sent into Georgia to meet him. They returned to Fort Fisher, and were there when it fell. He was among the number that held the fort while the Southerners evacuated, and escaped capture by crossing a burning bridge which the Federals had fired at one end and the Southerners at the other. But he had resolved not to be captured alive, and kept his word. He was wounded in the battle of Bentonville while trying to rescue a comrade, and surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, from which place he walked to his home at Washington.

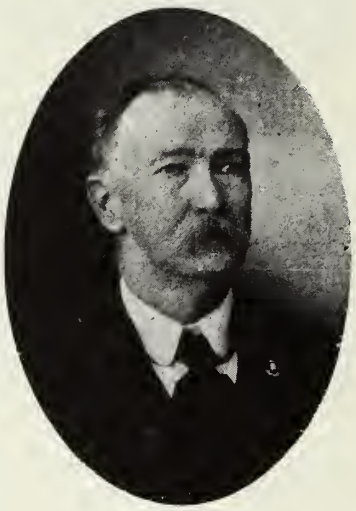
He was the City Clerk of Washington, N. C., for twenty-five years, a charter member of the lodge of Knights of Honor and a member of the Confederate Board of Pensions. He was escorted to his last resting place in Oakdale Cemetery by Company G, Bryan Grimes Camp of Confederate Veterans,

Company G, 2d Regiment State Guards, in which all his sons but one have served, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and a host of other friends. He lived not for himself, but for others.

"Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell;
With Jesus his Master in glory to dwell,
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr, he died at his post."

Thomas M. Murphree.

The following tribute comes from Rev. R. P. Goar, Chaplain of James Gordon Camp, U. C. V., Pittsboro, Miss.: "Thomas Martin Murphree was born April 1, 1844, at Oldtown, Chickasaw County, Miss.; and died October 9, 1905, at Pittsboro, Calhoun County, Miss., leaving a wife and three children, with a host of friends, to mourn their loss. Thomas Murphree was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, and no man did more for the Confederate soldier than did he in later years. He was also a consistent member of the Methodist Church. Peaceful be his sl ep till God shall bid him rise to life eternal!"



T. M. MURPHREE.

Dr. Julian C. Kendrick.

After a protracted illness and severe suffering for several weeks, Dr. Julian C. Kendrick died on May 31, 1906, at the home of his daughter, in Los Angeles, Cal., to which place he was removed from his home, at Downey, Cal., shortly before his death with the hope that the change would be beneficial.

He was born December 2, 1845, in Louisville, Ky. In 1863 he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served until the close of the war as an officer on the staff of Brig. Gen. R. M. Gano, in whose brigade the father of Dr. Kendrick was a surgeon.

In 1873 he graduated at the Eclectic Medical College in Cincinnati, and in 1877 he graduated at the Kentucky Medical College. Thus well equipped for his profession, he came to California in 1878; and after spending four years in Oakland, he removed in 1882 to Downey, in Los Angeles County, at which latter place he was actively engaged practicing his profession up to the beginning of his last sickness. His chief ambition in life was to be helpful to those around him, and many times without thought of remuneration gave his time and services to the sick and needy. He was from early life a most consistent and active member of the Church of Christ, and died strong in the faith. The large attendance of his neighbors and friends who came from Downey to Los Angeles to attend his funeral attested their friendship and love for him. Soon after his removal to Los Angeles County he identified himself with Camp 770, U. C. V., and subsequently became a member of Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280, U. C. V. He was as active and earnest in the work of the Association as his circumstances permitted, and especially was he an active participant in every musical programme.

It was resolved by Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280, U. C. V., that "in the death of Dr. Kendrick the Camp and the Association lost a most worthy and deserving member."

The Camp tendered to his surviving wife, children, and other relatives its deepest and sincerest sympathy.

The committee making report are J. E. Wilson and A. W. Hutton.

Joseph B. Patton.

On September 1, 1906, Joseph B. Patton ceased to live among his fellow-men. He was born in Nashville, Tenn., August 30, 1842, and hence had passed his sixty-fourth year.

Mr. Pink Hood, of Nashville, writes of him: "When the War between the States broke out, Mr. Patton enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and served until the close. Near the end of the war he was married to Miss Laura Bell McInturff, who survives him with four children. Mr. Patton moved to Rome, Ga., twenty-six years ago and engaged successfully in the lumber business. He was an active and influential citizen, and lived up to the biblical admonition that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He was devoted to his family and friends, and his greatest pleasure was in making others happy."

Comrade M. M. Barnes, of Nashville, writes: "I was a member of the same battery as was Joe B. Patton, McClung's 1st Tennessee Artillery, C. S. A. This command was organized in Nashville in 1861 shortly after Tennessee seceded from the Union, and Comrade Patton was with it from its organization to the end of the war. He made an exemplary soldier. This battery was prominent in the battle of Shiloh. It was taken by the enemy three different times during the battle, and was each time recaptured by our forces. We held it finally, and used their own ammunition on them in the closing events of the battle. When it was captured the second time, all of our horses had been killed or disabled, and we moved the guns on the field by prolonge. We had also exhausted the last round of ammunition; but when our forces charged and recaptured it, which they did after being in the hands of the enemy about one and a half hours, they had filled the limber chests and caissons full of ammunition, and we used it on them to good effect. After the battle of Shiloh, the batteries commanded by Henry B. Latrobe, George H. Monsarrat, and Arthur M. Rutledge were consolidated with McClung's Battery. Being the senior officer, McClung took command of the four consolidated batteries. Joe Patton's surviving comrades will regret to hear of his death."

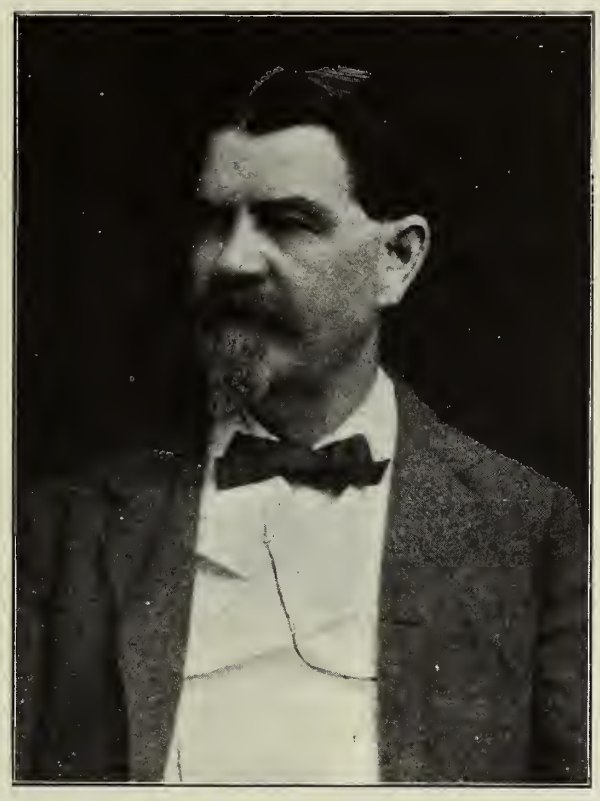
Col. Richard Hunter Dulaney.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch states editorially in regard to the late Col. R. H. Dulaney, lieutenant colonel 7th Virginia Cavalry, who died recently at Welbourne, Loudoun County, Va.: "It is difficult to describe to the modern generation in appropriate terms the character of a man like Col. Richard Hunter Dulaney. It would require the descriptive powers of Washington Irving and John Esten Cooke combined and an intimate knowledge of the best Virginia and English society for a century past to portray this striking character, whose example of refinement, manliness, courage, piety, and patriotism has just been removed from the State, of whose best traditions he was one of the fairest exponents. The anecdotes of his elegance and his hospitality, of his personal prowess in the field of sport and of his daring deeds on the field of battle, of his sufferings and his triumphs—all will be told, and would not be in place in this notice, which is only to express the gratification and pride of Virginians that the old State has had such a son and their lament that his equal is not left."

The following members of Camp James Adams, No. 1036, U. C. V., at Austin, Ark., have died recently: Green Olive, November 4, 1906; served in the 46th Tennessee Infantry. C. C. Green, December 30, 1906; served in the 36th Arkansas Infantry.

Frank Hume.

In the death of Frank Hume, of "Warwick," Alexandria County, Va., which occurred July 17, 1906, in Washington City, another loyal and devoted Southern veteran has passed away. Mr. Hume was the fourth son of the late Charles and Virginia (Rawlins) Hume, and was born in Culpeper, Va., July 21, 1843. His mother was a first cousin of Gen. John A.



HON. FRANK HUME.

Rawlins, Gen. U. S. Grant's adjutant general and later Secretary of War. He was descended from an old distinguished Border family of Scotland. His direct ancestor, George Hume, of "Wedderburn," Berwickshire, Scotland, came to this country in 1721 and settled in Spottsylvania County, Va., engaging in land-surveying.

When Mr. Hume was quite young his father moved from Culpeper to Washington City, having been appointed to an important position in the Second Auditor's office of the Treasury Department, which he held for many years and to the time of his death, in 1863. Here young Hume was educated at what was then the preparatory school of Columbian College.

In the latter part of July, 1861, when he was just eighteen years of age, feeling it his duty to answer the call of his native State, Virginia, he left Washington, ostensibly on business, for Federal soldiers were stationed at different points around the city to guard communication with the South. He crossed the Potomac at Pope's Creek and hastened to Manassas, where, finding he had four cousins with a Mississippi regiment, he decided to cast his lot with them, and enlisted in the Volunteer Southrons, Company A, 21st Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He remained with them until the end of the war, discharging his duty with courage and fidelity. He participated in many of the principal engagements—Seven Pines, Savage Station, Maryland Heights, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Gettysburg (where he was severely wounded in the hip), Chester Gap, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Campbell's Station, siege of Knoxville, Falling Waters, Bunker's Hill, and others. He was also, by general orders, detailed by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart for scout duty. While on this duty his chief was mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern, and he then reported to Gen. Robert E. Lee in person. His elder brother, Charles C. Hume, a major in the Confederate army, had been killed sometime before while on similar service.

After the war Mr. Hume farmed for two years in Orange County, Va., and then returned to Washington City and entered into business there. Since 1870 he conducted a large wholesale grocery establishment with great success; he was also eminently successful with other business enterprises, his integrity, genial manner, and uprightness winning the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. He was an exemplary and public-spirited citizen, ever ready with heart and hand to help his fellow-men. He held many positions of trust in civil life and philanthropic institutions in his State as well as at the national capital. Although in business in Washington, he maintained his residence in his native State, his home being at Warwick, Alexandria County, Va., which was the frequent scene of many notable gatherings of prominent statesmen and of men who had taken a foremost part in the cause of the Confederacy. Here during the National Encampment at Washington in 1887 he entertained the Memphis Merchant Zouaves and the Volunteer Southrons of Vicksburg, the latter his old company.

Mr. Hume took a lively interest in politics as a Democrat, and he was honored with two terms in the Virginia Legislature, representing Alexandria City and County in the sessions of 1889 and 1899, to which he was elected both times by flattering majorities. In public affairs he discharged every duty as he did those of his home life, with constancy and absolute unselfishness.

He bore his long illness of more than two months with patience and Christian fortitude, trusting in the power and love of his Heavenly Father.

Mr. Hume married Miss Norris, a daughter of John E. Norris, a prominent lawyer of Washington City. His widow, nine children, and several grandchildren survive him.



WARWICK, COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MR. HUME.

CAPT. C. FRANK SILER, HERO OF HEROES.

BY HON. W. P. WOOD, REPRESENTATIVE OF RANDOLPH CO., N. C.

Capt. C. Frank Siler commanded Company M, 22d North Carolina Regiment, serving four years in the Confederate army. His courage and efficiency won him high praise from Gens. A. P. Hill, A. M. Scales, and Cook, Cols. T. S. Galloway and W. P. Wood, Major Odell, and Dr. W. H. Moore, his chaplain. He is the only officer known to us who held company prayers. He bears five wounds—all in front—was twice taken prisoner, and made hairbreadth escapes. Twice he did much to save the army. He was twice promised promotion by his general, A. M. Scales—first at the Wilderness, when, three color bearers having been shot down, Captain Siler caught up the flag and, waving it aloft, led his men in a gallant charge which took the ground the enemy were holding and prevented their flank charge. Soon afterwards General Scales embraced the Captain and said: "God bless you! I saw your conduct with that flag! You have saved the army, and you shall be promoted." Next it was at Petersburg that General Scales selected him from one hundred and sixty officers, if all were present, to take charge of his sharpshooters, Captain Young, their commander, being absent. The following order was soon received from Gen. A. P. Hill: "I am at sea as to the location of the enemy; and unless I can learn it to-night, our army may be ruined. Send your sharpshooters and a part of General Lane's to-night about twelve o'clock as quietly as possible to the enemy's rifle pits and take as many prisoners as they can, and ask them as soon as captured as to the location of their army. They will tell the truth, just aroused from sleep."

Captain Siler mounted General Scales's horse, and, *en route* to General Lanes's Regiment for the detail of his sharpshooters in the darkness of the night, his horse missed the dam used for a bridge and he and rider fell over a precipice nearly perpendicular about fifteen feet. But the water and mud into which they fell saved the lives of man and beast.

Having been over and exchanged papers at the Yankee rifle pits a few days before, Captain Siler had noticed carefully a beaten path on the margin of the woodland, in which he led his sharpshooters. First to reach the rifle pits, their fires shining dimly, he snatched a Yankee bayonet from his breast before it could be used or the gun fired. They captured about sixty prisoners; and when General Hill learned through them the location of their army, he ordered General Scales to promote the officer in command—Capt. C. F. Siler.

His colonel, T. S. Galloway, has stated that "Captain Siler was not only one of the bravest soldiers, but one of the most trusty;" and he gives the following incident as proof: "It was at Sutherland Station that Captain Siler was ordered to take a detail of men and hold a small piece of wood on the right. Siler very soon charged through the woods with about seventy men, and captured the Yankee picket line. A part of Miles's Division, 2d Corps of Grant's army, came in sight, and their commander, seeing the advantage of these woods, deployed a regiment of at least three hundred to take them. The third attack was made with full regiment and colors advancing to within about one hundred and forty yards; but they fell back with loss, the gallant stand of our line making it seem that a heavy force was there. All the time I could see Siler, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, rushing up and down his line encouraging his men, which so thrilled General Cook that he cried out: 'Who is that gallant officer in command?' In this way that much-desired ground was held until the arrival of other forces."

The following thrilling incident from the Cheatham Record will be read with admiration by all true men: "In his short speech at the Veterans' Reunion at Mount Vernon Springs Col. W. P. Wood said that there were just as brave men among his hearers as Bagley or Dewey and Hobson and the other heroes of our war with Spain. And to illustrate the truth of his statement he cited an instance of the bravery of one of his hearers, which he had witnessed at the battle of the Wilderness. He said that when a charge was ordered the color bearer of the regiment promptly started forward, but was at once shot dead. One of the color guard immediately seized the falling flag, and he too fell dead. Another of the color guard grabbed the flag, but he also was instantly killed.



CAPT. FRANK SILER.

And then, although three men had been so quickly killed with that fatal flag, this hero rushed to the fallen flag and waved it aloft, dashed toward the enemy, calling out: 'Follow me, my brave men!' And they did follow him to victory. This was not the only instance of his bravery, as is attested by the scars of five wounds which he still bears on his body. Stand up, Captain Siler, and be seen. [Great applause]."

From the Asheboro Courier, of Randolph, we quote: "We had the pleasure of having with us Capt. C. F. Siler, the great hero of the South and bravest of all—justly called so by many distinguished men, and should be by all, for he is a noble and great man—great in many ways; great as a captain in the war; great as a Christian gentleman, educator, and armor bearer for his country; always kind and gentle and trying to help his fellow-travelers to be happy and good. He deserves to be remembered by the State of North Carolina for his many acts of heroism in the great struggle of 1861-65. Many prominent men have asked that the South should give him free passes on all the railroads for life and also a salary."

The News and Observer years ago called Captain Siler "The Hero of Heroes," while the Charlotte Observer mentioned him as "The bravest of the brave."

Faithful to the last, Captain Siler was with his command at Appomattox, and was just moving on the enemy when word came down the line that Lee had surrendered. He is now a peaceful citizen of his State, spending his declining days in teaching the youth of North Carolina.

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION COMPANY.

BY H. ST. GEORGE TUCKER, PRESIDENT.

The Jamestown Exposition Company will give options on the sites to be used by States which erect buildings at the Exposition. The option will be good for ninety days after the close of the Exposition. This offer is made because our Exposition is built on land which is owned by the company, and it is deemed wise for the States to have the option on account of the much greater salvage to be obtained after the close of the Exposition. At other expositions in many cases the various buildings erected by the different States were closed out at a very small part of the expense of the building. Again, the locality of the Exposition grounds and the surrounding country is virtually a summer resort, and many of the buildings could be used after the Exposition either as private residences, summer cottages, clubhouses, etc. The price on the water front is twenty-five cents per square foot, and the price in the back lots is fifteen cents per square foot. In nearly every case the States have availed themselves of this option, although it is not obligatory.

The transportation facilities for reaching the grounds from Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, and the vicinity are afforded by trolley lines, steam railroads, and water transportation—ferries, steamboats, etc. We have every assurance from the steam railroad authorities that the rates for the Exposition here will be the same as promulgated for the Exposition at St. Louis, which were exceedingly low rates.

The invitation extended by the President of the United States through the State Department to the various countries of the world to be represented at the Exposition by their naval and military representatives has been accepted by all the countries that have received it.

There are one hundred and fifty congresses and national conventions which have accepted the invitation to be with us during the Exposition, and the dates have already been fixed for their visits. The numbers represented by these various organizations will reach over a million and a half people. The population within twelve hours' ride of the Exposition is twenty-one millions and within thirty-six hours' ride of the Exposition is one-half of the population of this country—namely, forty millions.

This Exposition enjoys a National Commission consisting of the Secretaries of War, the Navy, and the Treasury. No other Exposition has had such a commission so high in official life. I am credibly informed that the government exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition will surpass any exhibit ever made by the government at any other Exposition. The government will have encamped on the grounds in the neighborhood of five thousand troops, representing each arm of the service. The State militia and national guards at the Exposition will reach probably fifty thousand in number, at various times encamped on the grounds. This does not include uniforms ranks of the Knights of Pythias, Woodmen of the World, etc., and other semimilitary organizations.

A great interest has been manifested in aëronautics. The Aëro Club of America has formed a Jamestown Aëro Congress, and everything that has been invented or created along this line of thought will be represented at the Exposition. In charge of this Aëro Congress is Dr. Graham Bell, President. We will have balloon ascensions, kites, airships, and airships will compete for the Cahon Cup. Through the auspices of the Brooklyn Yacht Club there will be yacht races here which will compete for the cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton, and also for the cups offered by the King of England, the Kaiser, and President Roosevelt. There are now in course of erection ten yachts for this race, to say nothing of the many yachts of various sizes for other races which are owned by various members of the country's yacht clubs. Automobile-racing will be a very attractive feature of the Exposition. The aquatic sports, rowing, swimming, etc., will be very attractive, and we expect for these races and exhibitions various crews from England. An athletic field and stadium are being prepared at the Exposition, and the athletic events will be in charge of the National Athletic Association of America, and all premiums awarded will be officially recognized.

The President of the United States has given us full assurances of the cordial coöperation of the government.

There are only two degrees of difference between the temperature of New York City and Norfolk.

The naval affairs in themselves will be an unsurpassed attraction, and will not be a gathering of vessels which will be here only two weeks probably; but there will be a congregation of vessels from all over the world during the entire period of the Exposition, Admiral Harrington, Chairman of the Naval Board, having arranged with the various countries that their navies be represented at the Exposition throughout the entire period of the celebration.

The hotels of the cities on and near Hampton Roads within thirty minutes' ride of the Exposition grounds will accommodate fifty thousand people. Within the immediate vicinity of the Exposition grounds the hotels and cottages will accommodate about ten thousand people. Pine Beach, Ocean View, and Willoughby Beach hotels will accommodate about six thousand people, and the regular boarding houses and rooming houses, together with private dwellings which will offer rooms and board to Exposition visitors, will accommodate about twenty thousand people. Thus Norfolk and vicinity can take care of from seventy-five to one hundred thousand people. The majority of hotel rooms will be from $1 to $2.50 per day, and in rooming houses from 75 cents to $1.50 per day. Good meals in restaurants and boarding houses can be had from 25 cents to 50 cents.

RECEPTION AT GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE'S HOME.—A most appropriate and delightful reception was given at the residence of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss., on the Saturday evening of the centennial birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Miss Mary B. Harrison was hostess. A local paper states: "It was fitting that a home about which the air and glory of ante-bellum times linger should be the scene of such an event, and that within its doors Confederate colors should be lavishly displayed. The flags of the Confederacy and the State flag were a rich background for a wealth of flowers. Invited to receive with Miss Harrison were the first officers of the Columbus Chapter (Mrs. John M. Billups, President; Mrs. E. T. Sykes, Vice President; Mrs. J. O. Banks, Treasurer; and Mrs. T. B. Franklin, Secretary) and the officers now associated with her in her work (Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Georgia Young, Mrs. J. M. Morgan, Miss Garner, Miss Lincoln); also the Commander of the Isham Harrison Camp, Col. William C. Richards, and Mr. Thomas Harrison, Adjutant of the same organization. The evening was distinguished by the cordial welcome and informal charm that insure success and became a notable pleasure of the season."

Gen. R. E. Lee's eldest son, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee were classmates at West Point, and have been close personal friends through intervening years.

ADVERTISING IN RECIPROCITY.

Many friends of the VETERAN can't understand why there is not more general advertising in it. There is no lack of zeal in soliciting, but the conditions are not generally understood. A concern that the VETERAN has patronized for years makes the following reply to a liberal offer:

"We are in receipt of your favor of the 15th, and we are quite sure that we can remove the causes of the misunderstandings which seem to have arisen in regard to your request for our advertisement.

"While we very highly appreciate your continued favors, you know we would not want you to place a dollar's worth of business with us if you did not believe it was going to bring you more than a dollar in return and, further than this, that it was the most profitable advertising investment that you could make. You will realize, we are sure, that we must consider our advertising expenditures from the same standpoint. . . . We can afford only a limited amount of money for this, and we choose a few magazines whose circulation is so enormous that they will gain the end we want.

"We understand that the rates in your paper are low; but that has nothing to do with our decision that we cannot use your publication for advertising, because if we believed that it was the thing we should do we would pay your rates, no matter what they were. You can understand that we have hundreds of similar requests to yours and from customers of long standing; and if we were to make an exception in your case, there would be no logical reason why we should not make it in every case, and it would be the exception no longer, but the rule. While of course this money could not be spent without bringing us something in return, it would mount up to a great deal of money, and consequently affect our expenditures for advertising, which we feel is more logical for us to do and which we know brings the direct returns that we need."

The writer of the foregoing is evidently a young man at the desk, and he thinks he knows it all. The idea of exclusive use of magazines having very large circulation is ridiculous. If to supply an advertisement to one hundred thousand high-class readers—as the VETERAN evidently does with its twenty-one thousand copies—at one-tenth the price that is required for a million readers and the magazine of smaller circulation is a patron upon such representation as in the foregoing all the smaller patrons should look to reciprocal sources. An aggravating feature in this case comes of agents of the concern volunteering the suggestion at different times that the house would "probably advertise in the VETERAN."

THE DOMICILE BUILDING OF THE VETERAN.

The new Publishing House building of the M. E. Church, South, on the January VETERAN's front page was erected at a cost of $124,000, exclusive of all expense for furniture and fixtures for lighting and heating. It is built on a lot 75x240 feet, which cost seven years ago $25,000 and which to-day would doubtless bring twice that amount. The house fronts on Broadway, the principal street in the city. On the west side of the building is Ninth Avenue; in the rear is an alley, fifteen feet wide, belonging to the city; and on the east side is a private alley, ten feet wide, belonging to the Church. Five street car lines pass the house. The old house and lot were sold for $95,000.

The foregoing is from the Nashville *Christian Advocate,* which adds that "the annual net sales of the Publishing House amount to $500,000."

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. B. M. PALMER."

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Recently a book has been published which should interest every Southerner, and especially every Confederate. It is entitled "Life and Letters of the Rev. Benjamin M. Palmer, D.D.," by the Rev. T. C. Johnson, D.D. For forty-six years Dr. Palmer was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. No man exercised a more powerful and beneficent influence on the social and religious life of that city. He was a preacher of remarkable eloquence, a philosopher of profound intellect, a scholar of extensive learning, a man of the purest Christian character. During the terrible epidemics of yellow fever that occasionally visited New Orleans he was the faithful and devoted minister to the sufferers of all classes, winning the love and confidence of the whole city. But it was during the War between the States and in the sad years following that he showed himself as a great leader of the people.

A South Carolinian by birth and training, he was in thorough sympathy with the political ideals of Calhoun, and was one of the ablest exponents and defenders of those ideals. So when the crisis of 1861 came, he felt that it was his duty as a patriot to warn the people of the danger to their institutions and to instruct them as to the great moral issues involved. He preached in his church on Thanksgiving day, November 29, 1860, a sermon which probably did more than any other public utterance to confirm and establish the sentiment of Louisiana in favor of secession.

In the darkest days of the war Dr. Palmer was called upon to encourage the people, and by his addresses to the soldiers and his sermons in the churches through the South he helped the cause. His grand address to the United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1900, has already a place in classic literature.

On his eightieth birthday, January 25, 1898, he received such an ovation as is seldom given to a private citizen. Jewish rabbis with their people, preachers and their congregations from all the denominations of Christians gathered about him to do him honor, bringing rich tokens of love. The Catholic Cardinal Gibbons and the Episcopal Bishop Sessoms sent their congratulations. Confederate veterans crowded around him with loving words.

But I cannot do more than indicate a few of the contents of this noble biography of a man of whom the whole South should be proud. Though a minister of the Presbyterian Church, he belonged to the Church at large—a man whose influence reached far beyond New Orleans to the whole Southland. The book, an octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, is a model biography. Dr. Johnson tells the story of the life in delightful style, letting Dr. Palmer speak for himself in letters and addresses, which are connected by an easy-flowing narrative. The mechanical make-up of the book is excellent, the paper white and strong, the print clear and large enough to be easy on the eye. It is published by the Presbyterian Publishing Committee at Richmond. The presswork was done by the Cumberland Press of Nashville.

The Christian at Work of December 22, 1906, prints an amusing notice of the proposed return of a flag, "stars and bars," by the City Council of Boston to the city of New Orleans. Upon investigation it was found that instead of a stained banner of the Confederates it was a "crazy quilt," made by an old lady of the Crescent City for her own "amusement." The motive of the generous-hearted Bostonians is appreciated, nevertheless.



WATCH CHARMS
FOR
Confederate Veterans

"JACKSON" CHARM as Illustrated, $6.00

Write for illustrations of other styles. List No. 18.

S. N. MEYER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wanted for Cash.—Any Civil War brass belt buckles stamped C. S. or C. S. A., also a cedar wood canteen, and any flintlock horse pistol bearing name and date on lock. Describe what you have and give your price in first letter.
DAVIS BROTHERS, Kent, Ohio.

"LYRICS OF THE GRAY."

Thousands who read the VETERAN have enjoyed Mr. Harbaugh's poems, the sentiment of which is ever pleasing, with a moral spirit throughout. Mr. Harbaugh writes naturally and seems gifted with the best words in expressing his beautiful thoughts.

FROM MRS. GENERAL PICKETT.

"THE ONTARIO," WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 9, 1906.

Dear Mr. Harbaugh: Yesterday I received "Lyrics of the Gray," and have read the little book "from Anderson to Wood." I have often seen your name in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; and whenever it has caught my eye, I have read on farther, for I knew that something with a beautiful poetic soul was coming. In this way you have become associated in my thought with the most heroic and most tender memories of my Southland. It is a great pleasure to me to have a collection of your poems where I can take it up at will.

With the kindest and best wishes, I am sincerely yours,

LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

COMMANDING GENERAL'S OFFICE,
COLUMBUS, MISS., Nov. 9, 1906.

Dear Mr. Harbaugh: I write to thank you for your new book of poems, "Lyrics of the Gray." I enjoyed intensely the loyal sentiments expressed therein. I wish you every success in the sale.

With kindest wishes, your comrade and friend, STEPHEN D. LEE.

"Lyrics of the Gray" will be sent postpaid to any address by the author, Mr. Harbaugh, Casstown, Ohio, at 25 cents per copy.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY KATE P. FLENNIKEN.

Raise the shaft, 'tis for our mothers,
Set its base with colors fair;
Furl the faded, starry banner
Round its staff, and leave it there.

Lift it where the earliest sunbeam
Drives the morning's mist away,
Leave it where the fading twilight
Lingers longest with the day.

Twine the myrtle with the ivy
And the fragrant scented vine;
Bring the white magnolia blossoms
And the crimson columbine.

North and east and south and westward
Front its columns pure and white;
Write upon the peerless marble,
On its polished tablets write—

How they toiled and prayed and suffered
Through the long and bitter years,
Ever kept the altars burning
With the incense of their tears;

How their love, in streams of blessing,
Wore its channels deep and wide,
Bore the fortunes of the battle
On its broad and surging tide;

How their faith that trusted ever
Rested on the soldier's shield,
Watched above the bloody carnage
And upon the tented field;

How the summers bloomed and faded,
Yet did Love and Trust abide;
But their hopes, like shattered roses,
With the autumn glory died.

Then from out the burning embers
Love and hope and faith and trust
Soared above the desolation,
Shook their plumage of its dust;

Sought and found the sprig of olive,
Saw the bow of promise spanned,
And the dawn of peace and plenty
O'er a broad and smiling land.

But the heart knows no forgetting,
And within her silent halls,
Where the fragrant incense rises
And the inner sunlight falls,

Hang the swords and rusty scabbards
With the coats of faded gray;
And perfumed with myrrh and aloes
All the flags are laid away.

And beside the faded banners
And the urns of storied dust
Memory stands within the portals
Keeping watch above her trust.

N. B. Criss, who served in Company D, 48th Mississippi Regiment, writes from Yalobusha, Miss.: "I was wounded very seriously at the battle of Chancellorsville, and was confined to the hospital in Richmond four or five months. It was my good fortune to be an inmate of the 'Samaritan Hospital,' maintained by a Mrs. Mayo, and I can never forget the kind attention and treatment of two young daughters of General Winder, who lived there at that time. I desire very much to know if they are still living; and if in Richmond, their residence number, as I shall attend the Reunion there in June, and nothing would afford me more pleasure than to meet one or both of them at the time. They will doubtless remember the lad that Dr. Little and his steward said was bound to die, but yet after more than four decades he still survives. I request an answer to this from any one who can give me information of those who were to me Samaritans indeed."

Miss Evie Morris, of Helena, Mont., wishes to assist a friend, who was captain in the 5th Michigan Regiment, in locating a Captain Duchane (or Dushane) by whom he was captured in 1863 near Fairfax, Va., and who took his sword, but afterwards returned it. He also wants the address of Captain Frankland. Both were with Mosby, and he thinks Captain Duchane was from Louisiana. Write to Miss Morris if able to give the address of either.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Edward Rose & Co., Wholesale Tailors of Chicago. This firm is one of the leaders in that line and well known through the Southern States, wherein they count their patrons by the thousands. Mr. Edward Rose himself, being a Confederate Veteran, takes particular pains to serve his old friends and comrades.

Sam B. Dunlop, of DeKalb, Mo., will be pleased to hear from any army acquaintances, and especially any who were members of the 1st Mississippi Battery.

FARM FOR SALE

For Sale on Account of Death.—100-acre farm fully equipped for agricultnre, poultry, or stock-raising, with an orchard of 137 budded pecan trees, choice varieties; 100 in bearing, with plenty of wood for budding or grafting. Good 9-room honse fully furnished, barns, onthonses, chicken honses, etc. Easy commnnication with markets of the world. Oil lately struck in adjoining parish (connty). Very healthy locality. Excellent opportnnity for a stock company. Address DR. Y. R. LEMONNIER, 926 St. Claude St., New Orleans, La.



It heals a wound quicker and with less pain on man or beast than any compound known. It destroys bacteria and all insect life; it prevents pain, sore throat, sore lungs, sore muscles, sore anything; cures diarrhoea and colic at once. Absolute cure for colic, botts, poll-evil, and fistula in horses and mules.

At All Druggists
25c., 50c., and $1

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via BRISTOL and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Pass. Agent
Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Pass. Agent
Roanoke, Va.

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

"THE STARS AND STRIPES AND OTHER AMERICAN FLAGS."

BY PELEG D. HARRISON.

Under the above title is given a history of the flags which have figured in American history, their origin, development, etc., with army and navy regulations, salutes, and every other thing that is of interest in connection with the flag of the free. Mr. Harrison is due much credit for his exhaustive research in compiling this data, which covers the ground from the establishment of the American colonies to the separation of the North and South in the Civil War, and many interesting incidents are interwoven with the different flag histories. It is to be regretted that the origin of the first flag of the Confederacy, the stars and bars, cannot yet be established, but he gives the proofs of two claimants for the honor of designing it.

Mr. Harrison is a New Hampshire man, a resident of Manchester, and has been much gratified by the demand for his book, a second edition being prepared after it had been out less than three weeks. Many orders come from the South, and he is especially pleased with the approval that has been evinced by the Southern people for the first history of our flags which has appeared in book form.

The book contains over four hundred pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, with excellent mechanical make-up. Eight flag illustrations are given in color. Price, $3 net.

A WRITTEN COUNTERSIGN.

Capt. John H. Turpin, of Newbern, Ala., has an interesting souvenir in a written countersign, which reads: "Headquarters A. T., Murfreesboro, 24 Dec., 1862. Orders Countersign 'Vicksburg.' By command of Gen. Bragg. Signed, Geo. W. Brents, A. A. G. 'Official,' Wm. G. Barth, A. A. Gen." And on the back it is addressed to "Capt. J. H. Turpin, Commanding 28th Alabama Volunteers," which was known, "without contradiction, as one of the best regiments in the Army of Tennessee."

W. S. Wolfe, of Carmi, Ill., wishes to procure a photograph or tintype of a Confederate soldier in uniform to add to his collection of war pictures, etc. Perhaps some comrade can accommodate him. Write in advance of sending.



SAY, MA, IF I LIVE, WILL I BE AS BIG A GOOSE AS YOU?
YES, MY CHILD, IF YOU DON'T USE

Magic White Soap

Rub Magic on soiled parts, leave in water one hour. No boiling; no washboard; no backache, if you use MAGIC WHITE SOAP; will iron easy as magic; has no rosin like in yellow soap. Get your grocer to order. $4 per box—100 cakes, 5-cent size. Save the wrappers. We pay freight.

MAGIC CHIPS IN BARRELS FOR LAUNDRIES

MAGIC KELLER SOAP WORKS, Ltd.
426 Girod Street, New Orleans.

It Is Mexico Time

You can visit the most interesting and picturesque country under the sun for

$55.65

by taking advantage of the very low home seekers' rate in effect from Nashville to Mexico City and return the first and third Tuesday of each month to and including April, 1907. Tickets are valid on the famous Mexico-St. Louis Special, leaving Little Rock every Tuesday and Friday. Your local agent can sell you tickets at the above rate.

National Lines of Mexico

FLAVELL'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER



Give exact circumference of abdomen at K, L, M.
Silk Elastic - - - $5.00
Thread Elastic - - 3.50
Goods sent by mail upon receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed.
Send for pamphlet of Elastic Stockings, Trusses, etc.
G. W. Flavell & Bro., 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"Tiger Brand" Lines

ARE OUR OWN PRODUCTS



Importers

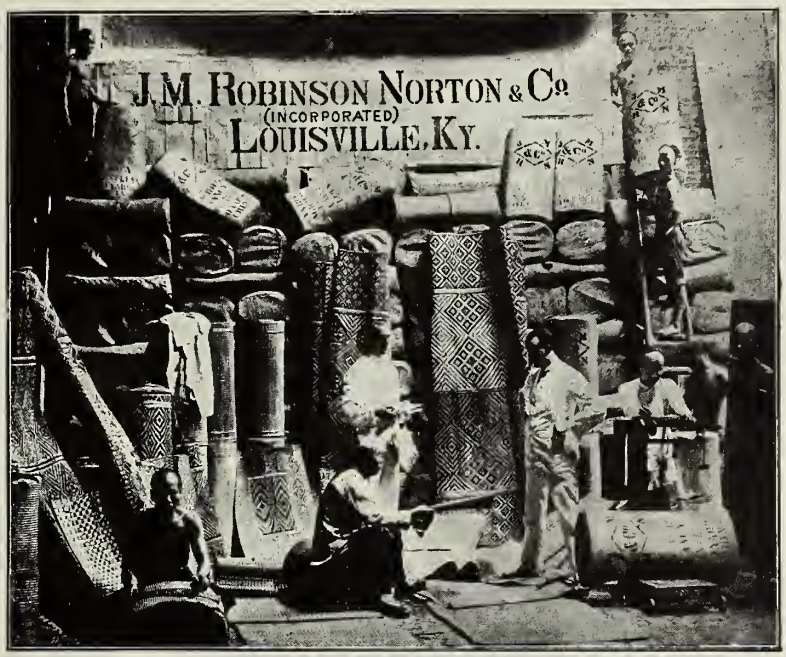
Laces
Embroideries
Matting
Hosiery
Gloves, Etc.

Jobbers

Dry Goods
Dress Goods
Hosiery
Underwear
Notions, Etc.

Introducers

Of All the Latest Novelties in Jewelry
Fancy Goods
Etc.



VIEW OF OUR SHIPPING DEPARTMENT, CANTON, CHINA

The above cut represents ***China mattings.*** These ***mattings are made for us under our special contracts in China,*** in our own designs and patterns. We ***import every piece of them direct from China through our customhouse here in Louisville,*** and we are acknowledged the largest importers of ***China mattings*** in the South.

We also invite your attention to our ***carpet and floor oil cloth department,*** which has grown year by year, and to-day it is one of the largest in the country. We sell ***carpets*** not only by the roll, but have a ***special accommodation feature*** of making up carpets on special measurements to fit any room. A feature you cannot fail to appreciate.

We are strictly manufacturers, jobbers, and importers, and sell to dealers only. No goods sold to consumers.

THE LARGEST WHOLESALE DRY GOODS HOUSE AND MANUFACTURERS IN THE SOUTH

Manufacturers

WE HAVE SIX FACTORIES

that are constantly increasing their output in the following lines

Men's and Boys' Suits
Pants
Duck Coats
Overalls
Shirts
Skirts
Neckwear

Six Factories



J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.

INCORPORATED

LOUISVILLE - - - KENTUCKY



Maxwell House Blend Coffee

Long-Lived Coffee Drinkers

DO you know that old people with few exceptions are coffee drinkers, and have been for most of their lives? It's a fact, and there's a reason for it. Coffee contains certain nerve-feeding, tissue-building elements that are found in nothing else, and which cause it to be so universally used, especially in the South.

Some growths and mixtures of coffees, however, do not agree and are widely different from

Maxwell Blend

This harmonious combination of high-grade coffees not only delights the palate, but agrees with the stomach and proves a wholesome, body-bracing, heart-cheering cup without harmful after effects.

It is blended, roasted, cleaned, and packed in the two largest and most complete coffee plants in the South, and every can bears our seal and signature. **Ask Your Grocer for It.**





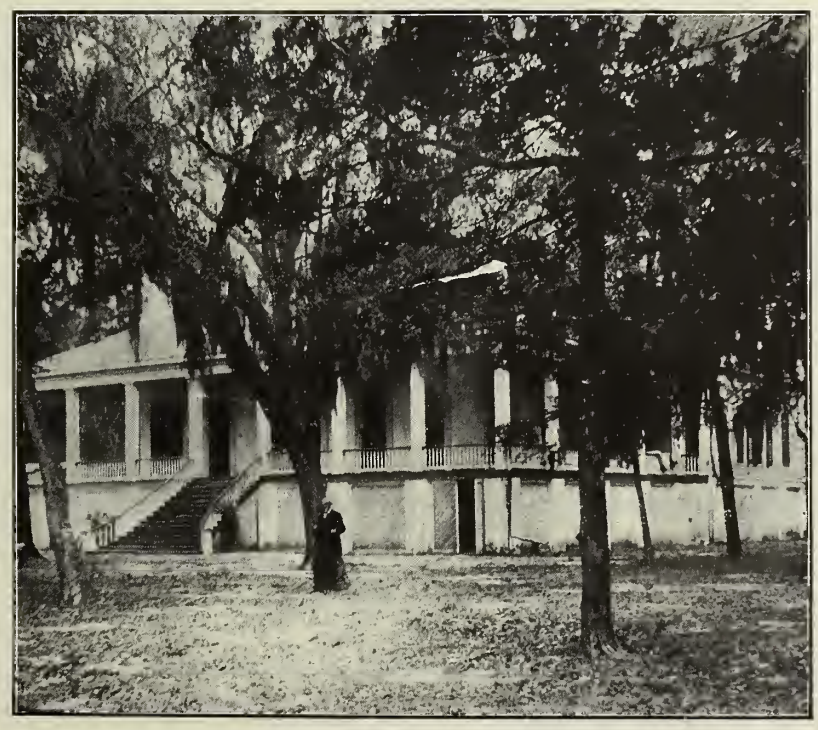
CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

PROPRIETORS OF THE TWO LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE COFEEE PLANTS IN THE SOUTH.

NASHVILLE, TENN. HOUSTON, TEXAS

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV. MARCH, 1907. No. 3.



BEAUVOIR, LAST HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



You can do a profitable clothing business without carrying a stock by getting a sample line from

Edward Rose & Co.

WHOLESALE TAILORS

CHICAGO

We supply merchants in good standing with sample lines from which to take orders. ¶ Only ONE sample line in any one pl ce. ¶ We positively entertain no orders from the consumer direct. ¶ All orders must come through our regular representatives.

LEARN BY MAIL

(or attend one of DRAUGHON'S Colleges)

Law, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Mechanical Drawing, Illustrating, Business English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc.

MONEY BACK if not satisfied after taking Home Study. POSITIONS secured. 70,000 students. Indorsed by BUSINESS MEN. For "Catalogue H." on Home Study or "Catalogue P." on attending college, write ANY ONE of

DRAUGHON'S Practical Business Colleges:

Nashville	Atlanta	Dallas
Jackson (Miss.)	St. Louis	Montgomery
Kansas City	Raleigh	Columbia (S. C.)
Memphis	Waco, Tyler	Paducah
Jacksonville	Galveston	Denison
Ft. Smith	Austin	Oklahoma City
Little Rock	Ft. Scott	El Paso
Shreveport	Muskogee	San Antonio
Ft. Worth	Knoxville	Evansville

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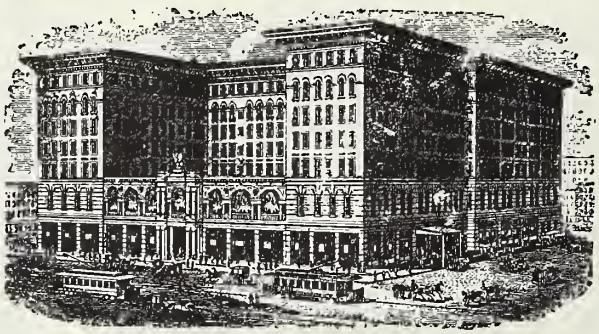
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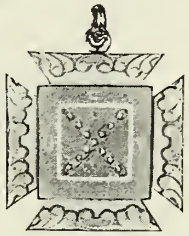
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1907. | No. 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

BEAUVOIR.

BY ANNIE SOUTHERN TARDY, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

On one side the white-capped waters of the gulf, sparkling with the soft light, "where Southern skies are bluest;" on the other the moss-draped trees, the grass-carpeted lawn, the wide verandas, the open door—of Beauvoir. Hearts were softened, eyes overflowed as 'twas realized that we stood on sacred ground, dear alike to every Southern heart—the home of Jefferson Davis.



GLIMPSES OF BEAUVOIR.

There is a satisfaction in the "eternal fitness of things," and we felt as we looked around us at the pleasant home and the happy old men in their well-kept suits of gray that never was there a fitter memorial to a sacred cause and an honored name than this Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir.

It is a sad fact that in most "Homes" for the aged and afflicted one finds a certain despondent resignation in the acceptance of the well-meant accommodations. At Beauvoir it is not so. Happy, smiling faces greeted us at the gate, willing steps led the way through the sacred halls, reverent fingers pointed out "his bedroom, his library, the little study set apart where he wrote his book," and pride straightened stooped old shoulders, while happiness and content lent a sparkle to world-weary eyes as we were introduced to "my room" and "my wife." No word of complaint, no murmur of discontent, no hint of neglect; everywhere the same all-pervading joy of rest and peace, and the thought seemed indeed: "It is good to be here."

Why is this? Is it the loving influence of our great leader that hovers around these faithful survivors of the lost Confederacy, or is it the approving smile of his God and ours? Rather let us know and rest in the sweet security that it is both—that He would have it so, and Heaven looks down in benediction on the great work and indicating: "It is well."

Being ourselves from Alabama, we inquired if there were any Alabama soldiers in the Home. Two old gentlemen responded to the call, one of whom took on himself the "fine honor of escorting you lady Daughters wherever you want to go." The fine old face beamed with joy as he told how "proud" he was to see us, and we were promoted during the conversation through all the ranks of kinship, as he told us: "My own mother wouldn't be more welcome, I'm that proud to see you Daughters. I feel like you was my own sisters." He confided to us: "I married me a wife, so I would not be so lonesome, and Miss Sarah is young and waits on me fine." He then took us to his room in one of the pretty new annexes, and, "Miss Sarah" being out, he showed us the "family portraits" and "Miss Sarah's flowers," whose luxuriant growth proved his assertion. "She has such a taking way with her, they just naturally grows."

Happy old veterans! The sting of charity is gone, and the "Soldiers' Home" becomes home indeed to each old man

when his own particular domicile is brightened by the sympathetic companionship of a "Miss Sarah."

On our return to "the big house" we were introduced to "Miss Sarah" herself, whose proud air of proprietorship over "Mr. Vines" was at once pathetic and amusing. She informed us that she was "only sixty-five!" Cupid then had been at Beauvoir. "Only sixty-five," and he had married her for her youth!

The crowning pleasure of the day to those dear old people was tea on the lawn with the Daughters. Mr. Vines presented us with a gavel made from the cedar at Beauvoir, with which he said we could "order society." And then with many blessings, lingering handshakes, and words of farewell we parted. They, we trust, are the happier for their glimpse of the Daughters, we the better for having stood on "holy ground," taking with us hallowed memories, but leaving, alas! the solemn rest and peace of Beauvoir.

LETTER TO THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

In a circular letter by Stith Bolling, Major General Commanding the Virginia Division, U. C. V., issued from Petersburg, Va., he mentions "the very great importance of the part expected of the old soldiers of Virginia at our next U. C. V. Reunion, to be held in our capital city, Richmond, May 30 to June 3, to remind comrades of their duty in the premises," and adds: "The Confederate soldier needs only to be reminded of his duty, and he will perform it as faithfully and cheerfully now as he did from 1861 to 1865. There is no place on earth that elicits such tender affection and abiding love in the hearts of the survivors of the armies of the Confederacy. We have in Virginia twenty-three Camps of Confederate Veterans that have never secured charters and joined the United Confederate Veterans. Let me urge these Camps without further delay to send in their applications to our Adjutant General, William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La., and secure charters. The cost is small compared with the benefits derived. Application blanks will be furnished by applying to Division and Brigade Headquarters. The Grand Camp of C. V., as far back as its annual meeting in 1892, adopted the following: 'That it is to the best interests of the Veterans' Camps in Virginia and for the furtherance of the objects for which they were organized to join the United Confederate Veterans.' At nearly all the annual meetings since it has urged them to do so. It is the only means by which you can keep in touch with your old comrades of other States, who for four years not only shared with you their dangers and hardships but also their honor and glory, and who are now scattered all over the country. I would earnestly urge all Camps to aid and encourage the organization of Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Ladies' Memorial Associations to cooperate in the noble work each Camp has undertaken. Past experience convinces us that without the sympathy of the women the successful prosecution of these labors of love is impossible. From the beginning of the war to the present they have toiled for us and set an example of patience, endurance, and heroic fortitude never before known in the annals of the world."

J. J. Bolton, of Demopolis, Ala., desires to hear from any old Confederates of Missouri who were captured by the Federals at the battle of Wilson Creek, Mo. If they remember helping to take one of General Seigle's cannon from the battlefield on his retreat and helping to put it in a mill pond on Wilson Creek, he would like to communicate with such in the hope of finding the cannon.

VENERABLE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Doubtless one of the oldest of Confederate soldiers now living is Mr. James Wood, of South Carolina, who was born November 26, 1812. He is therefore now in his ninety-fifth year, and retains his faculties of memory to a remarkable degree. Mr. Wood was reared on a farm in Spartanburg District, and pursued farming until a few years past. He is a typical South Carolina gentleman, dignified, and of strict integrity, possessing those noble qualities which make him friends wherever known. As a man, he is honorable and pure;



JAMES WOOD, NINETY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

as a father, affectionate and kind; as a soldier, he was faithful and brave. He now resides at Pacolet, S. C., with a daughter, Miss T. E. Wood. His other surviving children are: Mrs. Atlanta Bryant, of Pacolet; Mrs. Sallie Lipscomb, of Gaffney; Mrs. R. A. Brown, of Cowpens; and Messrs. A. N. and Moses Wood, of Gaffney, both of whom served in the Confederate army.

Comrade Wood was given his Cross of Honor in January, 1904, by the Spartanburg Chapter, U. D. C., and has worn it continually since then. He served in Company A, 7th South Carolina Reserves; its third lieutenant at the close of the war.

Sons of Veterans in Memphis.—R. Henry Lake: "As Chairman of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans Committee on Monuments and Memorials for the State of Tennessee, I am anxious to see a law passed in this State permitting the County Courts and Boards of Mayor and Aldermen in the counties and towns of this State to appropriate money for Confederate monuments in their respective localities. I am sending you also a list of Confederate monuments in this State. It is possible that you know of several more, or you may know of some that are contemplated. May I ask you to kindly advise me if such is the case? As Adjutant of our local Camp, I am pleased to advise that within the past four months we have had three good meetings, a large smoker given at the Gayoso Hotel in October, and the night before Lee's birthday last month we gave our annual banquet at the Gayoso Hotel. Both of these were highly successful, and we are endeavoring in every way possible to keep up interest in the cause."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

While the enlightened world's attention was being called to the fact that one hundred years ago there was born a child who afterwards became one of the greatest of military leaders —Gen. Robert Edward Lee—one of his old followers, in trying to put on record some of his commander's great qualities, was moved to send to your President General the following letter, which she submits to your earnest consideration.

Pictures of Lee with Washington in Schoolhouses.

"*Dear Madam:* Recently in preparing an article for a magazine, some personal recollections of Gen. Robert E. Lee, my heart was stirred with a renewed and deeper admiration and love for my chieftain—his noble life, his beautiful Christian spirit, and his elevated character worthy of the love and admiration of every heart—and it occurred to me what a beautiful tribute it would be to his life if the Daughters of the South determine to place in every Southern schoolhouse an engraving of General Lee beside that of the 'Father of his Country,' which the Mt. Vernon Association of women are placing in all the public schools! These two, the highest and noblest types of the South, are peers, worthy to be placed side by side. Can we place before the children of the South finer ideals of manhood, moral grandeur, and Christian citizenship? As has been well said: 'There was the air of old courts and polished halls, of stately columns and fragrant gardens about these two.' Surely these great spirits are the chosen ones to keep before the hearts and minds of our children to check the evil tendencies of this day in our midst."

This suggestion, Daughters of the Confederacy, comes from one of the brigadier generals who followed our great hero for those four terrible years. Is it necessary for me to add anything to this to have you take up the work which he suggests? I think not, and yet I must remind you of what we owe to General Lee and of what effect it will have on our children to have us put these pictures of him where they will be familiar sights to them as they study the great men of our country by asking you a question or two. Is there in the whole South a heart which does not beat quicker, a head which is not held higher, a step which is not quickened with pride when the name of Lee is mentioned? Do we not owe everything we can do, to honor him and to inspire our children to a like life, to the coming generations of that country for which he gave himself, even were it merely for the fact that he made it possible for the mothers of the South to point to him with pride as the ideal Christian Southern gentleman of the old school as we tell the children of the South how he gave himself and all he had for the South and her rights? Could there be a more beautiful way of marking this centennial of his birth than by having it go down in history that the Daughters of the Confederacy, descendants of those who followed him with perfect faith in his sagacity as a military leader—trusting in him as an honorable man and in his knowledge as to the duty of a patriot and his determination to do a patriot's part in that trying time—put the picture of this great man where it would teach our children to follow his example so that we may be proud and thankful to have brought them into the world? I shall immediately open correspondence with some firm to see what we can get these pictures for, so sure am I that you will act on this suggestion.

Hospitality of Virginia Division at Jamestown.

There has also recently come to me as President General the following invitation, which I accepted for the Association:

"*My Dear Madam:* As President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., I have the honor and the pleasure to extend to the officers and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the hospitality of the building now being erected by this Division on the grounds of the Jamestown Exposition.

"I trust it may be their pleasure to accept this invitation, which, I beg to assure you, is most cordially extended.

"I am, with great respect and high regard, very truly yours,

Mrs. William R. McKenny."

We all, I am sure, will be very happy to see the beautiful representation of Beauvoir which the U. D. C. of the Virginia Division are erecting, and will not all of us feel proud of that Division for this beautiful work?

The "Yearbook" Ready for Distribution.

I have just received a few copies of the "Yearbook," which is now ready to be sent to each Chapter as soon as the twenty-five cents for the postage is received by the Secretary-General, Mrs. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala. Many Chapters may have already sent in this amount, but I just note this as a reminder. This will put them in the hands of the Chapters a month before the time required by the constitution, and I know you will join me in congratulations to our Secretary-General on this; and after you have seen the book, you will be pleased with the beautiful style in which it is gotten up. It is conveniently arranged with an index on the second page. Remember that it all means hard work on the part of our Secretary-General, and that appreciative letters pay us well for all the hard work.

Better Crosses of Honor.

We are to have better-made Crosses after we have exhausted the supply now on hand, for the new make cannot be gotten ready for the next distribution on first Division Memorial Day. Mrs. Raines has gotten her office into beautiful working order; and if you will follow the rules implicitly, there need not be any more trouble about the Crosses. I think the new make of Crosses will be an increase of four cents, which I think not exorbitant, as they will be made absolutely safe. We had to do away with the pin to fasten it on with and substitute a screw button, and the ring holding the cross and bar together will be oblong with opening on the side and this opening to be soldered together. We tried to leave it with a pin, as we hear that many of the Veterans prefer to wear the Cross on the vest; but this could not be done without greatly increased expense, that but few Chapters are able to bear, and so those who prefer to wear them on the vest will just have to have a buttonhole worked for it.

Financial Matters Considered.

The finances are running pretty low, and the Executive Committee have decided to have the bazaar at Norfolk as suggested in a letter from Mrs. Voorhees, our First Vice President General, to the Convention at Gulfport. I have asked Mrs. Voorhees to take charge of this work, and I hope that every Chapter will respond nicely when she writes to you for a contribution of articles. We should make enough at this bazaar to pay all the donations voted by the last Convention, and then we could start next year with all of the 1907 *per capita* in the treasury. There is much for us to do and but little to do it with. I shall write later on that subject, so will not say more now.

The work is going along as nicely as you could wish, and we may congratulate each other on the fact that we are growing rapidly in every respect. Let each of us see to it that this is the best year of the U. D. C.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Miss Florence E. Bligh, who has for a number of years traveled for the VETERAN in different States, now has the State of Texas in her territory, succeeding Mrs. Smith, and will be there for several months yet. Miss Bligh is a most efficient representative, and has done some effective work lately under difficulties. She is commended to friends of the VETERAN everywhere, who are requested to coöperate with her in this work, and thus enable us to show a largely increased list of subscribers by the close of 1907.

Several important articles prepared for the March VETERAN have been withheld for the use of a pertinent paper by President Davis on "Andersonville and Other War Prisons." This record comes from Belford's Magazine, issues for January and February, 1890, and is dated at Beauvoir December 10, 1888. The favor to use them comes from Dr. R. W. Park, of Waco, Tex., who was surgeon of the 5th Alabama Infantry, and the thoughtfulness of Comrade G. W. Buck in sending them. Mr. Buck had an extraordinary career in the Confederate army through his excellence as a drillmaster. He was appointed first lieutenant, but never received a commission. He was a private in General Gano's Cavalry Brigade, and was so efficient in military tactics that on the occasion of General Gano's absence for two weeks, by consent of all the officers, even as high of rank as lieutenant colonel, he commanded the brigade. It is perhaps the only instance on record when any private soldier actually commanded a brigade.

Comrade Buck has recently published a book, "A Free Christian," notice of which may be expected later.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS CENTENARY.

June 3, 1808, was the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States of America, a nation which possessed a governmental organization that was exercised over a vast region of the Southern States and which existed from the early part of 1861 into April, 1865, during which time its armies gained many signal victories and for four years maintained itself with much success and great military glory.

It is fitting that appropriate notice be taken of the event and special honors to the centennial anniversary of his birth be given. The Southern people will honor themselves in honoring Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was the object of unlimited denunciation, infamous detraction, obloquy, and defamation. Intensest hatred and hostility were engendered by the terrible War between the States, and his detractors were zealous in denouncing him as a traitor and rebel.

On this subject the New Orleans Picayune states: "When the hate and malignity that had been aroused against him were at the highest tide, it was attempted to try to convict him of treason; but when, after a long and cruel imprisonment, he was brought into court to be tried for his life, it was found that there was not in all the provisions of the national Constitution, nor in all the statutes enacted by Congress, nor in all the precedents recognized or established by the national Supreme Court one word that could be tortured into authority or warrant of law by which the captured President of the Confederate States could be tried for treason or any other crime against the United States; and therefore he was discharged from custody on bail, which was exacted as a mere formality, and subsequently was freed from all charges and accusations in that connection. Thus it was that Jefferson Davis was fully vindicated by the Constitution and laws of the United States in the face of and despite the malignant hate and persecution of his uncompromising enemies. His worst enemies did not dare to assassinate him in full view of the civilized world, and they were forced to set him free. He was the chosen leader of the Southern people, who were engaged in a grand, patriotic movement for home protection and home rule."

U. D. C. AT RAYMOND, MISS., AND ELSEWHERE.

The N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., at Raymond, Miss., has undertaken to raise the money to inclose with an iron fence the graves of soldiers who were killed in the battle of Raymond and to erect a monument to their memory. The Chapter is small and not strong financially, so any contributions from those interested in the cause, and especially from those who fought in the battle or had friends engaged in it, will be appreciated. Any information concerning those who are buried there, whether they were killed in the battle or died in the hospital, will be gladly received by the Chapter. The Chapter especially desires the names of the men who so bravely fought and died there for the Confederate cause. Contributions may be sent to the President, Mrs. J. R. Eggleston, or to Miss Mary Ratliff, Secretary N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., Raymond, Miss.

The Guilford Chapter, U. D. C., of Greensboro, N. C., has issued a souvenir post card representing the banner of the Kuklux Klan, which is the property of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. This card is offered for sale at five cents each or in lots of one hundred for $3, the net proceeds to be for the charities and patriotic undertakings of the Chapter. Mrs. J. G. Brodnax, 209 West Market Street, Greensboro, will attend to orders.

Mrs. Alex. B. White, State President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., sends an important notice which is commended to all Chapters everywhere. She says: "Those Chapters of the Tennessee Division which have elected new officers recently and have not sent lists of same to the State officers are requested to do so at once; otherwise official notice cannot reach the right officers."

SUPPLIES OF NEW CONFEDERATE BOOKS.

The VETERAN has recently secured fresh supplies of valuable Confederate books, still offered at liberal rates. Of this stock is Dr. J. A. Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest;" price, $4, postpaid, and with this price a year's subscription—new or renewal—is given.

"Two Wars: An Autobiography," by Gen. S. G. French. This charming book might sell better if in two volumes, Mexican and Confederate. The price, $2.50 (including a year's subscription to the VETERAN, new or renewal), will be returned to any purchaser not satisfied.

For extended notice of the most valuable books supplied by the VETERAN refer to page 522 November issue.

Father Ryan's poem, including a sketch by John Talbot Smith and a memoir by John Moran, is sent postpaid at $1.50, and with the VETERAN for a year for $2.25.

THE NORTH'S ESTIMATE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

[The Baltimore Sun's tribute to Gen. Robert E. Lee gives estimates by the leading men of the other side in the war that cannot be reprinted too often.]

Even in his early manhood he won such fame in the War with Mexico that General Scott declared to General Preston that young Lee was the greatest soldier in America, and long before the breaking out of the Civil War Scott said to Preston: "If the President of the United States should ask my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert Lee.'"

General Lee wrote February 25, 1868, having been summoned to Washington by Francis Preston Blair, he understood, at the instance of President Lincoln: "After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and courteously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott and told him of the proposition that had been made me and my decision."

That he could have chosen the command of the armies of either the North or the South, could have directed either side in a great war, is a tribute to his ability that was probably never before in all history given any commander. And this was before those wonderful campaigns of the Civil War that gave him rank with the world's great captains. It was to be expected that the Confederates would give him the highest eulogy that language could express; but his masterly genius was recognized by his foes, and his fame has in a single generation spread throughout the world.

The great English authority on the science of war, Henderson, sets forth his belief that "Lee was one of the greatest soldiers, if not the greatest, who ever spoke the English tongue."

Theodore Roosevelt, to whom has never been attributed partiality for the South, in his "Life of Benton" declares that Lee was "without exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth."

To the student of mankind Lee is one of the loftiest characters. Charles Francis Adams believes that his most enduring title to fame was his "humanity in arms." Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, of the British army, declares: "He was the ablest general, and to me seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with." Gen. Frederick D. Grant, son of the General, says that Lee's winning personality, which had charmed the whole South, appealed strongly to his father. He was a beautiful, lovable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. Benjamin H. Hill declared that he was as gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

Lee was the soldier, the genius, the model character. To the South he was her best-beloved son. With pride she honors Washington and Jefferson and the other great men who have adorned her past, but to Lee she gives her love.

Following him into the smoke and flame of battle with a cheer, charging the very heights of death, winning victory with a glorious thrill or accepting defeat with unmurmuring lips, the Confederate soldier gave his life into Lee's hands for four of the most trying years in human history; and when he laid down his musket and walked the weary miles back to the smoking ruins of his home, and there in dust and ashes with bare hands began to rebuild the structure of the South, he looked for inspiration to the great chieftain who towered above defeat. He taught his children with their earliest words to lisp the name of Lee and honor him above all other men. . . .

Though men may come from the four corners of the earth to lay upon the tomb of Lee the wreaths of fame, there is no other honor like this splendid tribute of his people's enduring love.

CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND.

Southern States are properly ambitious for the best displays in rooms assigned to them in the Confederate Museum, Richmond. This, remember, is the President Davis mansion and not the Battle Abbey. Mrs. M. B. Pilcher is Regent for the "Tennessee Room." In a letter from her copied in the Richmond Times-Dispatch she states:

"I am always glad to write a line or say a word about the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. I am saturated with the thought of making it attractive, historic, commensurate with Tennessee's importance as a State and her brilliant part in the struggle of the sixties.

"There are unmistakable signs of an awakening to the fact that the place to garner and exhibit Confederate relics, portraits, historical data, etc., is in the old Confederate capital—the Mecca of those who love Confederate memories and where the world would naturally go to find the truth of Confederate history.

"At the U. D. C. Convention in Memphis last May I reported donations from sixteen Chapters, giving details, in response to letters to all of the Chapters in the State, and many personal appeals. Since October 1 I have received many promises of material aid and kind expressions of interest in the work—valuable relics, either as gifts or loans, autograph letters of a fateful day long gone, battle-torn flags, weapons, and money. Some of the Chapters, notably Knoxville and Jackson, have had painted fine oil portraits of two of our 'immortals.' Knoxville sends to Richmond that of Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, and Jackson that of Gen. N. Bedford Forrest. The Sam Davis Chapter at Morristown is arranging to paint a portrait of the boy hero and martyr and a fine picture of General Bate in his uniform; also an oil painting has been offered by the Chattanooga Chapter and gratefully accepted. Nashville Chapter, No. 1, is taking steps to procure a bust of Sam Davis. The Winnie Davis Chapter, of Columbia, with characteristic promptness and generosity, has started the cash donations for this year.

"In view of the great events that will transpire in Virginia in 1907—the Jamestown Exposition, the national Reunion of the Veterans, the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument, and the National U. D. C. Convention—it seems to me that every woman in the State would feel it incumbent upon her to be up and doing for the Tennessee Room. The old Confederate city will receive the world next June, and the Museum is the center of attraction in Richmond. Please let us all bear in mind that the Tennessee Room is not ready for company, and we have very little time to make it ready."

Are all the States taking suitable interest in this important matter? Tennessee is exceptionally favored in having in Richmond Mrs. Janet Randolph, one of the most efficient workers in all of our Southland, as Vice Regent. The zeal and constancy of this noble woman for Tennessee can never be fully realized. By and by Tennesseeans should esteem the opportunity to supply a testimonial in her honor and for her children—a thing she evidently has never thought of.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT NOTES.

FROM ADDRESS BY W. L. CABELL, LIEUT. GENERAL COMMANDING.

The unpaid soldiers of immortal principle, heroes of more than one hundred battles, a happy New Year to you and to all dear to you. The old year, with its pleasure, its joys, and its disappointed hopes, has passed, never again to return. Since my last report many of our noblest and best have crossed over the river into the great beyond, have answered the "last roll call." Let us thank a kind and merciful God that the number of those who have fallen from our ranks is no greater than we should expect, and that our comrades, enfeebled by age and incapacitated by wounds, disease, and sickness to make a living, have been properly cared for by the great States, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, California, Oklahoma, and the different Territories, where they can spend the remainder of their lives in ease and comfort; that they are provided with good food, comfortable clothing, suitable medical attention, and good nursing. Let me say with pride that every State and Territory in this Department will continue this noble work.

The Adjutant General reports over fifteen hundred Camps, one-half of which number are in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Continue this good work and let every Confederate now living enroll in it. I therefore call on the Division and Brigade Commanders of every State and Territory to issue at once the necessary orders that will increase the number of Camps as well as the membership of each Camp, so that at the Reunion to be held in the city of Richmond, Va., May 30 to June 4, 1907, you will have more Camps than have ever gathered at any time or place. I further request that you urge every Camp throughout the Department to meet at once and monthly afterwards to arrange for sending delegates—one for every twenty members—with alternates and to pay the *per capita* to Gen. Wlliiam E. Mickle, the Adjutant General, by the first day of April, 1907. The Committee on Transportation consists of Generals Steele, Graber, and Mendes, and Cols. B. S. Wathen and T. B. Trotman. . . .

There will be business of great importance in reference to the care of our dead, the care of our feeble comrades, the unveiling of a monument to our noble President, Jefferson Davis, and to perpetuate his bravery, his heroism, and his fidelity to the South. Then come. Be ready, and let us make this the greatest gathering of brave men and noble women that has ever taken place in our own sunny South. Richmond, the capital of the South, will receive you and treat you royally. Where no one from a Camp can attend the Reunion, give your proxy to some Confederate who can attend.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, BATESVILLE, ARK.

BY JAMES P. COFFIN, BATESVILLE, ARK.

During the summer of 1906 the local Camp of the U. C. V. and the Chapter of the U. D. C. undertook the erection of a Confederate monument at Batesville, Ark., and each appointed a committee of three, and to this joint committee the whole matter was intrusted. The committee on August 31, 1906, adopted the design submitted by Mr. Otto Pfeiffer, of Batesville, and awarded the contract to him, stipulating that the monument should be erected in the corner of the courthouse yard, Main and Broad Streets, and that the material used should be Batesville marble from the Pfeiffer quarries, six miles north of the town. The monument, being completed, was accepted and paid for by the committee in January, 1907.

The height of this monument is a little over twenty-three feet, the base twelve feet square, and the bottom section is six feet square, on the four faces or panels of which sections are the inscriptions as follows:

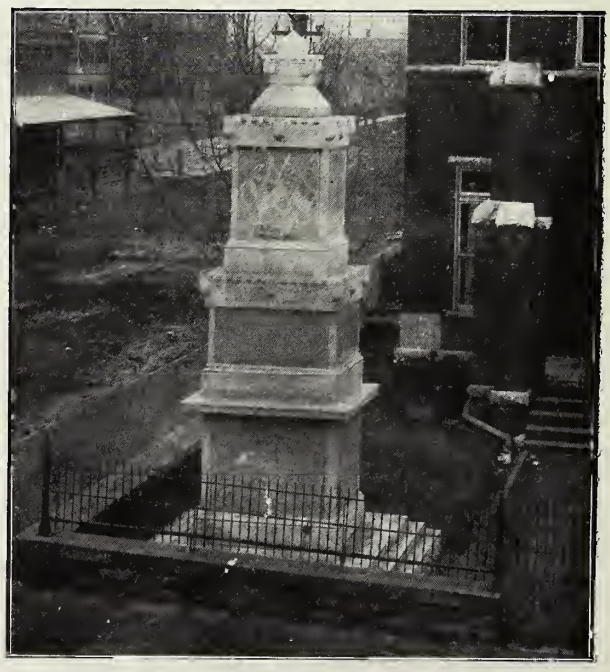
"In Memory of
The Sons of Independence County
who served in the
CONFEDERATE ARMY,
Their Mothers, Wives, Sisters, and Daughters,
Who, with patriotic devotion,
Remained steadfast to their cause
during the
WAR PERIOD.
1861-1865."

On the Broad Street face are the names of the ten companies of cavalry and on the opposite face those of the thirteen companies of infantry which entered the service of the Confederacy from Independence County, and on the remaining face is this inscription—to wit:

"Erected by
Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 863,
United Confederate Veterans,
Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 135,
United Daughters of the Confederacy,
And Many Friends.
1907."

On the two street faces of the upper section are the first and last flags of the Confederacy, the staffs crossed, and beneath in raised letters: "C. S. A."

May 1, 1907, has been selected for the dedication of this monument, when Senator James H. Berry, the Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and Gen. Robert G. Shaver, who commanded two Arkansas regiments during the war (in each of which were Independence County companies), will deliver the addresses.



VIEW OF THE BATESVILLE (ARK.) MONUMENT.

ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER WAR PRISONS.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS, DECEMBER 10, 1888.

(This is a reprint from Belford's Magazine, January, 1890.)

Some eminent citizens of the North, who were farthest removed from the class known as "Southern sympathizers" during the War between the States, but who desire to know the whole truth, have requested me to write an article, to appear in some periodical published in the North, on the subject of "The Prison at Andersonville, Ga." The invitation is accepted, both as to the subject and place of publication, from a wish to vindicate the conduct of the Confederacy and because the proposed channel is that which will most assuredly reach those who have generally seen but one side of the discussion.

Civilization in its progress has mitigated the rigors of war among enlightened nations, and most prominent of these humane manifestations is the introduction of cartels for the exchange and parole of prisoners.

Early in the war the Confederacy sought and obtained the adoption of such cartel; by whom, how, and why it was violated will, in the course of this article, be shown as a part of the subject of the Andersonville prison.

When the United States authorities refused to fulfill their obligation to continue the exchange and parole of prisoners, the number of Northern captives rapidly accumulated beyond the capacity of the prisons at Richmond, and also beyond the ability of the commissariat to supply them. In the absence of any prospect of relief from these embarrassments the removal of the prisoners became necessary.

A large part of the food for our army in Virginia was drawn from the more southern and southwestern States, and the means of transportation were limited and diminishing. The place to which the prisoners should be removed had to be chosen and prepared. Andersonville, Ga., was selected after careful investigation for the following reasons: It was in a high pine woods region, in a productive farming country, had never been devastated by the enemy, was well watered, and near to Americus, a central depot for collecting the tax in kind and purchasing provisions for our armies. The climate was mild, and, according to the best information, there was in the water and soil of the locality "no recognizable source of disease."

A stockade was constructed of dimensions adapted to the number of prisoners who might probably be confined there. It was on a hill overlooking the valley of the Sweet Water, a tributary of which stream flowed through the prison inclosure. For a full description, illustrated by a map, reference is made to the exhaustive work entitled "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," by R. R. Stevenson, M.D., Surgeon of Military Prison Hospital, etc.

Persistence by the United States in the refusal to observe the cartel caused so large an increase in the number of the captured sent to Andersonville as to exceed the accommodation provided, and thus to augment the discomfort and disease consequent on their confinement. It has been offensively asked: "Why was not the contingency provided for?" To which I answer that a selfish policy which for an indefinite time would leave in captivity their countrymen, who at the call of their government had volunteered to fight its battles, marked a degree of cold-blooded insensibility which we had not anticipated.

Without entering into details, the difficulties encountered in the care of the large and, in the latter part of the war, ever-increasing number of prisoners may be briefly enumerated thus:

1. The exceptionally inhuman act of the North declaring medicines to be contraband, to which there is but one, if indeed there be one, other example in modern war.

2. The insufficient means of transportation and the more inadequate means of repairing railroads and machinery, so that as the war continued the insufficiency became more embarrassing.

3. The numerical inferiority of our army made it necessary that all available force should be at the front; therefore the guards for prisons were mainly composed of old men and boys, and but a scanty allowance of these.

4. The medical officers were not more than were required with the troops, and contract physicians disliked the prison service, among other reasons naturally, because of the impossibility of getting the proper medicines. (Our accomplished and diligent surgeon general did much to supply this want by substitutes extracted from the plants and trees of the South; but these, though possibly as good, would, like other substitutes, be less confidence-inspiring.)

5. The food was different from that to which most of the prisoners had been accustomed, particularly in the use of corn meal instead of wheat flour. Of the latter, it was not possible in 1864 to get an adequate supply at Andersonville.

It was not starvation, as has been alleged, but acclimation, unsuitable diet, and despondency which were the potent agents of disease and death. These it was not in our power to remove. The remedy was with those who, unlike King David, commenced their lamentation after the end had come. The remedy demanded alike by humanity and good faith was the honest execution of the cartel.

When it was decided to locate a prison at Andersonville, Gen. Howell Cobb was in command of the district of Georgia. He was a man of large capital invested in planting and farming, of generous and genial temper, so much so that all who knew him will readily believe that if the prisoners within his command had been suffering for want of food he would have supplied them gratuitously with such articles as his plantation produced. Thus probably arose the report that he had sent provisions to the prisoners, and it probably got wider circulation as confirmation of the starvation theory.

Statements from gentlemen of high standing and who speak disinterestedly of what they know are submitted as conclusive on the question of quantity of food at Andersonville prison.

It is not only requisite that enough of some kind of food should be furnished; it is needful that the power to use and assimilate it should exist. Of this I have personal experience. During the first year of my imprisonment at Fortress Monroe I was reduced to little more than a skeleton under the needless privations inflicted by that heartless vulgarian, Brevet Gen. Nelson A. Miles. He was at the time of my imprisonment selected to supersede Col. Joseph Roberts, an educated soldier, whose regiment had been the garrison of Fortress Monroe in the latter part of the war. Why was this officer deemed competent to command the post in war, but not in peace? My acquaintance with both would suggest the answer: a gentleman was not suited to the cruel purposes of E. M. Stanton, then Secretary of War.

Let us now consider the laws and orders in relation to prisons and how they were administered. Gen. John H. Winder was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1820, and, with a brief interval, served in the United States army until he resigned, in 1861.

During the war with Mexico he was distinguished by gallantry in battle, for which he was twice brevetted. His character and his lineage precluded the supposition of cruelty to the defenseless. He was for a time the provost marshal of Richmond and supervisor of prisons thereabout. His conduct in these positions was in keeping with his reputation—that of a man neither humble to the haughty nor haughty to the humble. When the great body of the prisoners were sent to Georgia and the Carolinas, General Winder was ordered there to exercise a general supervision. He was selected, among other reasons, because of confidence in his kindness to prisoners, as specifically stated by James A. Siddon, then Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, S. Cooper, Adjutant General, who had been a cadet with General Winder, and George W. Brent. On pages 205 to 208 "Southern Historical Papers" the full text will be found from which these extracts were made:

"SABOT HILL, December 29, 1875.

"Mr. W. S. Winder: . . . . I had privately and officially the fullest opportunity of knowing his [Gen. John H. Winder's] character and judging his disposition and conduct toward the Federal prisoners; for those in Richmond, where he was almost daily in official communication with me, often in respect to them, had been some time under his command before, in large measure from the care and kindness he was believed to have shown to them, he was sent South to have supervision and control of the large number there being aggregated. . . . I thought him marked by real humanity toward the weak and helpless—such as women and children, for instance—by that spirit of protection and defense which distinguished the really gallant soldier.

"To me he always expressed sympathy and manifested a strong desire to provide for the wants and comforts of the prisoners under his charge. Very frequently, from the urgency of his claims in behalf of the prisoners, while in Richmond controversies would arise between him and the commissary general, which were submitted to me by them in person for my decision, and I was struck by his earnestness and zeal in claiming the fullest supplies the law of the Confederacy allowed or gave color of claim to. This law required prisoners to have the allowance provided for our own soldiers in the field, and constituted the guide to the settlement of such questions. Strict injunctions were invariably given from the department for the observance of this law both then and afterwards in the South, and no departure was to be tolerated from it except under the direst straits of self-defense. Your father was ever resolved, as far as his authority allowed, to act upon and enforce the rule in behalf of the prisoners.

"When sent South I know he was most solicitous in regard to all arrangements for salubrity and convenience of location for the military prisons and for all means that could facilitate the supplies and comforts of the prisoners and promote their health and preservation. JAMES A. SIDDON."

"MONTREAL, June 20, 1867.

"To R. R. Stevenson, Stewiacke, N. S.

"My Dear Sir: . . . I have never doubted that all had been done for the comfort and preservation of the prisoners at Andersonville that the circumstances rendered possible. General Winder I had known from my first entrance into the United States army as a gallant soldier and an honorable gentleman. Cruelty to those in his power, defenseless and sick men, was inconsistent with the character of either a soldier or a gentleman. I was always, therefore, confident that the charge was unjustly imputed. . . . The efforts made to exchange the prisoners may be found in the published reports of our commissioner of exchanges, and they were referred to in several of my messages to the Confederate Congress. They show the anxiety felt on our part to relieve the captives on both sides of the sufferings incident to imprisonment and how that humane purpose was obstructed by the enemy in disregard of the cartel which was agreed upon. . . . JEFFERSON DAVIS."

"ALEXANDRIA, VA., July 9, 1871.

"To R. R. Stevenson, Stewiacke, N. S.

"Dear Sir: . . . I can, however, with perfect truth declare as my conviction that General Winder, who had the control of the Northern prisoners, was an honest, upright, and humane gentleman, and as such I had known him for many years. He had the reputation in the Confederacy of treating the prisoners confided to his general supervision with great kindness and consideration, and fully possessed the confidence of the government, which would not have been the case had he adopted a different course of action toward them; and this was exemplified by his assignment to Andersonville by special direction of the President. Both the President and Secretary of War always manifested great anxiety that the prisoners should be kindly treated and amply provided with food to the extent of our means, and they both used their best means and exertions to these ends. . . . S. COOPER."

"ALEXANDRIA, April 3, 1868.

"My Dear Captain: . . . The entry (in my journal January 9, 1865) is substantially as follows: 'In pursuance of orders I addressed a letter to General Winder requesting him to turn over thirty Federal prisoners to Major Hottle, quartermaster, for the purpose of taking out subterra shells and torpedoes from the cuts in the West Point and Atlanta Railroad. Shortly afterwards I received from General Winder a reply, stating that he could not comply with the request, as it would not only violate the orders of the War Department but would be in contravention of the laws and usages of war.' . . . GEORGE W. BRENT."

General Winder arrived at Andersonville on June 17, 1864, and found gangrene and scurvy existing, and on the 20th of that month recommended that the prisoners should be removed as soon as possible to other posts. He received orders to remove the prisoners to Millen and other points suitable for their safety and health as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

The want of transportation and the insufficiency of guards produced occasional delays in the removal of prisoners; but on the last of September the number had been reduced from twenty or thirty thousand to about five thousand, who were too ill for transportation. General Winder had in the meantime recommended that agents should be employed to procure vegetables. These and all other suggestions for the comfort of the prisoners were sanctioned by the Executive Department at Richmond.

Much more might be added, but the foregoing is believed to be enough to refute the charges made against General Winder of cruelty to prisoners.

Let us now consider the conduct of the unhappy victim, Capt. Henry Wirz, and the proceedings by which he was condemned and executed. From such information as I possess he was a native of Switzerland, was a physician, and practicing his profession in Western Louisiana in 1861. He entered the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, and in the battle of Manassas his arm was broken, so that he remained a cripple permanently. General Winder, who had

opportunities to know him while employed at the Libby Prison in Richmond, selected him for superintendent of the prison at Andersonville. Whether his conduct there justified the selection, let the testimony of competent, unimpeachable witnesses determine. The eminent scientist and physician, Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, was in August, 1864, ordered to inspect and report on Andersonville prison. In the prosecution of Wirz garbled extracts were read to criminate the officers in charge. Dr. Jones has published his full report, so as "to place all the facts before the public, who have already had access to certain selected facts." After discussing the physical and pathological causes of the fatality at Andersonville, he wrote, as published, to Gen. B. H. Hill on January 17, 1886:

"In accordance with the direction of Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, formerly surgeon general C. S. A., I instituted during the months of August and September, 1864, a series of investigations on the diseases of the Federal prisoners confined in Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Ga.

"In justice to myself, as well as to those most nearly connected with this investigation, I would respectfully call the attention of Colonel Chipman, Judge-Advocate U. S. A., to the fact that the matter which is surrendered in obedience to the demands of a power from which there is no appeal was prepared solely for the consideration of the surgeon general C. S. A. and was designed to promote the cause of humanity and to advance the interests of the medical profession.

"On May 21, 1861, it was enacted by the Congress of the Confederate States of America 'That all prisoners of war taken, whether on land or sea, during the pending hostilities with the United States should be transferred by the captors from time to time as often as convenient to the Department of War; and it should be the duty of the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, to issue such instructions to the quartermaster general and his subordinates as shall provide for the safe custody and sustenance of prisoners of war; and the rations furnished prisoners of war shall be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy.'

"According to General Orders, No. 159, Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, 'Hospitals for prisoners of war are placed on the same footing as other Confederate States' hospitals in all respects and will be managed accordingly.'

"The Federal prisoners were removed to Southwestern Georgia in the early part of 1864, not only to secure a place of confinement more remote from Richmond and other large towns, from the operations of the United States forces, but also 'to secure a more abundant and easy supply of food.'

"As far as my experience extends, no person who had been reared on wheat bread and who was held in captivity for any length of time could retain his health and escape either scurvy or diarrhea if confined to the Confederate ration (issued to the soldier in the field and hospital) of unbolted corn meal and bacon. The large armies of the Confederacy suffered more than once from scurvy, and as the war progressed secondary hemorrhage and hospital gangrene became fearfully prevalent from the deteriorated condition of the systems of the troops dependent on the prolonged use of salt meat. And but for the extra supplies received from home and from the various State benevolent institutions, scurvy and diarrhea and dysentery would have been still further prevalent.

"A similar statement has been made by Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., in his recent work on the 'Physiology of Man.'

"It was clearly demonstrated in my report that diarrhea, dysentery, scurvy, and hospital gangrene were the diseases which caused the mortality at Andersonville. And it was still further shown that this mortality was referable in no appreciable degree to either the character of the soil or waters or the conditions of climate.

"The effects of salt meats and farinaceous food without vegetables were manifest in the great prevalence of scurvy. The scorbutic condition thus induced modified the course of every disease, poisoned every wound, however slight, and lay at the foundation of those obstinate and exhaustive diarrheas and dysenteries which swept off thousands of these unfortunate men."

Gen. I. D. Imboden, being for the time incapacitated for active service, was in the autumn of 1864, on the recommendation of Gen. R. E. Lee, to whom he was personally known, directed to report for duty to General Winder, whose headquarters were then at Columbia, S. C.

In the "Southern Historical Papers," volume on the "Treatment of Prisoners during the War," page 187 and following, is the letter from General Imboden, written in 1876, and from which the following extracts are offered:

"I now proceed to give you a simple historical narrative of facts within my personal knowledge that I believe have never been published, although at the request of Judge Robert Ould, of this city, who was Confederate Commissioner for the Exchange of Prisoners, I wrote them in 1866 and furnished the MS. to a reporter of the New York Herald. But the statement never appeared in that journal for the reason assigned by the reporter that the conductors of the Herald deemed the time inopportune for such publication. My MS. was retained by them, and I have never heard of it since. . . .

"Colonel Bondurant's report on the Andersonville prison, taken in connection with written applications from Captain Wirz, which I had received, suggesting measures for the amelioration of the condition of the prisoners, strongly indorsed and approved by Colonel Gibbs, an old United States army officer, a cultivated, urbane, and humane gentleman, commanding the post, made it apparent to my mind that I ought to make a personal examination into its condition. . . .

"At the time of my inspection there was a good deal of sickness among the prisoners, but not a large percentage of mortality. Our medical officers, even with their scanty pharmacopœia, gave equal attention to sick friends and enemies, to guard and to prisoners alike. . . .

"Bad as was the physical condition of the prisoners, their mental depression was worse and perhaps more fatal. Thousands of them collected around me in the prison and begged me to tell them whether there was any hope of release by an exchange of prisoners. Sometime before that President Davis had permitted three of the Andersonville prisoners to go to Washington to try to change the determination of their government and procure a resumption of exchanges. The prisoners knew of the failure of this mission when I was at Andersonville, and the effect was to plunge the great majority of them into the deepest melancholy, homesickness, and despondency. They believed their confinement would continue until the end of the war, and many of them looked upon that as a period so indefinite and remote that they believed that they would die of their sufferings before the day of release came. . . .

"I have already alluded to Captain Wirz's recommendation to put up more shelter. I ordered it, and thereafter daily a hundred or more prisoners were paroled and set to work in the neighboring forest. In the course of a fortnight comforta-

ble log houses with floors and good chimneys—for which the prisoners made and burnt the brick—were erected for twelve or fifteen hundred men, and were occupied by those in feeble health who were withdrawn from the large stockade and separated from the mass of prisoners. This same man (Captain Wirz), who was tried and hung as a murderer, warmly urged the establishment of a tannery and shoemaker's shop, informing me that there were many men among the prisoners skilled in these trades, and that some of them knew a process of very rapidly converting hides into tolerably good leather. There were thousands of hides at Andersonville from the young cattle butchered during the previous summer and fall, whilst the country yet contained such animals. . . .

"A few weeks later many of the barefooted prisoners were supplied with rough but comfortable shoes. . . .

"Another suggestion came from the medical staff of the post that I ordered to be at once put into practice: it was to brew corn beer for those suffering from scorbutic taint. The corn meal—or even whole corn—being scalded in hot water and a mash made of it, a little yeast was added to promote fermentation, and in a few days a sharp, acid beverage was produced, by no means unpalatable and very wholesome. Captain Wirz entered warmly into this enterprise. I mention these facts to show that he was not the monster he was afterwards represented to be, when his blood was called for by infuriate fanaticism. I would have proved these facts if I had been permitted to testify on his trial after I was summoned before the court by the United States, and have substantiated them by the records of the prison and of my own headquarters. . . . My personal acquaintance with Captain Wirz was very slight, but the facts I have alluded to satisfied me that he was a humane man and was selected as a victim to the bloody Moloch of 1865. . . .

"The Federal government remaining deaf to all appeals for exchange of prisoners, it was manifest that the incarceration of their captured soldiers could no longer be of any possible advantage to us, since to relieve their sufferings that government would take no step if it involved a similar release of our men in their hands. Indeed, it was manifest that they looked upon it as an advantage to them and an injury to us to have their prisoners in our hands to eat our little remaining substance. In view of all these facts and considerations, Generals Cobb and Pillow and I were of one mind: that the best thing that could be done was without further efforts to get instructions from Richmond to make arrangements to send off all the prisoners we had at Eufaula and Andersonville to the nearest accessible Federal post, and, having paroled them not to bear arms until regularly exchanged, to deliver them unconditionally, simply taking a receipt on descriptive rolls of the men thus turned over. . . .

"Finding that the prisoners could be sent from Andersonville by rail to the Chattahoochee, thence down that river to Florida, near Quincy, and from Quincy by rail to Jacksonville, within a day's march of St. Augustine, it was resolved to open communication with the Federal commander at the latter place. With that view, somewhere about the middle of March Captain Rutherford, an intelligent and energetic officer, was sent to St. Augustine. A few days after his departure for Florida he telegraphed from Jacksonville: 'Send on the prisoners.' He had, as he subsequently reported, arranged with the Federal authorities to receive them. At once all were ordered to be sent forward who were able to bear the journey. Three days' cooked rations were prepared, and so beneficial to health was the revival of the spirits of these men by the prospect of once more being at liberty that I believe all but twelve or fifteen reported themselves able to go and did go. The number sent was over six thousand. Only enough officers and men of the guard went along to keep the prisoners together, preserve order, and facilitate their transportation. To my amazement the officer commanding the escort telegraphed back from Jacksonville that the Federal commandant at St. Augustine refused to receive and receipt for the prisoners till he could hear from General Grant, who was then in front of Petersburg, Va., and with whom he could communicate only by sea along the coast, and asking my instructions under the circumstances. . . .

"The real cause of all the protracted sufferings of prisoners, North and South, is directly due to the inhuman refusal of the Federal government to exchange prisoners of war—a policy that we see, from the facts herein stated, was carried so far as to induce a commanding officer at St. Augustine to refuse even to receive and acknowledge that he had received over six thousand men of his own side, tendered to him unconditionally, from that prison in the South which above all others they charged to have been the scene of unusual suffering." . . .

Confirmatory of this are the following resolutions, adopted at Savannah on September 23, 1864, by the prisoners who had been sent from Andersonville, as elsewhere described. (See "Historical Society Papers," volume on "Treatment of Prisoners during the War," pp. 184, 185.)

"*Resolved,* That, while allowing the Confederate government all due praise for the attention paid to the prisoners, numbers of our men are consigned to early graves, etc.

"*Resolved,* That ten thousand of our brave comrades have descended into untimely graves, caused by difference in climate, food, etc. And whereas these difficulties still remain, we would declare our firm belief that unless we are speedily exchanged we have no other alternative but to share the same lamentable fate of our comrades. . . . Must this thing still go on? Is there no hope? . . .

"*Resolved,* . . . We have suffered patiently, and are still willing to suffer if by so doing we can benefit the country; but we most respectfully beg leave to say that we are not willing to suffer to further the ends of any party or clique to the detriment of our families and our country.

(Signed) P. Bradley,

Chairman of Committee in Behalf of Prisoners."

Whoso shall reject their declaration and insist, despite this and all other competent evidence, that the lamented deaths were the result of Confederate cruelty must be given over to believe a calumny.

In September, 1864, the prisoners, except about five thousand not able to bear transportation, were removed from Andersonville, and it virtually ceased to be a post for the reception of prisoners.

"Capt. Henry Wirz had the same control over the discipline of the hospital that he had formerly held over the prison. Surgeon R. R. Stevenson was placed in chief control of the Medical Department, with some thirty assistant surgeons and contract doctors. The process of renovating the post was now pushed on with vigor and rapidity, considering the small force and limited means at the command of Captain Wirz. In a short time the whole premises were in a much-improved condition, and the chances of the sick were growing more hopeful. At one time it had been thought by the medical officers of the post that nearly all the infected would die; but by the use of vegetables in such quantities as could be pro-

cured and an acid beer made from corn meal and sorghum molasses the death rate fell from about three thousand in August to one hundred and sixty for the month of December. . . .

"The dead were buried about half a mile to the northwest of the prison. They were placed side by side in long trenches and well covered up. Each grave was carefully marked by a stake bearing a number corresponding with that on the hospital register, which gave the name, rank, regiment, company, date of death, and disease of the patient. . . . At one time there were nearly eight thousand sick in the prison and hospital, and the mortality was very great, notwithstanding all possible efforts to check its ravages. The greatest difficulty was experienced in procuring medicines and antiscorbutics. These were made contraband by order of the Federal government. . . . The guards on duty here were similarly affected with gangrene and scurvy. Captain Wirz had gangrene in an old wound which he had received in the battle of Manassas in 1861, and was absent from the post some four weeks on surgeon's certificate. [In his trial certain Federal witnesses swore to his killing certain prisoners in August, 1864, when he (Wirz) was actually absent on sick leave in Augusta, Ga., at the time.] General Winder had gangrene of the face, and was forbidden by his surgeon, I. H. White, to go inside the stockade. . . . For a period of some three months (July, August, and September, 1864) Captain Wirz and the few faithful medical officers of the post were engaged night and day in ministering to the wants of the sick and dying and caring for the dead. So arduous were their duties that many of the medical officers were taken sick and had to abandon the post." (Pages 25, 27, 28, 29, Stevenson.)

The New York Daily News of August 9, 1865, contained a letter signed "M. S. H.," which is reputed to have been written by an officer of General Sheridan's staff. I have no personal knowledge of the writer; but I think no one can read the letter, to be found at page 138 and following of "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," by R. R. Stevenson, without being struck with the manhood of the narrator and feeling a conviction that he is one to be relied on in any conflict between truth and popular clamor. Want of space restricts me to brief extracts. He writes:

"Having been for several months an inmate of the stockade at Andersonville, I propose herein to consider, in the first place, the causes of the excessive mortality there; and, secondly, how much of its frightful suffering is justly chargeable to Captain Wirz. . . . The mortality at Andersonville resulted mainly from the following causes: (1) Want of food, (2) want of shelter, (3) want of medical attendance and hospital diet, (4) causes of a purely local nature, coupled with the moral degradation exhibited by the prisoners themselves. By the want of proper food I mean that the dietary scale was neither of the kind nor quality to which most of the prisoners had been accustomed. Still it was the ordinary diet of the Confederate army, and they had nothing else to give us. Thousands of the prisoners had never eaten bread made of corn meal or any preparation of it whatever; and with those its use commonly resulted in diarrhea, which, aggravated by the excessive use of water, generally in a few days became chronic. Every one knows the difficulty of treating this disease, even under the most favorable circumstances. At first the meal was issued uncooked and the prisoners allowed to go out of the stockade under guard in squads to collect fuel. This privilege was accorded with the understanding that an escape would not be attempted. In a short time, however, Captain Wirz was compelled to withdraw the favor, for it was evident that no reliance could be placed in the promises of our men. . . . But the cooks were our own men, liberated from the stockade for this special duty on parole and receiving therefor an extra ration and the liberty of the entire post, besides other privileges. . . . As for the quantity of food, I know that until Generals Sherman and Kilpatrick destroyed the railroad communications of the South the ration, as issued by the post commissary, was nearly if not equal to that of our guards. . . .

"Many of our men were taken in battle, their baggage generally at the rear. Others, too feeble or indolent to carry their blankets or knapsacks, threw them away. . . . When asked how they lost their clothing, they almost invariably replied: 'The Rebs stripped me.' All of these houseless and naked men were blistered by the sun and chilled by the dews. These were the men who waited for the dead at the gates and stripped every corpse to positive nudity whenever the immediate friends or comrades of the deceased rejected the loathsome rags. These are they whose portraitures have filled our pictorials and upon whose testimony of suffering and starvation the conviction of Captain Wirz will be sought, and whose vindictiveness now in the hour of the triumph to which they contributed little or nothing is equaled only by their total want of magnanimity, manhood, and self-control while prisoners. . . . The principal ailments were chronic diarrhea, dropsy, gangrene, and scurvy. Of the first three, probably four-fifths of the patients died. The treatment for scurvy was somewhat more successful, and would have been still more so had not these same hospital attendants exhibited all the demoniacal cruelty which is now so eagerly attributed to Captain Wirz. . . . When the sick were brought out every morning to fill the places of those whose death had made room for them, a general scramble would ensue among the nurses to secure those who would probably give the least trouble. Very expert judges, too, were these nurses of the probable amount of plunder a patient would yield either before or after death. . . . All that the physician could do was merely an approximation to the proper treatment. The stringency of the blockade (medicines and hospital supplies being contraband of war) was such that drugs were not procurable. . . .

"The local peculiarities of Andersonville were not of themselves of a character to induce any excessive mortality. The spot was selected mainly with a view to its salubrity, and such is abundantly proved by the fact that very few of our men who were out on parole died. . . . I have known our men to volunteer to accompany the hounds and bring back our fugitives. Should these men receive an honorable discharge and Captain Wirz be convicted and sentenced to an infamous punishment? Is he to be held responsible for the deaths in hospital when our men, deputed and paid to nurse the sick, more than neglected their duty? And because our own men, scoffing at every prudential consideration of cleanliness, willfully neglected every precaution which would conduce to their health, is he to be held up to the world as a murderer of hitherto unknown magnitude? I trust not. In our national heraldry I see an olive branch for the conquered, not a hangman's noose. Believe me, sir, I have no personal interest or object in making this statement or appeal. I never spoke to Captain Wirz nor he to me."

Poor Wirz, upon whom was devolved the most laborious and thankless task of preserving order among the crowded, uncomfortable mass of prisoners at Andersonville without

adequate force to preserve proper police or means to provide for their health and comfort, became at last the victim of a misdirected popular clamor. Arrested while under the protection of a parole, tried in time of peace by a military commission of officers in a service to which he did not belong, denied the favorable testimony of those who came and subpœnas for other witnesses of like character—without these ordinary means, granted to the accused in all civilized countries, he died a martyr to conscientious adherence to truth.

A venerable and venerated priest, Father Wheelan, of Savannah, Ga., visited me in prison, and there told me that, hearing of the great mortality among the prisoners at Andersonville, he went there to console the sick, to shrive the dying, and to perform the offices for the dead. He said he was daily in the stockade and in the hospital, and frequently met Captain Wirz, whom he described as an irritable but kind-hearted men, especially toward the sick. In regard to the food, he said it was neither good nor abundant, but added that he drew only the daily ration and subsisted upon it. In reference to the report that Captain Wirz beat the prisoners, he said it was certainly unjust, because his right shoulder had been broken; and if he had the will, he had not the power to strike.

When Captain Wirz was under trial, Father Wheelan went to Washington as a witness. He said that upon his arrival the prosecuting attorney asked him what he knew about the case; and after he had told all his observations at the prison, he was informed that he was not further wanted and could go home. Col. Robert Ould was another of the cases where witnesses for the defense were dismissed by the prosecution without being allowed to testify. Colonel Ould wrote:

"I was named by poor Wirz as a witness in his behalf. The summons was issued by Chipman, the judge-advocate of the military court. I obeyed the summons, and was in attendance upon the court for some ten days. The investigation had taken a wide range as to the conduct of the Confederate and Federal governments in the matter of the treatment of prisoners, and I thought the time had come when I could put before the world these humane offers of the Confederate authorities and the manner in which they had been treated. I so expressed myself more than once—perhaps too publicly. But it was a vain thought.

"Early in the morning of the day on which I expected to give my testimony I received a note requiring me to surrender my subpœna. I refused, as it was my protection in Washington. Without it the doors of the Old Capitol Prison might have opened and closed upon me. I engaged, however, to appear before the court, and I did so the same morning. I still refused to surrender my subpœna, and thereupon the judge-advocate indorsed upon it these words: 'The within subpœna is hereby revoked; the person named is discharged from further attendance.'" ("Southern Historical Papers," pp. 130, 131.)

Gen. R. H. Chilton, of the Confederate Adjutant General's Department, on account of misrepresentations in regard to Andersonville, on September 28, 1875, published a reply from which I extract a paragraph and ask attention to the personal reference to Captain Wirz:

"Colonel Chandler's testimony that Mr. Davis was not aware of the existence of his report is on the records (or should be) of the Mrs. Surratt court-martial, which, by the by, sentenced to death Captain Wirz, the only officer mentioned favorably in that report as doing all that a subordinate could do to improve the condition of the prisoners. Colonel Chandler informed me that he was called before that court and asked one question—viz.: If it was possible that so important a report as his should not have been brought to the notice of the President? He replied that he had every reason to know that it was not. No other question was asked. That court was evidently anxious to implicate Mr. Davis. Its failure to make a case when the feeling against him was at its greatest heat should exonerate him from all such charges.

"I send with this a letter from Colonel Ould, recently received, which, relating more generally to the subject of Federal prisoners, you are at liberty to publish.

"Respectfully yours, R. H. Chilton."

Maj. R. B. Winder, M.D., Dean of the Baltimore Dental College, was a prisoner in the Capitol of Washington at the time of Captain Wirz's confinement there. A statement of his in regard to an event which occurred the evening before the execution of Wirz has been widely published. I therefore make but a brief extract from it: "A night or two before Wirz's execution early in the evening I saw several male individuals (looking like gentlemen) pass into Wirz's cell. I was naturally on the *qui vive* to know the meaning of this unusual visitation, and was hoping and expecting too that it might be a reprieve, for even at that time I was not prepared to believe that so foul a judicial murder would be perpetrated. I think—indeed, I am quite certain—there were three of them. Wirz came to his door, which was immediately opposite to mine, and I gave him a look of inquiry, which was at once understood. He said: 'These men have just offered me my liberty if I will testify against Mr. Davis and criminate him with the charges against the Andersonville prison. I told them that I could not do this, as I neither knew Mr. Davis personally, officially, nor socially; but if they expected with the offer of my miserable life to purchase me to treason and treachery to the South, they had undervalued me.' I asked him if he knew who the parties were. He said, 'No,' and that they had refused to tell him who they were, but assured him that they had full power to do whatever they might promise."

We are informed by the brave and faithful counsel of Wirz, Louis Schade, Esq., that "on the same evening some parties came to the confessor of Wirz, Rev. Father Boyle, and also to me, one of them informing me that a high Cabinet officer wished to assure Wirz that if he would implicate Jefferson Davis with the atrocities committed at Andersonville his sentence would be commuted. He (the messenger or whoever he was) requested me to inform Wirz of this. In the presence of Father Boyle I told Wirz next morning what had happened. The Captain simply and quietly replied: 'Mr. Schade, you know that I have always told you that I do not know anything about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville. If I knew anything of him, I would not become a traitor against him or anybody else even to save my life.' He likewise denied that he had made any statement whatever to General Baker. Thus ended the attempt to suborn Captain Wirz against Jefferson Davis. That alone shows what a man he was. How many of his defamers would have done the same? With his wounded arm in a sling the poor paroled prisoner mounted two hours later the scaffold. His last words were that he died innocent."

In answer to an inquiry addressed by me to the Rev. Father Boyle, I received the letter of which the following is a copy:

"Washington, D. C., October 10, 1880.

"*Hon. Jefferson Davis, Dear Sir:* Absence from the city and

the desire since my return to obtain information on the subject of your letter have delayed my answer. I have not succeeded in the latter purpose. But I know that on the evening before the day of the execution of Major Wirz a man visited me, on the part of a Cabinet officer, to inform me that Major Wirz would be pardoned if he would implicate Jefferson Davis in the cruelties at Andersonville. No names were given by this emissary, and upon my refusing to take any action in the matter he went to Mr. Louis Schade, counsel for Major Wirz, with the same purpose and with a like result.

"When I visited Major Wirz the next morning, he told me that the same proposal had been made to him and had been rejected with scorn. The Major was very indignant, and said that, while he was innocent of the charges for which he was about to suffer death, he would not purchase his liberty by perjury and a crime such as was made the condition of his freedom.

"I attended the Major to the scaffold, and he died in the peace of God and praying for his enemies. I know that he was indeed innocent of all the cruel charges on which his life was sworn away, and I was edified by the Christian spirit in which he submitted to his persecutors.

"Yours very truly, F. E. Boyle."

These witnesses were men of high character and intelligence, of whom it could not be pretended that they were in any manner connected with the charges under consideration or otherwise of doubtful credibility. Could as much be said in behalf of the witnesses for the prosecution? Was a prisoner who violated his parole and was captured a proper accuser of the subaltern whose duty it was to prevent his escape and, not having a sufficient guard for that purpose, employed dogs to track the fugitive?

A few words will suffice for the bloodhound horror. Since the war I have been informed that there was not one bloodhound at Andersonville prison; but some deer or fox hounds were kept to follow prisoners who, when paroled for voluntary service, broke faith and fled. When Time shall have softened passion and prejudice, when Reason shall have stripped the mask from misrepresentation, then Justice, holding evenly her scales, will require much of past censure and praise to change places.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

Tribute of Gen. F. T. Nicholls, of Louisiana, to R. E. Lee.

In every relation of life he played his part well, meeting misfortune with the same serene dignity that in earlier times he had accepted honors. His virtues were surpassed only by his valor, his greatness by his modesty, and so transcendent were his qualities of mind and heart that even before the dark clouds of war had blown away the nation had begun to appreciate Robert E. Lee and to claim him as its own. Happy the country that produces such a man; happy the youth who have such an example of all a Christian and a gentleman should be.

John Hagerty, 372 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I am very desirous of knowing the present whereabouts of James McCarty or relatives if living. He served in a Kentucky regiment (12th or 18th) during the Civil War. I write in behalf of his sister, Mrs. Johanna Rose. Patrick McCarty, another brother, was South also. She last heard from James in 1874, when he said he was working, as was also Patrick, on the street railway in New Orleans. James McCarty would be about seventy-five years old, was married, and had a girl named Johanna."

[**

TREATMENT OF COPPERHEADS IN ILLINOIS.

An interesting letter comes with a subscription to the Veteran from Mr. Enoch James, of Ashland, Ill.:

"February 23, 1907, will be my eighty-sixth birthday. My health is very good, and I do a good deal of work and enjoy walking to the farm and back, three miles distant, each day. My friend, Mr. Tuman, of this place, handed me a copy of the Confederate Veteran. I have read it through, and am well pleased. Its object seems to be a true and impartial history of the Civil War. Have patience, and I will give you some of my experience before and during the Civil War.

"When the honest abolitionists headed against the sin of slavery, I did not fear; but when the politicians—hypocrites—drove the South into rebellion, I was much grieved. I thought it would be the most desperate thing in history. Lincoln, having been elected, called for seventy-five thousand men for three months to put down the rebellion. This was to be a 'breakfast job;' but it took two to three million men four years and cost $6,500,000, besides the destruction of private property that can't be estimated. During the progress of the war a company was sent to this section occasionally to intimidate the copperheads. I went to the village of Pleasant Plains for my mail, when Mr. Cartwright approached a group of us and asked that we read a paper that had been sent to him and advise him what to do. Here is a true copy of the paper:

"'February 17, 1864.

"'*V. C. Cartwright:* Since my return here with my company we have been invited frequently to partake of the hospitalities of our friends, and we feel disposed to divide the trouble and eat with some of our antiwar friends; and, knowing that you are the most rabid copperhead in the neighborhood, we will here give you notice that we will on Saturday evening, the 20th inst., at six o'clock take supper with you. We give you this timely notice so you can be prepared and have plenty on hand. John Raisy,

Captain Co. C, 64th Regt. Ill. Vol. Infantry.

"'*N. B.*—You are also notified that you can't advocate copperheadism in our presence, or it won't be healthy.'

"The foregoing is a true copy of the communication. I waited a few moments for older ones to speak (Cartwright had asked us what he had better do. I had never seen him so angry). Finally I said, 'I would never give them their supper. I would ask my friends to come and protect me,' and added, 'I will come and bring my gun.' The next day (Friday) Cartwright's father, Peter Cartwright, carried the note to Springfield and gave it to the provost marshal and told him that Captain Raisy could get no supper unless he could chew bullets. Saturday evening I loaded my gun with buckshot and a bullet, put a seven-shooter in my pocket, besides a long-bladed knife, and was one of the first to arrive at Cartwright's home. The family seemed very much worried, and I asked what they were going to do; that if they intended to give that company supper they had no use for me. Citizens began to come in from all directions—some on foot, others riding, and all armed. They carried their pistols and had a pile of empty guns in a wagon. Soon the men went to loading the guns. I read Captain Raisy's letter to the crowd. One big man—big in every way—took the lead in discussion as he rammed home a bullet, and it soon appeared that all were determined. We drilled on the lawn in the moonlight, but no soldiers came. The provost marshal at Springfield had sent a note to Captain Raisy repudiating his presumption and stating that he would be held responsible personally for all misconduct of his men."

RECORD OF A CONFEDERATE AND A SENATOR.

Tributes Paid by Colleagues to Gen. W. B. Bate.

LEADING ADDRESS BY HON. E. W. CARMACK.

[This address was delivered in the Senate of the United States on Thursday, January 17, 1907, at the memorial service on the life, character, and public services of Hon. William B. Bate, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.]

Mr. President: It is with a feeling of peculiar tenderness and reverence that I approach the sad duty of this occasion. I was born within a mile of General Bate's homestead, lived among his friends and neighbors, listened with rapt attention to stories of camp and conflict as they fell from the lips of the heroic veterans who were his followers and comrades in battle, and from my early boyhood was deeply imbued with the spirit of personal devotion to him that prevailed among the people of his native county. In later years circumstances brought us much together, and I became his personal friend and supporter in all his political contests. My personal knowledge of the man revealed inborn qualities which strengthened my love for him and held it to the last; and the affectionate relations that have existed and do exist between our families are among the most precious blessings of life.

Mr. President, if in youth one could be permitted to shape the end of his life, he could not wish for it a happier termination than that which closed the mortal career of William B. Bate. Full of years, full of fame, and full of honors, he closed a life crowned with domestic peace and happiness, the esteem and confidence of his people, and that conscientiousness of duty faithfully done which more than all things else gives sweetness to life and takes bitterness from death. By the sternest code of honor he lived a life of rectitude. It is no exaggeration to say that neither to the right nor to the left, under whatever temptation, throughout a long life, full of action, full of excitement, full of strivings and honorable ambitions, did he ever swerve by the breadth of a hair from the path of honor. In addition to all this, and higher and better than all this, the Christian's faith and hope were his; so that his peaceful death, met with a calm and quiet resignation, was a fitting close to such a life, a happy realization of the prophet's prayer: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" He died as one who knew that the gates of death were but the portals of immortal life.

William B. Bate was born in the old blue grass county of Sumner, a county still famed for the sterling character of its citizenship and the generous hospitality of its people. The world cannot produce a nobler type of men and women than may there be found. They are worthy of the ancestry from whom they sprang. General Bate was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and came from the old pioneer stock who in the early history of the State invaded this region with ax and rifle to hew through the primeval forests a pathway for civilization. They were men of heroic heart and simple faith. A faith in God that knew no doubts or questionings gave them the fortitude to dare the terrors of the wilderness. On the frontiers of civilization, struggling with wild beasts and with yet wilder men, they acquired the fundamental qualities that go to make the manners and the character of a gentleman—respect for one's self and for others. General Bate was born near Old Bledsoe's Lake, and within sight of the old fort where the early settlers found protection while yet the white man had to make good his title to the land against his savage foe. Here he spent the years of his boyhood until—a fatherless lad—he determined to go forth alone to match himself against the world. He went first to Nashville and secured a place as clerk on a steamboat which plied between Nashville and New Orleans. The war with Mexico coming on, he enlisted in the latter city, joining a company of Louisianians, and went to Mexico. He served out his term of enlistment with the Louisiana troops and then joined a company from his own State, which had arrived upon the scene of hostilities, and was made first lieutenant. In this capacity he served to the end of the war.

After his return from Mexico, he soon entered upon the study of law, graduating from the Cumberland Law School, at Lebanon, Tenn. He did not have to wait for clients, but at once achieved marked success in his profession, being elected prosecuting attorney for the district including the city of Nashville in the year 1854, just two years after he had been licensed as a practicing attorney. In 1856 he married Miss Julia Peete at Huntsville, Ala., the loving and faithful partner of his long and checkered life, who still survives him. It so happens that this day upon which we commemorate his life and services is the anniversary of the day of their happy union.

General Bate early developed a taste for politics, and as a member of the Legislature and presidential elector on the Breckinridge-Lane ticket he began his political career, a career which had already given promise of greatness when interrupted by the outbreak of the war of secession.

Tennessee left the Union reluctantly and with sorrow. She had voted down the first proposal to leave the Union by an immense majority. But when the secession movement grew to such strength that war became inevitable, and she had to decide between the alternative of uniting her forces with or against her sister States of the South, she chose to abide the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. Looking calmly back from this peaceful time to that stormy period, I am proud that she dared and suffered with the South.

The martial, the military instinct in General Bate was strong, and his whole heart and soul was in the cause of the South. Neither then nor afterwards, to his dying day, did he ever question the justice of her cause or permit any man to do so in his presence without stern and emphatic rebuke. That cause had in him a friend who was faithful unto death and beyond the grave.

He enlisted as a private in a company then forming at Gallatin, was made its captain, and later was elected colonel of the regiment. In his eagerness to give his services on the field he promptly took his regiment to Virginia and commanded it in the battle of Bull Run. As its term of enlistment was about to expire, so thoroughly had the rank and file become imbued with the spirit of their commander, when the proposal was made to them to enlist for the war the entire regiment stepped forward as one man. There was not one laggard in this regiment of Sumner County heroes.

There was another conspicuous illustration of the spirit that prevailed in this regiment. Because of the promptitude with which they had gone to the front, Colonel Bate had been permitted to select the army in which his regiment should serve, and he naturally selected the Army of Tennessee. Upon the transfer being made, all the members of the regiment were given a sixty days' furlough. Before this furlough had expired Albert Sidney Johnston made the movement which brought on the battle of Shiloh, and at the call of their colonel the members of this regiment voluntarily abandoned the ease and comfort of home, tore up their unexpired furloughs, and hastened to report for duty. For many of them it meant death or mutilating wounds, for this regiment was early in the battle, and in the "focal and foremost fire." In a desperate charge

Colonel Bate rode in the very front of his regiment and cheered them toward the foe. While doing so he received a wound which shattered his leg, but he continued to lead his regiment onward until faintness from loss of blood caused the bridle reins to drop from his hands and until his horse was shot from under him. In that battle his brother and brother-in-law and a cousin were killed and another cousin severely wounded—five members of one family in one regiment weltering in their blood upon one battlefield.

Colonel Bate lay for a long time in peril of death from his terrible wound. His surgeons decided that amputation was necessary, but it was characteristic of the man that he overruled the opinion of the surgeons and decided to take the chance of recovery without the loss of his limb. His decision meant that he would take all the chances of death rather than become unserviceable to his country in its hour of peril. He slowly recovered from his wound, and was indeed badly crippled throughout the war. He returned to his command on crutches as a brigadier general.

He was so badly crippled that it was not believed that he would again be fit for duty in the field, and a movement sprang up to make him Governor of the State to succeed Isham G. Harris, whose term was soon to expire. There is no doubt whatever that he could have been elected; but he promptly declared that he would accept no civil office, but would share all the perils of battle with his comrades unto the bitter end. He was afterwards twice wounded while yet so badly crippled from his former wound that he had to be lifted to his horse as he rode at the head of his command. He had three horses killed under him at Chickamauga, and everywhere and under all circumstances he exhibited that same spirit that won the name bestowed upon him in the official report of his division commander, General Stewart, at Chickamauga—"The indomitable." I shall not dwell upon the details of his military career. I need not do so; there are volumes of eulogy in the simple statement that he entered the army as a private soldier and left it as a major general. From the hopeful beginning to the end of the sad but glorious chapter, when he surrendered the ragged, famished, battle-torn, heroic remnant of his command, it was the same story of a devotion that knew no weakness and a valor that knew no fear. Upon his tombstone, and upon that of every Tennesseean who followed him, may be written without flattery the characterization of Bayard: "A knight without fear and without reproach."

When the war was over, he returned to the practice of law, removing to the capital city of Nashville, and soon commanded an immense practice. He was especially successful in jury trials, and at the time when he became Governor, in 1882, his firm probably had the largest practice in the State.

He was elected Governor at a time when the refunding of the State debt followed as a result of the settlement which was an issue in this campaign. An incident in connection with this shows the extreme punctiliousness of his sense of duty. The law required that the new bonds issued should be signed by the Governor. When it was proposed to prepare a stamp by which the facsimile of his signature might be placed upon the bonds, he insisted upon an exact compliance with the letter of the law and of undergoing the immense physical labor and writing the signature upon each with his own hand. In all his career this same nice and self-exacting sense of duty governed his public and his private conduct.

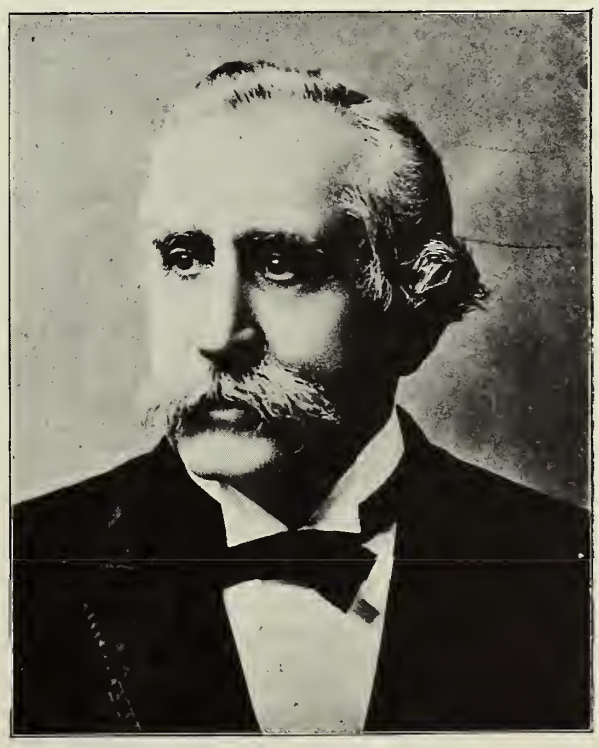
After his second term as Governor came his election to the Senate. It was a battle of the Titans in which he then prevailed. Intellectual giants like ex-Governor Marks and ex-Congressman John F. House contended with him in friendly and chivalrous rivalry, and yielded him the palm without bitterness as to a victor worthy of their steel.

In politics he lived and died a Democrat—not simply in the sense that he supported the nominees of his party, but because he was a thorough believer in its great fundamental principles. Like the late Isham G. Harris, he clung with tenacity to his party's earliest creed, and felt a sense of resentment for every deviation from the Jeffersonian principle of a strict construction of the Constitution.

In his service here he was faithful, industrious, diligent, a close student of the business of the Senate, having a clear understanding of the questions of the day; and when he chose to do so, he presented his views with great ability, learning, and power. A speech on the tariff question in the early years of his service showed him to be a profound student of national taxation, and his speech upon what, in our part of the country, was usually denominated the "force bill" was liberally quoted from one end of the land to the other.

But above all other qualities, he bore among his associates here a reputation for honor and integrity that was without a stain. No suspicion of an unworthy motive was ever imputed to any act of his. No man here or elsewhere ever felt one moment's doubt as to the absolute rectitude of his intentions.

It is a fact significant of the happy passing of old issues, of old passions and prejudices, that among the most devoted friends he had in this chamber were those who wore the blue when he wore the gray, who fought under the stars and stripes when he fought under the stars and bars, with whom he contended for life and death in the awful shock of battle. There are no truer friends than those who have been honorable foes, and the handclasp that is made above the grave of kindred dead is never broken. Even as he loved and honored those who fought by his side, he loved and honored those who



WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE,
Major General C. S. A., Senator U. S. A.

confronted them. And while old associations, the memory of common sorrows and of common sufferings, bound him as with hooks of steel to his comrades in arms, the story of that great war was to him a lesson of American prowess and American valor, which, united under a common flag, could withstand the world in arms.

His intense devotion to the memory of the cause for which he had fought and of the comrades who had died for that cause might seem to the superficial inconsistent with heartfelt devotion to the Union; but you in this chamber who fought on the other side—none of you ever questioned for one moment the loyalty to the Union of this battle-scarred old hero of the Confederacy. You loved and honored him for his very fidelity to those hallowed memories and hallowed graves. You who, like him, but on the opposing side, have passed through the furnace of war know that he who can lightly forget what was once the cause of his country, the cause for which its women prayed and for which its sons had died, could not be loyal to any country or faithful to any flag. You know that he brought to the service of the whole country as faithful a devotion to duty as when fighting for the cause of the Confederacy on the red edge of the battle. The Confederacy had no braver knight than William B. Bate when war was flagrant in the land; the Union has had no truer friend since the war clouds were lifted and the waiting sunlight came down to bless the land which is the common hope, as it is the common heritage, of us all. His love for the Confederacy was but the faithfulness of memory to the noble dead—that lingering with uncovered head by the tomb of old comrades and fallen hopes which purifies and exalts the soul.

Mr. President, it is true that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." William B. Bate was one of those who came back from the war, surveyed the scene of red ruin and blank desolation that overspread his country, and then with hearts resolute and undismayed faced the awful problems of that awful time. All the heroism displayed through four blazing years of war pales into insignificance by the side of that story of patience, constancy, and fortitude which enabled a weaponless and uncaptained army of disfranchised citizens to win victory even from defeat.

In private life General Bate was simple, plain, devoid of artifice or ostentation. Unusually blessed in his domestic relations, he found his happiest hours around the family hearthstone and in the company of congenial friends; but in all the walks of life the same high courage and noble qualities which won him honor and fame in field, in forum, and in Senate were his. And when he came to meet the inevitable hour, these qualities rose supreme, and he blenched not when he stood face to face with the king of terrors. Over him the grave could win no victory, and for him death had no sting. As in the ardor of his youthful prime he had faced death without a tremor, with all the courage of a soldier, so at the last he met death with all the fortitude of a Christian. At peace with his fellow-man, with his conscience, and his God, "he gave his honors to the world again, his blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, was the next speaker at the memorial service. He said: "William Brimage Bate was a soldier of his country before he became a man. He had just entered his fourth term of service in this body when he departed from us. Throughout his long and useful life he was an earnest and honest soldier of the common good. At the close of his service he left behind him a clean, white record, which bears witness that through his life's ceaseless struggle he was always 'present for duty,' and that as God give him to see that duty so he did it, whatever might befall. He had passed considerably beyond the period of threescore years and ten before he died—indeed, he was in his eightieth year—but his strength had remained equal to his tasks; and it is consoling to reflect that it was not in the valley of helplessness that he left us nor by the process of slow decay. No matter when death comes, so mighty is the change it is startling and sudden. No matter what the premonitions may be, and no matter howsoever we steel our hearts to meet the inevitable, the blow that shivers the life of one beloved and honored must lacerate the sensibilities and pall upon the affections. Although the shadow upon the dial marked the evening of his days, Senator Bate was here and took the oath of office for a new term on the 4th of March, 1905. I had stood by his side when he entered the Senate in 1887, and again was with him when he was sworn in the last time. Together we joined in the line of Senators that proceeded from this hall to witness the inauguration of President Roosevelt from the east front of the Capitol. As we passed out of the chamber I said to him, 'General, I have seen you sworn into the Senate for four times, and I hope that you may long live and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you sworn in again;' but it was not so written. As we reached the throng pressing forward through the halls of the Capitol we became detached from each other, and I never saw him more."

Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, said: "I recall the sad incident when, at my own home at a formal dinner party at which he was to have been the guest of honor, while waiting for his arrival, the first tidings of his serious illness came unexpectedly to all present and cast a gloom upon the festivities of the occasion. . . . He was so unostentatious that it required an intimate knowledge of the man to know and appreciate his noble impulses and sterling qualities. To him anything suggestive of insincerity, duplicity, or mendacity was abominable. Purity of thought and speech was characteristic of his daily intercourse with his fellow-men. He led the life of a Christian, in all respects correct and consistent, and in his social life he was most genial, companionable, and hospitable. He was never so happy as when surrounded by his family and intimate friends; he and his charming wife, whom all who know her respect and love, dispensed so royally the well-known hospitality of their home."

Senator George C. Perkins, of California, said: "Senator Bate came from that part of our country where loyalty and personal honor are deservedly emphasized as the two highest virtues of man, public or private. Whatever views he might hold, whatever cause he might espouse, it was recognized that his position was taken as the result of impartial consideration and unselfish thought; and, though others might not at all times agree with him, no one could raise a question as to his honesty, his conscientiousness, or his integrity of purpose. His entire career is evidence of the simplicity and truth of his noble character. In two wars he exposed his life from the sense of highest duty to his people, and his many wounds received on the battlefield proved his energy and unshrinking courage in following the path to which that duty pointed. . . . As Chairman of the great Committee on Military Affairs he evinced a breadth of view and a grasp of detail that showed him to be one of the most efficient of legislators. And on other important committees of which he was a member his influence was felt as a force."

In concluding an admirable address, Senator Samuel D.

McEnery, of Louisiana, said: "His character was a grand one in its integrity, its honesty, and its purity. He had a lofty disdain for all that was low and mean. There was no shadow of fanaticism to cloud his character or to disturb his judgment. He was in public and in private life a person of the purest morals, and his indignation was aroused by profligacy or groveling baseness. His nature was kind and affectionate and true, and there was never a more steady or sincerer friend."

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, said: "But, Mr. President, with all his strength of comradeship and of associations, with his firmness of conviction, apologizing for nothing, repenting of nothing, when he, standing at that desk, took the oath of a Senator, no man who ever has taken it and no man who ever will take it can take it with a stronger, holier purpose to serve in every way to his uttermost the government of the United States than did he. He was utterly indifferent to his own comfort, sometimes indifferent to his own health and safety, in the discharge of duties relatively trifling as a Senator, because they were duties, and he regarded no duty as trifling. . . . Mr. President, he stood for the rights of the States; he stood for the rights of the national government. He stood for larger powers in the national government that he would have done thirty years ago, as I now stand stronger for the rights of the States than I would have done thirty years ago. He knew that the national government was created by the States; that every power which it possesses was surrendered by the States; that it possesses none except those which expressly or by implication were surrendered by the States; and that all the powers which the States did not surrender the States withheld and still possess. Mr. President, this may be said of him: that when he breathed his last—and happily he was spared a lingering illness—there followed him to his home in Tennessee the respect and affectionate regard of every member of the Senate and the respect which all thoughtful people everywhere cherish for an honest, sincere, manly man who had discharged to the full his duty in every relation of life."

Senator James B. Frazier, who was chosen by the Legislature of Tennessee in session at the time to succeed General Bate, had the concluding address for the Senate. He said: "In every walk of life, from musket bearer to division commander, from steamboat clerk to Governor's chair and Senator's seat, his fidelity to every trust was stern, unyielding, Spartan. From the path of duty as he saw it, from fidelity to those who trusted him, no threat or danger could drive him, no temptation could allure him. He stood always firm and uncompromising for the right, as his faith and his conscience pointed the way. . . . My father's friend, I cannot remember the time when I did not know Senator Bate. I was taught to honor and respect him; his friendship and fidelity made me love him. I sought his counsel. I was guided by his wisdom. His last official act was to dictate and sign a letter to me on the day before his death. It was the last time he ever signed his name, and so firmly was his hand held in the grip of death that the name is scarcely legible. It related to the disposition of the Confederate flags, ordered returned to the States by a resolution of Congress, about which, as Governor, I had asked his advice—the old, tattered banners, only representing a lost cause, a sentiment, if you please; but to him, even in his hour of dissolution, it was the Cross of St. Andrew, under whose stainless folds he had charged to victory and to glory."

The House of Representatives took much part in the memorial service. The leading address in the House was by Hon. John W. Gaines, of the Hermitage District.

HERITAGE TO SONS OF VETERANS.

The John A. Broadus Camp, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in Louisville, were fortunate in having for their orator on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth Hon. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro. Whether leading his company in battle or advocating the cause of the Southern people in Congress, Captain Ellis has ever been an honor to his State and section.

Introductory to his response to the toast, "Gen. Robert E Lee," Captain Ellis said:

"Mr. Toastmaster, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Gentlemen: Whoever is asked to address the Sons of Confederate Veterans ought not to overlook the fact that he has been personally complimented and that he is to speak to a select audience. Who are these Sons of Confederate Veterans? I answer: They are the sons of men whose record in war and whose adherence to law and order in times of peace entitle them to a place in the first rank among those who have added renown to American arms and honor to American citizenship.

"It is true your fathers fought in defense of a cause that did not succeed; but they did not fight in vain. They struggled to establish a principle which they believed the Constitution of the United States recognized, and during the four stormy years that they followed the shifting fortunes of that cause they not only proved their loyalty and devotion to it, but by their splendid valor and unquestioned courage they shook a continent by their heroic endeavors and filled the world with the glory of their achievements.

"On the record Confederate soldiers made, I insist that every young man who can exhibit an authentic certificate showing that his father was a 'good Confederate soldier' exhibits a title in fee simple to an estate more valuable than all the stocks and bonds that corporate wealth and commercial greed can under any conditions acquire."

Captain Ellis began his worthy tribute as follows: "You ask me to respond to the toast, 'Robert E. Lee.' This is at once an easy yet a difficult task, for no words here spoken, no matter how eloquent, and no eulogy here pronounced can add anything to the imperishable record of that great military genius who, by his loyalty to the cause of the Old South and his unsurpassed military skill, not only wrote his own name and fame but that of the Army of Northern Virginia, which he commanded, on the front pages of the nation's history."

Inquiry from a correspondent for some history of Gen. Robert C. Tyler, who was killed near West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865, induces the request for the address of any relatives or friends of his who might be able to give something of his personal history as well as an account of his part in the notable engagement which cost his life. A most interesting account of the battle and the death of General Tyler appeared in the VETERAN (1896), Volume IV., pages 381-382.

Dr. W. M. Polk, son of the beloved Bishop-General Polk, killed at Lost Mountain, writes from New York: "Inclosed I send my check toward the monument the ladies of Georgia propose to erect to Captain Wirz." The amount is $25.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

BY TELAMON CUYLER (61 EAST 72D STREET), NEW YORK CITY.

I inclose you what I believe to be a correct roster of the surviving general officers of the Confederate States armies. I published a rough list in August, 1905, and circulated it widely and subjected it to frequent revision with this result. To print this roster in the VETERAN will be of great interest to all Confederates—my father's old comrades—for whom I cherish a patriotic regard. The post office address follows each name when possible, and also the State to which they were accredited in their commissions and the date of such commission. It will be seen that none are now living of the eight generals, three of the nineteen lieutenant generals, nine of the eighty-one major generals, and fifty-two of the three hundred and sixty-five brigadier generals. So that in the total of the four hundred and seventy-three commissioned of all ranks sixty-four are now living.

I am now engaged in a correspondence which, it is hoped, will bring me such generous response of pictures, war time papers, maps, copies of inscriptions on tombs and statues, reminiscences of veterans, correct information as to ancestry, early lives, war services, death in battle, decease during or since the war, of all our four hundred and seventy-three Confederate generals, as will enable me to compile a satisfactory biography of each of our heroic leaders.

I undertake this work with no desire for pecuniary gain, but give my time and labor that a correct narrative of their heroic services may be transmitted to posterity. I seek information from the thousands of veterans who followed these generals, from those members of their staff who yet live, and from their families and relatives. These can tell best the stories which I will edit and publish. Therefore I appeal to all Southerners to furnish me with all kinds of information, that I may succeed in producing, and at an early date, a book that will embody in its pages a correct biography of each and every one of our generals. I ask that the Southern press give this request the widest publicity, that the good results desired may be speedily secured.

To each Camp of the United Confederate Veterans I address an especial appeal. Bring this to the attention of all your members! Secure from them their written reminiscences of any of our generals under whom they served; of those generals who were killed on the field of battle. I desire narratives of their last moments, advices as to disposition of their remains, etc. Descriptions of their personal appearance—height, color of hair, beard, eyes, and complexion—are desired, together with details of highest rank, and above all an authentic war time likeness (in uniform, if possible). It is very necessary to have a complete history of their war services: date, place, rank and command in which they went out, battles and fights engaged in, and all promotions in proper order. If captured, date and place, and where and how long imprisoned. Comrades sharing their imprisonment can add much information to this book if they will write of those days.

THREE LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

(The date of appointment is given with each.)

Simon Bolivar Buckner, Ky.; Sept., '64. Munfordville, Ky.
Stephen D. Lee, S. C.; June, '64. Columbus, Miss.
Alexander P. Stewart, Tenn.; June, '64. Chattanooga, Tenn.

NINE MAJOR GENERALS.

M. C. Butler, S. C.; Sept., '64. Woodlawn, S. C.
Samuel G. French, Miss.; Aug., '62. Freehold, N. J.
Robert F. Hoke, N. C.; April, '64. Raleigh, N. C.
E. M. Law, Ala.; April, '65. Bartow, Fla.
George Washington Custis Lee, Va. Burke, Va.
Lunsford L. Lomax, Va.; Aug., '64. Gettysburg, Pa.
William T. Martin, Miss.; Nov., '63. Natchez, Miss.
De Camille J. Polignac, France; April, '64. Orleans, France.
Thomas L. Rosser, Tex.; Nov., '64. Charlottesville, Va.

FIFTY-TWO BRIGADIER GENERALS.

E. P. Alexander, Ga.; Feb., '64. "The Dunes," South Island (Georgetown County, S. C.).
Frank C. Armstrong, Tenn.; Jan., '63. Philadelphia, Pa.
Arthur P. Bagby, Tex.; March, '64.
William R. Boggs, Ga.; Nov., '62. Winston-Salem, N. C.
Pinckney D. Bowles, Ala.; April, '65. Tampa, Fla.
William L. Cabell, Va.; June, '63. Dallas, Tex.
Ellison Capers, S. C.; Nov., '64. Columbia, S. C.
Francis M. Cockrell, Mo.; July, '63. Washington, D. C.
George B. Cosby, Ky.; Jan., '63. Sacramento, Cal.
John Z. Cox, Tenn.; '65.
William R. Cox, N. C.; May, '64. Raleigh, N. C.
Alfred Cumming, Ga.; Oct., '62. Augusta, Ga.
Basil W. Duke, Ky.; Sept., '64. Louisville, Ky.
Clement A. Evans, Ga.; May, '64. Atlanta, Ga.
John W. Frazer, Miss.; '65. Clifton Springs, N. Y.
Richard M. Gano, Tex.; April, '65. Dallas, Tex.
George W. Gordon, Tenn.; Aug., '64. Memphis, Tenn.
Daniel C. Govan, Ark.; Dec., '63. Memphis, Tenn.
George P. Harrison, Ga.; Feb., '65. Opelika, Ala.
Eppa Hunton, Va.; Aug., '63. Richmond, Va.
Alfred Iverson, Ga.; Nov., '62. Kissimmee, Fla.
Adam R. Johnson, Tex.; Aug., '64. Burnet, Tex.
George D. Johnston, Ala.; July, '64. Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Robert D. Johnston, N. C.; Sept., '63. Montgomery, Ala.
Wilburn H. King, Ga.; July, '64. Sulphur Springs, Tex.
William H. Kirkland, N. C.; Aug., '63.
James H. Lane, N. C.; Nov., '62. Auburn, Ala.
Walter P. Lane, Tex. Marshall, Tex.
Thomas M. Logan, S. C.; Feb., '65. New York, N. Y.
Robert Lowry, Miss.; Feb., '65. Jackson, Miss.
Hylan B. Lyon, Ky.; June, '64. Eddyville, Ky.
John V. McCausland, Va.; May, '64. Point Pleasant, Va.
William M. McComb, Tenn. Gordonsville, Va.
Thomas H. McCray, Ark.; '65.
James A. McMurry, Tenn.
William R. Miles, Miss.; '64. Miles, Miss.
John C. Moore, Tex.; May, '62. Osage, Tex.
John T. Morgan, Ala.; Nov., '63. Washington, D. C.
Thomas T. Munford, Va.; Nov., '64. Lynchburg, Va.
Francis T. Nicholls, La.; Oct., '62. Baton Rouge, La.
Lawrence S. Parker, N. C.; '63.
Edmund W. Pettus, Ala.; Sept., '63. Washington, D. C.
Roger A. Pryor, Va.; April, '62. New York, N. Y.
William P. Roberts, N. C.; Feb., '65.
Felix H. Robertson, Tex.; Nov., '64. Waco, Tex.
Jacob H. Sharp, Miss.; July, '64. Columbus, Miss.
Charles H. Shelley, Ala.; Sept., '64. Columbus, Miss.
Thomas B. Smith, Tenn.; July, '64. Nashville, Tenn.
James C. Tappan, Ark.; Nov., '62. Helena, Ark.
Allen Thomas, La.; Feb., '64. New York, N. Y.
Henry H. Walker, Va.; July, '63. New York, N. Y.
Marcus J. Wright, Tenn.; Dec., '62. Washington, D. C.

According to the roster prepared by Gen. Marcus J. Wright in September, 1904, there were four hundred and thirty-seven

general officers commissioned by the Confederacy. The late Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., Georgia's distinguished historian, placed the number at four hundred and seventy-four, by respective ranks—viz., eight generals, nineteen lieutenant generals, eighty-one major generals, and three hundred and sixty-six brigadier generals in the regular military service of the Confederacy. Jones compiled his roster during the early seventies, and was distinguished for his accuracy in such work. Of this number, General Wright asserts that sixty-five were killed in battle and eleven died of their wounds. Thus seventy-six lost their lives during the war, and two hundred and seventy-three have died since the close of the war. Therefore eighty-seven were living in 1904. I have examined this list of the living, and find that it is very nearly correct. In addition to those named in my roster (revised up to this time), I find the following names of brigadier generals:

Cullen A. Battle, Ala.; Aug., '63. Troy, Ala.
Charles C. Crews, Ga.; '65.
Junius Daniel, N. C.; Sept., '62.
Jesse J. T. Finley, Fla.; Nov., '63. Quincy, Fla.
James E. Harrison, Tex.; Dec., '64.
Edward G. Lee, Va.; Sept., '64.
Dandridge McRea, Ark.; Nov., '62.
Patrick Theodore Moore, Va.; Sept., '64.
Hugh W. Mercer, Ga.; Oct., '61.
Young M. Mooddey. Ala.; March, '65.
William R. Peck, La.; Feb., '65.
Nicholas B. Pearce, Ark.
Jerome B. Robertson, Tex.; Nov., '62.
James P. Simms, Ga.; Nov., '64.
Peter B. Starke, Miss.; Nov., '64.
Richard Waterhouse, Tex.; March, '65.
Frank B. Gordon, Mo.
Julius A. de Lagnel, Va.; Nov., 62. Alexandria, Va.
L. M. Lewis, Mo.
H. P. Mabry, Tex.; March, '62.

The two last named I cannot find in any of my lists of Confederate generals. Perhaps they were officers of the militia in their States. Can any reader inform me? Great care should be exercised to distinguish between C. S. A. and the State troops.

I desire to print a correct list of the generals, in order that copies may be placed in leading public libraries as well as distributed in the South. It is therefore requested that any and all possible additions and corrections be sent to my address.

The foregoing is complimentary by the Veteran to Mr. Cuyler. Let every friend help to get the record correct in the Veteran as well as in responding to Mr. Cuyler.

According to the advance sheets of the forthcoming book by Mr. Telamon Cuyler, the Georgia historian of biographies of the Confederate generals, there were commissioned during the war eight generals, nineteen lieutenant generals, eighty-one major generals, and three hundred and sixty-five brigadier generals, making a total of four hundred and seventy-three. There are now living only sixty-four of this rapidly diminishing company—namely, three lieutenant generals, nine major generals, and fifty-two brigadier generals.

Accredited to Virginia and Tennessee, eight each; North Carolina, Georgia, and Texas, seven each; Alabama and Mississippi, six each; Kentucky and South Carolina, four each; Arkansas, three; Louisiana, two; Missouri and France, one each. There is no surviving general accredited to Florida.

OUR WOMEN AND SAM DAVIS.

[An address by Ben Childers, Esq., of Pulaski, introducing Miss Sallie Ballentine to the many thousands present at the reunion in that city October 11, 1906:]

Veterans, Daughters, Sons, Ladies and Gentlemen: A duty has been asigned me which is an honor; for to be commanded by the noble band of women who constitute the Daughters of the Confederacy—your daughters, old veterans—is honor indeed. The women of the South were its pride and glory in the days of ante-bellum aristocracy.

In the four years of conflict, while you gentlemen were passing through "the battles and sieges"—fortunes of war—the "most disastrous chances," the "moving accidents by flood and field"—while you were giving the world the spectacle of the most magnificent army it had ever seen, an army that could win battles barefooted and hungry—as much of heroism and valor as you displayed upon the field of battle, the women at home, if such a thing were possible, showed a higher type of courage and a more consecrated devotion to the cause of the South than you yourselves did.

And since that conflict ended, with self-abnegation that is beautiful, these wives and daughters have devoted themselves to the perpetuation of the memory of your heroism.

And the women of this Chapter of Daughters, in the erection of this beautiful memorial, have chosen for perpetuation in granite and marble the greatest act of personal heroism in all history. They have reflected their own ideals of manhood. They have shown us the kind of bravery and fortitude Southern women delight to honor.

All honor to these noble women for their long and persistent efforts that have resulted in such brilliant success! Against discouragements that would have balked and defeated men, they have labored with persistence, until the funds necessary for this magnificent monument were raised. They all deserve our deepest gratitude. We adore them for what they are; we adore them for what they have done.

And now I have the honor to present to you a member of that organization whose personal and intellectual qualities have made her known beyond the confines of our State, a typical Southern woman, with all that is best and noblest that the name implies, who will extend to you a Southern welcome. I have the honor to introduce Miss Sallie Ballentine, who organized the Chapter that erected the monument.

By accident the foregoing was omitted from the report of the monument dedication as published in the December Veteran, and it is too good to be lost.

The statement is made with gratitude that steps are soon to be taken to erect the Sam Davis monument in Nashville.

Confederate Flags of Maryland.—At a meeting of the Maryland Line Confederate Veterans, in which all of the ten Camps were well represented, the question of removing the Maryland Confederate flags to a place of safety in Annapolis was introduced by Col. Oswald Tilghman. An animated discussion followed; but the consensus of opinion, it is said, was that the flags should be preserved by the State. A committee to look after the matter was appointed. It consists of Colonel Tilghman, Lieut. Col. William L. Ritter, Privates E. S. Judge and J. F. Hickey. The flags carried by the Maryland regiments in the Union army were recently placed in the Statehouse at Annapolis with imposing ceremonies. Colonel Tilghman said Governor Warfield is desirous that the State's Confederate flags be placed there. Most of the Maryland Confederate flags are at the Confederate Home at Pikesville.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF A CAPTURE IN VIRGINIA.

BY M. L. LEONARD, COMPANY E, 1ST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

On the night of August 30, 1862, after the second battle of Manassas, Company E, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, was ordered to advance and establish a picket line. Captain McClung sent Sergt. E. G. Fishburne, with W. D. McCausland and Henry Kennedy, on a road leading across the country and connecting with the "Little River Turnpike" to take a position and wait for further orders from him. Shortly after Fishburne had selected his position a body of horsemen approached them from the direction of the enemy. Thinking that probably it was Captain McClung returning from the front with the remainder of the company after completing the picket line, the detail allowed them to advance to within one hundred yards before calling them to a halt. Fishburne demanded what regiment they belonged to, and received the answer, "— New York," and in return was asked, "Who are you?" Fishburne replied, "4th Pennsylvania," and at once consulted with his two comrades how they could manage to capture the New Yorkers. He then asked the captain to send his orderly sergeant forward. When the orderly rode up, they disarmed him and sent Kennedy back with him, instructing Kennedy to take him to the first camp he could find and ask the commander of the camp to send him a squad of men to aid in the capture of the Yankees that he was detaining.

The Yankee captain, becoming impatient at the delay, inquired why he could not come on with his command. Wishing to consume as much time as possible and expecting reenforcements as soon as Kennedy could reach some camp, Fishburne evaded the captain's question as long as possible, and then requested him to ride up to where he (Fishburne) was, that they might consult over the matter more fully and come to some understanding. This the captain agreed to; and when he rode up, Fishburne put the drop on him and told him that if he gave the alarm to his men he would be a dead man. He then placed the captain between McCausland and himself, facing the rear, and ordered him to command his company forward. The captain answered, "I am your prisoner and cannot do that," adding, "I suspected something was wrong."

Fishburne then gave the command himself, "Forward! Trot! March!" and started for the rear with one prisoner and forty-two armed men following, intending to keep the space of one hundred yards between them intact; but the men riding in the rear soon closed up the space between them. When they had marched thus for about one mile, they saw and recognized the dead body of Kennedy lying in the road, and realized that there was no hope of meeting reënforcements. At this point of the march to the rear a suspicion was aroused among their armed prisoners (for these men were not disarmed until camp was reached) when one of them said in a loud tone to his comrades: "Boys, I'll be d— if I don't believe these fellows are Rebels. Didn't you see that dead man lying back there in the road?" He evidently thought they were nearing the battlefield they had so hastily left a few hours before.

McCausland says that when he heard this chat going on among the armed men then trotting along in the rear he drew the rein a little tighter on his horse and gradually guided him to the left, so as to place himself on the flank and near the rear of the column, thinking Fishburne and himself were soon to meet the fate of Kennedy, and he wanted to be in position to do some shooting himself while the fun lasted. After marching a few miles farther, they came in sight of a regiment of cavalry in camp and marched direct to it, when Fishburne repeated his second order to "Halt and surrender," and McCausland from the rear repeated the order to surrender.

This regiment was the 12th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Asher W. Harman, and to them were turned over the captain and forty-two armed men. Then, and then only, was there any confusion in this whole affair. The surprise was so great to these men in camp that they at once secured their arms, and Fishburne had to dismount as quickly as possible and run in among the men and explain to keep from being fired upon. Fishburne and McCausland at once arranged to have the body of Kennedy brought into camp, and upon examination it was found that he had been murdered by his prisoner by a stab in the heart with a knife, which had been overlooked in the hasty search of the prisoner when captured. Kennedy's body was sent home to his parents, and now lies buried in the old cemetery near Crimora, Augusta County, Va.

McCausland, so far as known, is still living (?) somewhere in Texas. Whether living or dead, no two braver soldiers ever served in the Confederate army.

The account of this capture is as near Fishburne's and McCausland's own language as I can give it, and I believe correct, as I have gone over the matter with Fishburne several times since the war, and also with McCausland, and as a comrade in the same company was familiar with the details at the time as recounted by those who made the capture.

The number of the New York regiment in question, I think, was the 47th, but I am not certain. At the time we had the captain's name, also the orderly sergeant who murdered Kennedy. The boys kept a sharp lookout for him ever afterwards among all prisoners captured, and I believe if they could have gotten their hands on him they certainly would have court-martialed him on the spot.

HORRIBLE DEED BY FEDERALS IN VIRGINIA.

[Capt. John H. Grabill sends a clipping from the Richmond Dispatch with an account by Mr. R. D. Stewart, of Baltimore, and he gives a careful version of the event. It concerns the murder of David Getz by command of Gen. George A. Custer.]

The article differs in some of the details from the account which I have secured from persons who were present and are still living in Woodstock. The writer personally knew the small family, consisting of Andrew Getz, Elizabeth, his wife, and their simple-minded son, David. David was about thirty years of age. The family lived in a small house close to the Methodist church, and for the rent of this humble home they served as sexton of the church. Davy was mentally deficient, and no duties of a civil or military character were required of him. He was simple and harmless. The boys loved to tease him, and many a Confederate soldier told Davy that he had come from the army to take him back with him. He was a very timid child. He had no ambition to be a soldier, but was always frightened when the suggestion was made that he should go into the army. Davy had in some way become possessed of an old musket, and with it amused himself hunting ground squirrels and small birds.

In the summer of 1864 he was engaged in his usual sport in the pines near his home when a squad of Federal soldiers suddenly came upon him. To their question, "Are you a bushwhacker?" he replied, "Why, yes." He had no comprehension of the term "bushwhacker." He was at once seized by a number of Federal soldiers, dragged to the pike, and then

tied to a wagon. The poor fellow was almost frightened to death, and his heart-rending screams aroused the whole town. There was a wail that can hardly be imagined.

Accustomed as were the people to the brutality of the Federals who prowled through this valley, nothing aroused their sympathy and horror, not even the burning of their homes and churches by the fire fiends of the brutal Sheridan, as did this inhuman outrage. Tied behind a wagon and dragged through the streets, his plaintive cries and shrieks brought to their doors the ladies on both sides of the street. Helpless they stood and wept for the poor unfortunate. Close behind him walked his aged mother and father, clasping each other's hands. They continued to follow their screaming child until they were driven back by the bayonets of the Federal soldiers.

Custer's camp was about one mile south of Woodstock. Here he was waited upon by Mrs. J. L. Campbell, Mrs. Murphy, and other ladies of the town, who gave him a truthful statement of the character of the man and besought Custer to look at him, as one glance would convince him of the truth of their statements. He roughly repulsed them. He was afterwards visited by Moses Walton, a distinguished lawyer of Woodstock, Dr. J. S. Irwin, a Union man of the town, and Mr. Adolph Heller, a prominent merchant and a strong Union man, at whose house both Custer and Torbett had occasionally made their headquarters. While Mr. Heller was at heart a Union man, he was always ready to protect the innocent so far as it was in his power. He earnestly besought General Custer to release the poor idiot. When Custer intimated that he proposed to have him shot, Mr. Heller boldly replied: "General Custer, you will sleep in a bloody grave for this. Surely a just God will not permit such a crime to go unavenged." These gentlemen left his headquarters saddened by the exhibition of brutality upon the part of Custer. The words of Mr. Heller proved to be prophetic.

Poor Davy Getz was again tied behind a wagon, compelled to walk to Bridgewater, a distance of forty-five miles, there forced to dig his own grave, and was then murdered like a dog. The father several years later committed suicide. The mother was taken to the home of her son, Mr. Levi Getz, of Rockingham County, where she died some years ago.

ALABAMIANS AT VICKSBURG.

BY LIEUT. P. A. CRIBBS, MATADOR, TEX.

[Comrade Cribbs writes a personal note, saying: "I am not able to renew my subscription, yet I am loath to do without the VETERAN. I have been reading it so long. I am too old to work (seventy-one years) and can't see to read much, so I will have to give it up for the present; but it grieves me to say good-by, old friend. My heart is with you and all the good wishes for success and prosperity an old comrade can wish. May Heaven's richest blessings ever be with you, protecting and supporting you in vindicating the truth and the rights of the Confederate cause! Good-by and God bless you!"]

In the December VETERAN, page 551, S. A. R. Swan made some mistakes which I think ought to be corrected. He states that General Tracy was killed at Grand Gulf. I was second lieutenant of Company K, 20th Alabama Regiment, Tracy's Brigade. He was killed at Port Gibson. Col. Isam Garret commanded the 20th Regiment, Alabama Infantry, and United States Senator E. W. Pettus at that time was our lieutenant colonel. When General Tracy was killed, Colonel Garret took command of the brigade, and heroically led us through the battle of Baker's Creek and into the trenches around Vicksburg. Colonel Garrett was killed in the works at Vicksburg.

The 36th Alabama Regiment lost all their field officers and most of their line officers at Port Gibson and Baker's Creek and at the blow-up in the redoubt at Vicksburg, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee, our division commander, put Lieutenant Colonel Pettus in command of the 36th, which at that time was completely demoralized, being cut down to less than one hundred men and without an officer above the rank of lieutenant. Gen. S. D. Lee ordered Colonel Pettus to rally his men and retake the redoubt, but they wouldn't rally. Colonel Waul's Texas Legions were in reserve at the rear of our lines. Colonel Pettus called on Colonel Waul for sixty volunteers to retake the works and drive the Federals out of the redoubt, which he did. Right here let me say that that act of gallantry made two brigadier generals of E. W. Pettus and T. N. Waul.

Col. E. W. Pettus was captured at Port Gibson, but escaped like an eel in the backwater and rejoined the regiment before the battle of Baker's Creek. When the old 20th congratulated him for his promotion to brigadier general, he complimented us by saying that it was the men in the line rather than his own valor that he was indebted to for his success.

Now these are the facts as I remember them. I may not be altogether correct myself in some respects, but in the main I know I am right.

"CONFEDERATE" CANNON USED IN THE WAR.

Together with other "Incidents of Sharpsburg," C. A. Richardson relates "a good one on Lincoln."

"In one of the companies of the gallant old 15th Virginia Infantry, Company G, commanded by Capt. Joseph M. Gunn, there was a tall, stout, robust fellow; a dare-devil, rollicking chap, who gloried in a fight. In the Sharpsburg fight, when about half the regiment had been killed and wounded, my comrade and hero, 'Beauregard' (a nickname given him in the regiment), was badly wounded and left on the field. The enemy, already in superior force and receiving additional reenforcements, drove us from that part of the terrible field, compelling us to leave 'Beauregard' with many others. He was taken to the Federal field hospital, where he received as good attention as the crowded condition permitted.

"A bright, sunny day of the week following the great battle there was a grand review of the Federal army which had failed to defeat 'Marse Robert's' veterans. President Lincoln did the reviewing, riding a tall horse—both rider and steed being tall—and all under a very tall silk hat. The President was not considered a striking military figure (he was at his best as a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, angular citizen in ill-fitting clothes and awkward manners). Our wounded hero, with other badly wounded comrades, had been brought out on stretchers and placed on cots in front of the hospital, doubtless with the idea of impressing them with the grand parade. Several hundred pieces of artillery had passed in most imposing array, when the President rode up and drew rein near our 'Beauregard,' whom he noticed, and thus addressed: 'Now, Johnnie, tell me, what do you think of our artillery? Honest now, a square opinion?' 'Well, Mr. President, I will tell you: it surely does look fine, and there's losts of it, too. In our army we haven't got so much, but it looks jest like yours. On nearly all the limber chests there's the letters "U. S." same as yours.' This retort, courteous and so straight from the shoulder, greatly pleased Mr. Lincoln, who never failed to see and enjoy a good joke, no matter at whose expense, whose undoing. He rode on, trying in vain to suppress laughter."

GEN. THOMAS J. CHURCHILL.

Thomas J. Churchill was born on his father's farm, near Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1824; and died in Little Rock, Ark., on the 14th of May, 1905, having passed his eighty-first birthday. He was a veteran of two wars, having enlisted in 1846 as a lieutenant in the 1st Kentucky Mounted Rifles, commanded by Col. Humphrey Marshall, and serving with distinction through the Mexican War, and then when a soldier of the Confederacy promotion came to him for his bravery and efficiency until he reached the rank of major general. At the time of his death he was the oldest survivor of the Confederate army of that rank. His service for the South was his pride, and few honors that came to him were more highly prized than was his election as Commander of the Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans.

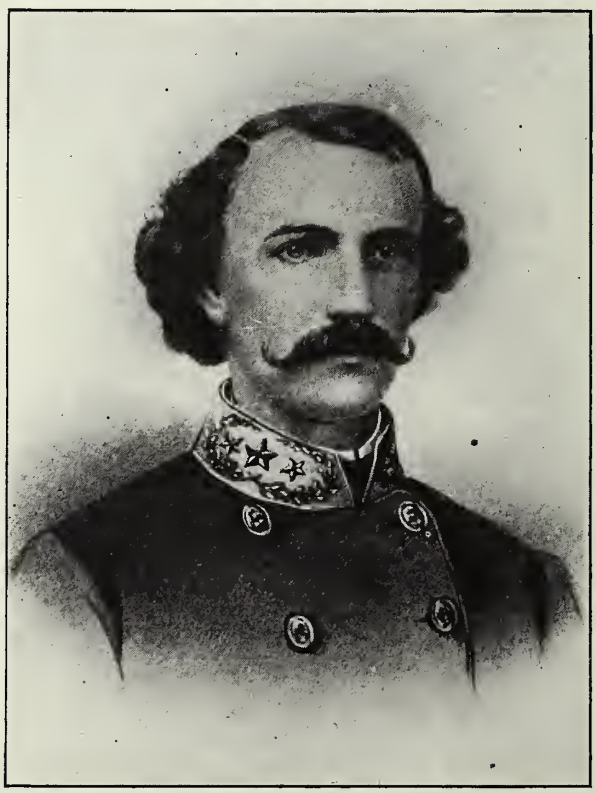
In 1848 Lieutenant Churchill removed to Arkansas and settled in Little Rock. There was a special attraction to him in that city; for when he was on his way to Mexico as Lieutenant Churchill, of Colonel Marshall's command, he was entertained at the family mansion of Judge Benjamin Johnson during the time he was in Little Rock, and met Miss Ann Sevier, granddaughter of the house and daughter of Senator Ambrose H. Sevier, to whom he was married in 1849. She survives him with one son (S. J. Churchill, of California) and three daughters (Mrs. M. M. Hankins, of Little Rock; Mrs. J. F. Calif, of Nottingham, England; and Mrs. E. G. Langhorne, of Orange, N. J.). He left also two sisters, Mrs. Hampden Zane and Mrs. Luke P. Blackburn, of Louisville, Ky.

Thomas J. Churchill had in his blood not only the heroic strain of his English ancestry, the family of that Jack Churchill remembered as Lord Marlborough, but also an admixture of the famous Virginia families of Armistead and Harrison; and through his mother was descended from a gallant Kentucky officer who served as ensign and lieutenant under Washington, and fell in command of the bloody Ohio field where St. Clair was overwhelmed by the savage tribes of the Northwest.

When Arkansas seceded from the Union, Thomas Churchill raised the first regiment of mounted rifles, and with them immediately entered the service of the Confederacy. It was his cool and discerning leadership that saved the day at Wilson's Creek, preventing the junction of two Federal commands. Two horses were shot under him in this battle. His heroism and sagacity in that battle won him promotion to brigadier general. This was in March, 1862. While yet ranking as colonel, he had commanded a brigade at Elkhorn Tavern; and after crossing the Mississippi, he commanded a brigade at Corinth and at Tupelo. He then joined Gen. E. Kirby-Smith in East Tennessee and commanded one of his divisions. In the battle of Richmond, Ky., five thousand Confederates ably led defeated the Federal forces of ten thousand, capturing as many prisoners as their number, nine pieces of artillery, ten thousand stands of small arms, and a large quantity of quartermaster's stores.

The thanks of the nation were formally expressed by Congress to these gallant leaders, Generals Smith, Churchill, Cleburne, Col. Preston Smith, and their men for this signal victory and "the speed, vigor, and constancy which resulted in planting the Confederate flag upon the capital of Kentucky and upon the shores of the Ohio River in front of Cincinnati." General Churchill's next battle was at Arkansas Post, under orders to hold the position to the last extremity, though he had but seven regiments and seventeen guns and was assailed by McClernand's entire army from before Vicksburg, including forty-nine regiments and nine gunboats under Admiral Porter, the total of the enemy's artillery being about one hundred guns. He made a most gallant defense, causing the enemy, by the latter's own reports, a loss of over one thousand killed and wounded before his artillery was silenced and the Federals, in greatly superior numbers, crowded over his works.

From this time, January 11, 1863, General Churchill was a prisoner of war, three months of the time at Camp Chase, Ohio. He was exchanged at City Point and ordered to report to General Bragg. He commanded an Arkansas brigade in Cleburne's Division, of Bragg's army, including many of his brave men at Arkansas Post, during the Tullahoma campaign of 1863. On December 10 he was assigned to duty again in Arkansas, and put in command of a brigade composed of the 26th, 32d, and 36th Arkansas Regiments. Almost at the same time he was given division command, including Gen. J. C. Tappan's brigade and his own, and just before the battle of Mansfield, La., he was in command of a corps which included his division under Tappan and a Missouri division under Gen. M. M. Parsons. While he was not in the engagement at Mansfield, he encountered the enemy in stronger numbers and position at Pleasant Hill on April 9; and Gen. Richard Taylor coming up, it was decided to make the attack that evening, as they supposed the Federal command of Gen. A. J. Smith had not effected a junction with General Franklin, whom Taylor had encountered alone on the day before. This was a mistake, as the Federal army was united; and, despite the gallantry displayed by the Arkansas and Missouri troops and positions taken, the result could not but be in favor of the enemy. At Jenkins's Ferry Churchill commanded his Arkansas division under General Price, supporting Marmaduke's cavalry in opening the battle, and fought with great



GEN. THOMAS J. CHURCHILL.

gallantry until the enemy's line was broken. For this he was recommended by General Kirby-Smith for promotion to major general, which rank was conferred upon him in March, 1865. He was in winter quarters at Minden, La., and surrendered with the troops of the Trans-Mississippi Department when hostilities were concluded.

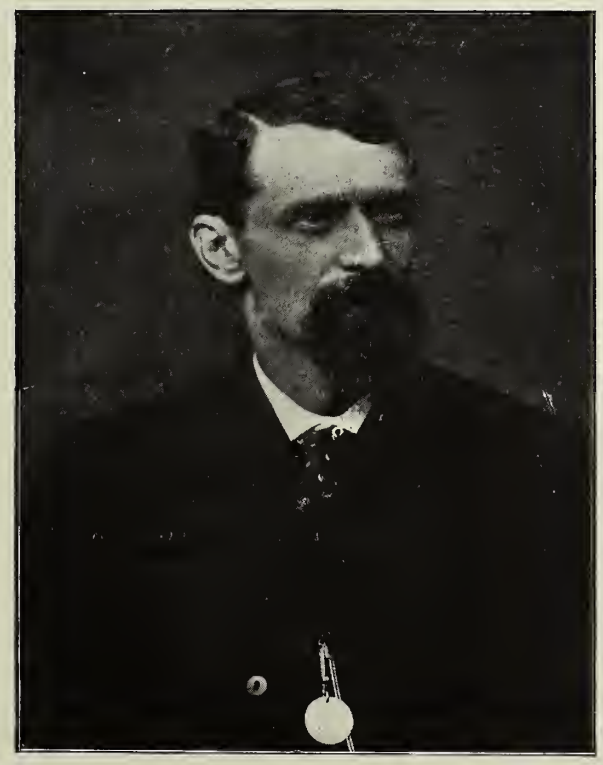
After his return to Arkansas, he retired to his farm in Pulaski County, from which he was called to serve his State in various offices of importance. He was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1866, but was not allowed to assume the office; was elected State Treasurer in 1876 and twice reëlected; and in 1880 the people of Arkansas bestowed upon him their highest honor in electing him Governor, and his majority for this office was the greatest in the history of the commonwealth. After his retirement from office, he resided quietly in Little Rock. He retained his interest in the affairs of his State and the world generally, and during the long illness which preceded his death he would scan the papers daily for events of the world's happenings.

In compliance with a request made by General Churchill some months before he died, the funeral was a military one, conducted by Maj. Gen. W. H. Haynes, commanding the Arkansas State Guard. He was laid to rest attired in the Confederate gray, which he loved so well.

SHARPSHOOTERS WITH HOOD'S ARMY.

BY ISAAC N. SHANNON.

Hood's army halted at Decatur, Ala., in his Nashville campaign, and Cheatham's Division was formed in line ostensibly to assault the Federal works in its front. Lieut. John M. Ozanne ordered me to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding, for orders. Hastily approaching the General and making known my errand, he replied: "Yes, I will soon move forward to the attack." I said to him: "In that event your sharpshooters ought to be upon that hill," pointing to a hill about a mile or more in our front, "so as to command their artillery fire." He then told me to tell Lieutenant Ozanne to advance to the hill and bring on the engagement. I replied: "General, that hill is a long way off; it is very near their line; it is covered with bushes, and it may be occupied by the Yankees." He replied: "Well, Shannon, what would you suggest?" I replied: "A company of infantry as a support." He asked, "What particular company would you suggest?" and I said, "Give us Company E, of the 9th Tennessee, for I know them." He replied: "You can have Company E. Let it be detailed at once and advance quickly to the hill and bring on the engagement."



JOHN M. OZANNE.
(See sketch in "Last Roll.")

In a few minutes the detail was made, and we moved rapidly to the hill, took our positions, and opened fire on their picket posts, as no artillery was in sight. The Federals replied promptly, but they fired wildly, as if they were surprised or excited. But picket post after picket post joined in, and soon the fire of every post in reach of that hill was pouring its shot on it. The best protection I could find was an oak stump about eighteen inches in diameter and two feet high. The tree had been cut entirely too low. The bullets came closer and closer and thicker and thicker until the air seemed in almost a continual buzz with them, and the bushes and limbs were falling everywhere and the dirt and trash were flying about lively. Two bullets had hit the stump. About that time I heard the silvery voice of Maj. Mat Pilcher, and the magic word was "Retreat." I crawled backward till out of range, and then led the retreat. Lieutenant Ozanne had climbed a tall water oak at the foot of the hill to see what the Federals were doing over in the town. Soon a three-inch Rodman cannon was fired at him. The shot struck the tree just below his feet and knocked out a slab of timber large enough for a rail. He called out, "I've seen enough," and descended with all possible speed. He then ran through a low marsh with standing water in it, and the next shot struck just behind him and knocked the mud and water on him. We were soon out of range and quiet reigned.

During the first of the war I was ensign of the 9th Tennessee Infantry, but could not carry the flag on long marches on account of a lame knee. Ed Buford swapped me the position of sutler for that of ensign. I remained as sutler till I had made some money, and with it I bought a mule, when I was given a Whitworth rifle. This old, gentle mule was a necessity to us, for she carried one man and all the extra camp equipage. When we were to cross the pontoon bridge at Florence, we found that an order had been issued that no officer under a certain rank should cross on animal over the bridge. A council was held, and I was appointed to see Gen. John C. Brown in regard to it. I did so, giving him all the reasons I could suggest why that particular mule ought to cross, and he replied: "Your position is in front of the division when on the march. I will be at the bridge to-morrow morning when my division approaches. Do you have that mule in your proper place, and when I turn my back get that mule across." It was arranged that I ride the mule and Lieutenant Ozanne carry my gun and cartridge box. I expected the mule to stop as soon as she saw the first crack in the floor, and the five men were to be behind her and make her move at all hazards, and then two were to run forward on each side and get between the sentinels and myself as I passed them.

Sure enough, just as we approached the bridge General Brown whirled his horse around and seemed very much engaged in observing something down the river, and I turned into the bridge. The old mule, true to her instincts, saw a crack in the floor, and, throwing her head down and her fore feet well out to the front, stopped ominously still. The men behind used the muzzles of their guns on her so vigorously that she could not stand it longer, and with a wild lunge started to rearing, plunging, kicking, and bawling. The camp kettle and coffee pot rattled and made her worse, but fortunately I was able to keep my seat till her gyrations were over.

In the battle of Nashville I was comparatively barefooted. I was at the front the day of the battle, and I did not see it again till we got to Corinth, Miss. It snowed about three inches deep while we were at Pulaski and turned bitter cold, but I walked very well after I got used to doing it barefooted.

By a flank movement General Hood succeeded in placing several divisions of his army on the east of Spring Hill, thus eluding the bulk of the Federal army, which lay at Columbia. . . . At Spring Hill we saw but one position which could possibly be utilized, and it seemed certain death to try to reach that. There were a few large oak trees left standing on the north side of the road and in less than five hundred yards of the Federal works. If we could only get there, we could whip all the artillery they could bring to bear on the division. Lieutenant Ozanne ordered us forward in single file, with instructions to reach the trees if possible. Then commenced a race for life. It seemed certain that they would see our object and kill us all before we reached the trees. But we knew the importance of the position and made up our minds to gain it or lose our lives, and all ran as fast as they could. The tree nearest the road was the largest one, and I outran all the rest and got safely to it. The others filed to the right, and each got safely behind a tree. It was a hard run of over half a mile, and before we got calmed down we saw the wicked-looking mouths of a battery of Napoleon guns pointing at the lane near the river.

I think we fired at four hundred and fifty yards' elevation, and the way we did that battery up was simply wonderful. In less than twenty minutes, and before their gunners had got the right elevation, we had driven them from their position. Soon Brown's Division had formed at right angles to the road on the north, its left resting on the road. This battery or another took position in the northeast edge of the town and attempted to shell the division in the field, the distance being about twelve hundred yards. Then again our guns played upon them with such savage effect that after a desperate struggle they were driven from the field and did not show themselves again. The division remained in line of battle in the field unmolested till dark, and we had to remain behind our trees until the darkness would hide our withdrawal.

Some years ago somebody intimated that General Cheatham's Division, commanded by General Brown, ought to have advanced promptly against the Federals. The truth is, it ought to have done no such thing. The Federal line of infantry, about three-quarters of a mile long, ran northeast from the town. Cheatham's line ran about north and south, and was about half as long as the Federal line. If Cheatham had advanced, the Federals would have swung around in his rear.

After we had whipped the Federal batteries off the field and I was leisurely loading my gun, I saw a large man standing on the works and facing east. I called the attention of the men to him and asked them to watch him, as I intended to punish him for his impudence. A trifling circumstance occurred just as I got the bullet down, and I let go the ramrod to adjust my clothing, which was ragged and had caught on the hammer of my gun. Being in a hurry, I forgot to withdraw the ramrod, and, hastily capping my gun, I called out to the men to watch my man. I fired at him, and the recoil of that gun was simply terrific; it knocked me down and away back from the tree. I fell full length, and hardly had sense enough to get back to the tree. My gun punched me in the ribs, nearly dislocated my shoulder, skinned my jaw and the side of my head, knocked my hat off, and sprang out of my hands. After a few minutes I got my breath freely and found that I was not killed, and I called out: "Boys, what became of the Yankee?" The reply was: "Both fell backward at the report of the gun." Now if that Yankee is living and is drawing a pension, he ought to divide with me, for if I had not shot the ramrod at him he would not have lived to make the application, and in shooting the ramrod I was worse hurt than he was. If we had not gained the position behind the trees, that battery would have cut the division to pieces or driven it back under the bank of the creek for protection. This incident illustrates two points in our peculiar service: First, that much was expected of us by the rank and file of our division, and, secondly, the desperate chances we took and the alacrity with which we fought their artillery. We never failed to silence or drive from the field a Federal battery under favorable circumstances.

The next morning after our sharp practice at Spring Hill we reported early to division headquarters, and with cleaned guns and replenished cartridge boxes took our position in front of the division and began the march to Franklin. Our division being the front one, we were the foremost infantry in our army. The Federal army had passed Spring Hill during the night, and we were following them. Nothing occurred of note until we arrived within a few miles of Franklin, when a battery was observed on a hill near the road. We pushed rapidly forward, and gained a good position on the opposite side of the road so as to enfilade the battery. It withdrew before we could open fire on it. Soon another hill was sighted, and on it another battery, with infantry support. We advanced rapidly and took position; but before we could open fire on them they all withdrew, and so it continued until we reached Franklin. Their cavalry rear guard were in a yard on the west of the road and about two miles south of Franklin, and were so busily engaged robbing the house that they did not see us, and I sent a shot at them, upon which they mounted their horses and galloped toward Franklin at full speed. Thousands of Federal soldiers, then in line behind their works near the Columbia Turnpike, must have seen them come in under whip and spur. This was the first shot fired in the opening of that terrible battle.

We were from a half to a mile in advance, and ran great risk of being captured. We soon advanced to the top of a high, rocky hill about a thousand or twelve hundred yards south of Franklin and on the west of the turnpike, which is known as Merrill's or Murrell's Hill. Here we had a fine view of the Federal works and the open field in front of them, but not a Federal could be seen. While waiting Gen. Pat Cleburne rode up to where we were standing and remarked that he had left his field glass behind and that he wished the use of a telescope. Lieutenant Ozanne (who always carried the gun of the man left with the mule and camp equipage) quickly detached the long telescope from his gun, adjusted the focus, and handed it to General Cleburne, who laid the

telescope across a stump and looked long and carefully over the field, and remarked, "They have three lines of works," and then, sweeping the field again as if to make himself certain, said, "And they are all completed." He then returned the telescope, thanked Lieutenant Ozanne for its use, and with kindling eye and rapid movement mounted his horse and rode rapidly back to where his division was forming.

Soon after General Cleburne left us there was the boom of a Napoleon gun near the Carter residence and the swish, swish of a shell high up overhead. Soon another and another gun opened until each one of us had a battery all to ourselves. We were firing at their gunners as best we could, when I saw them running out a big gun by hand down the turnpike toward us. It soon turned off the road to the southeast, and I saw that it was making straight for a knoll about four hundred yards south of the old ginhouse and about two hundred yards east of the pike and in nearly half a mile from my position, which was in a rock quarry on the northeast apex of the hill. Lieutenant Ozanne was on top of the hill above me and the other three men to his left. I called out: "Lieutenant, do you see those Yankees running that gun out yonder to my right?" He replied: "Yes; and do you direct your fire on it and drive it back." I replied: "All right; I'll drive them back." Soon the little elevation was reached, the gun charged, and Gunner Henry Fox stepped to his position to sight the gun, but I was in time for him and shot him in the shoulder. As soon as I could load and look Jake Holderman was sighting the gun, and I wounded him; next John Delph tried it, and I got him. While loading and looking at my gun their fourth gunner, Burrell Dunn, aimed the gun at me, and the shell struck the pile of beat-up road rock that I was behind and exploded within a few feet of my face with a terrific force, which knocked a bushel or so of the rocks over my head and all over the top of the hill. I was enveloped in smoke, dust, and small gravel, and was nearly knocked off my feet. Lieutenant Ozanne called out: "Are you hurt, Ike?" I replied: "No, not hurt, but scared." In a few moments I got over my fright and shot at Dunn, but missed him. Reloaded, took careful aim, and fired again, when I saw him reel. Soon they started back to their works with the gun. Thus at about half a mile distance at five shots I disabled four gunners and drove a gun to the rear, which, if it had not been molested, must have killed scores of Cleburne's Division. This was gun No. 1 of Company A, Captain Catron, of the 2d Regiment Missouri Artillery. (This specific information was voluntarily given me by First Gunner Henry Fox's brother, who lives at Goodlettsville, Tenn., my post office.) I have given the details of this affair to show the great effectiveness of those famous guns. I do not hesitate to state that I could alone and unaided have whipped the best six-gun battery in the Federal army under the same favorable circumstances in less than two hours, especially if they had shot at somebody else and not agitated me by bursting big, vicious shells in my face.

We continued firing at the gunners of the Federal batteries until our own men reached the works, when, for fear of injuring them, we ceased firing and sat down and watched the progress of the battle. I saw a skirmish line of Cheatham's division charge and take the first line of works. The line of battle of that doubly grand old division marched forward with the steadiness of a great wave of the sea until it struck the Federal works, when all was obscured by smoke. Never did soldiers march with steadier step and braver hearts than did those true and tried veterans into the very jaws of death. They whipped the fight, but it cost them a fearful price. Their dead, dying, and wounded lay thick everywhere all over the field and on and over the Federal side of their works.

The next morning after the battle of Franklin I found out that one Dobe White had been trading with the Yankees, and that there was perhaps a lot of contraband articles in his house. The lieutenant colonel (C. S. Hunt) of my old regiment was the senior officer left in Cheatham's Division and was in command. I told him about it, and he detailed the detachment to search the premises. It was hastily mustered, and down to Dobe White's we went. For certain reasons Lieutenant Ozanne proposed to me that we swap coats and that I conduct the search. Coats were swapped, and I stationed men around the house with instructions to let no one pass. I knocked at the door, and a tall, fine-looking lady opened it, and I made known my business. She asked me to come in, and she very quietly led the way all through the house. I took one man with me and she took an old mulatto woman with her. Upstairs we found some barrels of flour, and in the cellar four full barrels and a part of another barrel of whisky and a five-gallon demijohn of blackberry cordial. She pleaded with me for the flour and cordial, and I promised to leave them with her. Then she asked me to leave her the remnant of whisky (a very few gallons); but I told her that we must compromise that by filling our canteens first, and then she could have the rest. She consented; all filled our canteens and sent a man to Colonel Hurt to report the capture and ask him to send a wagon quick for the four barrels. One of the men let Mrs. White's father pass out of the house, and he went up town and reported what we had found.

We were waiting quietly for the wagon to come; and as everything was quiet, we concluded to sample the whisky to see if it was any better than that miserably mean pine top edition we had met with in Georgia. So we all sampled our canteens and pronounced it very fine and good. Soon the question was sprung as to how much better it was than "pine top," and we took another drink to ascertain. We agreed that it was "ever so much better." Soon it was stated that if it was "ever so much better," and as we had nothing to do, we might as well take another drink so we could "enjoy" the great difference. So the third round was swallowed, and the goose began to hang a little high and everything seemed to wear a lovelier hue, and I had about forgotten which outranked, General Cheatham or myself, when down to the gate marched a lieutenant with about forty men. He saluted me and asked what I was doing there, and something very much like the following occurred. I answered: "I am guarding these prisoners." He asked if I had not searched for contraband articles and found a lot of whisky. I answered him that I had done so. Then said he: "I will relieve you of that whisky and take charge of it myself." Said I: "And that is the very thing you will not do." He replied that Colonel Cofer, the provost marshal of the army, had given him orders to do so. I replied: "I can't help what you or Colonel Cofer want done in this matter, I shall hold the whisky." He replied: "By what right do you claim to hold this whisky in disregard of Colonel Cofer's orders?" I replied: "I hold it by right of discovery, capture, and possession under the order of a major general." He replied: "I am first lieutenant commanding provost guard, under orders of Colonel Cofer, and I will put you and your men under arrest and take the whisky by force." I replied: "I am first lieutenant commanding the Whitworth Sharpshooters of Cheatham's Division, and I will

not give up the whisky, nor will I submit to an arrest by an officer of my own rank."

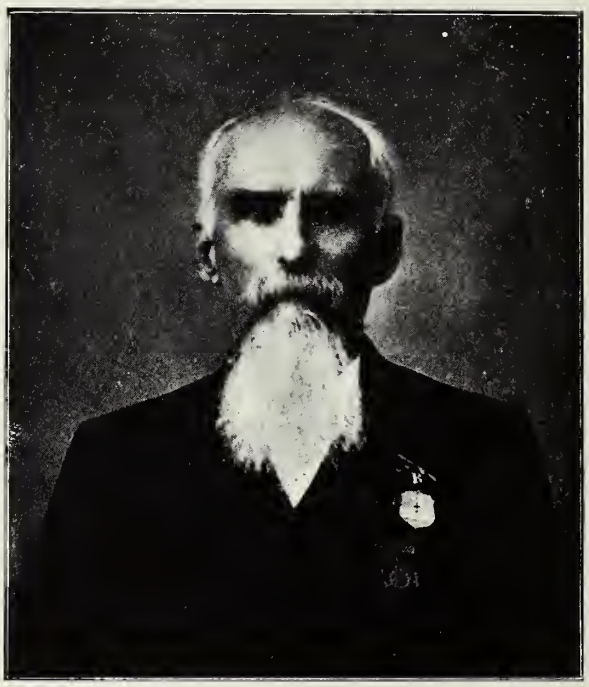
Just about that time an officer came dashing up to the gate, dismounted, and came rapidly around to where I was. It was my brother, Capt. H. Shannon, of Swett's Battery. As soon as he saw that lieutenant's coat on me he knew there was something wrong, and he ordered the lieutenant and myself both under arrest. This was just what I wanted, as I was only fighting for time for Colonel Hurt's wagon to arrive, so I could turn over the whisky for the wounded of my own division. Soon a wagon came, and old Major Murphy, of Memphis, who was corps commissary, came with it, and put everybody under arrest till he got the whisky in his wagon, and then, relieving everybody from arrest, started his wagon, and the last I saw of him he was following close after my whisky. He even took the part of the barrel I had given Mrs. White. And that was the last time Lieutenant Ozanne ever offered to swap coats with me.

Mrs. White requested that we remain at her house and guard it from further search, which we did, and we fared well while we remained in town. As we returned through Franklin, after the disastrous battle of Nashville, she had provisions cooked and all our haversacks filled. She was a nice, good woman, and her kindness to us will never be forgotten.

Nearly all our ammunition was captured at Nashville, and just before arriving at the pontoon bridge over the Tennessee River we had permission to disband until we got to Corinth. This suited me well, for my bare feet were sore enough. I had made arrangements with a wagoner to mess with him, and the very next morning, just as the wagon train started before daylight, one of General Hood's officers called out to know if I was not there. I answered yes. He ordered me to report at once for duty at the pontoon bridge. I had time to get only my gun and cartridge box, leaving blanket, canteen, and haversack in the wagon. Nearly all our men were caught in the same fix, and our orders were to cross the bridge and go down the river and support Phillip's Battery in an expected assault on the Federal gunboats which were coming up the river. We found the battery nearly, if not exactly, opposite an island (Patton's, I believe). We had nothing to eat, and our division had gone on and left us. We found a water mill with some corn it, and we ground up about three bushels of very good meal. Some of this we swapped for salt, and sent two men out at night and killed a hog belonging to our army, skinned that, and unsoldered a Yankee canteen which made us two frying pans. We were then comfortable. One day three gunboats came puffing up the river, and a masked battery on the far side of the river opened fire, and I heard one shot strike. The gunboats at once turned back and hurried down the river, firing a few shots, one of which wounded the officer commanding the Whitworth Sharpshooters of Cleburne's Division just above the elbow joint. We remained here several days, and our meat gave out and we had to live hard till we got to Corinth. From Corinth we went southeastward across Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina to North Carolina, where we surrendered. I bought a pair of flank leather shoes on the Black Warrior River in Alabama for eighty-five dollars, which, if new, would not now be worth more than eighty-five cents.

Before closing these reminiscences I want to say more about the great range of these guns. They were sighted up to over two thousand yards, and I always believed they would throw their balls five miles. I do not remember a single instance in which we failed to silence a Federal battery during a skirmish, and we often drove them from their positions during a battle if circumstances were favorable to us. The longest practice we ever had at them was down in Georgia. General Johnston's army had fallen back to a new position, and their army formed a line in about a mile of our own. Far back of their line their immense wagon train was parked in a large field, and so great was the distance that we put our sights up to twenty-two hundred, and then aimed at the tops of tall pine trees in the rear of the field. A trial shot revealed the fact that the movements of the air carried the ball about one hundred and fifty feet to the left. Making the proper allowance, we opened fire on them, and in less than thirty minutes there was not a wagon or team left in the field. I always believed the distance to be near three and a half miles.

It is due to Generals Cheatham, Brown, and Maney, who commanded our division, to say that our effectiveness was greatly enhanced by their good sense in letting us alone and leaving us unhampered with orders. Not a man in the detachment but knew more about what to do and when and how to do it than any general officer in the army. And now I will



I. N. SHANNON.

give a sad instance of the interference of an officer with this service that cost many hundreds of lives. At the battle of Franklin gun No. 1 of the 2d Regiment of Missouri Artillery came within my range, and I drove it back with the loss of four gunners at five shots. The other five guns of that battery crossed the river to the east of Franklin, and they were the ones which enfiladed the Confederate lines on the east of the turnpike with such deadly effect. Cleburne's sharpshooters were ordered into line with the infantry, and fought as infantry, when they ought to have advanced down the river, and, taking positions behind trees, stumps, or even in the open field, they could have driven those five guns off in a few minutes and saved hundreds of lives. If our five men could have been there, we could and would have moved them promptly, or the pension roll and Davy Jones's hotel register would have been much larger to-day.

The tendency nowadays is for rapid-firing, breech-loading guns, which must be far superior in point of general effectiveness to muzzle-loaders; but I do not believe a harder-shooting, harder-kicking, longer-range gun was ever made than the Whitworth rifle. I gave my gun and appurtenances to our division surgeon, Dr. W. E. Rogers, of Memphis, at the surrender. He promised to keep it for me till I called for it. He is dead and I want the gun, but have been unable to get it from his family or to hear from them in regard to it. One of these guns is on exhibition at the Watkins Institute in Nashville.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

The Confederate monument at Columbia, S. C., standing on the Capitol grounds, was erected by the women of the State in memory of their heroic dead. It was unveiled on May 5, 1879, in the presence of an immense crowd of veterans and citizens from all over the State. The introductory prayer was made by Dr. William Martin, of the Methodist Church, the closing prayer by Bishop Ellison Capers, of the Episcopal Church, and the orator of the day was Col. John Preston. The inscriptions on the monument were composed by Mr. William Henry Trescott, a native of Charleston, S. C., a diplomat of international reputation as well as a litterateur.

THIS MONUMENT
Perpetuates the Memory
Of those who, true to the instincts of their Birth,
Faithful to the teachings of their Fathers,
Constant in their love for the State,
Died in the performance of their Duty;
Who
Have glorified a Fallen Cause
By the simple Manhood of their Lives,
The patient Endurance of Suffering,
And the Heroism of Death;
And Who
In the dark hours of Imprisonment,
In the hopelessness of the Hospital,
In the short, sharp agony of the Field
Found Support and Consolation
In the belief
That at home they would not be forgot'en.

Let the Stranger
Who may in Future Times
Read this Inscription
Recognize that these were Men
Whom Power could not Corrupt,
Whom Death could not Terrify,
Whom Defeat could not Dishonor.
And let their Virtues plead
For Just Judgment
Of the Cause in which they Perished.
Let the South Carolinian
Of Another Generation
Remember
That the State Taught Them
How to Live and How to Die.
And that from Her Broken Fortunes
She has preserved for Her Children
The Priceless Treasure of their Memories.
Teaching all who May Claim
The Same Birthright
That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism
Endure Forever.

GEN. ARCHIBALD GRACIE'S FURLOUGH.—A correspondent from Huntsville, Tex., writes: "When General Gracie was killed, I was a 'foot courier' for Gen. Bushrod Johnson. I had to copy dispatches and deliver verbally to the generals on the line. One evening when I went to General Gracie's headquarters and walked into his bomb-proof he asked me if I had his furlough. I replied that I didn't know. He took the papers and said, 'Yes, here it is,' and asked me to share with him an eggnog to the health of his boy. Mrs. Gracie was then in Richmond, where the boy he was to go to see was born. Poor General Gracie! He never lived to see that boy. The next day he was going along the breastworks, as was his custom every day; and when he got to the Crater, where the 23d Alabama was stationed, the General, with two others, a captain and a private, stopped to look at some Yankees. Some of the boys asked him what he saw, to which he replied that he saw a general and staff riding along in the rear. About that time the Federals shot at them; and when the shell struck the top of the breastworks, it exploded and killed all three, all falling in a heap together. I did not see this, but write of what was told me by some of my company who did see the catastrophe. When the ambulance brought him out, it stopped near our headquarters. I looked into the front of the ambulance and lifted the hat from his face, and saw it so changed and cold in death. We all loved General Gracie, and I was not the only one who cried that day. I suppose I was one of the last of his old brigade to see him. He was carried to Richmond, but I never knew where he was buried. Colonel Moody, I think, took charge of the brigade; but that gallant little colonel, Martin L. Stansel, of the 41st Alabama Regiment, had charge of the brigade most of the time after that."

STORIES ABOUT DARKIES CREDITED TO JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

Hon. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, is the reported author of several humorous stories about old-time darkies.

"While driving along a road near my home, in Mississippi. I observed a darky resting under a tree, and said: 'What are you doing there, Sam?' 'I'se heah to hoe dat corn, sah,' was the answer. 'Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?' 'Not exactly, sah. I ain't hardly restin', cause I ain't tired. I'm waitin' fo' sundown, so's I kin quit work.'

"There is an old negro down in my town who did me a service. I wanted to reward him. so I said: 'Uncle, which shall I give you, a ton of coal or a bottle of whisky?' 'Foh de Lo'd, Massa,' he replied, 'you sho'ly knows I buhn wood.'

"When Judge Stevens, of North Carolina, was in Asheville recently, he entertained some friends by telling some of his experiences. He said an old colored woman was brought before him charged with a misdemeanor. The offense was so small that the Judge decided that the payment of a small fine would be sufficient punishment. He knew the old woman had no money, so he questioned her about any other possessions she might have. 'Have you a cow, auntie?' he began. ''Deed, yeh honor, I ain't got no cow.' 'Have you any ducks?' 'No, sir, I ain't got none.' 'Any geese or chickens?' 'Befo' de Lawd. Jedge, I ain't got no'hin' but jes' dis yere rheumatiz.' The Judge said he dismissed the case.

"A college president visited a hotel in New York; and when he left the dining room, the negro in charge of the hats picked up his tile without hesitation and handed it to him. 'How did you know that was my hat, when you have a hundred there?' asked the professor. 'I didn't know, sah,' said the negro. 'Didn't know it was mine? Then why did you give it to me?' 'Because you gave it to me, sah.'"



How many a glorious name for us,
How many a story of fame for us
They left! Would it not be a blame for us
If their memories part
From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them, and shame for us?

But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stain for us;
The glory they won shall not wane for us;
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us.

R. R. Hancock, Author of "Hancock's Diary."

Richard R. Hancock, private in Company C, 2d Tennessee Regiment Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Command, has passed over the river and now rests under the shade of the trees in God's glorious haven of rest. Comrade Hancock died August 11, 1906, at his home, near Auburn, Tenn. He enlisted at the age of twenty on the 26th of June, 1861, and was honorably paroled on May 10, 1865, date of surrender of Forrest's Cavalry at Gainesville, Ala. He was a typical Southern soldier. He participated in all the engagements of his command up to October, 1864, when he was seriously wounded at Paris Landing, on the Tennessee River, disabling him from active duty until about the close of the war. A braver, more gallant, and faithful soldier was not to be found in the army. His was a courage which nothing could daunt—a bravery which feared no danger. He was modest and full of honor, faithful to every performance of duty. Whether in camp, on the march, or on the firing line, his superior officers and comrades alike honored him for his loyalty to duty. His patriotism knew no bounds; he was a true Southern man in every respect, a soldier by instinct, with implicit confidence in the righteousness of his cause.

He was the author of "Hancock's Diary of the 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry" and the contributor of many facts of history and parts taken by Forrest's Cavalry. His writings contained the data kept by himself during the entire war, giving each day's movements of the command, his dates of engagements and important movements, and were therefore absolutely correct; hence his "Diary" is invaluable to the future historian, who will seek facts of the world's greatest cavalry leader.

After the close of the war, Comrade Hancock returned to his home, and applied the same devotion to duty in making a useful citizen and the upbuilding of his country as he practiced as a soldier. On September 27, 1871, he was happily married to Miss Sue Lester, who died some five years ago. He was an active member of the Baptist Church, of which he was a member from 1856 and in which he was ordained a deacon in 1877. His final sleep is near the spot that gave him birth, among the hills and valleys that he loved so well. Though the winter's blast may chill and deaden the surrounding verdure of the hills and valleys and make it sad and desolate, yet the springtime in all its glory and life will return annually and bring to life the roses and lilies to brighten and beautify the little mounds of buried chivalry. When friends and patriots seek for the resting places of the South's heroes, the little swelling mound of R. R. Hancock in Cannon County, Tenn., will not be forgotten.

[The foregoing tribute is by Capt. George F. Hager, who knew Comrade Hancock well.]

John M. Ozanne.

A true Confederate and a faithful veteran was John M. Ozanne, who died in Nashville November 16, 1906. Mr. Ozanne was a native of France and was sixty-six years old. He came to America when ten years old, and the principal part of his life had been lived in Nashville. He was a useful and highly esteemed citizen. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was assigned to a company of sharpshooters, the heroic type of fighters who did much effective work during the conflict. He was known as one of the best shots and most fearless soldiers of his company. Mr. Ozanne was a man of strong convictions, and took a deep interest in Confederate affairs, being a member of the local organizations. Each year he looked forward to the annual conventions, and he had never missed one of them since the Reunions were inaugurated.

Since being a young man Mr. Ozanne had been actively engaged in business in Nashville, and for twenty-six years he had been in the bread and confectionery business. He served one term as a member of the County Court, being elected for six years in 1894. He was a member of the First Baptist Church, and he established a reputation for honest dealing. He was a valued and useful citizen.

Mr. Ozanne had been twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Higginbotham, of which union there are two children—John H. Ozanne, a West End merchant, and Mrs. Annie Fox, of Memphis. After the death of his first wife, he was married to Miss Lena Thuss, who survives him, and by the second marriage there is one son, Porter Ozanne.

On the evening of his death he had attended a lecture in the large tabernacle well known to Confederates who attended the great Reunions here in 1897 and in 1904. (This lecture, by Robert L. Taylor, now United States Senator, was for the benefit of a private soldier's monument in Nashville.)

It was this sturdy comrade who resigned his commission as a lieutenant because he could not buy his provisions and clothes with the pay. His action changed the laws of the Confederacy, whereby officers were supplied along with the soldiers.

Capt. McCoy Clemson Campbell.

Capt. M. C. Campbell was born in the purple of an illustrious lineage of Scotch-Irish descent on August 6, 1838. He died November 10, 1906, at his home, near Spring Hill, Tenn. He enlisted in April, 1861, in the Brown Guards, a company formed by his brother, Capt. George W. Campbell, named in honor of his cousin, Miss Luzinka Brown, who became the wife of Lieut. Gen. R. S. Ewell. The Brown Guards became Company G, 1st Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. We ate, slept, and marched together, constant companions and close friends.

Amid the fierce onset and roar of battle and the shrieks of shells he always led where the fight was the hottest. Around the camp fire he was a noble companion. Although sleeping tentless upon the frozen ground, he was bright and jovial. He was indeed a most lovable man; but in battle he knew no fear, and seemed to court death itself by his heroic cour-

age and superb bravery. A better soldier never answered to roll call in the Confederate army.

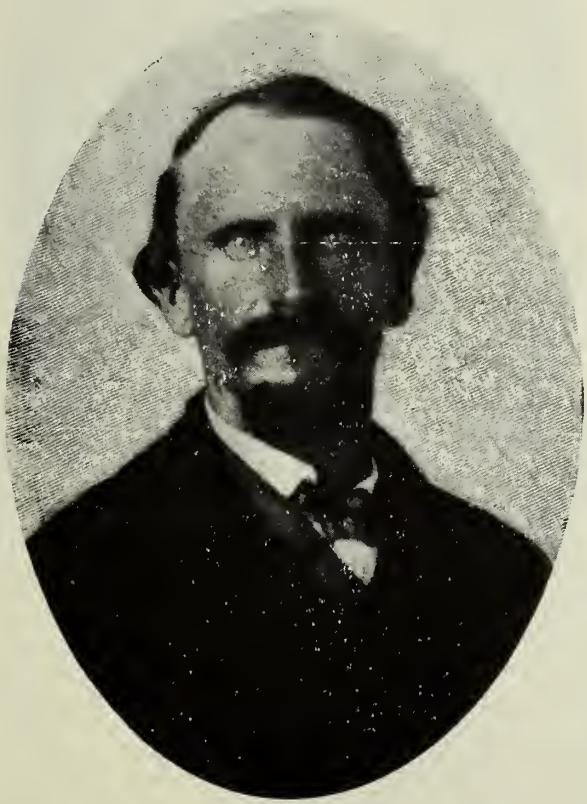
As a citizen, he was always true to the innate principles of his most noble manhood. He was a gentleman without reproach, a neighbor without guile, a Christian without hypocrisy. He has gone to the far-away home of the soul. A wife, six sons, and a daughter survive him, and he bequeathed to them the greatest of legacies—that of a spotless character.

Upon Decoration Day loving ones will repair to Rose Hill Cemetery, Columbia, Tenn., bearing garlands of flowers and lovingly place them upon the grave of Clem Campbell.

[From a tribute by John A. Miller.]

Capt. C. R. Pace.

Died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Hill, Hickory, Miss., Capt. C. R. Pace on the 7th of August, 1906, just entering his seventieth year, having been born in Kemper County, Miss., July 30, 1837. He enlisted in a company of State troops in the early part of 1861, and was elected first lieutenant of



CAPT. C. R. PACE.

Company G, 8th Mississippi Regiment, in which position he served until elected captain of his company, which was a reward of his meritorious service and signal bravery. After surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865, Captain Pace returned home and engaged in farming. He was married in 1870 to Miss Laura Gibbens, and to them were born five children.

W. W. S. (Billie) Harris.

On the morning of the last day of the old year 1906, after a lingering illness and much but patient suffering, the soul of W. W. S. Harris returned to God, who gave it. His death, daily expected for weeks, caused general regret.

Comrade Harris was born in Humphreys County, Tenn., November 17, 1841, where he had lived all his life except the time spent in the Confederate army. No man was better known or more highly respected. He practiced the golden rule by every one. He was loyal to all that was good, great, and noble. His life was like the days, more beautiful in the evening, and like the autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good works and deeds have appeared in the field. He was the last of five brothers and three sisters to "cross the river." His youngest sister (Mrs. Sallie Short, wife of Capt. W. A. Short, who died about four years ago), who was living with him, was found dead sitting in her chair in her room about three hours before his death. It was peculiarly sad—the two funerals and burials of the same family at the same time.

Comrade Harris was a member of Company F, 10th Tennessee Cavalry, which joined Gen. N. B. Forrest during his raid in West Tennessee in 1862, and was in the battle at Parker's Crossroads, where Colonel Napier was killed. He followed the "Wizard of the Saddle" in all of his principal battles and skirmishes until after the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863. During the fall and winter of 1863-64 his command was with General Longstreet's army in East Tennessee. He was with Joseph E. Johnston's army at Dalton, and was under Gen. Joseph Wheeler in all of that famous retreat to Atlanta and until General Hood's raid into Tennessee, when his regiment joined Forrest's command at Florence, Ala., and remained with him until the surrender of his army at Gainsville, Ala., where the men were paroled by Major General Canby on May 10, 1865.

After the surrender Comrade Harris returned home to his father's farm, afterwards began merchandising, and was one of the firm of Harris, Rogers & Co., whose business was destroyed in the fire at Waverly November 26, 1883. He was afterwards appointed Clerk and Master of Chancery Court by Judge Seay in 1887, and reappointed by Judges Gribble and Stout, which office he filled until his death.

He was married to Mrs. Tennie Drummond Berglund April 5, 1888, who, with two sons, survives him.

A few weeks before his death, while confined to his bed, the Cross of Honor was conferred upon him by the Daughters of the Confederacy. No one could have appreciated the honor more highly or have worn it more worthily.

His dying request, that he be buried with Masonic honors (of which he was a member and a long-time treasurer of the Waverly Lodge, No. 304) and that his body be lowered in the grave by old Confederates, was strictly complied with.

He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South. He was a good soldier, a useful citizen, a true friend, a tender father, a devoted husband, a faithful civil officer, and a Christian gentleman.

Capt. Benjamin Clayton Black.

Capt. B. C. Black was born November 6, 1842, in Rutherford County, Tenn.; and died in Searcy, Ark., November 24, 1906, from the effects of a paralytic stroke received a few months previous. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted as a private in Capt. John McCauley's company, made up at Searcy, Ark., and which became a part of the Arkansas Regiment commanded by the gallant R. G. (Bob) Shaver. While camped at Bowling Green, Ky., young Black was afflicted seriously with measles. He became so feeble that he was (honorably) discharged from the service.

Soon after returning to his home he reënlisted in Capt. Will Hicks's company of cavalry, made up in White County, Ark., which company was on detached service for several months, during which time some severe engagements were

had, the battle of Whitney's Lane being one of the worst. It resulted in a great victory, numbers considered. Captain Black was a participant. After several months of this character of service, the company was attached to the 32d Arkansas Regiment, the last volunteer regiment raised in the State. Said regiment served in Dandridge McRae's Brigade, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Gen. T. C. Hindman commanding.

Black attained to the rank of sergeant major of the regiment. He was in the battles of Prairie Grove and of Helena, Ark. When Little Rock fell into the hands of the Federals, he was inside the lines on furlough. He then reported to Gen. T. H. McCray, who was organizing a brigade in North Arkansas. He, in connection with Capt. T. B. Mosely, organized a company, and a short while after its organization he resigned and Black was elected captain. This company was attached to the 48th Arkansas Cavalry Regiment, which made the famous Missouri raid. Captain Black and his company were in its every engagement. No truer or more gallant soldier ever lived.

He took an active part in the political affairs of his county, filling the positions of Alderman, Treasurer, and Mayor of his little city; also sheriff of his county for several years. He was Adjutant of Walker McRea Camp of Confederate Veterans and Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of Gen. R. R. Poe's 3d Arkansas Brigade, U. C. V. Best of all, he was a Christian—a member of the Baptist Church from early boyhood, being loyal and faithful to his profession.

J. S. Hill.

J. Sloan Hill, an ex-Confederate soldier, died at his home, near Brighton, Tenn., January 17, 1907, in his sixty-sixth year. He enlisted in Company C, 9th Tennessee Infantry, organized in Tipton County in April, 1861, and served faithfully and well for four years as a private, and was discharged about the 1st of May, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C. He was in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged; and, although slightly wounded at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and Atlanta, was disabled for but a few days at any time.

He was a Christian and died in the faith. He became a member of the "old school" Presbyterian Church when a mere boy, and was for several years prior to his death an elder in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.

[The foregoing is signed "Brother" and dated at Memphis.]

Mrs. Theodore L. Burnett.

[A tribute from one who knew and loved her well.]

Elizabeth Shelby Gilbert was born in 1832. She became the wife of Judge Theodore L. Burnett in 1852. On the evening of January 29, 1902, a brilliant assemblage of friends wished her and her noble husband many happy returns upon their golden wedding anniversary. Among the numerous and handsome gifts to the bride of fifty years was a U. D. C. pin of rubies and diamonds, presented with many messages of love and good wishes by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of which she was an honored member. On the morning of January 7, 1907, there dawned upon her a day of eternal happiness, and her noble life on earth was ended.

In personal appearance Mrs. Burnett was strikingly attractive; possessed of unusual beauty of form and features, tall, stately, with an ease and grace of bearing which stamped her the thorough gentlewoman. Added to these charms was a vigorous, well-stored mind and an almost unerring judgment. Her fund of reminiscence was varied and charming, and her friends were ever eager to hear a recital of her thrilling experiences during the War between the States. Her husband, Judge Burnett, was a member of the Confederate Congress. She shared with him the vicissitudes of war, and was a helpmeet indeed, a veritable tower of strength to him.

Soon after the close of the war the Southern women of Louisville organized the Confederate Monument Association. Mrs. Burnett worked zealously in this organization until its



ELIZABETH SHELBY GILBERT BURNETT.

efforts were crowned with success in the erection of a beautiful monument to Kentucky's Confederate dead. The monument occupies a prominent position on one of the broad streets of the city.

Mrs. Burnett was a charter member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., and was prominent in every good work, her wise counsel and advice being sought and relied upon in every important undertaking. She, with a few other faithful women of Louisville, struggled to establish a Confederate Home, giving unstintingly of her means and labor for this greatly desired consummation, and from these heroic efforts has been evolved the elegant Home at Pewee Valley.

She most earnestly desired the erection of a monument at Shiloh to the memory of the Kentuckians who fell upon that battlefield, and we who were privileged to hear her appeal to the Legislature in the winter of 1905 for an appropriation for that purpose can never forget the striking picture presented by her and her gallant husband, who introduced her. Splendid representatives these two were of the grand man and grand woman of the grand old South. We who loved her

and honored her and relied upon her felt then that she was growing frail. An attack of pneumonia soon followed, from which she never quite recovered.

She was a communicant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, an exemplar of "pure and undefiled religion."

She was admired in society for her graciousness and kindliness of heart. In her home Mrs. Burnett reigned queen, her husband, her children, her children-in-law, and her children's children delighting to do her honor.

As the days went by and "sunset and evening star and one clear call" came to her, she grew more beautiful. Her last evidence of consciousness upon this earth was a smile of ineffable love and tenderness given to her devoted daughter. Her sweet eyes closed, and after that the dark. But she feared no evil, knowing whose rod and whose staff would comfort her, and so she passed into the light that never fails. Her life work well done, she has responded to the summons of the King: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

We shall not see her like again, this grand, stately "lady" of the Old South. But the "memory of the just is blessed," and her memory will be treasured—a very benediction.

[In the April issue will appear valuable reminiscences of crossing the lines by Mrs. Burnett.]

Virginia Dyer.

They err who tell us that only the memory of the departed glory of the South remains. When the stars and bars were folded around the wrecked hopes of Southern nationality, when the Southland wept over the sepulchers of its martyred dead and mourned the ashes of its charred splendor, there were left untarnished the rich heritage of its national characteristics of blood—her cherished ideals that gave to that glory a soul. They withstood the storms of the reconstruction, and stand out to-day towering landmarks, architects in the upbuilding of the New South.



Virginia Dyer typified those characteristics in their fullness. She was a daughter of George W. Dyer and Caroline Keith, of Batesville, Miss., and a descendant of the early Dyer and Childress families of Nashville, Tenn., who were prominent in the social and political life of the Old South and who gave valiant service to the Confederacy.

She graduated from the State Female College at Memphis, Tenn., and taught in the schools near her home for several years. Later she took a special course in structural geography, science, history, and literature at the Chicago University, where she won distinguished honors. As an educator and lecturer, she was accorded front rank, and was one of the first Southern women to enter this line of achievements. Her brilliant mind was influenced by a high spiritual nature. She vitalized whatever she touched in educational or religious lines. She lectured in Chicago to the delight of critical audiences.

Returning to Mississippi, she gave valuable services in this line to the normal institutes for several years, and was designated for a time "The Orator of Mississippi." As supervisor of nature study, professor of psychology and pedagogy to the city teachers of Memphis, she won fresh laurels. While there she also gave parlor talks before the Nineteenth Century Club and Woman's Council. These were made the occasion of social events as well.

Her versatile genius was shown to great advantage in a ten months' stay at Battle Creek, Mich., where she gave parlor talks to a cosmopolitan company of scholars, specialists, missionaries, and millionaires.

In a Rocky Mountain tour of five thousand miles in company with the Press Association of Mississippi a few years since Miss Dyer gave topographical readings from the car window that were preserved on the printed records of that body.

She removed to Barstow, Tex., a few years since with her father, who has large interests there. An extension of her brilliant career was planned for that State; but it was rudely ended by her death, which occurred October 22, 1906.

[The foregoing is by Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph, Nashville.]

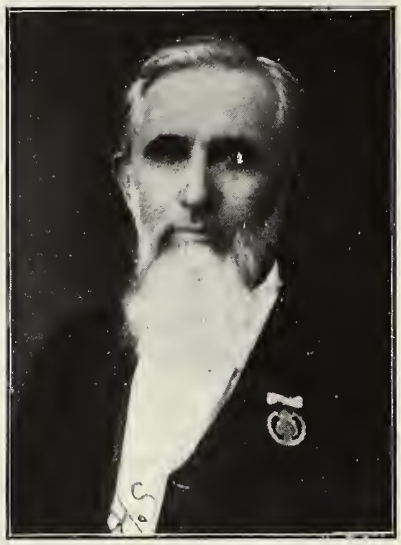
Dr. Harvey Shannon.

Dr. Harvey Shannon was born January 18, 1831, near Goodlettsville, Tenn., the eldest son of the late Harvey and Mary Shannon. At an early age he graduated in medicine, and prior to the war he practiced in Georgia, Holly Springs, and Vicksburg, Miss. At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, he assisted in forming an artillery company at Vicksburg, known as Swett's Battery, of which he was made lieutenant and afterwards captain of the company. He served with distinction until paroled at Johnston's surrender. His battery was in Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, and shared with that gallant brigade its fortunes and misfortunes from Shiloh to Jonesboro, Ga., where the battery was captured.

Captain Shannon was badly wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge on Tunnel Hill by an iron ball from a twenty-pound shrapnel shell, which broke his collar bone, passed down through his lung, and out near the backbone below his shoulder. He came out of the battle of July 20 at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, with a shattered arm. At Chickamauga he fought Loomis's celebrated six-gun battery of the Federal army, and with some assistance from Key's Battery cut it to pieces. It was captured eventually and held by Govan's Brigade for a short while. Captain Shannon received the surrender of the captain of Loomis's Battery, who presented him with his fine sash and field glass with the remark: "You have done the —— best firing to-day I ever saw done." While General Burnside's forces were at Knoxville and General Sherman's army at Chattanooga rations were being sent from Chattanooga by five light-draft steamboats on the Tennessee River, and Captain Shannon was selected to destroy these boats. He did considerable injury to two boats; but he failed to destroy them, as he could use only seven pounds of powder in a charge placed in a stick of cord wood; and after the second boat was injured, orders were given to split every large piece of steamboat wood, and one of the new "infernal machines," as the Yankees called them, was discovered, and thus the plan was frustrated.

Dr. Shannon was married to Miss Lucy Irwin, of Vicksburg, Miss., and they lived happily together forty years. They

removed to Ocean Springs, Miss., and made their home there for several years. Five children blessed their lives. The eldest, Harvey, a noble young man, passed away five years ago. The surviving children are Irwin and William Shannon, of New Orleans; Miss Lucy Shannon, of Clinton, Ky.; and Mrs. Charles H. Warwick, of Nashville, at whose home his death occurred May 14, 1906. Besides these, he leaves several grandchildren, a full brother and sister, I. N. Shannon, of Dickson, and Mrs. Mary Freeman, of Baker's, Tenn., and a half-sister, Mrs. Orpha Wyatt, who resides at Greenville, Ky.



DR. HARVEY SHANNON.

[The foregoing is from a niece of Monticello, Fla., who concluded: "Sleep on, dear uncle."]

In a personal tribute Charles W. Harmon said of him:

"Whatever Dr. Shannon did was well considered and executed in the most unostentatious manner. After the war, when the dark days of reconstruction in Mississippi were fraught with events of oppression, when the yoke of provoking insult and injustice was chafing the Southern neck, he was again looked to to guide the people of his section, which he did successfully, using pacific means when the best policy, and again employing daring tactics when the emergency demanded.

"The latter years of his life were mainly devoted to the practice of his profession, and in this he was the same quiet, earnest, careful man, ever seeking the well-being of others above his own advancement. In war, in peace, in the Church, in the chamber of sickness, in the quiet of his home he was a tower of inspiration, of comfort, of good cheer, and Christian example. He lived his principles, and was as nearly as can be found an embodiment of the golden rule.

"He faced death as he faced every emergency in his eventful career. When such a life is to be yielded up, the end is always well. God gave him length of days, and in return he gave the years back to his Creator full of benefactions to his times and fellow-men. He has gone to meet his comrades now who are bivouacked on that shore where deeds of mercy and heroism done on earth are wrought into crowns of eternal rewards. His memory to those who knew him intimately will come as sweet incense from the past at eveningtide, and his life stands boldly forth as an example founded on truth that welcomed duty in every form and knew no fear."

Dr. A. C. Sloan.

Dr. A. C. Sloan, of Corsicana, Tex., died November 30, aged sixty-three years. That "Death loves a shining mark" was verified when he relentlessly swooped down and snatched from the bosom of his family one who was near and dear to so many of his friends and who seemed so necessary to the community in which he lived. To those at a distance who had last seen him in perfect health the sudden news came as a shock. Memory recalled the near neighbor and friend who upon so many occasions of anxiety for the fate of loved ones had come into our home as a harbinger of rest and uttered reassuring words when the heart was faint, and who through years had been ever faithful and true.

Perhaps there were few men who ever filled the place of family physician so completely in every sense of the word. He was the safe confidant, the calm, unbiased adviser in every time of trial, and wore ever the white flower of a blameless life. He entered a sick room with softened tread, bending reverently to the agony he was called upon to alleviate; but his clear eye never faltered as he reassured the sufferer and inspired the hopes of the watchers.

Dr. Sloan was truly "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and this had mellowed his life into gentleness and given his manner a touch of tenderness to all wayward, suffering humanity, which gained for him the confidence and affection of his people. When only a youth he gave his willing service to the Confederacy in his native State, Alabama. When the banner of the Southern cross was furled, he turned to face the world in a hand-to-hand struggle for himself and loved ones, and to his brothers and sisters was "as a great rock in a weary land."

Going to Texas in 1868, he settled in Navarro County, near Dresden, and practiced his profession successfully. He made a trip to Europe, where he studied the best methods of surgery, and upon his return removed to Corsicana, where for twenty-five years he was one of her most honored citizens and successful practitioners. Intellectual, scientific, always dignified, he was ever reserved and unassuming. His influence was elevating, his example inspiring, his charity known only to its recipients, and his memory will be cherished in the hearts of his friends as something rare and beautiful.

To her who was the loved companion of all his joys and griefs, the one to whom his sensitive nature clung with undying fidelity, and to his children all hearts go out in sympathy as we stand with bowed heads in the presence of a loss time can never obliterate. To him all is peace and rest; and as the sands of life were slipping fast, he might have truly felt with the poet:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea!

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark!

For though from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

[The foregoing is by Mrs. A. V. Winkler, of El Paso, Tex.]

Overton S. Ogilvie.

Overton S. Ogilvie was born in Williamson County, Tenn., September 27, 1839; and died at his home, in Marshall County, Tenn., in May, 1905. In youth he went to Louisiana and took charge of a large farm owned by his father, Alfred S. Ogilvie. While there the Civil War came on, and he enlisted, taking with him his faithful servant, Henry. He did valiant service for his country with Captain Vincent's company, Dick Taylor's command, at St. Landry Parish, La.

He was in active service to the end. He returned to his boyhood home a physical wreck and penniless. Soon he regained his former strength and energy.

He married Miss Mary Clark, whom he had known from her childhood. They reared to maturity ten children, seven boys and three girls. He was indeed a noble character. His



OVERTON OGILVIE.

everyday life was a beautiful example of truth and integrity. He calmly met every obligation, and he put his trust and faith in One he knew would comfort and sustain until the end. In his family circle it was his delight to relate thrilling incidents of his soldier life around Washington and many other places. Two well-remembered comrades were Dan Quirk and Eugene Blakemore. No Confederate soldier ever loved the cause he espoused and the dear Southland more than Overton S. Ogilvie.

["Sister Alice" sends above "with the sweetest memories."]

Saluda County Veterans.

Three among the best of Saluda County (S. C.) Confederates passed away during 1906. All three died of heart disease.

James H. Watson passed over in June. He made a brave soldier, as well as a good citizen afterwards.

James B. Suddath died in August. He enlisted at the beginning of the war; and, though disabled by a wound in the arm, he served faithfully to the end.

James A. Merritt answered the summons in October, at the age of seventy-three years.

Thus one by one they leave us, the brave boys of the South.

Judge John B. Pilsbury.

The earthly career of Judge John B. Pilsbury, of Americus, Ga., was ended on the 22d of October, 1906, after an illness of many months. He had been a resident of Americus for half a century, and held a prominent position in the life of that section. He was a native of Winnsboro, S. C., but removed to Georgia when a young man. He served gallantly through the war with the 1st Georgia Regiment. For years he was Commander of Camp Sumter, of Americus, and the success of the Camp is due largely to his efforts. He engaged in the practice of law after the war, and served as judge for years in local courts. He was seventy-two years of age. His wife and a daughter survive him.

Dr. J. M. Abbott.

The death of Dr. J. M. Abbott at Trilba, Fla., January 4, 1907, was a distressing event. Although a Veteran (and they are all old), he was of such activity, physically and mentally, that his loss becomes a public calamity. Dr. Abbott was born in Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1844. He enlisted in the Confederate service at the age of eighteen years. He was second lieutenant, then first lieutenant, and in 1864 was in command of his company, E, 5th Kentucky Infantry. He was in many of the severe and famous battles, including Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, and Rock Face Gap.

Dr. Abbott removed to Texas soon after the war, and in the practice of law was successful. He returned, however, to Kentucky and took up the study of medicine. He graduated in the New York Medical College, and soon went to Florida, where a town is named in his honor. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a member of the Baptist Church.

Dr. Abbott sustained a severe injury by a wound in the battle



DR. J. M. ABBOTT.

of Jonesboro, Ga., that caused a hemorrhage of the lungs occasionally and resulted at last in his death.

In his final words to the wife and son he said: "Bury me in my uniform of gray; for four years I wore it with honor and pride, and I want to be laid to rest in the same."

Other Last Roll notices are unavoidably held over.

MONUMENT OF WADE HAMPTON.

A most singular oversight occurred in the failure to mention even the name of the sculptor of the Wade Hampton colossal statue used on the front page of the VETERAN for December, which is regarded as one of the greatest works of art yet produced anywhere. The print in the VETERAN was very defective. It was molded November 20, 1906.

The fund of $20,000 by the State of South Carolina was liberally supplemented by private subscriptions, and the leading papers of the South have been lavish in its praise. Mr. Ruckstuhl is himself very much pleased with his success, and his pride in it is hardly second to that of his Gloria Victis in Baltimore, which appeared on the front page of the VETERAN for March, 1903.

In a conversation with Mr. Ruckstuhl, he manifested his pride and gratitude, which are justified by the widespread testimonials he has received. Of many voluntarily written evidences of appreciation, the VETERAN requested a copy of the following letter from a son of the distinguished soldier, statesman, and citizen. It is as follows:

"COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 21, 1906.

"*My Dear Mr. Ruckstuhl:* When the equestrian statue of my father, Gen. Wade Hampton, was unveiled yesterday, I saw it for the first time. This first and last impression was awe-inspiring, and made me feel that I saw my father as I knew him on horseback.

"I consider that the people of South Carolina are to be congratulated upon receiving from your hands such a magnificent piece of work and a statue perfect in purport and detail. With my regards and best wishes, yours very truly,

G. McD. HAMPTON."

Gen. M. C. Butler, in his oration at the unveiling, said: "Permit me in passing to congratulate you in securing the services of so accomplished an artist and sculptor for the design and completion of this historic picture, and to congratulate him (Mr. Ruckstuhl) on the taste and ability shown by him in his work. The appearance, the pose, the ornamentation, the artistic proportions, the likeness, the mounted attitude are as near perfect as it seems to me human effort and ingenuity can make them."

The Monument Commission, appointed by the Legislature, selected Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl as the sculptor without "competition" on the strength of his past work. The contract was signed two years ago, when Mr. Ruckstuhl went to Paris to make the statue.

The sculptor has represented Hampton riding down the line at a review of his troops and saluting them as they cheer him. The statue is fifteen and a half feet high, and was cast by the compagnie A. Durenne at Paris. It was shipped complete in a case sixteen feet high via Havre and New York to Savannah by boat, and from there by rail to Columbia, where it arrived safely. The sculptor followed it all the way from Paris, and watched each loading and unloading.

The horse's head in the bronze is not reined in, but the horse himself bends his head proudly as he bears his master, cheered by his soldiers.

The pedestal, in the designing of which Mr. Ruckstuhl was assisted by M. J. L. Fougerousse, of Paris, consists, first, of a slight grassy mound; secondly, of a curb having beautifully designed angle railings of bronze; thirdly, of another grass mound; fourthly, of two steps of Winnsboro granite; and, finally, of a die made in Brussels of gray granite quarried in the Vosges Mountains of Alsace. The die is completely polished. It is mounted with twelve bronze plaques bearing names of ten battles and dedications to Hampton, besides inscriptions in raised bronze, antique Roman letters. The pedestal is thirteen and a half feet high and of unusually happy proportion. The whole monument is twenty-nine feet high and cost complete thirty thousand dollars.

The monument is a great success with the people, and "is considered the finest monument in the South."

Mr. Ruckstuhl is the author of many public monuments, among which are celebrated Confederate monuments at Baltimore and Little Rock.

The New York Times says of it:

"In Columbia the likeness to General Hampton is regarded as perfect by those who have had the chance to see it. The sculptor depicts Hampton baring his head as soldiers defile before him—this in order to obtain a greater likeness and naturalness than would have been the case if he had placed the hat on. He has tried to steer clear of too much realism on the one side and too much conventionalism on the other. The horse especially is treated in a monumental way, with parts of the head, for instance, slightly exaggerated in order to carry well at a distance. The pedestal is about fourteen feet high and the whole monument nearly thirty. In the arching neck he means to express the pride of a thoroughbred. Hampton was a very dignified man of the old school, the very opposite of the men who supplanted him in the political field and occasionally amuse themselves by turning the Senate of the United States into a beer garden. This dignity the sculptor has tried to express.

"The statue, cast by A. Durenne, of Paris, is about sixteen feet high and weighs seventy-five hundred pounds.

"One of the commission from the Legislature, B. A. Morgan, writes to the Columbia State that it is 'artistic, imposing, inspiring, satisfying.' J. G. Marshall writes: 'The likeness to General Hampton is remarkably fine. It is a great success.' E. McIver Williamson says: 'The statue grows on me. It is Wade Hampton. The oftener I see it, the more I admire it.'"



THE WADE HAMPTON STATUE IN COLUMBIA, S. C.

Gen. T. W. Carwile, who commands the Confederate Veterans of South Carolina, informs the State that he is much pleased with it."

The State said in commenting upon the monument: "The Hampton statue is a magnificent work of art. It is worthy of the subject, the masterpiece of a master. Hearty thanks are due the Hampton Monument Commission for their excellent judgment. They have been brilliantly successful in discharging the duty imposed on them by the Legislature."

The Columbia State says further in reporting the event:

"The statue to Gen. Wade Hampton is South Carolina's tribute in enduring bronze not only to that great captain of cavalry but to the men who rode with him in Virginia and to the men who counseled with him in 1876. This monument is but a typification of the chivalry and manhood of the South.

"The people of South Carolina contributed to this monument fund, and hundreds are interested personally in the successful fruition of their hopes. What they were unable to raise was supplemented by the Legislature. The first act approved by Gov. D. C. Heyward after he became Governor reads:

"'Whereas the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the last Democratic Convention:

"'Whereas it has pleased God, in his wise providence, to call to his eternal rest our illustrious fellow-citizen, Wade Hampton; and whereas we, the representatives of South Carolina in convention assembled, recalling his glorious example in war and in peace, and especially mindful of his incalculable service to the State as her leader and counselor in 1876, would put on record our sense of his noble career and our appreciation of his loss; therefore be it

"'*Resolved,* That in the death of Gen. Wade Hampton South Carolina laments the loss of one of her greatest citizens and most distinguished soldiers and a leader and counselor in her direst necessity, to whom she owes a debt of lasting veneration and love. His name and fame are a heritage of which any people might be proud. And we further recommend that a suitable statue be erected by the State and placed in the State Capitol; therefore

"'Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, That the sum of twenty thousand dollars be appropriated, to be used in connection with ten thousand dollars to be raised by voluntary contribution. Said twenty thousand dollars shall not become available until the sum of ten thousand dollars shall be raised by voluntary contributions and the same shall have been deposited in some bank within the State to the credit of the commission to be appointed by the Governor. The total shall be used for the purpose of erecting upon the Capitol grounds an equestrian statue to the memory of Wade Hampton.'"

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex., writes: "I want to express my approval of the erection of a monument to the memory of Captain Wirz, who was unjustly murdered by the United States authorities, and hope to make a donation individually and perhaps one from this Camp. I hope you will see fit to encourage the building of the same. Generations to follow should know that the Southern people hold in high esteem him who was made a martyr to the cause of the Confederacy."

Jap Logan, Buel. Johnson County, Tex.: "On the 22d of July, 1864, southeast of Atlanta, Ga., Second Lieut. Ed Ashby went with us in a charge made by our command in the rear of the Federal army. He was never seen or heard of by his company afterwards. Any information of him that can be furnished will be gratefully appreciated. Our command was Company H, 10th Texas Regiment, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. Any one there will remember that rear movement and the Rebel yell made by Hardee's Corps. I had the honor to command Company H until the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where I got my leg broken and was not able to fight any more."

NOTES OF HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS EVENTS.

The Memphis *Appeal* of June 17, 1862, quotes as follows from the Lynchburg *Republican:* "Good for Jack. An incident occurred with our friend Jack Alexander, during Jackson's recent dashes in the Valley, which should be put on record. In the neighborhood of Martinsburg our cavalry, among which was the Campbell company, commanded by Captain Jack, came up with and captured a number of Yankees who had in their possession a whole flock of negro women with their little pickaninnies and who were found in the wagons belonging to the army. Of course our boys took possession of the contrabands and turned them southward, with their Yankee friends keeping them company, Jack guarding the whole. But a short distance had been made when the little brats began to show signs of breaking down, and Jack, ordering a halt, directed each of the prisoners to take one of the little sables in his arms, telling them they had brought them there, and he'd be d—d if they should not carry them back! The order was obeyed, but with evident reluctance, and the march was recommenced, among the audible titterings of our boys and the suppressed curses of the Yanks. In this way they entered Winchester, the little brats fondling their nurses in some cases, and in others squalling as only they knew how. The scene was most ludicrous, and many a stern soldier, unused to the 'melting mood,' laughed until he cried."

Col. Fred L. Robertson, of Tallahassee, Fla., sent the above and adds: "In the same copy of the *Appeal* I found an excerpt from the Atlanta *Confederacy,* entitled 'Plunderings, Robberies, Outrages, and Atrocities of the Yankees in Middle Tennessee.' The article was brought out by the fulsome resolution adopted by the Yankee convention held at Nashville a short time before which stated that the 'forbearance, moderation, and gentlemanly deportment of the officers and soldiers of the Federal army, since their occupation of Tennessee, challenge our highest admiration.' I do not think these items should be lost or forgotten. The Yankees hold themselves up to the world as models of refinement, of culture, and of Christian forbearance; when, if they had justice done them, many of them would be in a penitentiary for stealing from the South the silver that adorns their tables, the jewels worn by their wives and daughters and of which they boast as 'captured,' as also the paintings on their walls and the finest furniture that adorns their houses. One Virginia lady who sat behind the wife of a general officer in Trinity Church, New York, discovered that the wife of a general was wearing her fine shawl. She informed her husband of the fact, and told him she intended to have it; that she knew it by a tiny darn that she had worked herself. The shawl had been stolen as usual. During the service the Virginia lady leaned over and said: 'That is my shawl you have on. We are stopping at the St. Nicholas.' The wearer turned crimson for the rest of the service, and early next morning the shawl was sent to the hotel designated."

THE GREAT SOUTH—MATERIALLY.

From a paper signed by W. W. Finley, new President of the Southern Railway, the following notes are taken concerning "the conspicuous industrial growth of the New South:"

"One of the most interesting stories of to-day is that of American industrial, commercial, and agricultural expansion. The decade closing with 1906 was the most remarkable in American history. In the ten years the republic emerged full-fledged as a world power. In this development the South was most conspicuous. The farms of the Southern States during this remarkable period gave the country its balance of trade with foreign lands. Cotton was the largest single article in the list of agricultural exports, and a majority of it came from the States traversed by the Southern Railway and its allied lines.

"The Southern Railway, like other lines of the country, was taxed to the limit in taking care of traffic. The growth of business exceeded the anticipation and prediction of the most optimistic economist. To have followed the dictates of the oversanguine might have proved disastrous. . . .

"The main territory traversed by the Southern Railway system, south of the Potomac and Ohio and east of the Mississippi, comprising about twelve per cent of the continental area of the Union, contributed more of the fruits of agriculture to world use than any other area on the face of the earth. The staples of this Southern region have thus become international, rather than national and sectional. They enter into the necessities of more people than those from the other sections of the planet. Of the eight important American exports, four are almost solely produced in the South, and these four—cotton, tobacco, oil cake and meal, and vegetable oil—contribute twenty-five per cent of the entire farm surplus of the American republic, coming, as already stated, from twelve per cent of the country's area.

"The year 1906 is one of an even dozen in the history of the Southern Railway, each a year of increased growth as well as responsibility; for not only has the road more than doubled its length, and earnings as well as operating expenses increased in proportion, but new problems present themselves for solution. Originally an agricultural line, it is now an industrial one, for the industrial growth of the South in the past decade had no equal in any other geographical division of the United States.

"The relation the South sustains agriculturally to the people of the world is fully established. For years it was regarded as a one-crop country, but within the decade it has risen to a commanding place in various ways, and in combination with its former great staple—and still staple—it has a multiplicity of farm crops which now participate in supplying Northern and foreign markets.

"Corresponding with this marvelous agricultural growth has been the industrial development, an attainment that has a most substantial basis. No other region of equal size on any continent has greater diversity and extent of natural resources in deposits of coal, iron ore, structural materials, and of rare and economic minerals, combined with forests of merchantable timber and unrivaled water powers.

"The increase in capital in Southern manufactures in the five-year period ending with 1905 was sixty-five per cent compared with forty per cent in the whole country, while the increase in products was forty-four per cent compared with thirty-two per cent in the country at large. Reports to the Land and Industrial Department of the Company show that 1,198 new industries were located in territory covered by the Southern Railway and Mobile and Ohio Railroad during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, and there was no diminution of activity for the last half of the year.

"The financial growth has been widespread and well distributed, as evidenced by the growth of the banking business. According to the report of the United States Comptroller of Currency, deposits in the banks of the South June 30, 1896, were two hundred and twenty-one and a half millions, which sum had increased June 30, 1906, to eight hundred and eighty-two and a third millions, or four times as much. Fifteen years ago there were eleven hundred banks in the South; now there are twenty-seven hundred. Thirty years ago there were nine hundred newspapers; now there are twenty-five hundred. Educational facilities have multiplied, but particulars of growth in all directions could be indefinitely detailed.

"The South has nearly as many seaports as all the rest of the country combined. The total exports and imports are not as great, but the figures are growing. During the fiscal year 1906 Southern ports sent abroad six hundred and forty-two millions of products compared with five hundred and fifty-five millions in the preceding year, while imports increased from eighty-three millions to one hundred and one millions. The ports of the South are nearer the West Indies, South America, and the Panama Canal than any other in the Union, and in the trade now in sight with our neighbors of Latin America the South has the supreme advantage.

"The known potentialities of the South and many yet to be reckoned with under the whip and spur of steam and electricity, aided by scientific research and application, promise much for industry and intelligence in the coming years; and so the Southern horizon shows no signs of stagnation, but instead acceleration and achievement. The wealth and variety of possibilities and opportunities for brain, brawn, and capital are so vast in the South that they baffle the mind to fully grasp their magnitude. Go where you may, there is room for energy and ambition with ample compensation for every expenditure of effort. There will be discouragements, individual and sectional, and occasional impatience that somebody or some place may be doing a little better; but persons and localities most sure to win out and share rightly in the increasing greatness are those who know there is a great work to do and concentrate their energies and back faithfully every interest directly or indirectly necessary to their home development. All ambitions and emoluments cannot be realized this week or month or year; but the earnest and honest worker of the South, regardless of his calling, is living in a section which has no equal on this continent for gaining all of the rewards of persistent and intelligent labor."

PRESIDENT J. T. HARAHAN.

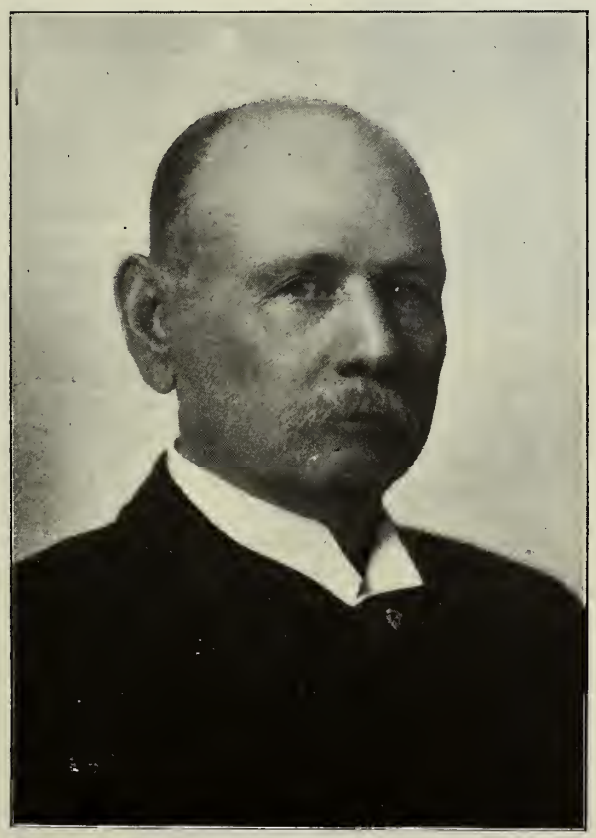
The system of the Illinois Central Railroad is a different one from that of which he took charge sixteen years ago. By absorption and extension it has added many hundreds of miles to its total length and increased its earning power many fold. All this extension work has taken place under Mr. Harahan's direct supervision. He knows every foot of the roadway, and he is perfectly familiar with it from personal observation. Not only is he familiar with the physical condition of the property, but equally so with the earning capacity and possibilities of every section of the system. At a moment's notice he can tell where the bulk of the tonnage comes

from, of what the bulk of the tonnage of every section consists, and the possibilities of its future increase and expansion.

It is by this faculty of informing himself as to the general interests of the great railroad and as to how they best can be promoted that Mr. Harahan has attained his success. The one particular thing in earlier days that attracted the attention of his superiors was that he went outside the round of his duties to serve the interests of the road.

With every part of the work of railroad operation Mr. Harahan is practically familiar. He knows the process of tamping a tie; he knows every section of the machinery of which a locomotive is composed, and could put them together like an expert machinist; he can take out a long freight train and handle the throttle as efficiently as the most skillful engineer; he knows by experience all the dangers and all the experiences which befall the average train hand, for he has undergone them all, and no man is more competent than he to judge of merit on the part of his subordinates. He is, in short, a thorough railroad man.

Mr. Harahan has been called the Ulysses S. Grant of the American railway world because of his indomitable energy and perseverance and the faculty he possesses of pegging away at any difficulty encountered until it is removed and his purpose has been accomplished. He is a big man, of massive frame, strong physically, strong mentally, and with an insatiable determination to acquire all the information obtainable on any subject in which he becomes interested. His scientific as well as practical knowledge of everything relating to railroad affairs is extraordinary. Mr. Harahan is likewise a big-hearted man, considerate to the widest extent of the rights and feelings of his subordinates. He is a man of few words, but is keenly observant of everything taking place about him, having a keen insight into the motives which prompt men's actions or the results that are likely to follow. He therefore excels in selecting the right men for important places. He is self-possessed; nothing perturbs him. When confronted with an emergency, he meets it with serenity and a clearness of perception of what is required and with alertness, energy, and determination.



PRESIDENT J. T. HARAHAN.

It is said of him that, while other men are thinking of how a thing should be done, he has accomplished it; and if asked how he fulfilled his purpose, he simply points to the result, the only explanation with which he is concerned. He is not given to paying attention to methods so long as the results are satisfactory. He is impatient of delay, and cannot endure procrastination. While a man of few words, Mr. Harahan gives his instructions in definite terms, and he expects his orders to be carried out with alertness and precision.

While deprived at the beginning of his career of a technical training, Mr. Harahan recognizes the desirability of possessing such an experience. The pioneer period in railroading, in his opinion, has passed, and the successful railroad manager of the future must understand the whys and wherefores of every action. He must be the master of the principles of operation. Science and practice must be combined. Mr. Harahan, therefore, is the warm advocate of technical schools for railroad men, or rather for the youth who aims at devoting himself to a railroad career.

It gives the VETERAN sincere pleasure to testify that Mr. Harahan has always shown the greatest consideration for the Confederate Veterans, and has by his prompt and liberal coöperation contributed to the success of all of their Reunions. Although he fought on the other side, he has invariably manifested a sympathy and good will as generous as if he had been their associate in arms.

Mr. Harahan was entertained by the Nashville Board of Trade in January; and after leaving the city, he wrote to the President, Mr. Leland Hume: "I am pleased to receive the resolutions passed by the Board of Directors of the Nashville Board of Trade, expressing their confidence in my ability as a railroad manager, my friendship for Nashville, the State of Tennessee, and the South, and tendering me, as the chief executive of this company, their loyal support. For these expressions please convey to the Board my sincere and heartfelt thanks. The entrance into Nashville of the Illinois Central Railroad was the consummation of one of the greatest ambitions of my long railroad career, and there will be no change in my policy to do all within my power that is just and right to upbuild and see Nashville what it is destined to be—one of the foremost cities of this country. I could have no other feeling for the home of my early days, where remain unbroken some of my sweetest ties of friendship, and where at last by the side of many loved ones I expect all that is mortal of me to rest forever in peace."

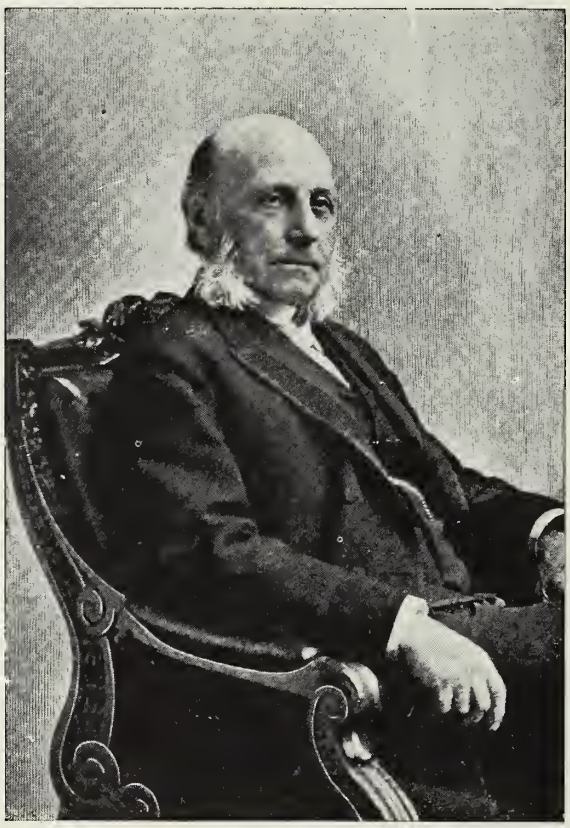
The people of Louisiana entertained Mr. Harahan in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, on December 15 ult. There were more than one hundred and ninety participants at the dinner. Addresses were made as follows, Hon. Martin Berhman serving as toastmaster: Hon. Newton C. Blanchard, "Welcome from the State;" Samuel L. Gilmore, "The City of New Orleans;" Milton H. Smith, "The Great Railroads of the South;" M. J. Sanders, "Ocean Liners in the Mississippi;" Bernard McCloskey, "Port Facilities of New Orleans;" Albert Godchaux, "The Commercial South;" response by the guest, Hon. J. T. Harahan.

REV. HENRY MARTYN FIELD, D.D.

LAST OF FOUR EMINENT NEW ENGLAND SONS.

Much might be appropriately written for these pages in regard to the life and character of Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., who died at his country home, in Stockbridge, Mass., January 25, 1907. It was the good fortune of the writer to know him well, to know him on many a journey in his business life in New York and in his home, a place he fitly described when standing with his back to a great wood fire on a cold evening after a journey from New York: "Ah! New York is very good, but Stockbridge is better." The remark illustrated the man. He looked on the bright side of things generally.

Through Dr. Field the editor of the VETERAN was favored with his clearest insight into New England life. The visit referred to above was the occasion for realizing hospitality that can't be excelled in the South. Dr. Field was, through his long life beginning at the forefront of higher morality and advantages for acquiring knowledge, enabled to see with broad vision. Then at an early age he possessed extraordinary advantages for travel, and as an author of eminence his society was sought and honors paid him by the nobility of nearly every country in the world.



REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

Dr. Field was pastor of a St. Louis Church in 1843, at the age of twenty-one years. After a successful ministry there, he resigned to travel abroad. The summer of 1847 he spent in Great Britain, and the winter following in Paris, where he witnessed the Revolution, which he described in a series of letters to the New York Observer. That was his first work with the religious press. After his return to America, he became pastor of a Congregational Church in West Springfield, Mass., which pastorate continued about four years.

In May, 1851, Dr. Field was married to Miss Henrietta des Portes, a native of Paris and a woman of note. She was conspicuous in the tragedies connected with the French Revolution. After her marriage, Mrs. Field was principal of the "Female School of Art" in Cooper Union, New York, and among her pupils were Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, and Whitelaw Reid. In March, 1875, Mrs. Field died, after much suffering. Then it was that Dr. Field began his career as a world traveler. The plethoric purse of his brother, Cyrus W. Field, was opened wide to him, and with their niece, Miss Clara Field, the Doctor made a tour which was extended around the world.

In the fall of 1876 Dr. Field was married to Miss Frances E. Dwight, of Stockbridge, who survives him. He became half owner of the New York Evangelist in 1854, and subsequently sole owner, and continued its publication until 1898, when he sold the paper and retired, remaining quietly through the latter days in Stockbridge.

Dr. Field was one of the most noted travelers in all the tide of time to write, as he did, from an exalted point of view. His first book, published in 1850, was "The Irish Confederate and the Rebellion of 1798." In 1858 he wrote "Summer Pictures from Copenhagen and Venice." It was while on the journey with his niece that he collected data for the two books, "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn" and "From Egypt to Japan." Some years later he wrote four other books, "On the Desert," "Among the Holy Hills," and then "The Greek Island and Turkey After the War" and the "Gibraltar." He published "Spanish Cities" in 1892, and then the story of "The Atlantic Telegraph" after the death of his brother, Cyrus W. Field, whose greatest fame is connected with this achievement in coöperation with Peter Cooper.

Interesting as is the career of Dr. Field, youngest and last of "the four most eminent brothers in America" (While the four mentioned were eminent men, it seems hardly fair to omit the others. One of them, Matthew D. Field, was an eminent engineer, and built the first suspension bridge at Nashville, Tenn.), this sketch is lengthened to give emphasis to his last and best book, "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows." This is the last of his most important books. His versatile and patriotic mind enabled him in his latter days to appreciate most keenly the hospitality of Mr. John H. Inman, a Tennessee-Georgia Confederate, who accumulated millions of dollars in the metropolis and brought South a party of eminent men on an extended trip. Of this party was Dr. Field, and this was his first visit. "Bright Skies" is a series of papers on that and subsequent visits.

Appearing as "Bright Skies" did in Dr. Field's declining yet ripest days, he was anxious to have it read extensively in the South, and one of his last business acts was to ship the entire edition to the VETERAN. A large number of copies of the book have just been bound, and the interest of every man and woman even friendly to the South is asked now to become interested in this book.

In connection with the foregoing, mention is made of his series of letters about the South—"Bright Skies." The offer on this book is the best ever made except as to "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The publishers' price, $1.50, is cut down to one-third of that sum and postpaid. It is a charming book about the South by a great author, who yearned to have the fraternal spirit that he entertained known throughout the South and appreciated. Remember the price—postpaid, 50 cents; two copies, $1; and it will be sent free to any one who will send two new subscriptions with $2. Let orders come at once. It would help to advertise the VETERAN if we could procure in thirty days orders for one thousand copies. This book should be in the home of every family in the South.

FORREST'S FIRST CAVALRY FIGHT.

BY H. T. GRAY, PERRYVILLE, KY.

In September, 1861, David and John Prewitt and I left Perryville, Ky., after Church on Sunday night and rode to and through Bloomfield to the home of Mr. William Huston, about five miles south from Bloomfield, where we were fed and slept through the day. After supper we fell in with an old fox hunter, who was piloting Hon. R. W. Wooley, and started for Dixie. After several days and nights of hard riding and dodging the home guards, we arrived at Munfordsville, then inside Dixie's line. From there the two Prewitts and I rode over to Bowling Green, where we got transportation to Memphis. There we enlisted in Capt. Dave Logan's company of Forrest's Regiment. About ten days afterwards we were ordered into Kentucky.

After a short stop at Fort Donelson, we moved on to Hopkinsville, Ky., and went into winter quarters. There we began scouting the country, and did it thoroughly from Canton, on the Cumberland, to Morganfield, back to Eddyville, on the Ohio, to Princeton, back to camp. We were not in camp many days at a time, just enough to rest the horses, when we would be off on another scout. During Christmas week we started on a scout. The weather was very cold, with snow on the ground, and often we suffered severely. One night some of us boys got in a shuck pen and buried ourselves in the shucks and passed a comfortable night. After almost two days of marching, Colonel Forrest took one-half of the command and went off a side road, leaving Major Kelly to march on to Greenville with the rest. We had about three hundred men on this scout. On the second night Major Kelly went into camp about one-half mile north of Greenville, where the good people sent out an invitation to supper. They gave us a real royal feast at the courthouse. Just as we were finishing supper Colonel Starnes rode up and reported a Yankee scouting party out. Major Kelly took us back to camp. He sent Lieutenant Cowan out with twelve men as pickets to picket the road. We went about three miles, when our road ran into another. We halted here and prepared for a fight.

It was so cold that it seemed as if we would freeze, so we went to work and tore out about a hundred panels of fence to our rear and came up with them and built a big, strong fence across our road and staked and ridered it and braced it. Then day began to break. We mounted our horses and rode back to camp about sunrise. We fed our horses and lay down by a good fire to sleep, when boots and saddles was blown. O, Lordy! no sleep all night and no breakfast. Colonel Forrest came in just as we got covered up. We got up and saddled, mounted our horses, and took up our line of march over the same road we had picketed all night before. When we came to our base of the night before, we received information that the Yankees were a mile or two ahead of us. Colonel Forrest called a halt and said: "Now, boys, keep quiet." He then ordered the trot march.

We rode probably a mile or two when a halt was called. We all tightened our saddle girths. Colonel Forrest spoke to the bugler: "Blow the charge, Isham." With that, we raised the yell and away we went. The ground had begun to thaw by this time, and we were soon covered with mud from head to foot. Our company was in the rear, and our boys began cursing the two companies ahead of us, whom we thought were riding too slow, and threatened to ride over them. Colonel Starnes was riding with us. He told Lieutenant Cowan to pass them with his men right and left, which we did, reaching the open woods where Forrest had just engaged the Yankees. We went in red-hot, and in about ten minutes we had them going. We chased them through Sacramento and about two miles beyond, when a halt was called. We killed over twenty and captured about twenty-five without the loss of a man.

CHARITY FUND FOR CONFEDERATES.

"A Northerner" sends a clipping from the Chicago Tribune to the VETERAN suggesting that the merits of the case be investigated: "Unable to obtain employment and without friends to care for them, Mrs. Margaret Hickey, sixty-eight years old, and her daughter, Katherine, fifty years old and deaf and dumb, are being cared for by the Desplaines Street police. Mrs. Hickey is the widow of Col. Michael Hickey, of Kentucky, who served through the War between the States in the Confederate Army. For sixteen years after the close of the war mother and daughter clung to a little farm in Elizabethtown. Then debts swamped them, Mrs. Hickey said last evening. The mortgage was foreclosed, and they came to Chicago, where for twenty-five years they earned a precarious livelihood. The difficulty has been and is that Mrs. Hickey is determined to keep her daughter near her. Employment where this is possible has been hard to find; and as the women grew older, they found the task insurmountable. With linked arms mother and daughter leave the station each day, and until nightfall seek employment. During the night at the station the mother remains by her daughter. The matron has urged her to occupy an adjoining cell, where she might sleep better, but Mrs. Hickey declines. 'My relatives are dead and we are in the world alone,' Mrs. Hickey said. 'I am willing to work, but I must be near my daughter on account of her affliction. My great-grandfather, Sylvester Wheatley, served through the Revolutionary War. My grandfather was a soldier; my husband was wounded fighting for the Confederates. But the policemen have been kind to me, and I thank them.' Mrs. Hickey and her daughter have been at the station for a week."

The published records of Confederate officers has not a Colonel Hickey in the list. A case of an old veteran and wife who travel about quite extensively in Tennessee is recalled by the foregoing. The man has papers showing that he was a good soldier, and the pitiably filthy condition of himself and wife induces spontaneous aid from good women, and the money is spent in going from one place to another. He begs, and yet spurns the idea of going to the Confederate Home. While it is important to help unfortunate comrades and their families, it should be done with close discrimination. There should be a fund in the hands of a committee, and street begging for such persons should not be allowed.

MRS. MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY'S BOOKS.

Mrs. Avary's pen delights in depicting Southern history. Her latest volume, "Dixie after the War," gives fascinating and pathetic glimpses of events during and immediately after that tragic period. There are numerous illustrations of notable personages. The work is written in a unique, conversational style, full of accurate anecdote. It is not too much to say that Mrs. Avary's books by future generations will be treasured as heirlooms. When the old folks are all gathered to their fathers, many a boy and girl will point with pride to what their ancestors did in the most gigantic of civil wars.

Mrs. Avary is a Virginian by birth. A glimpse of her life history is given by Gen. Clement A. Evans in the preface.

[The foregoing is by Helen Gray, of Atlanta.]

TWO JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION PIERS.

Of the sums appropriated by the United States government in aid of the Jamestown celebration, to be held next year near Norfolk, Va., five hundred and fifty thousand dollars is specifically set aside for the construction of buildings and the collection of exhibits. It has been the purpose of the Jamestown Exposition from its very inception to create a colonial city on the shores of Hampton Roads, and the policy of the United States government is to further this end by the erection of buildings all of which will belong to that distinct type of architecture. Dotted here and there along the six miles of roadway connecting the Exposition with Norfolk are several fine examples of colonial architecture, and in the city of Norfolk there are some houses which are perfect specimens of that type.

It might be said that the American adaptation of the Georgian style, called the colonial, reached its zenith in Virginia, as is attested by the splendid James River mansions, the colonial houses of Middle Virginia, and that marvelous example of the purest type, the University of Virginia. The lines of the buildings will be chaste and the gardens reminiscent of the seventeenth century. The whole picture will be a composite of green foliage, native flowers, hard shell or dirt roads, and houses, large and small, built of brick, white-columned, or of shingles interset with tiles. The bill appropriating the government money sets forth that "Said buildings shall be erected as far as possible in the colonial style of architecture from plans prepared by the supervising architect of the Treasury."

To enable free and ready communication between the ships of the fleets that will assemble in Hampton Roads and the Exposition shores, and in order to furnish a safe and ample harbor for small boats and launches, the government has appropriated four hundred thousand dollars for the construction of two mammoth piers projecting eighteen hundred feet into Hampton Roads, connected at the sea end by a third pier. Each of these piers will be two hundred feet wide, and the lateral piers will be eight hundred feet apart, thus forming a basin eight hundred by eighteen hundred feet in area. The paragraph of the bill making provision for the construction of these piers further provides that the water basin shall be dredged throughout its entire area to a sufficient depth to accommodate boats drawing ten feet of water at mean low tide. This water basin will be unique among the Exposition sights. It will be brilliantly lighted at night, and at the sea terminus will have two tall towers, one for the Lighthouse Service and one for wireless telegraphy. The connecting pier will be arched sufficiently high to permit all the small craft to enter the basin. Shrubs will be planted all along the piers.

Besides its use as a harbor, the inclosed basin will serve as an arena for water sports, swimming matches, water polo and such games, and possibly for the exhibition of various models of motor launches. Boats will leave the main landing at the shore end of the basin and circle the outer harbor or take passengers to the various ships, while the sea end may be used as a landing place for larger boats. The dimensions of this enormous basin can hardly be comprehended without comparisons. The greatest length is about nine ordinary city blocks; the connecting pier at the end is six blocks long, and the width of each of the piers is the length of the average block, two hundred feet. The total pier way therefore equals the superficial area of twenty-four city blocks, ample space for a multitude of displays and space that will be utilized for such purposes.

HARRIET OVERTON CHAPTER, U. D. C.—A Girls' Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized on December 31, 1906, by Mrs. Isabella M. Clark at her home in Nashville. There is only one other Girls' Chapter in Tennessee, the other being located at Paris. These Girls' Chapters will be the means of bringing a large number of workers into the field. There are thirty-two members in this new Chapter, which is named in honor of Mrs. Harriet Overton, who so materially aided the South during the war and worked untiringly to the end of her life for those who espoused the Confederate cause. Mrs. Clark, who is a charter member of the Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., was unanimously elected President, and under such an able and enthusiastic leader the Chapter should accomplish a great deal. Mrs. Clark is a woman of marked executive ability, which has been demonstrated during her long association with the Nashville Chapter. The membership list of the new Chapter includes representatives of the oldest and best-known families in Tennessee. Miss Jennie B. McCarver is the Secretary.

A case of widespread interest in the courts of Washington has been the trial of young Chester Thompson for murder on the plea of insanity. The Tacoma Ledger pays high tribute to the plea of the father, Will H. Thompson, for his son. The counsel was a Confederate soldier at fifteen years of age. His education was prevented by a combination of circumstances, but after attaining his majority he became a diligent student. Among his contributions to literature is one that will live through the ages—"High Tide at Gettysburg."

The W. B. Bate Chapter, of Nashville, will hold a memorial service at the residence of Mr. W. R. Bryan on the anniversary of his death, March 9, at 3 P.M. Mrs. Bryan, the President, extends a general invitation to this service.

Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph is to be congratulated upon the popularity of "Texas; or, The Broken Link," the book that she has advertised liberally in the VETERAN. She is soon to issue the third edition. The book has been liberally ordered in New York, Virginia, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Her native State of Mississippi honored her in having it placed in the State Library. It has also been placed in most of the leading Southern libraries and in some of the leading schools and universities of the South.

GEN. R. E. LEE ON TRAVELER.

The life-size painting of Gen. Robert E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, of Nashville, Tenn., is justly regarded as the most faithful and characteristic of all the portraits of the "great soldier and greater man." He appears here in his lovable character as a man of peace while President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. His famous war horse, Traveler, is painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, and is a perfect likeness. At the solicitation of the Exposition authorities, this superb picture will have an honored place among the art treasures at Jamestown. Nothing could be more appropriate, for General Lee was not only one of the most illustrious sons of Virginia but he is recognized as a world character of the highest rank.

Photographs from this fine painting (copyrighted) are now on sale, and there is an increasing demand for them. Size 20x24 inches, $3; size 12x15 inches, $2. Mounted on best white card, with wide margins, ready for framing. Order from CONFEDERATE VETERAN.



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Instantly relieves SORE EYES Use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Alex Russell, of Galveston, Tex., is desirous of securing his father's war record, and will appreciate hearing from any one who can assist him. He says his father, Emanuel Russell, enlisted from Alexandria, La., going first as a substitute, as he was over age when the first call came for volunteers. He thinks he was with General Polk in Tennessee in the capacity of cook or messenger, and that he was some time in the company of Capt. Thomas Jack, of Texas, now dead, and that he was shot in the leg in some engagement. His father was in Alexandria when the gunboat Webb rammed the Queen of the West, and while firing a salute commemorating the victory he was injured by the premature explosion of the gun. Write him in care of the Galveston Tribune.

The VETERAN is pleased to introduce the Pettibone Bros. Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, a firm long established, but whose card we have not carried before. They are prepared to furnish uniforms in the real Confederate gray, badges, flags, etc. Commended by the Secretary of Tennessee Division, U. C. V. Write them for samples and prices.

R. C. McPhail, of Graham, Tex., reports the finding on a street of that town of a silver medal about the size of a half dollar, on one side of which is the following: "James M. Woods, New York City, Company H, 95th New York Vols." On the reverse appears: "Slaughter Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg." The medal seems to have been issued by the War Department to Mr. Woods for distinguished service. It was found by a son of Rev. G. W. Black, of Graham, who will be glad to return it to the owner.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans, La., would like to procure the following copies of the VETERAN to complete her file: February, March, April, May, June, July. September, October, 1893; January, February, March, April, May, June September, October, November, December, 1894; January, February, March, April, July, September. 1895; March, 1896; February, 1897. These copies must be in good condition. Write in advance of sending.



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DAVIS BROTHERS, Kent, Ohio.

GOOD WORDS FROM A UNION VETERAN.—Capt. Samuel Allen writes from Louisville, Ky.: "I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN almost constantly since the first copy came out, and I am delighted to have it and look forward to the coming of the next copy with pleasure, although I served on the other side, commanding Company H, 8th Kentucky Cavalry."

In complimenting a friend with renewal of subscription to the VETERAN, Mr. Thomas G. Howard, of Selma, Ala., wrote: "Renewal to CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and may it ever keep alive that true Southern chivalry that you are so happily endowed with, and may you live long to enjoy it!"

J. S. Overcash, of Taylortown, La., wants to know "how many men remember carrying rails one mile to line the breastworks at Port Hudson forty-four years ago." He was among the number, and would be glad to hear from any comrade who remembers helping to "tote" those rails.

Instantly relieves SORE EYES Use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

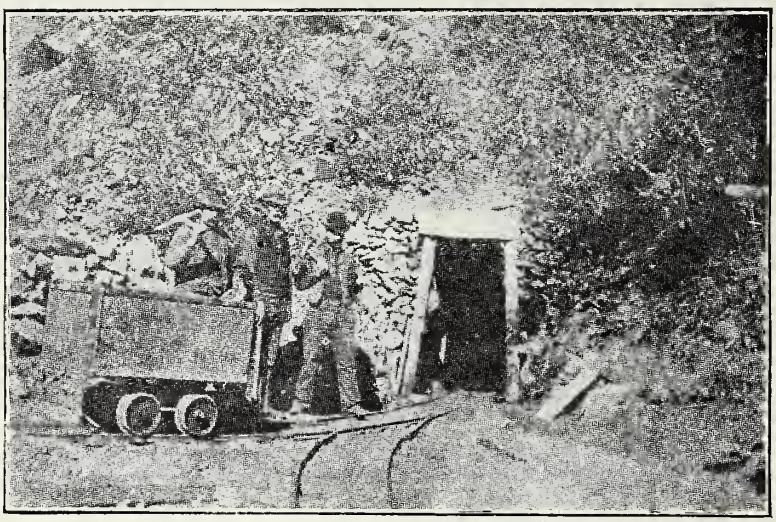
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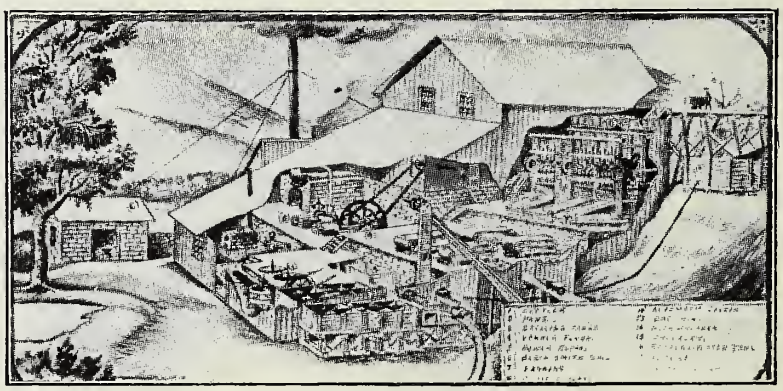
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For specific information address W. R. DAVIS, HELLMAN BLDG., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the "Veteran," has known Mr. Davis intimately for more than forty years, and is anxiously concerned for the success of this great enterprise. Among the directors from the South are the well-known capitalists, L. A. Carr, of Durham, and T. L. Chisholm, of Sanford, N. C. Mr. Davis, the Vice President, is a Georgian. Applications for stock may be made to Mr. W. R. Davis, Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal., or to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

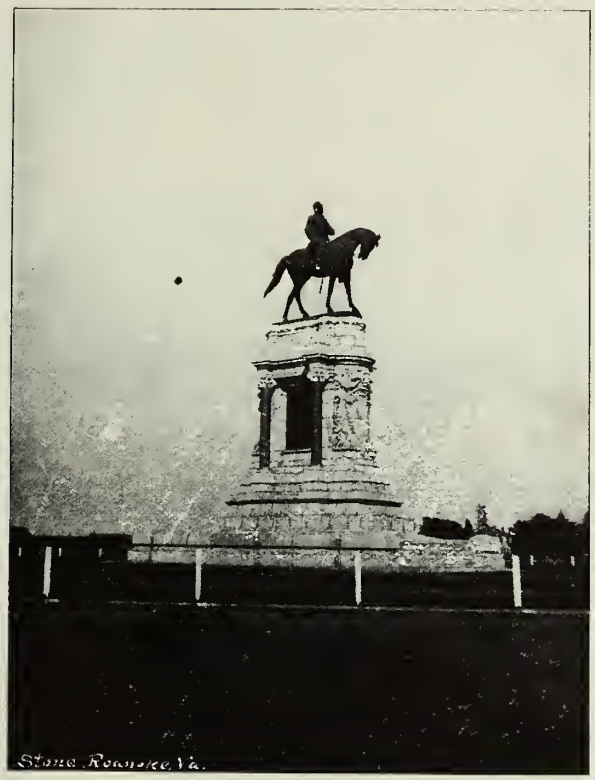
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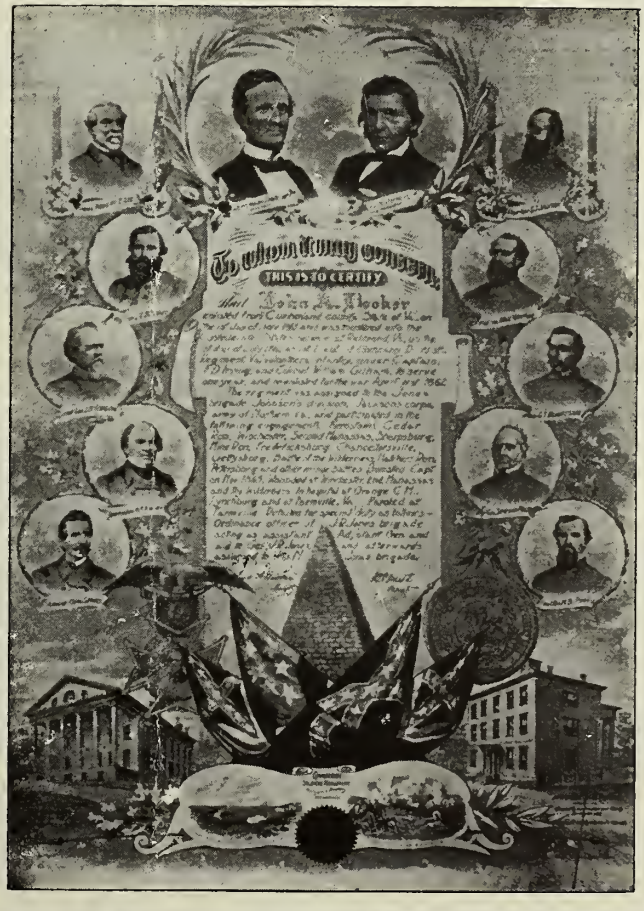
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No 4
VOL. XV.
APRIL,
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1907. | No. 4. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL OFFICERS U. C. V.

To the Camps of U. C. V., the Confederated Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, United Sons of Confederates, and all Confederates.

We have been elected to offices of high distinction and recognize the obligations created by these honors because they were conferred by our comrades of the United Confederate Veterans. In this spirit we address you, on our own motion, this letter on a special subject because we know that the desire is common among us that the knowledge of the principles and facts of the Confederate epoch should be more widely diffused. We feel that this information should be conveyed to the people of the present Age through the press and other agencies in such spirit, manner, and mode of publication as will do justice to our Confederate people, secure the fame of which our dear Southland is well worthy, abate all ungenerous controversial spirit, and promote a more perfect understanding and cordial union of all parts and people of our Country.

In considering maturely this very important matter we are gratified by the fact that the United Confederate Veterans Association, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have an official organ, commended over and over again by unanimous resolutions at our annual conventions, in a magazine of high rank called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, ably edited and published monthly by our true and enthusiastic fellow-Confederate soldier, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville. This noble magazine began its career years ago as a patriotic venture upon the field of hope in its confidence reposed in those to whom its worthy objects appealed, and we have witnessed its ascent to success with the especial pride that such success is so well deserved. We deplore nothing about it except that the benefits it is conferring every month upon thousands of readers are not enjoyed by tens of thousands more. It is a medium by which every phase of Confederate times is intelligently and interestingly conveyed to the minds of young and old. It is a glad hand extended cordially to shake every Confederate hand, and it goes with a sincere fraternal greeting to all patriots in our Land. It is a treasury of argument, history, biography, story, and song, continuing to steadily increase these riches from month to month. Its contents make a table around which Confederates, with their sons, daughters, and friends, sit once a month to enjoy an intellectual, social, affectionate, friendly, country-loving feast. It never was of more value than it is now. And, considering all that should be said, written, and done through its agency during the next ten years of only one hundred and twenty issues, *it is now more valuable than ever.*

In view of all things we know about the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its valuable uses, will you, each and all of you, agree to make an immediate practical working effort to at least double the number of its subscriptions, and thus quadruple the number of its interested readers? Can we afford to do less? Can we do anything of *better* avail to diffuse the knowledge and increase the appreciation of our Southland and its history?

We beg now to urge that every Confederate Camp and other organization consider formally, earnestly, actively, and practically this subject in the months of April and May. We trust that each of these organizations will take immediate action, so that the increase referred to shall be made before our great Reunion in the city of Richmond. We urge that immediate personal effort be made by Confederates and their sons and daughters. We ask that the ever-generous press of our country help us, and we authorize the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to publish this appeal with conspicuous display in the April and May numbers of that magazine.

Repeating our expressions of gratitude to all who have honored us as Confederate soldiers, and greeting you with our hands and hearts, we have the honor to be your obedient servants:

Stephen D. Lee, General, Commander in Chief U. C. V.;
William E. Mickle, Maj. Gen., Chief of Staff, U. C. V.;
W. L. Cabell, Lieut. Gen., Trans-Miss. Dept., U. C. V.;
Clement A. Evans. Lieut. Gen., Army Tenn. Dept., U. C. V.;
C. Irvine Walker, Lieut. Gen., Army N. V. Dept., U. C. V.

MAJOR GENERALS APPROVING.

George P. Harrison, Maj. Gen. Alabama Div., Opelika.
W. H. Jewell, Maj. Gen. Florida Div., Orlando.
Andrew J. West, Maj. Gen. Georgia Div., Atlanta.
A. C. Trippe, Maj. Gen. Maryland Div., Baltimore.
John B. Stone, Maj. Gen. Missouri Div., Kansas City.
Julian S. Carr, Maj. Gen. North Carolina Div., Durham.
George W. Gordon, Maj. Gen. Tennessee Div., Memphis.
K. M. VanZandt, Maj. Gen. Texas Div., Fort Worth.

Stith Balling, Maj. Gen. Virginia Div., Petersburg.
Robert Lowry, Maj. Gen. Miss. Div., Jackson.
Thomas W. Carwile, Maj. Gen. S. C. Div., Edgefield.
Paul A. Fusz, Maj. Gen. N. W. Div., Philipsburg, Mont.
John Threadgill, Maj. Gen. Okla. Div., Oklahoma City.
Robert White, Maj. Gen. W. Va. Div., U. C. V.

The letter from General Evans to Major Generals states:

"A suggestion, altogether my own, was made to Mr. Cunningham about the VETERAN, which he thought of favorably, and in correspondence asked me to prepare the circular, a copy of which is inclosed and explains the whole matter.

"If you approve, you will please authorize Mr. Cunningham to print your name to the circular. I did not move in the matter until assured that General Lee approved.

"If all, or nearly all, Commanders of Divisions approve, I suppose that Comrade Cunningham will print and circulate the letter as suggested."

BRIGADIER GENERALS APPROVING.

Application to Brigadier Generals for approval of the address was sent direct without putting upon General Evans the care to attend to it. As his address was only to the Major Generals, many of the Brigadiers have refrained, but evidently because of delicacy. Some of these, however, responded in the spirit they were addressed. It is expected that nearly all will contribute to this great indorsement in the May VETERAN.

Brig. Gen. S. S. Green, of Charleston, W. Va., writes: "I approve heartily of the matter; but as General Evans did not send it to the Brigadier Generals and seems only to contemplate the signatures of officers above that grade, I do not feel that it would be proper or becoming in me to sign the address or authorize my name to be put to it. Otherwise I would be pleased to do so."

General Evans replied to General Green: "I suggested signatures of the Major Generals without intending to confine our appeal to them alone. By my request Comrade Cunningham has solicited the signatures of all Brigadier Generals, and I trust he will be successful."

W. L. Wittich, Brig. Gen. First Florida Brig., Pensacola.
John W. Clark, Brig. Gen. Eastern Brig., Ga. Div., Augusta.
J. E. DeVaughn, Brig. Gen. W. Brig., Ga. Div., Montezuma.
W. A. Montgomery, Brig. Gen. Miss. Div., Edwards.
J. M. Ray, Brig. Gen. Fourth Brig., N. C. Div., Asheville.
W. L. London, Brig. Gen. Second Brig., N. C., Pittsboro.
J. M. Carlton, Brig. Gen. First Brig., N. C. Div., Statesville.
W. H. H. Ellis, Brig. Gen. Montana Brigade, Bozeman.
F. T. Roche, Brig. Gen. Third Brig., Tex. Div., Georgetown.
S. S. Green, Brig. Gen. Second Brig., W. Va., Charleston.
James R. Rogers, Brig. Gen. First Brig., Ky. Div., Paris.
James I. Metts, Brig. Gen. Third Brig., N. C. Div., U. C. V.
James Baumgardner, Brig. Gen. Fourth Brig., Va. Div., Staunton.

[See comments of General Officers, page 157.]

APPROVED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., writes as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to speak for the U. D. C. indorsing the above. The VETERAN has been the greatest help to us in our work, and its editor, Mr. Cunningham, has always since I have known anything of the U. D. C. work helped us in his magazine with any work we have undertaken. The whole of the U. D. C., I am sure, will be glad to have me as their representative, indorsing all the good which is ever said about the VETERAN."

In a personal letter Mrs. Henderson states: "I take great pleasure in indorsing all said about the VETERAN in the communication from the officers of the U. C. V., and you may quote me as saying so. I couldn't possibly get the signatures of the Division Presidents in time for the April number; but I inclose an indorsement which I will be glad to have you put right after the Evans paper signed by U. C. V. officers."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., writes from New Orleans, La., March 23, 1907, to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, C. S. A.:

"*My Dear General:* It affords me great pleasure to say a few words in praise of our distinctively Southern magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to compliment our mutual friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, on his able management. It is a magazine of great historic value, and I should be glad to see it placed in all Southern colleges and schools. As President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association I most earnestly request every 'Memorial Woman' to use her influence to increase its circulation. We cannot afford to miss a single copy. Through its columns we are kept in touch with all Confederate work. It is the link that binds us together and enables us to preserve the cherished memories of the sixties.

"I am proud to say that I have in my library a copy of the first number issued (January, 1893), and with the exception of a few missing copies, which I am now trying to procure, the file will be complete up to date. I consider this the most valuable portion of my 'Confederate Library,' and hope it may continue with increased circulation for many more years."

SONS TO UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., writes: "Send me twenty-five copies of your 'Address,' and I will forward to our several Department and Division Commanders with request that they unite with the VETERAN in the proposed appeal planned by Gen. C. A. Evans. I am glad to respond favorably to your request of the 19th inst."

Commander in Chief Owen sends this to his comrades:

"During my two terms as Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V. I have never suffered an opportunity to pass without doing all I could to aid in promoting the success of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This valuable historical and patriotic periodical is published by S. A. Cunningham at Nashville. For years he, through the VETERAN, has been the most valuable ally possessed by the several Confederate organizations. He has not only published, and thus permamently preserved, many historical articles and isolated facts as well, but he has thrown his columns open to us for notes and news concerning the business of the organizations themselves, thus affording an excellent medium for the interchange of views and the necessary dissemination of information.

"In view of the assistance thus rendered our Confederation, as well as for the principles upon which it is based, it is our duty and should be our pleasure to stand by Mr. Cunningham and the VETERAN. To that end I want you to authorize your signature to the address, a copy of which I am inclosing. It is proposed to print the address in the VETERAN for May, after which it will be very generally distributed, in order to increase its circulation. It is hoped that you will let me have prompt reply, and thus couple your name with a worthy effort."

Capt. E. F. Griswold, who served in the Union army from 1862 to the close and was twice in Libby Prison, becomes entitled to a pension of twelve dollars per month. In a letter to the postmaster at Richmond, Va., he states: "I should be glad to accept the government's gratuity, which North and South both pay, provided there is any Confederate soldiers' charitable organization that would be willing to receive it in recognition of kindnesses shown me while a prisoner."

PUBLISHED REUNION PROGRAMME.

OFFICIAL ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR THE RICHMOND REUNION.

Thursday, May 30.—Meeting of convention in morning and parade of Veteran Cavalry Association, Army of Northern Virginia, and unveiling of the J. E. B. Stuart statue in the afternoon. Night, reception to Veterans by Sons of Veterans, sponsors, and maids of honor.

Friday, May 31.—Meeting of the convention in the morning, business session and reception in the afternoon, ball and entertainment of Confederate Veterans at night.

Saturday, June 1.—Business session in the morning. Entertainment of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, sponsors and maids of honor, and the public in the afternoon. Reception at the Executive Mansion by the Governor of Virginia at night.

Sunday, June 2.—Memorial services in the afternoon.

Monday, June 3.—Grand parade and unveiling of Jefferson Davis monument in the morning. Grand rally at Convention Hall of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, sponsors, maids of honor. Memorial Association and United Daughters of the Confederacy at night.

SPONSORS FOR THE U. S. C. V.

Commander in Chief Owen is reported as saying: "The Reunion would not be a success without the attendance of the fair daughters of the South. Following the usual custom, therefore, it is expected that one sponsor and one maid of honor will be appointed by Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, and one sponsor each by Camps. The Reunion Committee will supply free hotel accommodations for only one sponsor in chief, with one maid of honor, three Department sponsors and one maid for each, and one sponsor and one maid of honor for each Division. Brigade and Camp sponsors and maids of honor, as well as maids of honor and chaperons in addition to those indicated above, must be looked after by their friends."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, SEC. AND SUPT., RICHMOND.

The delay in the completion of this great enterprise has been a source of great disappointment to the Board of Trustees and to Confederates generally. But the suit of our former Secretary, Underwood, and his injunction against the Rouss estate, preventing the payment of $40,000 balance on the subscription of C. B. Rouss, have so handicapped the Board that they could not go forward. At first a Brooklyn jury gave a verdict against the Association for $16,000; but our counsel took an appeal, and six months ago the appellate court gave a decree in our favor on every point at issue. That ought to have closed the matter; but they held on, pretending that they would appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, until they have finally been thrown out of court and all of the costs put upon them.

Peter Rouss, son and executor of Charles Broadway Rouss, has said all along that he would pay the balance ($40,000) on his father's subscription as soon as the injunction was removed, and he has now written that he is prepared to pay upon evidence that we have in hand the $100,000 to meet his father's $100,000. This we are prepared to do, and we confidently expect to report to the U. C. V. at the Reunion in Richmond that we have in hand $206,000 and are ready to go forward with our building.

We are under the highest obligations to our counsel, Battle & Marshall (two sons of Confederate soldiers who have become leading lawyers in New York), for the ability and zeal with which they have managed our case without charging anything for their services.

Many of our friends have said: "We will help you as soon as you are ready to build." We say to all such that now is the time to fulfill your promise, and you can make your checks payable to George L. Christian, Treasurer, and send them to the Secretary, and your money will go into our treasury without any deduction for salaries or commissions.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS IN TENNESSEE'S CAPITOL.

Under a resolution offered by the Hon. A. Weber, of Fayette County, who was a private in the 15th Tennessee Infantry and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on May 1, 1865, eleven Confederate flags have been placed in hermetically sealed cases in the passage between the Senate chamber and the Tennessee State Library. The cases are antique, with plate-glass fronts and lined with felt. When the flags were placed in the cases, tobacco and moth balls were put in the bottom to kill any germs that might be in the flags.

The resolution directed that Col. John P. Hickman, the Adjutant General of the Tennessee Division, should have the flags hung, and appropriated to him $500 for that purpose. He had the work done for $366.58 and returned $133.42 to the State treasury.

In the first case he put the following flags: 2d Tennessee Infantry, Col. William B. Bate; 6th Tennessee Infantry, Col. George C. Porter, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps. In the center is a steel engraving of President Jefferson Davis.

In the second case are the following flags: 1st Tennessee Infantry, Col. Peter Turney, Archer's Brigade; 7th Tennessee Infantry, Col. Robert Hatton, Archer's Brigade; 14th Tennessee Infantry, Col. William A. Forbes, Archer's Brigade; 23d Tennessee Infantry, Col. Richard H. Keeble, McComb's Brigade. In the center is a steel engraving of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The flags in this case were used in Virginia, Heath's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

In the third case are the following flags: 24th Tennessee Infantry, Col. John A. Wilson, Strahl's Brigade; 26th Tennessee Infantry, Col. John M. Lillard, Brown's Brigade; 34th Tennessee Infantry, Col. James A. McMurray, Maney's Brigade; 50th Tennessee Infantry, Col. Cyrus A. Sugg, Gregg's Brigade. In the center is a steel engraving of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Mrs. Ida Clingman Humphrey, of Goldsboro, N. C., is anxious to locate a flag carried by the "Glaize Rifles" during the war and which she had presented to this company as a girl in her early teens. It seems that Pink Shuford was color bearer of the company and that he carried the flag until after the battle of Shiloh, when the regimental flag was substituted for it. She hopes to hear of the flag through some surviving member of the company or through the family of Mr. Shuford, as he may have had it in his keeping or left it with his children.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION COMMISSION.

It seems fitting to refer herein to the Jamestown Exposition exhibit for Tennessee since the publication of the editor as commissioner was widespread and most flatteringly commended. At the time of his appointment—the first made—as commissioner, and subsequently the other appointments by Governor Cox, no appropriation had been made. [He had served his State as commissioner at the centennial anniversary of King's Mountain when the monument was dedicated there, he attended the Yorktown centennial celebration, and represented as commissioner the State in the Portland (Oregon) Exposition in 1905, all without any expense to the commonwealth.]

The Legislature now in session having appropriated $20,500 for the purpose of an exhibit, the present Governor, Patterson, appointed a new commission, including only Comrade John W. Faxon of the original membership. The appointment of John W. Thomas, President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway Company, as chairman of the new commission was excellent, and his acceptance is a guarantee that the purposes will be successfully conducted; for, like his deceased father, whom he succeeded in the great railroad corporation, he never fails in any undertaking—he "counts the cost in advance!"

The complaints of delay now and then published need cause no alarm to patriotic friends of the enterprise, need cause no anxiety, unfortunate as it is that the appropriation was not made by the Legislature two years ago. The worst misfortune connected with the undertaking is failure by the State to have its own domicile. The senior commissioner commended a wigwam, which suggestion he believes still might have been accomplished uniquely. An inexpensive structure of this kind could have been prepared in the short time allowed, and would have been the most typical of all structures on the grounds.

Every patriotic Southerner should be diligent to have all that pertains to Dixie Land appear in the best attire at the Jamestown Exposition.

REUNION SPONSORS CONSIDERED.

The sponsor question will doubtless share spirited discussion at the Richmond Reunion. It has been a sore feature with many of the humbler veterans for years; but the spirit of gallantry has prevailed in its maintenance, and the opposition had given up hope until the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in the Gulfport Convention, declared with unanimity and emphasis against the custom. Then the feature of gallantry became a dilemma. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief, had made most appropriate selections; but happily was not so far committed that he could not defer to the wish of the great body of U. D. C., so he not only declined to appoint a sponsor in chief, but in his official orders in regard to sponsors gave notice that they must be entertained by their escorts. It may be claimed that such ruling is not the province of the Commanding General; but many others who are thoroughly familiar with the inside history of Reunions know that such action is imperative if the smaller cities are to share in having any of the remaining gatherings.

There is another feature that seems not to have had sufficiently careful consideration. In each of our great States of the South sponsors and their maids are selected by the general officers. To designate the worthiest daughter of the worthiest soldier or officer is a grave responsibility. Besides, the rule of naming one for a State and having her entertained as guest of the Reunion city deters a multitude who would be inclined to go if there were not this partiality and distinction shown one, together with her chum as maid and another lady as chaperon. It might be well to distinguish one lovely and eminently worthy daughter of a Confederate soldier if it could be done by election of all the Camps in a State; but the plan that has been in vogue these many years is so defective of highest merit and deters so many from going that the petition of the United Daughters of the Confederacy certainly deserves most respectful consideration.

Another feature that is ever embarrassing is the appointment of other sponsors and maids of honor even down to Camps, many of whom go expecting special honors that are never paid, and they return humiliated.

If the subject be discussed at Richmond, let it be serious and in the interest of the greatest good to the cause. No spirit of gallantry or patriotism by the Veterans can be equal to that of conforming to the wishes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and there can be no doubt that they give expression from positive knowledge that the Veterans as a body seriously oppose such custom of appointing sponsors as has been so long in vogue. Of course the officers who have the appointment of sponsors from among their favorites, and have them entertained free, enjoy it and would regret to see it abolished.

The partiality among attractive young Southern women in the method of selecting sponsors and maids of honor cannot but be dispiriting. While one is so favored, ten thousand equally worthy in every respect are left out hopelessly, as heroism in battle of their ancestors or the sacrifice of their mothers goes for naught in that feature of Reunions.

The Veteran has been slow to discuss this subject; but its editor knows as well as any man the exacting needs of economy in entertaining, so that invitations are not expected at all from many well-situated cities. It would surprise those who may investigate the expenses of Reunions to see how many times over the amount that is paid for the entertainment of a poor Veteran is that paid for one of these sponsors with her maid of honor and the chaperon.

In all the years of our Reunions, with the multitude of lovely women officiating, the Veteran has been as well treated by each and every one as could have been desired. To comrades who may disagree with these opinions like space is offered for expression of opposite views.

The Pat Cleburne Camp, of Waco, Tex., took formal action last January against the position of the U. D. C. at the Gulfport Convention. Those comrades, like many others, seem to understand that our beautiful young women are not wanted at the Reunions. Far from that; but, as indicated above, it is to place the multitude on equal footing, so that many times as many as have attended officially would be present, and they would be as proud as "high privates" and would add proportionately, as their numbers would be larger to the joy of the men they desire to honor.

Other Camps protesting have not been formally reported.

MEMORIALS TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative U. S. C. V. and Chairman U. C. V. Committee, Charleston, S. C., states that the form of the memorial to the Women of the Confederacy has been determined. It is to be a grand statue or group of statues in bronze, typical of what these glorious heroines did and suffered. This statue or group will be erected on appropriate pedestals, at least one in each Southern State.

It is desired to secure the very best idea for such bronze statue, which idea will be worked into proper artistic mold by a skilled artist. As an example of such ideas, one might suggest a woman nursing a wounded soldier; another might suggest a noble wife bidding her soldier husband adieu and sending him to the battlefield—the very best and highest idea or thought which will most fully and completely typify and show for all generations what the Confederate woman did and suffered in upholding and aiding the Southern Confederacy is desired. Such ideas can be expressed in words, not necessarily in artistic drawing. Ideas either written in words or drawn will be received. Many may have most appropriate ideas which they could not put in artistic form. What is wanted is the idea; an artist can then embody it in proper form. Suggestions or ideas are most earnestly invited.

The Women's Memorial Committee of the U. S. C. V. offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best and most appropriate idea. The contest is open to the whole South, and to the South only, under the following rules:

1. Suggestions or ideas must be typewritten or drawn.

2. Each suggestion must be marked with a designating word or motto. The true name and address of the contestant must be placed in a sealed envelope, which envelope must be marked with the word or motto on the manuscript or drawing and accompany the same.

3. All suggestions for this contest must be inclosed in a sealed envelope and sent only by mail to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman U. C. V. Committee, Charleston, S. C., and marked on outside "Idea for Women's Memorial," and must, to be considered, be in General Walker's hands by May 1, 1907, and none will be opened until that date.

4. The date each is received in Charleston will be stamped in the post office. So if two or more ideas are alike, the one first received will have precedence in securing the prize.

5. The award will be made as soon thereafter as possible and by a committee composed of the chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee U. S. C. V., the chairman of the U. C. V. Committee of Coöperation, and an artist or other party to be selected by the two chairmen.

6. On the decision of the committee the award will be paid to the contestant whose idea is accepted. However, if two or more ideas are used to secure a combination deemed proper and best by the committee, then the prize will be divided between the contestants submitting the ideas so used in part in such proportion as the committee may feel that each is entitled thereto.

The above plan and rules are deemed explicit as to the conditions of the contest. In order to place every one absolutely on the same footing, no answers to inquiries nor explanations as to the contest will be given.

General Walker is spending some time in Nashville. He is here in the interest of the "Tennessee Supplement," and he states in that connection:

"There are being published throughout the South supplements to various leading newspapers, those for each State telling the splendid story of women's fortitude and devotion more particularly in that State. Such supplements have already been issued in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Alabama. Arrangements are now being made to publish the Tennessee supplement to give the women of Tennessee their well-deserved place in this grand picture of Confederate women's heroism.

"The women of Tennessee have a grand history. The many all throughout the State who know such historic incidents of women's sufferings, bravery, and devotion can do justice to them and aid the work of perpetuating Tennessee history by sending accounts of the same to the editor. What is wanted is accounts of action. Many who most gloriously acted cannot put the account in literary form. To such we say send the account without regard to the literary style, and the editor will dress it up so as to make a presentable show to the world.

"All are most earnestly urged to make such contributions of historic matter. Send before July 15, 1907, to Mrs. J. H. Nye, 17 Garland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Nye, earnest, intelligent, and gifted, has been selected as the editor of the Tennessee supplement."

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT.

It is important that Chapters, and especially Chapter Presidents, should familiarize themselves with the proceedings of the Gulfport Convention and the new rules adopted there, so those Chapters who have not done so are urged to order these minutes. Send twenty-five cents for the postage to Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala.

The time for our State Convention at Columbia draws near —May 15-17—and I want to urge all Chapters to pay their *per capita* tax of fifteen cents to the Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Denny, Knoxville, by May 1 and to elect delegates who will attend the Convention, for no Chapter will be allowed a vote in the Convention without a delegate present. One delegate may cast the entire vote of a Chapter, but in no other way is proxy voting permitted. Tickets on the certificate plan will be sold for the Convention for one and one-third rate round trip. Columbia is making many beautiful plans for the entertainment of the Tennessee U. D. C., and this Convention promises to be not only the largest yet held but one of the most enjoyable in our history.

Chapter reports are limited to three minutes. In the report give Chapter motto and floral emblem, so the State Secretary may collect and record them. All Chapters having Chapter flags are requested to be sure to carry them to Columbia and add their part to the beautiful ceremony of placing Chapter flags.

Mrs. Robert Taylor, President U. D. C. at Griffin, Ga., wishes to secure from any veterans now living who were at Andersonville their affidavits as to the treatment accorded prisoners under Captain Wirz's administration, which she will place in the Museum at Richmond for the benefit of future historians. This request is made for the purpose of securing testimony that will refute the slanders upon the name of Captain Wirz as well as upon the South. Send direc'ly to her. Again, information is earnestly sought concerning the Union prisoners who went to Washington to intercede for an exchange, and true to their trust returned to the prison. Daughters of the Confederacy want to build a monument to them.

CONFEDERATE CHOIRS FOR VETERANS.

Grand Commander William H. Stewart writes from Portsmouth, Va., that he has conceived the idea of musical entertainments by uniformed choirs singing war songs at the opening and closing of regular meetings of the Camps, and appeals to the ladies for help. He reports that two Camps have already adopted the plan, and that it "has acted like magic in giving life and interest to Camp work."

His comment is: "It is a beautiful idea, this singing of the old war songs that cheered the Confederate soldier along many a weary march and made bright for him his somber bivouac in the pines before he wrapped his blanket about him and lay down to dream of home. Now that the battles are past and the march on which he trudges is that along the path of life, one which for most of the gallant soldiers of the South is broadening out toward the glory of a more perfect day, the music of those sweet-voiced daughters of Dixie, heard in the familiar airs dear to the hearts of the veterans, cheers them again, even as the same songs sung with all the martial ardor of young hearts and voices did in the long ago."

Colonel Stewart urges all Camps to select some accomplished vocalist to organize a Confederate choir on the basis of a constitution that he has had published. For Virginia he will number the choirs in the order of organization.

In conclusion he writes: "It is the hope of your Grand Commander to see these vocal orders multiply, so they can be organized into regiments, brigades, and divisions, forming Virginia's Grand Vocal Army in Confederate gray to sing at meetings of the Grand Camp and to give a concert in the auditorium of the Jamestown Exposition on Grand Camp Day in October that will be one of the greatest, sweetest, and most impressive patriotic festivals of song that have ever before been heard at one time and place, breathing the very essence of that spirit of sacrifice, devotion to duty, and love of home and country that inspired the Confederate soldier from April, 1861, to April, 1865."

The VETERAN congratulates Commander Stewart upon his happy conception, and commends it to every Camp in existence. It predicts that at Richmond this feature will be so popular that comrades from everywhere will take it up. They can secure the coöperation of our Daughters, and it may bestir the Sons to active interest.

THE CONFEDERATE CHOIR NO. 1.

The beautiful idea of having Dixie girls in Confederate gray to sing at meetings of Confederate Veterans originated with Col. William H. Stewart, now Grand Commander of the Virginia Division of Confederate Veterans, and the first choir in uniform appeared at Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va., on the 19th of January, 1907, singing for the impressive ceremonies in the celebration of the one hundredth birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. That is an appropriate birthday for the uniformed Confederate choirs of Dixie.

These choirs are to revive old war songs, and the patriotic lady, Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, who organized the Confederate Choir No. 1 as auxiliary to Stonewall Camp, C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., will be blessed by the old veterans throughout the land. The best blood of Virginia flows in the veins of this



THE CONFEDERATE CHOIR OF STONEWALL CAMP.

Top row: Miss Sophia Nash, Mrs. W. H. Dashiell, Miss Janie Neely (First Lieut.), Mrs. Robt. Ridley, Jr., Miss Maud Walker, Miss Louise Wilson. Middle row: Miss Emma Williams, Miss Reita Renn, Mrs. J. Griff Edwards (Captain), Miss Sadie Wilkins, Mrs. S. W. Harris (Second Lieutenant). Bottom row: Miss Delia Beale, Mrs. Frank L. Crocker, Miss Elizabeth Neeley, Miss Bessie Ridley (Adjutant).

sweet-voiced daughter of Dixie, and her unselfish patriotism is a bright heritage from distinguished ancestors, who are famous for great valor and noble self-sacrifice for their country. She is a direct descendant of Secretary William Nelson, of the Colony of Virginia, the father of Gov. Thomas Nelson and Maj. John Nelson, of Yorktown fame.



WILLIAM NELSON BOSWELL.

Her father, William Nelson Boswell, entered the Confederate service at eleven years of age as a drummer in his father's company, and his soldierly bearing on drill so attracted the attention of President Davis that he with his own hands presented the little drummer with a sword.

The grandfather of Mrs. Edwards, Col. Thomas T. Boswell, out of his own pocket in 1861 uniformed Company A, 56th Virginia Regiment, of Pickett's Division, and served as its captain until the last of the war, when he was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel of the First Virginia Reserves, stationed at Staunton River Bridge, in Charlotte County. He married Martha Nelson, the daughter of William Nelson, the son of Maj. John Nelson, of Yorktown, for whom Mrs. Edwards was named Martha Nelson Boswell.

Pen Portrait of "A Belle of the Fifties."—Mrs. A. B. Robertson read this exquisite tribute to one of the South's most distinguished women before the Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter, U. D. C., Huntsville, Ala.: "It was in the old Thespian Hall. I can't give the date nor even the play; all has passed from my memory but the one episode. When we entered, there seemed an air of expectancy over the house, and we learned that a seat in the first row front was reserved for that grand, glorious woman and wife who had suffered and fought so nobly for the release and freedom of her husband, Alabama's great statesman, the Hon. C. C. Clay. There was a hush, and my husband said: 'There she is.' All eyes were turned to the entrance, and, with heart throbbing, I, for the first time, saw the one woman of whom I had heard so many, many times. She was gowned in a thin white mull, *en traine*, décolleté, flowers around the shoulders, in her hair, and at her corsage. As she advanced it was a hand here, another there, a smile across the hall, a word to that one, until, when she had reached her seat, she had recognized in some way every acquaintance in the hall, and with a sigh I breathed: 'No wonder C. C. Clay reached the hearts of the people with such a wife!' She was then, as now, the affable, gracious friend to one and all, as she is to-day the one peerless woman, our own grand President, the 'First Lady of our Southland' and the 'Belle of the Fifties.'"

HISTORY OF THE LAUREL BRIGADE.

At the instance of Gen. Thomas L. Rosser and others, a history of the Laurel Brigade was written by the late Capt. William N. McDonald, Ordnance Officer of the Brigade. Captain McDonald was several years gathering the data and writing the history, which he had about completed, but had not quite gotten in shape for publication, at the time of his lamented death. That the selection of Captain McDonald to write a history of the Brigade was a wise one is attested not only by the zeal with which he entered upon the arduous duty, the immense labor expended in gathering the needed data, and as far as possible certifying the same, but also in the attractive style in which he wrote it.

At a meeting of the members of the Brigade, held in Charlestown on August 13, 1906, for the purpose of providing for the publication of the history, the following were appointed an Executive Committee: Col. R. P. Chew, Maj. E. H. McDonald, Maj. Angus W. McDonald, Rev. James B. Averitt, and Bushrod C. Washington. Maj. Angus W. McDonald was made chairman of the committee and treasurer of the fund. Bushrod C. Washington was selected to review the manuscript, do the necessary editorial work, raise the funds, and publish the book under the auspices of the Executive Committee.

A list of the principal engagements of the Laurel Brigade will give some idea of the amount of service rendered by it from the time it shielded Jackson's rear at Kernstown to its last and desperate fight at Appomattox. Write for circular.

The committee requests that members communicate as soon as possible with Mr. B. C. Washington, Lock Box 46, Charlestown, W. Va., giving him the names of the officers and enlisted men in their company, the names, date, and place of those killed or wounded in battle, and as far as they may be able the present address of those living, as it is the purpose to publish a complete roster of the officers and men.

It is the intention of the committee to have the history published just as it was written by Captain McDonald, supplying only such missing links, if any, as may be found in his manuscript. It is believed that each soldier who served in this distinguished brigade will take an interest in the publication.

As it will take a considerable fund to defray the expense of preparing and publishing the history, we shall be glad if you contribute to it as you may feel inclined. A check payable to Angus W. McDonald, Treasurer, Charlestown, W. Va., will be applied to the publication fund and duly acknowledged.

The Committee of Publication says: "It is expected to put the manuscript in the hands of the publishers by May 1. Therefore please act with promptness in sending in your names and rolls of the companies, etc."

Writers of the South.—Miss Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., author of "English, American, and French Authors," is now compiling the "Writers of the South" in order to give them the place they rightfully deserve in literature. Connected with these sketches is a short historical outline, dwelling mainly upon the causes that led up to the War between the States and the South's true history during and since that war, which will make the book of great value to all descendants of Southern men and women. Miss Rutherford has been the State Historian of Georgia U. D. C. since the office was created, and is in a position to furnish an interesting and most reliable historic record. Advance orders for this book will facilitate its publication and be greatly appreciated by the author. Address: Athens, Ga.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

In reading over the minutes of the Gulfport Convention carefully I see that the President General was instructed to urge the Chapters to make donations to the monument to Capt. Henry Wirz, now being built by the Georgia Division, U. D. C. I take great pleasure in urging this upon you, not only because one of the most wide-awake Divisions of the U. D. C. is doing this work but because it is a debt the South owes to this much-maligned man. The false charges on which he was convicted and executed have been so industriously disseminated all over the world that even the children of the most loyal Confederates have thought that these charges were true. The world could not take it in that such a daring thing could even be thought of, much less be carried out, as to deliberately plan the execution of an innocent man under the form of a legal execution. The Georgia Division has unearthed plenty of evidence as to his innocence to convince any man or woman who will read it carefully.

If the world would only realize the fact that truth is eternal, that it will rise up and confront and shame falsehood into oblivion, what a deal of trouble it would save to those who attempt to fix in the minds of the world an untruth! How pitiful it is to see men and women trample under foot all that is best in themselves, to establish a thing—an untruth—against which the Almighty has already before the beginning of time issued the decree of death! Many untruths flourish for a time; but truth, which is eternal, will confront them to their annihilation. Let us not have any bitter feeling in our hearts for those who did this unrighteous thing, but calmly pursue our great purpose of publishing truth wherever we find that it has been obscured for a time.

Following in the footsteps of him whom we love to honor, let us say to the world in his words: "This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children." Let us go quietly on correcting all false things published in history, that we may point with pride to the truth as we teach our children that to be worthy of the inheritance we bring them through our great fathers and mothers they must live upright, true, and God-fearing lives, ready to respond whenever our country calls, no matter if in that response they must give up everything, even life itself. Let us teach them this too: That, while their first duty is to their States, there is a fact which should make us defend one of the other States as loyally as we would our own State; that this is now an indestructible Union, and that no State can be injured without an injury being done to all the others, the whole country. Teach our children that no man who would boost himself by crying down any section of our country is worthy to be put in a place of trust and honor. So let every Chapter give its mite to the Wirz monument, which is to publish the truth to the world and work against no person or persons, but for truth.

Mrs. Voorhees has undertaken to have entire charge of the U. D. C. bazaar, and she is sending circulars to all the First Vice Presidents in the U. D. C. asking them to help. I think it an excellent idea to have this work in the hands of these officers, for they have no official duties, and the hands of the Presidents are full. I hope we will all help all we can and make them know by that what a popular thing it is to have these officers really active officers. The treasury needs this.

I am sure you all want to do as I have done—congratulate the Recording Secretary and the printers for the neat and almost perfectly correct copy of the minutes just out. Those Chapters which haven't gotten them can do so by sending to Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala., twenty-five cents for the express or postage. That will bring you only four copies, as many as most Chapters need. And I want to urge the new Chapters particularly to be sure to send for them. You have no idea what an inspiration it will be to you to have these and to have the best reports from the Divisions read at your meetings. For myself, I never read any of the reports without having my strength for our work renewed and without being proud of belonging to the same body of women with these who are doing such beautiful work.

The contract between the jeweler, Mr. Chankshaw, and the U. D. C. for better-made Crosses at 12½ cents each has been signed, and hereafter we are to have Crosses made just as near perfectly safe as it is possible to make them.

A Chapter in the Far West writes to ask what the constitution means when it says in the eligibility clause: "Also women and their lineal descendants wherever living who can give proof of personal service and loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war." And for fear that there may be others who do not understand this I will interpret the meaning in this article, for I am very anxious that we be very strict in observing the things which make people eligible. It means those women who can give proof that they rendered any service, such as supplying with food and clothing, and who sent word to their friends of their whereabouts, who sheltered, passed their mail for them, and cared for in any way even one man who was serving the Confederate government; those who gave serviceable information to that government or its agents; those who helped to care for the families of Confederates; those who visited to cheer and comfort them when they were in prison; and those who helped them to escape from prison by sheltering them after they were out of prison. "Lineal descendant," of course, means direct descendants—the children and grandchildren to the remotest generation. In the constitution of one of the Chapters which was sent to me I notice in the eligibility clause, "nieces and descendants," while the general constitution says, "nieces and lineal descendants." I call the attention of Chapters to the fact that it does not mean collateral descendants, as cousins are not eligible.

Article IV., Section 4, says with regard to the constitution of Divisions, and the same thing holds good with regard to Chapters and their constitution and by-laws: "A State or Territorial Division shall be organized by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, none of which shall be inconsistent with any of the provisions of this Constitution."

I have received from the author a copy of one of the sweetest Southern songs I know of, "The Dear Old Flag of the South," by Mary Wimboro Ploughe. My club of schoolgirls were with me lately, and fell so in love with it that without any suggestions from me they took the name of it, so that they might get the music teacher in the public school to teach it to them. It is dedicated to the U. D. C., and we are proud to have it such a one as takes with the children. For, Daughters of the Confederacy, in the children of to-day lies the hope of the perpetuation of our order and the objects we exist for.

No "Vagrant Confederate Widow" in Chicago.—W. E. Poulson, Commander of Camp Eight, U. C. V., Chicago, Ill., writes: "On page 139 of the March number of the Veteran you refer to an article in the Chicago Tribune about the widow

and daughter of a 'Col. Michael Hickey,' of the Confederacy. When I saw the account, I went to the station and interviewed the two women referred to, and found that the reporter had paid but little attention to their statements. Mrs. Hickey stated that she had lived in Kentucky; but that none of her relatives were in the Confederate service, and that her husband was born in Ireland and died before the war. The President of the Chapter of the U. D. C. also went to see them."

GENERAL OFFICERS UPON EVANS'S ADDRESS.

W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General Trans-Mississippi Department, Dallas: "I indorse all my old friend, General Evans, has written, so put me down in the right place."

K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth, Major General Texas Division: "I heartily approve of the sentiments of the circular, and indorse the propriety of its publication. You are therefore hereby authorized to attach my name thereto."

Julian S. Carr, Major General Commanding North Carolina Division, Durham: "You know it gives me great pleasure to do so. I am for the VETERAN first, last, and all the time. I wish it were in every home in the Southern States, and for that matter it would not hurt to be in every other home in the land."

John B. Stone, Major General Commanding Missouri Division, Kansas City: "I authorize you to sign my name to the circular."

George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala.: "I take pleasure in saying that you may attach my signature as Major General commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V."

Bennett H. Young, Major General Commanding Kentucky Division, Louisville: "You are authorized to attach my name to the circular. It is a great pleasure to do this for you, or rather for the great cause for which you have done so much, labored so much, and paid so much."

Stith Bolling, Major General Commanding Virginia Division, Petersburg: "It gives me great pleasure to sign the address sent, and I am sure that every Brigade Commander will cheerfully sign it. I think you have only to send it to them."

William H. Jewell, Orlando: "I do with great pleasure authorize you to put my name as Commander of the Florida Division to the circular. Rest assured that whenever I can speak a good word for the VETERAN or do anything in its behalf I shall do it."

Gen. George W. Gordon (M. C.), Commanding Tennessee Division, Memphis: "I have read the circular and heartily indorse it. . . . I will also make it a special matter to call attention to this subject at the next meeting of our Camp."

Andrew J. West, Major General Commanding Georgia Division, Atlanta: "Please sign my name to the circular suggested by General Evans, to be gotten out in order that it may reach as many Veterans and others as possible."

Paul A. Fusz, Major General Northwest Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, Philipsburg, Mont.: "I am in receipt of General Evans's letter, inclosing an address by the general officers of the U. C. V., in regard to urging comrades of all Camps to do their utmost to increase the subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I am very much pleased to be of service in this manner."

W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss.: "You have my full permission as Brigadier General of the Mississippi Division and also as Chairman of the Executive and Finance Committee of the Association to append my name to the address."

J. Alph Prudhomme, Major General Louisiana Division, Oakland Plantation, Bermuda, La.: "I have received from General Evans the paper headed 'Address by the General Officers U. C. V.' You are authorized to print my name to the address."

A. C. Trippe, Commander Maryland Division, Baltimore: "At the instance of General Evans, I write to say that you may sign my name as one of the Major Generals recommending the support of the VETERAN to all Confederates and others wishing to get the truth relative to the War between the States."

James Baumgardner, Brigadier General Fourth Brigade, Virginia Division, Staunton: "I approve the circular inclosed in letter to me, and authorize you to print my name to the circular."

P. C. Carlton, Brigadier General First Brigade, North Carolina Division, Statesville: "I very heartily concur in 'the suggestion,' and authorize you to attach my name to the circular."

W. L. Wittich, Brigadier General First Florida Brigade, Pensacola: "Certainly you can add my name to the letter, and will do all I can to further the matter."

W. L. London, Commander Second Brigade, North Carolina Division, Pittsboro: "If you think it will strengthen it any, you are at perfect liberty to use my name."

John W. Clark, Brigadier General Commanding Eastern Brigade, Georgia Division, Augusta: "I am pleased to indorse the VETERAN. It gives me pleasure every month. Will gladly call attention to it when I meet my comrades and friends."

W. C. Ratcliffe, Ex-Commander First Brigade, Arkansas Division, Little Rock: "I am heartily in sympathy with the movement, and you can use my name if you think proper. My successor as Commander of the First Arkansas Brigade is Jonathan Kellogg."

F. T. Roche, Commander Third Brigade, Texas Division, Georgetown: "I cordially approve and authorize you to print my name to the circular. The work done by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in preserving the truth of history and perpetuating the memories of our cause cannot be overestimated. I hope the movement inaugurated by General Evans will result in adding thousands of names to your subscription list. The VETERAN should be in every Southern home."

J. E. DeVaughn, Commander Western Brigade, Georgia Division, Montezuma: "You have my authority to put my name to the circular, as I fully approve same and will be only too glad to coöperate with you in furthering the interest of the cause."

J. M. Ray, Brigadier General Commanding Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, Asheville: "I most cordially join those distinguished officers who have signed the address, and authorize the adding of my signature for the purposes set forth therein."

J. H. Lester, Ex-Commander New Mexico Brigade, Deming (now of Florence, Ala.): "You have my cordial consent to use my name in any way that will extend the circulation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I will also use my personal efforts to send you subscribers. I have several times chided my old comrades since being here for their indifference in this most important matter."

James R. Rogers, Brigadier General First Brigade, Paris, Ky., March 29, 1907: "I am heartily in accord with the spirit of General Evans's paper, and give my indorsement to any movement seeking to advance the interests of the VETERAN."

William H. Stewart, Lieutenant Colonel C. S. A. and Grand Commander Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, Portsmouth: "With the greatest possible pleasure and delight I authorize my signature to the inclosed circular."

THE "FORTY-FOURS."

BY D. C. MARTIN, PLANO, TEX.

The editor of the VETERAN invited me to send a group of an organization known here in Plano as the "Forty-Fours." There are eight of us, all having been born in the year 1844.



Top row, reading left to right: J. M. Wells, G. W. Bowman, A. H. Fortner, J. M. Huffman, G. C. Garrison.
Bottom row: J. C. Jasper, D. J. Martin, F. M. Armstrong, Frank Armstrong, Jr.

All were in the Confederate army, and we live in and around the city of Plano, Collin County, Tex. The idea of the "Forty-Fours" had its conception in the fact that in meeting each other accidentally and otherwise we learned that each of us was born in the year 1844. Consequently the club known as the "Forty-Fours" was the result. Our birthdays range all the way from January to December, except the months of February, May, June, and July. The time for meeting is on the birthday of any one of the club. Incidents (episodes are usually told), memories of army life, battles, thrilling escapes are all talked over and are heartily enjoyed; then a splendid dinner, after which a memento or souvenir is given to the comrade at whose residence the meeting is held. The little boy in the group is the grandson of F. M. Armstrong, at whose side he is standing. Along with this I am sending you a list of the "Forty-Fours," giving the number of regiments, names of companies, etc.

SERVICE OF THE "FORTY-FOURS."

T. C. Jasper, Co. C, 6th Ky. Cav., Morgan's Command.
J. M. Huffman, Morgan's Old Squadron.
A. H. Fortner, Co. K, Burford's 19th Texas Regiment.
G. W. Bowman, Co. B, 3d Ky., Morgan's Command.
F. M. Armstrong, Co. E, 5th Tenn. Cav., Ashby's Brigade.
D. J. Martin, Co. F, 15th Tenn. Cav., Morgan's Command.
J. M. Wells, Co. D, 3d Va. Battalion Artillery.
G. C. Garrison, 3d Ky., Co. I, Breckinridge's Brigade.

Mrs. Mary Taylor desires to hear from any old comrade of her husband, who was a member of the 4th Texas Infantry, serving in Virginia. He enlisted at Columbus, Tex. His widow wishes to get a pension if she can get proof of his service. Write to her care J. K. Neil (Company F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry), Brackett, Tex.

Valued service is being rendered through attention to this kind of requests in the VETERAN.

COL. ELIJAH V. WHITE.

BY MAGNUS S. THOMPSON (OF HIS COMMAND), WASHINGTON.

Col. E. V. White was a Marylander by birth and a Virginian by adoption. On December 9, 1857, he married Miss Sarah E. Gott, of Maryland, by whom he had five children: Elijah B., B. V., and John G. (all residing in Leesburg, Va.), Mrs. John Gold, of Wilson, N. C., and Mrs. Isaac Lang, of Fairfax County, Va. His second marriage, on November 28, 1894, was to Miss Margaret B. Banes, of Philadelphia, Pa., who survives him. He commanded and gave to the 35th Battalion Virginia Cavalry its existence, and led it through many campaigns, battles, and raids to a place in the history of the war second to no command of its numbers, and distinguished under the special notice of such leaders as Jackson, Ewell, Stewart, Jones, Rosser, and Butler, besides receiving the highest encomiums from one of the greatest cavalry commanders since the days of Murat—Gen. Wade Hampton—and of Robert E. Lee.

Colonel White began his military life during the Kansas troubles when, joining a Missouri command, he took an active part in staying the serious trouble that threatened the country. At its close he returned and settled in Virginia, only to spring to her defense in 1859 when a second signal given by John Brown at Harper's Ferry aroused the entire South to a realization of impending trouble.

In 1861, when war was inevitable, he joined a company of cavalry under the famous Ashby, and at once became a most valuable scout, operating principally in Loudon County under direction of Gen. N. G. Evans, who was in command that summer. During the battle of Ball's Bluff, although a private, he became one of the most conspicuous figures on the field. Being familiar with the ground, he was assigned the duty of placing commands in advantageous positions, which he accomplished with marked skill and daring, the result of which was a complete victory to our arms. At night with a handful of men he captured and brought in three hundred and twenty-five prisoners. In the official report made he was highly complimented and recommended for a captain's commission.

He soon raised a company of as fine material as ever entered the field, and made a career as brilliant and as daring as any of record. During the winter of 1861 and spring of 1862 he was attached to General Jackson's and General Ewell's commands for scouting and headquarters service during the campaign that resulted in the defeat and rout of three Federal commands under Generals Fremont, Banks, and Shields.

On the 28th of October, 1862, five additional companies united with his, forming the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, when he was unanimously elected major commanding. Soon thereafter the battalion was mustered into the regular service, and in the fight between A. P. Hill and Burnside in Snicker's Gap he rendered such valuable and conspicuous service as to elicit from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, a letter of commendation, in which he said he had heard with much pleasure of the successful operations of his battalion in the actions with the enemy at Snicker's Gap and hoped that it "may be a forerunner of still further deeds of daring, skill, and success by your command."

After this engagement, the enemy withdrew and moved south along the base of the mountain with Major White raiding his rear, and within a few days he captured about one thousand prisoners, two hundred wagons, and an immense amount of stores, arms, etc., among them the headquarters wagon of Col. W. P. Wainwright, of the 91st Pennsylvania

Volunteers, including his sword, the Colonel barely escaping. Major White sent, among other trophies, the Colonel's sword to General Jackson, and received the following reply:

"HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DISTRICT, Nov. 15, 1862.

"*Major:* The beautiful sword which you have so kindly presented me and also the other much-prized presents have been received from Lieutenant Marlow, of your distinguished command.

"Please accept my thanks for them. I have watched with great interest your brilliant exploits. Your men may well feel proud of having such a leader. Press on in your successful career.

"With high esteem I am, Major, very truly your friend,

T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

After a successful raid and capture at Poolsville, Md., in December, the following was received from brigade headquarters by Gen. William E. Jones:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 31, 1863.

"*General:* I have received Maj. E. V. White's report, dated December 24, 1862, of his scout to Poolsville, Md., and have forwarded it to the adjutant and inspector general at Richmond, calling the attention of the War Department to the gallant conduct of Major White and his command.

"I am much gratified at the manner in which Major White conducted his scout and the substantial results accomplished with such slight loss on his part.

"I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE, *General.*"

Early in February, 1863, Major White was promoted to lieutenant colonel by the President, and in a few days thereafter was ordered to report to General Jackson for special duty, as the following letter will show:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CORPS, A. N. VIRGINIA,
February 5, 1863.

"*Major:* The courier who bears this has an order from Gen. R. E. Lee through Brig. Gen. William E. Jones, directing you with the whole or part of your battalion, as may be necessary, to report to me for orders. The object to be accomplished is explained by the accompanying papers from General Cooper. . . . Keep your instructions and also your destination confidential until your plans require you to make them known. I hope sometime to have the pleasure of being with you again.

"It is important that you move at once. Please write me on your return respecting your success.

"I am, Major, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

Reporting upon his return, he received the following:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CORPS, A. N. VIRGINIA,
February 24, 1863.

"*Major:* Your letter of the 16th inst. has been received, and I am much gratified to learn of your success.

"I hope that sometime it may be my privilege to be with you again.

"Hoping that great success may be yours, I am very truly yours, T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

On the 21st Major White wrote him again regarding scouting duty in Loudon, and received the following reply:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CORPS, A. N. VIRGINIA,
February 25, 1863.

"*Major:* Yours of the 21st inst. has been received, and I congratulate you upon your complete success.

"Please accept my thanks for the papers you kindly sent me.

"I would like very much to let you continue scouting in Loudon when you have not plenty of more important work elsewhere.

"You have deservedly acquired great reputation with your cavalry, and I trust that your usefulness will be increased.

"Very truly yours, T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

On May 21 the brigade returned from an extended raid in West Virginia, covering seven hundred miles in twenty-one days through a rough and sterile country in which they were very successful, having captured about seven hundred prisoners, one piece of artillery, two trains of cars, burned sixteen railroad bridges, one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of oil, many engines, etc., besides bringing back one thousand head of cattle and about twelve hundred horses. Through it all White's command bore a conspicuous part, as was the case wherever placed, until June 1 they rested and recruited in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, when their march began toward Culpeper, where on the 9th of June was fought the most sanguinary and hotly contested cavalry battle known to history. In this engagement, lasting all day, White's Battalion won undying fame.

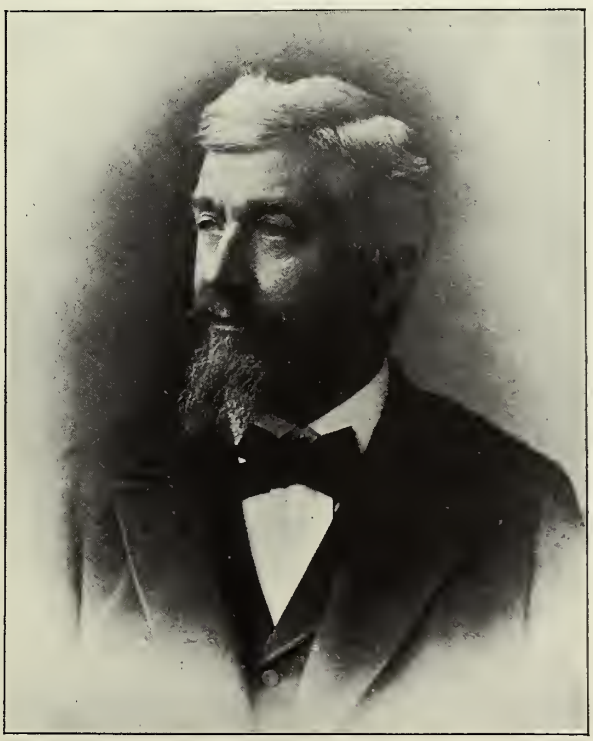
Moving from there to Gettysburg with Lee's army, they met *en route* at Catocton Creek Cole's Battalion and at Point of Rocks Sam Mead's command, defeating and routing both. Then, taking the advance of the army, they were the first to enter Gettysburg.

Upon returning to Virginia, the battalion resumed scouting and raiding in Loudon County and vicinity, making many successful captures. The ladies of Leesburg, rejoicing over our return, sent the following:

"LEESBURG, August 27, 1863.

"Will Col. E. V. White accept for himself and his brave battalion from the ladies of Leesburg this expression of the high appreciation of your deeds of brave and noble daring?

"In the offering of cake and wine, we would more particularly commemorate your entrance into our town August 27,



COL. ELIJAH V. WHITE.

1863, thereby delivering us from our oppressors and restoring us again to our beloved Confederacy.

"Accept with our offering our best wishes for your health, happiness, and preservation of yourself and each of your battalion.

"May the God of battles defend and encircle you all in his arm of love, crown your efforts with victory, and speedily restore peace to our bleeding country! is the prayer of the ladies of Leesburg."

On the 18th of December the brigade, under General Rosser, than whom no braver ever lived, crossed the river at Fredericksburg and made a raid around General Meade's army at Culpeper, marching over ninety miles through rain and mud in twenty-four hours, capturing a fortified camp at Sangster Station with their colors, arriving at Berry's Ferry, on the Shenandoah River, safely.

In January, 1864, the brigade made a most successful raid to West Virginia, capturing a loaded train of one hundred and nine wagons and over four hundred mules. On May 1 we marched to the Wilderness and participated in the battle of the 5th and 6th, and on June 10 engaged in the battle of Trevilian Station, where we defeated General Sheridan (and here let me add that Gen. Wade Hampton, commanding our cavalry, told me that if he had acted upon the suggestion and appeal of Colonel White at the close of the engagement, while Sheridan's forces were retreating in great disorder, he was satisfied that we could have annihilated Sheridan before he reached the Pamunky River). Later we crossed to the south side of the James, and assisted in interrupting Kautz and Wilson's commands raiding in the rear of Lee's army. This was effectually done, and we captured about seven hundred of them and six pieces of artillery. On the 16th of September the command under Hampton made a raid in the rear of Grant's army, capturing 2,535 head of fat cattle that had arrived for his army. Later our brigade started for the Valley of Virginia, where we vanquished Sheridan's forces, then devastating that country with fire and pillage.

In November, General Rosser being promoted, the following petition was sent to President Davis at Richmond:

"The undersigned take great pleasure in cordially recommending Col. E. V. White as a most fit successor to the gallant Gen. Thomas L. Rosser to the command of the 'Laurel Brigade.' We are well aware that but little weight is generally attached to a recommendation by mere civilians of military men for promotion, yet we are so strongly impressed with the conviction of Colonel White's peculiar fitness for the command of this distinguished brigade that we cannot forbear to place our estimate of his qualification on record. The chivalrous courage and dashing gallantry of this battle-scarred hero, combined, as we are persuaded, with quickness of apprehension and coolness in action, inspiring perfect and enthusiastic confidence in the troops under his command, seem to point him out as a worthy successor of the noble Rosser.

"Respectfully submitted. JOHN LETCHER,
JOHN W. BROCKENBOROUGH."

(Mr. Letcher was former Governor of Virginia and Mr. Brockenborough a distinguished judge.)

Early in January, 1865, returning from a second successful raid in West Virginia, capturing New Creek Station (the supply depot for the enemy), including stores, ammunition, about six hundred prisoners, and one thousand head of horses and mules, the battalion was furloughed for recuperation and rest in Loudon County. Early spring found them at their post of duty with the Army of Northern Virginia at Petersburg.

On the retreat they were actively engaged day and night in the last brief and gloomy but forever glorious campaign which crushed the hopes that had sustained the hearts of Lee's veterans through four years of suffering and blood. At High Bridge, when surrounded, General Dearing and Colonel White led the charge, defeating General Gregg and capturing many prisoners; but at a heavy cost to us, as General Dearing was mortally wounded. While lying upon the ground, with General Rosser and White leaning over him, he said (pointing to White), "General Rosser, these stars belong on that man's collar" (referring to those adorning his). The command now devolved upon Colonel White, who, cutting his way out, marched to Lynchburg with his command. The death knell of capitulation was heard, and the famous Laurel Brigade, having won the admiration of Lee, Jackson, and others, disappeared from among the military organizations of the earth with nothing left but its honor, its scars, and its history. This peerless leader returned to his home with a stainless sword and the scars of eight severe wounds. Two of the leaden missiles he carried to his grave, mute evidence of years of patient suffering.

Colonel White returned to Loudon and was elected sheriff of the county, serving with great credit for many years. In the meantime he was called to the ministry, and up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 11th of January, 1907, his life was dedicated to the service of his Maker with the earnest devotion and energy that characterized his services on the field.

He has passed from this transitory existence to that shore beyond. He has bequeathed to his family, his comrades, and his friends the rich heritage of a spotless character illumined by achievements that can never be dimmed. He has joined that incomparable army of martyrs who, with Lee and Jackson, long since crossed the dark chasm, and are now parading the streets of the Celestial City amidst the strains of ecstatic music and the hallelujah of the combined host.

U. D. C. IN NEBRASKA.

The Omaha Chapter, U. D. C., was organized three years ago by Miss Grace Lennon Conklin, who has since filled the office of President. Upon her retirement recently from that office she was made its Honorary President, showing the estimation in which she is held by the members.

Miss Conklin is a graduate from the Department of Expression of the Marden School of Music and Elocution, and has begun her career as a professional reader under most favorable auspices. She has given readings throughout the Southern States the past winter under the auspices of local Chapters, which have elicited much favorable comment, and her success as an entertainer of high order seems assured.

The following officers were elected for the Omaha Chapter: Mrs. George W. Coven, President; Mrs. G. S. Bradley, Mrs. F. N. Maxwell, Vice Presidents; Miss Rebecca Maxwell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. K. Stout, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. R. Davis, Treasurer.

PICTURE OF MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

Realizing the widespread interest in the subject, the VETERAN has had an engraving made from the photograph of Maj. Henry Wirz, and prints of that engraving, 5x7 inches, will be supplied free to those who renew or subscribe for the VETERAN during the months of April and May if they will ask for them. Copies of this engraving will be furnished for twenty-five cents or six for one dollar.

ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER WAR PRISONS.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS, DECEMBER 10, 1888.

(Concluded from Belford's Magazine, February, 1890.)

The important question recurs: "Who are responsible for the multitude of prisoners of war who died in confinement at the South and at the North?" It is ever the more difficult task to prove the negative, but that neither the Confederate government nor its agents were responsible is, I believe, demonstrable. From the inception of the war the Confederacy advocated the release of prisoners. Before a cartel was agreed on General Early paroled captives as one of the established usages in war between civilized nations. On July 22, 1862, a cartel was adopted, by the terms of which all prisoners were to be released within ten days of their capture. At that time the Confederates had a large excess of prisoners who, under the cartel, were to be released on parole.

The savage orders and practices of Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., caused General Lee, under instructions, to write:

"August 2, 1862.

To the General Commanding United States Army, Washington.

"*General:* . . . By the terms of that cartel it is stipulated that all prisoners of war hereafter taken shall be discharged on parole until exchanged.

"Scarcely had the cartel been signed when the military authorities of the United States commenced a practice, changing the character of war from such as becomes civilized nations into a campaign of indiscriminate robbery and murder. . . . A general order issued by Major General Pope on July 23 last, the day after the date of the cartel, directs the murder of our peaceful citizens as spies if found quietly tilling their farms in his rear, even outside of his lines.

"And one of his brigadier generals, Steinwehr, has seized innocent and peaceful inhabitants to be held as hostages to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons whom he designated 'bushwhackers.'

"Some of the military authorities of the United States seem to suppose that their end will be better attained by a savage war, in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex to be spared, than by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful in modern times. We find ourselves driven by our enemies by a steady progress toward a practice which we abhor and which we are vainly struggling to avoid. . . . While the President considers that the facts referred to would justify a refusal on our part to execute the cartel, by which we have agreed to liberate an excess of prisoners of war in our hands, a sacred regard for plighted faith which shrinks from the semblance of breaking a promise precludes a resort to such an extremity.

"Nor is it his desire to extend to any other forces of the United States the punishment merited by General Pope and such commissioned officers as chose to participate in the execution of his infamous orders." . . . ("Southern Historical Society Papers," pp. 299, 300.)

Thereafter there was some abatement of the evils complained of. We then had an excess of captives, and with some objectionable practices on the part of the enemy the cartel continued to be recognized until July 3, 1863, when the United States War Department issued General Order, No. 209, the ethics of which are as bad as its logic.

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
July 3, 1863.

". . . It is understood that captured officers and men have been paroled and released in the field by others than commanders of opposing armies, and that the sick and wounded in hospitals have been so paroled and released in order to avoid guarding and removing them, which in many cases would have been impossible. Such paroles are in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the cartel, and are null and void. They are not regarded by the enemy and will not be respected by the United States. Any officer or soldier who gives such parole will be returned to duty without exchange and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience to orders. . . . (Ibid., pp. 308, 309, volume 'Treatment of Prisoners.') E. D. TOWNSEND, *A. A. G.*"

The captive beyond the protection of his government has the natural right to secure his life and liberty by any pledge of a purely personal character, and his government has no rightful power to absolve him from the obligation he has assumed. The great publicist Vattel states the case thus: "The good of the State requires that faith should be kept on such occasions and that subjects should have this mode of saving their lives or recovering their liberty." The United States Secretary of War in the general order just cited announced to the army that any officer or soldier who should, in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the cartel, give his "parole will be returned to duty without exchange and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience of orders."

It used to be that soldiers of whatever rank had to be tried and convicted before being punished, and that a soldier's honor was the jewel the sheen of which his government sought to brighten, not to tarnish. By the Stanton code it was a crime for a soldier to protect himself when his government had lost the power to protect him, a crime which was to be expiated by being false to his parole not to bear arms against his liberator until he had been exchanged.

Upon that order General Early, a trained soldier, a learned lawyer, and a widely read historian, wrote a commentary from which the following extracts are made:

"Mr. Stanton, in issuing the order of July 3, 1863, violated the laws of civilized warfare, and the statement contained therein that the Confederate government ('the enemy') had pursued the same course was a mere pretext to give color to his own unwarrantable act. But for that order all the prisoners captured by us at Gettysburg, amounting to fully six thousand, would have been paroled, and, in fact, the proper staff officers were proceeding to parole them and had actually paroled and released a large number of them when news came of the order referred to. Why did Mr. Stanton object to the paroling of those prisoners? And why did he prefer that they should be confined in prisons in the South—'prison pens,' as Northern Republicans are pleased to call them? . . . If the rule asserted in his order is among the laws and usages of war, then it must follow that if General Lee had not been able to guard or feed the prisoners in his hands he would have had the right to resort to that dread alternative to which the first Napoleon resorted in Asia when he found the paroles granted by him not respected and destroy the prisoners in his hands. If any of the prisoners brought from Gettysburg or subsequently captured lost their lives at Andersonville or any other Southern prison, is it not palpable that the responsibility for their deaths rested on Edwin M. Stanton?

". . . In consequence of the order, one division commander who fell into our hands wounded, whom we could have brought off, though at the risk of his life, and a large number of other prisoners who were paroled (two or three thousand) were returned to duty in the Federal army without exchange,

and among them was a colonel who pledged his honor that he would surrender himself and his regiment (paroled at the same time) if the validity of the parole was not recognized by his government. J. A. E."

The desire of the Confederate government to conduct hostilities with whatever amenities belong to modern war was persistently made manifest, and the anxiety for the prompt release of captives in conformity with the cartel was intensified by the harrowing evidence of our emaciated men returned from Northern prisons. Our Commissioner of Exchanges, Robert Ould, had the largest authority given to him; and well did he labor to overcome the obstacles opposed to the free and fair execution of the cartel, and, failing in that, to bring relief to the sufferers retained in prisons North and South.

Some of his letters have been published, and his entire correspondence is said to be, or to have been, in the Bureau of War Records at Washington, D. C. On August 17, 1868, he wrote "To the editors of the National Intelligencer" an answer to the "many misrepresentations" about the action of the Confederate authorities toward prisoners of war, from which a few extracts are made:

"The cartel of exchange bears date July 22, 1862. Its chief purpose was to secure the delivery of all prisoners of war.

"To that end the fourth article provided that all prisoners of war should be discharged on parole in ten days after their capture. From the date of the cartel until the summer of 1863 the Confederate authorities had the excess of prisoners. During the interval deliveries were made as fast as the Federal government furnished transportation. . . . In the summer of 1863 the Federal authorities insisted upon limiting exchanges to such as were held in confinement on either side. This I resisted as being in violation of the cartel. Such a construction not only kept in confinement the excess on either side, but ignored all paroles which were held by the Confederate government. These were very many, being the paroles of officers and men who had been released on capture. The Federal government at that time held few or no paroles." ("Southern Historical Society Papers," p. 125.)

The advantage thus taken, in violation of the cartel, as soon as the excess of prisoners was against us, was resisted until the suffering of the prisoners of both belligerents caused the Confederacy to wave their just and clearly defined demand; therefore on August 10, 1864, Colonel Ould wrote to Major Mulford, United States Agent, consenting to exchange the prisoners, officer for officer and man for man, and with the letter sent a statement of the mortality at Andersonville. The proposition, if it had been accepted, would have released all the United States prisoners, and the excess, being then of Confederates, would, by the shameless violation of the cartel, have remained in prison.

The complications in regard to exchange of prisoners indicated before the end of 1863 the probability of long confinement instead of the prompt release contemplated by the cartel. Therefore our commissioner wrote to the United States Agent of Exchange:

"Confederate States War Department,
Richmond, Va., January 24, 1864.

"Maj. Gen. E. A. Hitchcock, *Agent of Exchange.*

"*Sir:* In view of the present difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on each side shall be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort.

"I also propose that these surgeons shall act as commissaries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicines as may be forwarded for the relief of prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons be selected by their own governments, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through their agents of exchange, to make reports not only of their acts but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners.

"Respectfully, Robert Ould, *Agent of Exchange.*"

To this communication no reply of any kind was ever made. When it was ascertained that exchanges could not be made either on the basis of the cartel or of officer for officer and man for man, I was instructed by the Confederate authorities to offer to the United States government their sick and wounded without requiring any equivalents.

"Accordingly, in the summer of 1864 I did offer to deliver from ten to fifteen thousand of the sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah River without requiring any equivalents, assuring at the same time the agent of the United States, General Mulford, that if the number for which he might send transports could not readily be made up from sick and wounded I would supply the difference with well men. Although this offer was made in the summer of 1864, transportation was not sent to the Savannah River until about the middle or last of November, and then I delivered as many prisoners as could be transported—some thirteen thousand in number, among whom were more than five thousand well men.

"More than once I urged the mortality at Andersonville as a reason for haste on the part of the United States authorities.

"In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to me by the surgeon general of the Confederate States as to the deficiency of medicines, I offered to make purchases of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Federal prisoners. I offered to pay gold, cotton, or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices if required. At the same time I gave assurances that the medicines would be used exclusively in the treatment of Federal prisoners, and moreover agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it was insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons and dispensed by them. To this offer I never received any reply. Incredible as this appears, it is strictly true." ("Southern Historical Society Papers," pp. 127-129.)

In the crowded mass of men gathered from many countries, without common origin or home, disconsolate and desperate, will any self-respecting man claim that a feeble police could enforce such good order and discipline as were needful to the health and comfort of the prisoners? In our straitened circumstances there was no other practicable remedy than liberation by exchange or parole. The first had been discontinued by the United States officials; the last had been nullified by the United States War Department order of July 3, 1863.

Colonel Ould on July 26, 1863, wrote to Lieutenant Colonel Ludlow, United States Commissioner of Exchange, thus:

"Although you have many thousands of our soldiers now in confinement in your prisons, and especially in that horrible hold of death, Fort Delaware, you have not for several weeks sent us any prisoners. During those weeks you have dispatched Captain Mulford with the steamer New York to City Point three or four times without any prisoners. . . . I ask you, with no purpose of disrespect, what can you think of this covert attempt to secure the delivery of all your prisoners

in our hands without the release of those of ours who are languishing in hopeless misery in your prisons and dungeons? . . .

ROBERT OULD,
Commissioner of Exchange."

The political and personal friendship of the United States President, A. Lincoln, and the Confederate Vice President, A. H. Stephens, when they had been members of the United States Congress encouraged the hope that the latter would be able to arrange with the former such measures as would insure the observance of the cartel and otherwise promote, as far as practicable, humanity in the existing war. On July 2, 1863, Mr. Stephens received full authority, and with entire co-intelligence between him and myself undertook the mission to Washington; but he was stopped by the outer guard. He was traveling under a flag of truce, stated in general terms the object of his mission, and asked permission to proceed to Washington. The officer telegraphed to his government at Washington, and was answered, "The request is inadmissible," etc. There was no evidence that President Lincoln was informed of the request, and it would be vain to speculate on what might have been. A paragraph from the letter borne by Mr. Stephens will indicate the general object of his mission:

"My whole purpose is to place this war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times and to divest it of the savage character which has been impressed on it by our enemies in spite of all our efforts and protests. War is full enough of unavoidable horrors under all its aspects to justify and even to demand of any Christian ruler who may be unhappily engaged in carrying it on to seek to restrict its calamities and to divest it of all unnecessary severities."

I may here, by way of parenthesis, remark that officers of the Confederacy allowed messages even from prisoners to be sent to me, and in more than one instance prisoners at the Libby were allowed to state their cases in person, all of which received favorable action.

To the notice already taken of the efforts through our Commissioner of Exchange to secure the release of prisoners or, in default of that, to have needful supplies sent to such as were kept in confinement there is to be added the proposition made by General Lee to General Grant when they commanded the opposing armies on the south of the James River to arrange for the exchange of all the prisoners held by the armies of each. General Lee was authorized also to offer all the prisoners then held by the Confederacy if his more limited proposition should be accepted. General Grant declined the proposition with a narrow exception, restricting it to such as had been captured within the last three days and had not been delivered to the commanding general of prisoners. As that officer was at the mouth of the river in rear of Grant's intrenchments, was it probable that there was a corporal's guard who had not been delivered to him? But, anxious to interpose obstacles to exchange, he inquired whether General Lee proposed to deliver colored troops "the same as white soldiers." to which General Lee replied: "I intended to include all captured soldiers of the United States of whatever nation and color under my control. Deserters from our service and negroes belonging to our citizens are not considered subjects of exchange, and were not included in my proposition." That there were any of either of the not included class among the prisoners was probably purely hypothetical; but the pretense served General Grant as an excuse to decline negotiations and for "putting the matter offensively for the purpose of preventing an exchange," as he had recommended General Butler, his Commissioner of Exchange, to do.

That a soldier bred and educated under the Constitution of the United States should have so great a regard for deserters and "fugitives from service or labor" that, lest any of those classes should be denied exchange, he would prefer to leave hosts of his fellow-soldiers to languish and many of them to die in captivity was an act which it is left for others to denominate.

The harrowing recitals of the suffering of our men in Northern prisons and humane sympathy for the Northern men in Southern prisons stimulated our efforts for the release of both as far as national honor would permit. We could not fail to see the duplicity of the pretexts employed and the covert methods used to obstruct the cartel. Why, for example, was General Butler selected as a Commissioner of Exchange? Not for conscientiousness certainly. Were there any nice questions requiring his greater intelligence and diplomatic skill? or was it not that, he being under ban of outlawry by the Confederacy, it was assumed that our commissioner would refuse to recognize him? Our zeal overcame all surmountable impediments; our Commissioner conferred with Commissioner Butler, and reported him more just than his superiors, but restricted by orders so as to be unable to complete what was agreed upon between them.

It was when General Lee called to report the failure of his efforts to negotiate with General Grant that, appropriate to my expression of bitter disappointment, General Lee addressed to me the oft-quoted remark: "We have done everything in our power to mitigate the suffering of prisoners, and there is no just cause of further responsibility on our part."

That there were great suffering and mortality in Southern prisons, which it grew beyond our power to relieve, we did not deny, but urged as a reason for observing the cartel faithfully.

The assertion that our men in Northern prisons were kindly treated and fully supplied is accepted as a tribute which vice pays to virtue, as evidence that the authorities dared not confess to the people of the North the cruelties, privations, and deaths they were mercilessly inflicting on helpless prisoners.

But while there may be a dark circle around the lamp, its rays may penetrate the distance. The sufferings of Confederates in Northern prisons attracted notice beyond the seas, and a fund was raised in England for their relief. Mr. A. I. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., a man to whom title could not add dignity, wrote to the United States Secretary as to the application of the fund, and was churlishly answered that the "United States government was rich enough to provide for its prisoners and needed no foreign help."

I could sympathize with an honest pride which would have prompted a courteous refusal if there had been a will keeping pace with the vaunted power.

Yet again the sufferings of those prisoners aroused the humanity of the people of Baltimore, who raised a fund and employed an agent to distribute it. His published report covers one prison, and serves as a specimen of others. John I. Van Allen, of Watkins, Schuyler County, N. Y., wrote thus:

"Late in the fall of 1864, and when the bitter sleets and biting frosts of winter had commenced, a relief organization was improvised by some generous ladies and gentlemen of the city of Baltimore for the purpose of alleviating the wants of those confined in Elmira prison, where there were then several thousand prisoners. . . . As soon as appointed I journeyed to that delightful paradise for Confederate prisoners (according to Walker, Tracy, and Platt) and stated the object of my visit to the commanding officer, and asked to be

permitted to go through the prison in order to ascertain the wants of the prisoners, with the request that I might distribute necessary blankets, clothing, money, medicines, etc.

"He treated me with consideration and kindness, and informed me that they were very destitute of clothing and blankets; that not one-half of them had even a single blanket, and that many were nearly naked, the most of them having been captured during the hot summer months with no other than thin cotton clothes, which in most instances were in tatters. Yet he stated that he could not allow me to enter the prison gate or administer relief, as an order of the War Department rendered him powerless. I then asked him to telegraph the facts to the War Department and ask a revocation or modification of the order, which he did, and two or three days were thus consumed by me in a fruitless endeavor to procure the poor privilege of carrying out the designs of the Good Samaritans at Baltimore who were seeking to alleviate in a measure the wants of the poor sufferers who were then dying off like rotten sheep from cold and exposure. The officer in command was an army officer, and his heart nearly bled for those poor sufferers, and I know he did all in his power to aid me; but his efforts were fruitless to assist me to put a single coat on the back of a sufferer. The brutal Stanton was inexorable to all my entreaties, and turned a deaf ear to the tale of their sufferings. . . . The nearest I could get to the poor skeletons confined in that prison was a tower built by some speculator in an adjoining field across the way from the prison pen, for which privilege a money consideration was exacted and paid. On taking a position upon this tower, what a sight of misery and squalor was presented! My heart was made sick, and I blushed for my country more because of the inhumanity there depicted. Nearly all of the many thousands there were in dirty rags. The rain was pouring, and thousand were without shelter, standing in the mud in their bare feet, with clothes in tatters, of the most unsubstantial material, without blankets. I tell the truth, and Mr. Charles C. B. Watkins dare not deny it, when I say these men suffered bitterly for the want of clothing, blankets, and other necessaries. I was denied the privilege of covering their nakedness." (Letter, "Southern Historical Society Papers," p. 294.)

Bad as no doubt were the scenes at Andersonville, the difference of climate forbade such scenes as were presented in the black, wintry locations where our poorly clad men were confined.

It has not been my purpose to illustrate the need for the brother first to cast out the beam from his own eye, and I therefore will only make another extract from a paper on Elmira because that prison has been most extolled. A United States medical officer wrote to the editor of the New York World:

"*Sir:* I beg herewith (after having carefully gone through the various documents in my possession pertaining to the matter) to forward to you the following statistics and facts of the mortality of the Rebel prisoners in the Northern prisons, more particularly at that of Elmira, N. Y., where I served as one of the medical officers for many months. I found on commencement of my duties at Elmira about eleven thousand Rebel prisoners, fully one-third of whom were under medical treatment for diseases principally owing to an improper diet, a want of clothing, necessary shelter, and bad surroundings. The diseases were consequently of the following nature: scurvy, diarrhea, pneumonia, and the various branches of typhoid, all superinduced by the causes, more or less, aforementioned. . . . Here I may note that, owing to a general order from the government to vaccinate the prisoners, my opportunities were ample to observe the effects of spurious and diseased matter, and there is no doubt in my mind but that syphilis was engrafted in many instances; ugly and horrible ulcers and eruptions of a characteristic nature were, alas! too frequent and obvious to be mistaken. Smallpox cases were crowded in such a manner that it was an impossibility for the surgeon to treat his patients individually; they actually lay so adjacent that the simple movement of one of them would cause his neighbor to cry out in agony of pain. The confluent and malignant type prevailed to such an extent and of such a nature that the body would frequently be found one continuous scab.

"The diet and other allowances by the government for the use of the prisoners were ample, yet the poor unfortunates were allowed to starve; but why? is the query which I will allow your readers to infer and to draw conclusions therefrom. Out of the number of prisoners, as before mentioned, over three thousand of them now lie buried in the cemetery located near the camp for that purpose, a mortality equal to, if not greater than, that of any prison in the South. At Andersonville, as I am informed by brother officers who endured confinement there, as well as by the records at Washington, the mortality was twelve thousand out of, say, about forty thousand prisoners. . . .

"How faithfully these regulations were carried out at Elmira is shown by the following statement of facts: The sick in hospitals were curtailed in every respect (fresh vegetables and other antiscorbutics were dropped from the list); the food scant, crude, and unfit; medicine so badly dispensed that it was a farce for the medical man to prescribe. At large in the camp the prisoner fared still worse: a slice of bread and salt meat was given him for his breakfast; a poor, hatched-up, concocted cup of soup, so called, and a slice of miserable bread was all he could obtain for his coming meal; and hundreds of sick who could in nowise obtain medical aid died 'unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.'" ("Southern Historical Society Papers," pp. 296-298.)

It must be conceded that the Northern States are more generally healthy than the Southern. Then with equal means and care in providing for the prisoners it follows that the rate of mortality should have been as the salubrity of the country. It may be presumed that all were "for duty" when captured, and that the average of the wounded among the prisoners was about the same, and therefore that all were in a condition to be benefited by rest and proper treatment in a favorable locality. What was the result? According to the reports of the United States War Department, the relative numbers of prisoners and deaths were in round numbers:

United States prisoners held by Confederacy	270,000
Confederate States prisoners held by United States	220,000
United States prisoners died in Confederate hands	22,000
Confederate States prisoners died in United States hands	26 000

From this it appears that the Confederates, with an excess of fifty thousand prisoners, had four thousand fewer deaths. This should not have been the case even if the means of providing for them had been only equal; but in every material respect—in food, in clothing, in shelter, in medicine, in surgical instruments, and all which free commerce contributes—the North had greatly the advantage. Only one element remains to account for the difference—care for the defenseless. And this in the depths of our destitution never ceased, as the

world will appreciate whenever impartial history shall render the justice which contemporaneous prejudice and passion have denied.

I may be allowed to have fairly understood the character of our people, and will cite an instance to prove what the estimate was. At the close of the "seven days' battles" around Richmond, much of which I saw, my order congratulating the army on its victory over superior numbers contained these words: "You are fighting for all that is dearest to man; and, though opposed to a foe who disregards many of the usages of civilized war, your humanity to the wounded and to the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory to your valor."

In the devastating raids to which the South was subjected supplies became in the latter part of the war so deficient that our soldiers received only reduced rations, and the allowance to the prisoners was in like manner, but in no larger amount, reduced. The hospitals for soldiers and prisoners were kept on the same footing, and both suffered because medicines were made contraband of war. We did not clothe the ragged, neither had we boasted of our ability to do so.

Learning that our men in the frigid locations where they were confined had suffered to the extreme of freezing, a proposition was made in October, 1864, for permission to export through a blockading squadron cotton to be invested in supplies for those sufferers in Northern prisons. With several conditions, such as that the cotton should be sent to New York and the goods purchased there, the proposition was accepted; but its execution was vexatiously delayed until the officer, Brigadier General Beall, a paroled prisoner, moved by the exigency of the case, commenced arrangements to make the purchases in anticipation of the cotton, when he was ordered to be confined, and so remained until the cotton arrived. The proceeds of one thousand bales did not suffice for all the pressing needs of the prisoners, and a request was made to allow five hundred additional to be used in like manner; but the application shared the fate of many previous humane proposals. Will not the repeated assertion that all sufficient supplies were furnished by the United States authorities to Confederates when prisoners be finally silenced by these proofs, by the death rate, and by the agreement that we might send necessary clothing, blankets, and provisions to our men in Northern prisons?

By an arrangement made in November, 1864, General Hays, of the United States army, with such assistants as he required, distributed among the captives in Southern prisons whatever was needful; and, though the mild climate did not demand haste because of the approach of winter, all practicable aid was given to him; but our agent, General Beall, met such obstacles as only the War Department could interpose, with consequent delays cruelly injurious to the prisoners suffering in the icy North. In the matter of prisoners throughout the war the Confederacy did less than it would, but the best it could, and in return received the worst which could be meted out to it. For example, after General Hays had completed the distribution to the prisoners at the South and when General Beall had but commenced the distribution to those at the North, he received notice that Secretary Stanton proposed at that stage of the proceeding to stop distribution, and was prevented only by the stern refusal of General Grant to allow the agreement he had made to be broken. Whether or not the report was entirely accurate, the fact of its currency and the army source from which it was received gave it significance.

Returning to the special subject of this article, the prison at Andersonville, attention is invited to the care taken in burying the dead to mark the grave of each with a headboard bearing a number corresponding to one on the hospital register, where the fullest possible record was to be found of the deceased. Dr. R. R. Stevenson, Hospital Surgeon, in the Appendix to his work entitled "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," gives the long, sad list of the dead, their corps, date, and number, from which the grave of any except the few whose names were unknown can be found. To mark the graves under then existing embarrassments was at least humane, and farther on in the same appendix may be found additional evidence of kindness shown to the commissioned officers confined at Columbia, S. C., both by General Winder and Mr. James G. Gibbs, the latter claiming to have lost a very large sum of money through his unrequited sympathy.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, in his "Constitutional View of the War between the States," in referring to the charge of cruelty to prisoners made "at the North against Mr. Davis and the Confederate authorities," writes as follows: "The efforts which have been so industriously made to fix the odium of cruelty and barbarity upon him and other high officials under the Confederate government in the matter of prisoners in the face of all the facts constitute one of the boldest and baldest attempted outrages upon the truth of history which has ever been essayed."

As proof of the position of the Confederate administration and the temper of the people it represented, extracts from messages to the Congress are here introduced:

"In the meantime a systematic and concerted effort has been made to quiet the complaints in the United States of those relatives and friends of the prisoners in our hands who are unable to understand why the cartel is not executed in their favor by the groundless assertion that we are the parties who refuse compliance. Attempts are also made to shield themselves from the execration excited by their own odious treatment of our officers and soldiers now captive in their hands by misstatements, such as that the prisoners held by us are deprived of food. To this last accusation the conclusive answer has been made that, in accordance with our law and the general orders of the department, the rations of the prisoners are precisely the same in quantity and quality as those served out to our own gallant soldiers in the field and which have been found sufficient to support them in their arduous campaign, while it is not pretended by the enemy that they treat prisoners by the same generous rule. By an indulgence parhaps unprecedented we have even allowed the prisoners in our hands to be supplied by their friends at home with comforts not enjoyed by the men who captured them in battle." (Confederate President's Message, December 12, 1863.)

"The prisoners held by us, in spite of human care, are perishing from the inevitable effects of imprisonment and the homesickness produced by the hopelessness of release from confinement. The spectacle of their suffering augments our longing desire to relieve from similar trials our brave men who have spent so many months in a cruel and useless confinement." . . . (Message, May 2, 1864.)

The Confederate Congress, actuated by reports of bad treatment of prisoners, appointed a committee to inquire and report fully on the facts in regard to Southern prisons and as far as they could be learned in regard to the Northern prisons also. By laborious investigation a large amount of testimony was collected, and a report was made in February, 1865. This mass of valuable evidence by both Federals and Confederates was destroyed in the conflagration of Richmond; but the report was preserved, and may be found at page 241 and follow-

ing of Dr. R. R. Stevenson's book. It is too long for insertion here, but a few extracts will indicate the value of the report.

The committee fix upon the United States Congress Report, No. 67, and upon the "sanitary" publication the character of sensational fiction. They specially notice the statements about the prisoners sent from Richmond to Annapolis and Baltimore in April, 1864, as follows:

"The Federal authorities, in violation of the cartel, having for a long time refused exchange of prisoners, finally consented to a partial exchange of the sick and wounded on both sides. Accordingly a number of such prisoners were sent from the hospitals in Richmond. General directions had been given that none should be sent except those who might be expected to endure the removal and passage with safety to their lives; but in some cases the surgeons were induced to depart from this rule by the entreaties of some officers and men in the last stages of emaciation, suffering not only with excessive debility, but with 'nostalgia' or homesickness, whose cases were regarded as desperate, and who could not live if they remained and might possibly improve if carried home. Thus it happened that some very sick and emaciated men were carried to Annapolis, but their illness was not the result of ill treatment or neglect. Such cases might be found in any large hospital, North or South. They might be found even in private families, where the sufferer would be surrounded by every comfort that love could bestow. Yet these are the cases which, with hideous violation of decency, the Northern committee have paraded in pictures and photographs. They have taken their own sick and enfeebled soldiers, have stripped them naked, have exposed them before a Daguerrean apparatus, have pictured every shrunken limb and muscle, and all for the purpose not of relieving their sufferings but of bringing a false and slanderous charge against the South.

"The evidence is overwhelming that the illness of these [Federal] prisoners was not the result of ill treatment and neglect. The testimony of Surgeons Semple and Spence, of Assistant Surgeons Tinsley, Marriott, and Miller, and of the Federal prisoners E. P. Dalrymple, George Henry Brown, and Freeman B. Teague ascertains this to the satisfaction of every candid mind."

The committee, having adduced conclusive testimony of suffering in Northern prisons far exceeding anything known in the South, unavoidably great as the latter was acknowledged to have been, then, referring to the inappropriate motto of the Sanitary Commission, borrowed from our compassionate Redeemer, addressed to them these words: "The cruelties inflicted on our prisoners at the North may well justify us in applying to the Sanitary Commission the stern words of the Divine Teacher: 'Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'"

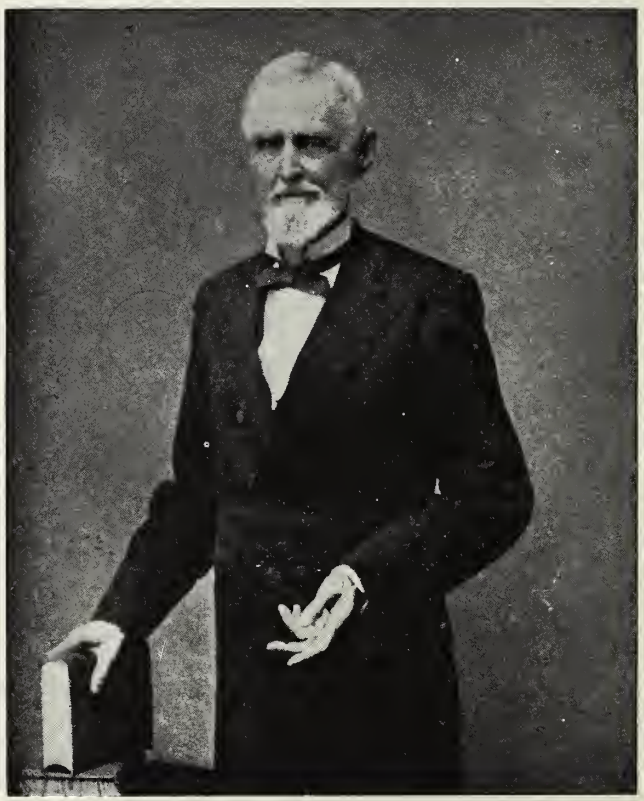
The United States House of Representatives subsequently organized a committee "to investigate the treatment of Union prisoners in Southern prisons." Colonel Ould, our Commissioner of Exchange, in a letter addressed to the editors of the National Intelligencer wrote: "After the appointment of the committee, the Hon. Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, being its chairman, I wrote to the Hon. Charles A. Eldridge and the Hon. Mr. Mungen (the latter being a member of the committee) some of the facts herein detailed. Both of these gentlemen made an effort to extend the authority of the committee, so that it might inquire into the truth of the matters which I had alleged. All these attempts were frustrated by the radical majority, although several of the party voted to extend the inquiry."

Why was the inquiry limited? Did doubt and dread warn the committee against looking behind the screen? Or was the object to allow the imagination to run with loose rein, accompanied only by the swiftest witnesses? Fit means to conceal truth and foster discord!

If in discussing the conduct of the Confederacy toward prisoners there have been noticeable digressions from the subject of Andersonville prison and its dependencies, these have been made no further than seemed to me useful in connection with the subject, and certainly from no purpose to rekindle dying embers.

Fraternal attraction caused the States after the War for Independence to form a more perfect Union. To preserve the union of hearts, there must be mutual respect; and to this end, if alienation disturb the proper relation, there should be frank explanation, prompt reparation, and abiding cointelligence.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the War between the States ceased. Has the prejudice fed on the passions of that period ceased with the physical strife? Shall it descend from sire to son hardened by its transmission? Or shall it be destroyed by the full development of the truth, the exposure of the guilty, and vindication of the innocent?



JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The foregoing account of "Andersonville and Other War Prisons," by Jefferson Davis, should be accepted by all men as absolutely correct in so far as it is human to be accurate. At that time of life, an exile in his native land, although truly patriotic, Mr. Davis could not have been influenced by any other motive than that of truth.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE CRATER BATTLE.

[Maj. William H. Etheredge, who commanded the 41st Virginia, Mahone's Brigade, in the battle of the Crater, now partially paralyzed and in his eighty-sixth year, wrote to his comrade, Capt. George J. Rogers, of Petersburg, Va., an account of the battle, from which extracts are made.]

At your request, I will give you a description of the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864. Colonel Parham, as you know, was wounded in the first battle of Malvern Hill in 1862, which rendered him unfit for duty, and Lieutenant Colonel Minetree was wounded on the 6th of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, and was unfit for service, so the command of the old 41st Regiment fell to me; and, while I felt unequal to the task, I determined to do my duty the best possible.

We were satisfied that the enemy was undermining somewhere on the line, but could not tell where until the mine was sprung on the morning of July 30, 1864, when the whole country for miles around was startled by the explosion, and then every piece of artillery that could be brought to bear on that particular spot opened fire, and a most terrific cannonading followed.

About sunrise there came an order for Mahone's old Virginia Brigade to hold itself in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and before we could get ready there came the order for us to fall into line. After the line was formed, we were ordered to divest ourselves of all baggage and to carry nothing but our arms and ammunition and canteens of water. We headed toward the cemetery; and when we arrived at the mouth of the covered way, used to protect our men when relieving picket, we marched up that covered way to an angle, when we left the ditch, flanked to the right, and marched a short distance down a ravine until nearly opposite the point where the mine was sprung, and were ordered to lie down. General Mahone was at the angle in the ditch, and saw the brigade pass. He had ordered the Georgia Brigade to form on the right of the Virginia Brigade; but as it failed to get there in time, he took a position in rear of his old brigade. They were getting ready to charge us, as we heard distinctly the command: "Fix bayonets and no quarters." As stated, General Mahone was in the rear of the brigade, with General Weisiger on the right.

It has been a disputed question ever since the war as to who gave the command to charge the enemy, some claiming that the order came from General Weisiger, while others say it came from General Mahone. . . . In a moment we started uphill, and soon saw the enemy in line. Fortunately for us, the first line was of negroes, who could not stand the Rebel yell and cold steel, and in order to get out of the way threw their guns down and broke for the rear. The next line were white men, and so great was their desire to keep the negroes in front of them as a sort of breastwork that they lost sight of us until we were only a short distance from them, and I believe every shot took effect, as they were as thick in the breastworks as they could stand, and it was almost impossible to miss a man; but the Yanks were determined that we should not have it all our way, and before we reached the breastworks they poured a volley into us, and about one-half of our little brigade went down. Notwithstanding all this, we pushed to the front, and, reaching the ditch with empty muskets, we depended upon the bayonet and breech of the gun, and a regular hand-to-hand encounter took place. The scene beggars description; our men would drive the bayonet into one man, pull it out, turn the butt and knock the brains out of another, and so on until the ditch ran with the blood of the dead and dying. So great was the slaughter that Lieut. Col. William H. Stewart, of the 61st Regiment, in command, and myself, of the 41st, had to make a detail to pile up the dead on the side of the ditch to make room so we could reënforce to the right or left, as occasion might require.

The Yanks fought bravely to maintain the foothold they had gained; but the prowess of the Southern soldier was too much for them at that time, and with us it was to do or die.

In an incredibly short time the breastworks to the left of the Crater for some distance occupied by the enemy were retaken, and hostilities for a few moments ceased; but the breastworks to the right of the Crater were still in the enemy's hands, and General Lee said they must be recovered. About that time the Georgia Brigade was on hand, and General Mahone called on them to perform that service. Accordingly the line was formed, and when the command was given they started as gallantly to the front as any set of men could; but by this time the enemy had filled the breastworks as full of men as they could stand together, and as soon as the Georgians got near enough the enemy opened fire on them, and they fell like autumn leaves. They re-formed and tried it a second time, but with no better results. General Mahone then called on the Alabama Brigade; the line was formed, the command given; and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely, they too met with a heavy loss. But as soon as they received the shock every man that was left standing started in double-quick, and before the enemy could reload the Alabamians were on them; and, as was the case on our side of the Crater, a hand-to-hand fight took place, and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out the enemy, or killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation. The loss of life on both sides was heavy, and I have often said that if a correct history is ever written the fight at the Crater will be second to none except the battle of Gettysburg.

And now, as you have requested me to do so, I will give you a short history of the part I took in the fight at the Crater. When we made the charge and reached the breastworks, I was among the first to jump into the ditch, where the Yanks were as thick as they could stand. First sergeant of Company D jumped in about the same time I did, and was killed instantly. Where I was there was a small bombproof, with two Yanks squatting down near its mouth to keep out of danger. They were white men with muskets in their hands with fixed bayonets. My feet had not more than touched the ground when they rose up and stood before me. Just then the man that killed the sergeant stooped down and picked up a musket, evidently with the intention of killing me. I took in the situation at once, took hold of the two men in front of me, and kept them so close together that it was impossible for either of them to kill me without endangering the lives of his own men that I held before me. Just at that moment our men were jumping into the ditch like frogs. One of them, Peter Gibbs, of Company E, jumped in just behind me, and I said to him at the top of my voice: "Kill the man in front of me." He stepped a pace to the right of me and killed him instantly. The fellow died with his musket in his hands trying to shoot me. Then I made the two men I held throw down their guns and started them to the rear. It has been said that drowning men will catch at straws, so you can readily imagine my feelings while facing death; but I never lost presence of mind during the terrible ordeal. Would that I had the mind to picture to your imagination the heroism and many deeds of valor of our men on that memorable occasion!

WHO KILLED GEN. PHIL KEARNEY?

BY COL. W. L. DEROSSET, THIRD NORTH CAROLINA, WILMINGTON.

In the October (1906) VETERAN, page 498, it is stated that W. Singleton, of the 9th Louisiana, is the soldier who killed Gen. Phil Kearney. I would state that my regiment in Ripley's Brigade was held in reserve at the battle of Ox Hill in 1862, that on the next morning I walked up the road toward the battlefield, and, learning that the body of a Yankee general was lying in a farmhouse on the road, I walked in and found it on the back porch. I was told by an officer present that it was that of Gen. Phil Kearney. Walking on farther up the road toward the battlefield, I met accidentally a young fellow about seventeen years of age, barefooted and ragged, and asked him if he could tell me anything about the killing of this general officer. He replied that he could, as he himself had killed him; and in response to further inquiries stated that he was on the front line (I think he said picket line) and an officer rode up toward him in the road and got within easy range, when he ordered him to halt and surrender, which order he apparently complied with. The boy threw his musket on his shoulder, and the officer at once wheeled his horse, throwing himself down upon his neck, and, putting his spurs, rode off; but the Georgian said: "I was too soon for him, for I just pulled down old Bess and dropped him from his horse."

This young chap told me that he belonged to a Georgia regiment, and I think he said the 16th Georgia.

It is not a matter of much consequence, but I think such things ought to be stated with accuracy. There was no reason, so far as I could see, to suppose that this young man was not telling a straightforward story of what had passed under his own observation.

The officer with whom I talked at the farmhouse told me that it was with difficulty that the surgeon was able to find where the ball entered the body.

THRILLING AND VARIED WAR EXPERIENCES.

BY J. M. SPINKS, KILGORE, TEX.

I enlisted in September, 1861, in Company G, 10th Texas Cavalry Dismounted, Ector's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, and cut my eyeteeth at Richmond, Ky., in 1862. The first time I shot I dropped on my knees to load, and my rear file rank man was shot through the heart. In our next engagement they shot in the muzzle of my gun. Caleb West, a citizen who was sitting in a tree near by, told me that we fought forty-three minutes by his watch before we routed them. They were not more than seventy-five yards distant. My next battle was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in December, 1862. We opened the fight at daybreak on the left, and before sunrise we captured sixteen pieces of artillery.

I was at Chickamauga, Tenn., Saturday and Sunday, September 19 and 20, 1863. I was one of seven men who charged within fifty yards of the Yankee battery on Saturday, and fired several times after Ector's Brigade had been repulsed. Two others of these seven men are living—Stoke Hutchens, Marlin, Tex., and P. B. Barber, Kilgore, Tex. I helped to bury Jimps Hudson on Sunday night, and cut an "H" on a post oak tree near his head.

My next fight was at Jackson, Miss., just after the fall of Vicksburg. I was on picket when we had an armistice of two hours to let the Yanks bury their dead. We met halfway and talked until the cannon fired. We were then sent to reënforce Gen. Joe Johnston in Georgia. I joined General French's escort at Iron Mountain, went to Rome, Ga., and joined General Johnston at Kingston. I was at New Hope Church. General Ector was wounded there, and it rained all the time. General Loring was ordered to the right before day, and I was sent to Ector's Brigade. When I got to the line, there was no one there; so I rode on until I heard several guns click, when I turned and my horse fairly flew until I met our pickets coming out. I was at the Lattimore (?) farm, and carried the orders to Captain DuBose to withdraw. I think I had a hundred shots fired at me, and was left that night with Colonel Gates to bring off pickets at two o'clock. I was guide to lead Ector's Brigade off the top of Kennesaw Mountain to the support of Cockrell in a charge when the Federal Colonel McCook was killed. I was sent to our left the night the Yanks tried to take our line, and I carried the last Confederate dispatch at Atlanta.

I was at Franklin in front of the ginhouse with General French, and was in ten feet of General Walthall when his horse was killed. There were only two of us with General French; the other man was Gordon Langston. I was at Nashville at the rout, and rode backward and forward across the road halting every man that had a gun until French's Division came in regular order after dark. I was with General Forrest at Sugar Creek when we killed so many horses of the enemy. I carried a dispatch to General Sears at Altoona, and met Sam Birdwell wounded on a Yankee horse, and he bantered me to swap horses. Sam had twenty-six bullet holes in his clothes, but he is living yet at Chandler, Henderson County, Tex. I was captured at Blakely, Ala., about the 17th of April, 1865, and got home May 26. I was never wounded.

COMMENT ON THE VETERAN—ITS MERIT.

BY H. H. WAGNER, MANNSVILLE, IND. T.

I feel like I ought to give some evidence of the benefits I derive from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It helps me to review the past and contemplate the future.

The first flag was adopted by the Confederate Congress on March 4, 1861, exactly at the time when Mr. Lincoln was being inaugurated President of the United States. The second, the battle flag, was invented during the first great battle (First Manassas) of the war. The third and final flag of the Confederate government was adopted by the Confederate Congress on March 4, 1865, just at the time when President Lincoln was being inaugurated President of the United States for the last time. Then again, when the U. C. V. organization appointed a committee to select an emblematic badge for their organization, the committee of course selected their old battle flag. At the same time the Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans also appointed a committee for the same purpose, and the Daughters of the Confederacy adopted the first flag and the Sons adopted the last flag of the Confederacy as official emblems of their organizations. These coincidences seem providentially arranged, and are most fittingly reflected in the front cover of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We can't do without the VETERAN. I do not know who is your legal agent here; but if there is none, I will try to secure one for you.

RANKING OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.—When Gen. Eppa Hunton was promoted from the command of the 8th Virginia Infantry, four brothers—viz., Norborne, Edmund, William, and Charles Berkeley—were the four ranking officers in the regiment as colonel, lieutenant colonel, major, and senior captain.

TWENTY-SIXTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

BY W. M. GRAHAM, CEDAR BLUFF, MISS.

In my feeble way I will write something of the 26th Mississippi Regiment. Every company of the regiment was made up in Tishomingo County, mostly farmers, their ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-five. Many of them could shoot off a squirrel's head in the top of a tree with an old-fashioned rifle. The regiment was organized at Iuka, Miss. Arthur E. Reynolds, of Corinth, was colonel and F. Marion Boone was lieutenant colonel. He was as brave a man as ever went to war. About November we were sent to Union City, from there to Bowling Green, Ky., and thence to Fort Donelson, where we received our "baptism of fire" by being marched right up to a line of battle in file of fours, and were fired on while in this shape. We were on the slant of a little hill, else we would have been swept off the face of the earth. Of course this threw us into temporary confusion, but we soon got straightened out and went at them like veterans.

Right here I saw a case of as pure "grit" as was ever displayed on any battlefield. I saw Comrade Wash Bigham (afterwards captain of the company) shot in the center of the forehead, with blood running down all over his face and in his eyes, support his gun by the side of a tree, squirrel fashion, and fire. We were captured with the rest of the garrison and sent to Camp Morton, Ind. We fared splendidly as long as Colonel Owens was commander of the post. Colonel Owens was colonel of the 60th Indiana Regiment, and a perfect gentleman. He would go to the barracks very often and call the roll himself, and would listen to every request a prisoner had to make. I heard that he said he could pick one hundred men out of that prison and whip his whole regiment.

We were sent to Vicksburg and exchanged in September, and were in many marches and countermarches around Jackson and Vicksburg. We were at Baker's Creek, got out with Loring by marching clear around the Yankee army, and returned to Jackson by way of Crystal Springs. We were with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the rear of Grant, and later were in the siege of Jackson. In April, 1864, after the retreat to Demopolis, Ala., we were sent to Virginia and put into General Davis's brigade. We were called "new issue" by the balance of the brigade. I suppose it was because we had come from the West—the Army of Tennessee.

When the battle of the Wilderness came on, Davis's Brigade was formed just to the left of the Orange plank road. The position of my regiment was several hundred yards from the road. The fighting commenced near the plank road first, and had been going on for some time. I presume the troops engaged had exhausted their ammunition. The 26th was detached and marched back up the line to take their places. I shall never forget the scene that met our eyes as we marched up to that line—some dead, some lying flat on the ground, still others squatting had been firing at close range on level ground until they had nearly exhausted their ammunition. We had been on the firing line but a short time when Colonel Boone touched the writer on the shoulder and said: "Go tell Captain Gallagher to move forward."

Captain Gallagher was a Mexican War veteran, tall and straight, and as brave as ever drew a sword. When I reached him, he was standing just behind his company, looking straight through toward the front. Just as I was in the act of speaking to him a bullet struck him (I think in the forehead) and he fell dead. I gave the order to Lieutenant Luther, and by the time I got back to my company the regiment was on the move. The enemy had a battery a short distance up the road; and when we commenced crossing that road, they began to pour grape into us, which swept a space about thirty yards wide. I don't know whether any other troops charged at the same time or not. We soon came to their line of battle. We halted then, and some other troops came up and took our places. I saw another officer killed. Just as we commenced to fall back a ball struck Lieutenant Roberts, of Company A, in the back of the head, and he fell dead. We lay on our arms that night in rear of the line of battle.

The firing commenced early the next morning, and we witnessed one of the worst stampedes I ever saw. Davis formed line; and when the stampeded men had all passed, we had orders to fire and fall back, which we did and in good order. It looked as though all was lost, but Longstreet's men came in just at this time and saved the day. We were in reserve until late in the evening, when an Alabama brigade gave way and Davis's Brigade was called on to check the enemy. We met our men just at the top of a hill coming pellmell, the Yanks right after them with their little "huzzaw." As soon as we passed our men we raised the Rebel yell, and they turned back as suddenly as if they had struck a stone wall. We hadn't gone far when we were ordered to halt, and we threw up together some old logs for breastworks, and the enemy charged us repeatedly the rest of the evening. It was here that we lost our brave and beloved Lieutenant Colonel Boone. We went to Spottsylvania Sunday evening, and were in an engagement about May 10 on our left flank at some mills (I don't remember the name). We were not attacked on the day of the great fight of the 12th, but were in breastworks on the right flank.

The 26th was at Cold Harbor and several smaller engagements around Petersburg and one on the Weldon Railroad, where we lost half of the company engaged in killed and wounded, among whom was our highly esteemed Capt. Phil Hay. He was as kind and smooth in his manners as a woman. I never heard a rough word escape his lips. Davis's Brigade was captured on the 2d of April, 1865, while holding the right of the works and we were sent to Fort Delaware. We had to live on six crackers and about three or four ounces of meat a day. We left Fort Delaware on June 11, 1865, to return to our devasted homes.

LONGEVITY OF CONFEDERATE "COLONELS."—H. W. Wood, writing in the G. A. R. corner of the Madison (Wis.) Democrat, states: "There is one noticeable difference between the Grand Army and the Confederate organizations. Whoever will take pains to read journal after journal of our encampments, either State or national, will scarcely find a place where a man is called general, colonel, major, or captain. So far as distinctions of rank are concerned, with us they are dropped and all are equal. It is true that we hear this one or that called 'General' when, in fact, he was only a private in the rear rank, and perchance a poor one at that; but when he has anything to do in Post or Encampment, he is recorded like all the rest of us, as simple comrade. But the records of the meetings of the Confederates would make one think that there is not a private now living down South. All have such titles as would make one of us common, everyday fellows in the ranks feel like hunting for a back seat somewhere. Whenever we read a story of the South in which there is a soldier, or a dozen of them, the page is set full of capital G's and C's and M's. I wonder just why this is so?"

EXPERIENCES BETWEEN SHARPSHOOTERS.

BY J. T. CRAWFORD, PAMPA, GRAY COUNTY, TEX.

As a patron of the VETERAN throughout its existence, I do not remember to have seen any account of the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. G. W. McKenzie commanding. Among all the brave regiments that composed Wheeler's Corps, no other held a higher place for cool daring and unflinching bravery than the glorious old 5th in the estimation of our beloved commander, Gen. Joseph Wheeler. I became a member of the 5th in December, 1863 (just after the retreat from Missionary Ridge), by exchange with him to a membership of my father's company, E, 26th Tennessee Infantry.

At the beginning of the Georgia campaign General Wheeler, with part of his corps, including General Hume's division, to which the 5th belonged, advanced from General Johnston's right, striking the Federal cavalry about two o'clock in the afternoon. Forming line of battle, we were dismounted, and Company D, to which I belonged, was sent forward as skirmishers. We had advanced but a short distance when we became warmly engaged with the Federal skirmish line. A comrade (Asbury Nelson) and I had reached the angle of an old clearing which cut into our line just enough to expose two of us to the fire of quite a length of the Federal line. There were three or four fine stumps in this angle, two of which grew very close to each other. We immediately appropriated the benefit of these stumps; we lay flat on the ground behind them, and began firing as fast as possible with muzzle loaders and our position considered. It soon became rather demoralizingly apparent that there was in front of us a Yank who was using a "Spencer." He knocked dirt and bark into our eyes from about the stumps. That Yank seemed to be no joker. The situation became extremely hot for us, when General Hume rode out into the angle from our left. When just behind us, that Yank tried a shot at the General, and tore a hole through his uniform just in front of his heart.

He rode on down the line, smiling at his close call. Immediately our Yank resumed his sharpshooting for smaller game, and apparently without loss of confidence in his ability to shoot straight. Nelson said to me, "We must do something quick to get that Yank or he will get us," and asked if my gun was loaded. He then proposed to draw his fire to himself, and at the same time get our Yank to expose himself. Nelson said: "You are the best shot and I am the best target." I tried to prevent him from exposing himself, but was cut off short by Nelson saying: "Get ready, or he will get both of us." Nelson then called out, "Come down from that tree and shoot it out," being still behind his stump. Our Yank shouted back: "Come out yourself, d— you." Instantly Nelson was on his feet, with his coat tails extended to their fullest extent and his arms extended at almost right angles with his body. Our Yank fired, grazing the outer clothing of Nelson. Our Yank, in his excitement, exposed himself, giving me a pretty fair shot. To this our Yank yelled: "Come over and get your coffee, d— you."

This ended target practice, and thus by a well-conceived ruse and a reckless exposure of himself to danger Nelson saved the situation, which had become anything but pleasant. That our Yank was evidently fond of a grim joke was afterwards developed. We were soon ordered to charge. I could not dismiss from my mind our late opponent, so kept the tree behind which he had stood in view until I reached it. There was no dead or wounded Yank there, but a well-filled haversack containing about a peck of coffee, which all the mess enjoyed for many days after. While enjoying a cup I often wondered what induced our Yank to leave his coffee.

PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS FOR BEAUVOIR.

George B. Matthews, the well-known artist of Washington, D. C., has just completed a portrait of Jefferson Davis for Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, to be presented by her to the State of Mississippi, and if accepted by Governor Vardeman to be officially placed in the Confederate Veterans' Home and Museum in the old mansion of Mr. Davis at Beauvoir. It is to hang over his desk in the library, where he wrote the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The portrait will be exhibited in the studio of the artist to the Mississippi Congressional delegation and personal friends of the donor of the very valuable gift.

It is a three-quarter length portrait, Mr. Davis standing by his library table, his hand resting on the notable history he wrote of the Confederate States of America.

The portrait is regarded as a fine portrayal. The setting is complete, yet free from all accessories to detract from the central figure.

It was the purpose of Mrs. Darling to visit Beauvoir together with Mrs. Davis to attend the presentation of the memorial windows contributed by Mrs. Davis to the church at Biloxi to her husband and daughter and the placing of the portrait in Memorial Hall at Beauvoir to the Confederate President, who "won the victory of defeat."

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION AND CAMP FISK.

BY REV. HOWARD A. M. HENDERSON.

Several weeks after the establishment of Camp Fisk, under a cartel made by the Federal and Confederate military authorities, with the execution of which I was charged as the Southerner Commissioner, an incident of a most dramatic character occurred of which this is the first publication. This unique camp was the product of a conversation, under flag of truce, between Col. A. C. Fisk, A. A. G. on Gen. Morgan L. Smith's staff, and myself. I had proposed that the United States send to Castle Morgan, the military prison at Cahaba, Ala., clothing and medical supplies, representing the destitution and the discomfort the men were suffering. I had in the fall secured from Gen. C. C. Washburne, of Memphis, a steamer load of such stores, which passed, under flag of truce, the lines, and were distributed by members of General Washburne's staff, then in captivity from Forrest's raid into that city. The men, instead of conserving these necessaries, had surreptitiously traded them with the guards for food their morbid appetites craved, and they were shivering in scanty clothing and ragged blankets in a climate particularly severe in the transition period from winter to spring.

Fisk casually remarked: "Why not bring the men here, under parole, and detain them in a camp on neutral ground until exchanged?" I caught up the suggestion, and added that I was ready to enter into such an arrangement if it were made to apply to the grays as well as to the blues.

He agreed, and before we parted drew up a cartel and the minor particulars in duplicate to be furnished the confirming authorities. The two governments ratified, and we set up the camp at Four-Mile Bridge, back of Vicksburg. The railroad and telegraph were put in order by prisoners, neutral ground was proclaimed for one mile on each side the track to "Townsends," on the Big Black River, and the territory patroled by cavalry. At my suggestion the cantonment was

named "Camp Fisk," in honor of Colonel Fisk. Here the men on both sides were brought and paroled, each government being represented in the *manege* of the camp. Several thousand Union prisoners were here at the time of the incident. A battalion of the 9th Indiana Cavalry was sent to me to act as my bodyguard, commanded by Major Wall, as knightly a gentleman as ever wore a saber. I am perhaps the only Confederate who ever commanded a detachment of Federal soldiers under arms. My quarters were at the house of a Mr. Sweat, the father of the captain of the famous artillery company from Vicksburg.

Maj. Frank E. Miller, now Presbyterian pastor at Paterson, N. J., was the commandant of the camp, then, as now, a Christian gentleman of the Sir Philip Sydney type, full of "high-erected" thoughts in a heart of courtesy.

The officers of the camp and truce were gathered in the parlor of the Sweat home, having a gleeful time. Maj. Alex Grant, of my flag, yet living at Frankfort, Ky., was "a fellow of infinite jest," and could be as amusing as a comedian as he was superb as a gentleman. He was engaged in entertaining a coterie by showing some legerdemain tricks with cards. While "joy was unconfined" an orderly, his saber clanking the floor, strode into the room bearing a huge official envelope tied with a yard of black ribbon. All saw at a glance that it was a message of death, and every face blanched as if each were the mark of the ominous dart. Major Huntsman, a surgeon, was the ranking Federal officer present. He took the inclosure and nervously broke the seal. He turned as white as a shroud as he read, then nearly crushed the paper and cast it to the floor. He threw up his hands and fairly shrieked: "My God! they have murdered our President!"

He then stepped to the piano and was drawing a surgeon's sword, when Major Grant, standing in the only door, whipped out a navy revolver and covered the party, saying: "Doctor, sheathe that sword, and let not a man attempt to leave this room."

I then spoke: "Gentlemen, I understand from the emphasis put upon *they* that Dr. H. charges the assassination of President Lincoln on the South, which I repel. At any rate, we are here under a flag of truce, the most sacred ensign known to war. If at this time when tattoo is about to beat to quarters this news reaches these prisoners, and especially the negro brigade guarding the bridge, our lives will be sacrificed in the unreasoning rage of a mob."

Turning to Major Miller, I asked his attitude. He unhesitatingly replied: "I will protect you if I have to sacrifice myself." I then asked him to send a trustworthy orderly, accompanied by my own, to Major Wall with an order to report to me at once with an escort of twenty mounted men and horses for the members of my staff.

In less than ten minutes the Major and the detail reported. I asked him who he regarded as his commander. He answered: "You, sir!" I then told him of the tragedy, and inquired whether he was ready to deliver us at General Dana's headquarters, where I would ask for protection. He replied: "I will as faithfully obey your orders as if you were General Dana himself."

In a few minutes we were galloping toward Vicksburg, which we reached in less than an hour, and I reported to General Dana. The city was a volcano. All paroled Confederates and recognized Southern sympathizers were corralled in the courthouse and its campus under heavy guard. General Dana advised that I return at once to the Confederate lines until the storm abated, and offered me an engine for the run to Big Black. In a short time our locomotive was thundering toward Townsends, I and my staff occupying the tender. We passed Camp Fisk at highest speed, but saw the wild excitement prevailing and heard the mad threats of violence if a victim could be obtained. It was about two o'clock in the morning when we reached the river. A German regiment was encamped on the western bluff, while the opposite bank was occupied by a squadron of Texas Rangers. A captain, officer of the day, furnished us with a boat to ferry the river without a suspicion of the cause of our hegira. An officer attended us who could speak only "pigeon English" and who imperfectly understood what was said to him in our tongue.

When the prow struck the nether shore, Major Grant twirled his huge mustache until it looked like the tusks of a wild boar, he distended his eyes, arched his thick brows, dishcveled his long hair, and presented a most uncanny aspect. In sepulchral tones he recited the tragedy. I have never seen a more frightened man than the German officer. A score of Texas Rangers, their long, unkempt hair flowing from beneath their sombreros, reddened like Mephistopheles in "Faust" by the glare of the camp fires freshly fueled, stood around, walking arsenals. The scence reminded me of some of the situations depicted in Dante's "Inferno."

Seeing the fright of the boatmen, I interposed by rebuking Major Grant, who could not let an opportunity pass to "have his fun." I reminded him of the gravity of the tragedy until his gleesome mood changed into one of tenderness and tears.

I never heard one of those fierce-looking frontiersmen utter a mean or malignant expression. All felt that an awful blow had been struck the fainting fortunes of the South. The next day I ran up my colors, intertwined with the truce flag, at half-mast, and on both sides of the river the pikestaffs mourned.

In less than a week we were asked to return to Camp Fisk. A special car was sent to take me back. We were received with cheers; and as we threaded the camp, signs of congratulation on our return transformed it into an ovation. My quarters were draped in mourning, and were so clothed when the star of the Confederacy, the lost Pleiad, set in rayless night.

Of the actors in this scene, Colonel Fisk, Major Wall, Major Miller, Major Grant, Lieutenant Davenport, and I are living to verify this missing chapter of the great history-making period. From the distance at which I review the incident it seems to me to be as a weird reminiscence out of some previous life. But for the cool, resolute courage of Major Grant holding the Federals at bay the news would have spread like wildfire through the camp, reached the negro brigade guarding Four-Mile Bridge, and we would have been sacrificed to the mad fury of a mob. The suddenly awakened negroes especially would have roared and raged as so many uncaged beasts of a menagerie.

Important Confederate Dates.—On December 20, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union, and February 4, 1861, the Confederate government was formed at Montgomery, Ala. General Beauregard, commanding the Southern troops, on April 12, 1861, opened fire on Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C. General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865. General Johnston surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Gen. "Dick" Taylor surrendered in Alabama May 4, 1865. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, surrendered May 26, 1865, which was the last of any important command.

REUNITED.

In his response to a letter of condolence from the New York Camp on the tragic death of his wife, some months since, Corporal Tanner mentioned some of the lovely traits of her character and sent a poem written by her about fifteen years ago after having met the widow of General Pickett, who pinned upon her bosom a bunch of violets tied with "ribbon gray." The sentiment so beautifully expressed in the poem will find its echo in true hearts North and South:

"I loved the Blue in olden days,
Your heart was with the Gray;
And if we neither can forget,
Ah! who shall say us nay?
'Tis quite enough that hate be past,
That love unites our hearts at last.

A little bunch of violets blue,
A knot of ribbon gray,
You fastened with your gracious hands
Upon my breast one day.
'Wear these for love of me,' you said;
'Your sweet blue lives, my gray is dead.'

Though sweet the blooms as Eden's own,
They faded in a day;
But love's dear flower they typified
Shall live for aye and aye.
Then what care we, since this be true,
Which wore the gray and which the blue?"

CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Joel Mann Marlin, of Schenectady, N. Y., wrote to the Atlanta Constitution of the Confederate flags in the museum of the G. A. R. Memorial Association, giving the following list:

A battle flag taken near Clover Hill, Va., April 9, 1865.

Stars and bars captured by 3d New York Cavalry in N. C.

Battle flag of 7th Claiborne Cavalry, North Carolina.

A guidon taken at South Mountain and another flag of North Carolina.

Flag of steamer Beauford, of C. S. A.

A flag captured at Columbus, S. C.

A flag of an Alabama regiment.

Secession flag of the schooner Sue.

Half of flag that floated over the City Hall at Richmond, Va., said to have been the only flag that the city authorities used on that building during the war. The other half of this flag was sent to the museum of the State of Connecticut

A Virginia flag with "Virginia" and a painted female bust.

Flag of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry, captured at Trevilian Station June 11, 1864.

Flag taken from a company of sixty-one so-called bushwhackers in command of Lieutenant Colonel Wilhite near Syracuse, Mo., October 5, 1863. The Confederate colonel was killed and his body wrapped in this flag, which is stained with his blood.

A flag with red, white, and blue bars and a large star in place of the Union, captured at Jackson, Miss.

Battle flag of the 17th Virginia Volunteers.

Flag from Confederates near Warrenton, Va., March, 1862.

Mr. Mann adds: "I should be pleased to see a space in the capitol of every State set apart and dedicated to the preservation of these and similar sacred relics of the Confederacy. Especially do I desire to see such a collection of hallowed mementos in the capitol of my native State, Georgia—not to revive the bitter memories of sectional animosity and civil strife, but to be a perpetual reminder of the momentous sacrifice of men and women who were actuated by a sense of real, if unwise, patriotism, unadulterated with the spirit of commercialism or the misguided zeal of fanaticism."

CONTRIBUTION TO HOUSTON (TEX.) MONUMENT.

BY ABBIE SMITH, COR. SEC. R. E. LEE CHAPTER, HOUSTON, TEX.

Mr. R. H. Downman, 1003-6 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La., has made a munificent donation to the monument fund of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex. Mr. Downman proposes to furnish at his own expense the pedestal of Texas granite for the monument soon to be erected in that city to the armies of the Confederacy, both militant and triumphant.

The figure chosen to represent the Southern cause is that of an archangel, his majestic pose seemingly proclaiming: "I have done the behest of God."

Mr. Downman's gift has been gratefully accepted by the R. E. Lee Chapter, and we announce the fact that our sister Chapters and the Veterans' Camps may rejoice with us, as we lack now only nineteen hundred dollars of the full amount of the entire cost of the memorial. This patriotic son of the South thus hastens the day when every Houstonian will bare his head in reverence before the spirit of the Confederacy.

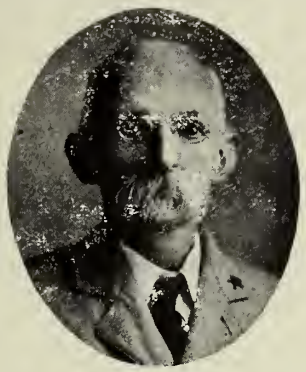
TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND.—In a recent number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Hon. John W. Daniel asks regarding Confederate soldiers who were killed during the latter days of the war. Let me have space to pay a tribute to Billy Barger, who enlisted in Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Capt. M. X. White, in Lexington, Va., and went with the company to Harper's Ferry in April, 1861. From that date until May 9, 1865, at every roll call he was there; at guard mount he was there; on the skirmish line he was there; on the fierce cavalry charge he was there; amidst the carnage of battle he was there; and on the morning of the 9th of May, 1865, when his regiment was drawn up for a charge, a random shot just prior to the appearance of the white flag found him still there and lodged in his heart, killing our friend and comrade, who was never so hungry that he would not divide the contents of his haversack, never so thirsty that he did not offer his canteen, never so sleepy or tired that he would not lend a helping hand. A truer friend, a more gallant soldier never lived or died.—*D. R. B. Greenlee.*

CONFEDERATES DROPPING OUT IN GEORGIA.—The death of Georgia's Chief Justice, Thomas J. Simmons, who commanded the 45th Georgia Regiment, left its Supreme Bench with no member who took part in the affairs of State, either military or civil, during the Civil War. When a memorial of Mr. Justice Blandford, who had lost an arm in the war, was presented to the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Simmons said that he desired to impress upon all those who were too young to bear arms during the Civil War that they should never fail upon all proper occasions to emphasize the fact that the Confederate soldier at all times represents adherence to truth and fidelity in the discharge of duty; that he is maimed in body or broken down in health or poor in the goods of this world are only evidences of the sacrifices he was willing to make in behalf of his convictions.

IN A VIRGINIA COURT FOR LARCENY.—The judge, seeing no counsel for the darky in custody, inquired: "Are you the defendant in this case?" "No, sir," replied the prisoner; "I'm de nigger dat stole de hog."

MONUMENT AT AUSTIN, ARK.

At the organization of Camp James Adams, at Austin, Ark., in 1897, Comrade T. J. Young was elected Adjutant; and, upon being informed that there were several hundred unknown Confederate soldiers buried in the woods and around old Camp Nelson, in Lonoke County, Ark., he undertook the task of having their graves cared for. These soldiers were mostly Texans belonging to General Nelson's Division of Cavalry and died of measles while in camp. Their graves were grown up in bushes and briers. Comrade Young secured a deed to the ground in the woods where they were buried, and a bill was introduced in the Legislature for an appropriation of one thousand dollars for the establishment of a Confederate cemetery at Camp Nelson, in Lonoke County, Ark. The bill was passed, but failed to have the Governor's signature in time, and was brought up at the next meeting of the Legislature and became effective; so through the untiring energy of Adjutant Young a beautiful cemetery was established, inclosed with a wire fence, with granite blocks at the head and foot of each grave.



T. J. YOUNG.

On October 4, 1906, a nice granite monument was unveiled at the cemetery in the presence of an appreciative crowd.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, AUSTIN, ARK.

After prayer and an introductory address by Comrade Young, Miss May Martin, daughter of Dr. John A. Martin, a gallant Confederate soldier, delivered an address; and then, assisted by Miss Mabel Vess, granddaughter of Comrade J. M. Gately, who so kindly donated the ground, and Miss Issie Mulkey, daughter of another gallant Confederate, she unveiled the monument, on which is the following inscription:

"Camp Nelson Cemetery. In memory of Unknown Texas and Arkansas Confederate Soldiers. Act of Legislature approved May 11, 1905.

"Theo. J. Young, W. F. Gibson, Grandison Apple, Trustees."

Addresses were made by others, including Senator Bush, of White County, and Col. John R. Johnson, after which the twenty-seven old comrades present marched around the monument, each placing a piece of cedar on the base as a token of love for their unknown comrades.

Comrade Young will be pleased to correspond with any Texans who had friends or kindred to die at Camp Nelson and with members of Company A, 8th Virginia Infantry, in which he served the first year of the war; also with comrades of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, in which he served the remaining three years of the war, having reënlisted in April, 1862.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[These reminiscences are by Mrs. Theodore L. Burnett, of Louisville, whose life sketch appeared in the "Last Roll" for last month—March, 1907.]

In the latter days of March, 1865, a group of Kentuckians were sitting in the parlor of the historic old Spottswood Hotel, in Richmond, Va., chatting together with thoughtful faces. They were Col. Henry C. Burnett, Gen. Humphrey Marshall, Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, and myself. Mrs. Helm had just come to us from across the lines. We were making a desperate effort to be bright, when we suddenly heard the marching of troops in the street. Looking from the window, we saw a company of negro soldiers, and asked in surprise: "What does this mean?" In answer Colonel Burnett said in his candid way, "'Tis necessary, madam," proceeding in an earnest manner to give his views of the situation, which were very discouraging indeed, and General Marshall fully agreed with him.

Another Kentuckian, John W. Crockett, was in the room at the same time. He had been a member of the Confederate Congress and had just arrived in Richmond from Southwestern Virginia, where he had been wintering. He was walking back and forth, dressed in his butternut suit of homespun made by the most fashionable tailor. He had not joined in our conversation; but just then began talking very eloquently, as he could on occasions.

Another echo that comes down through all these years was General Lee's last desperate effort before Richmond—his sending Pickett's command in the dead hours of night from point to point, seemingly to augment numbers or to strengthen weak places. That solemn tramp, so weird and sad, of the best soldiers the world has ever seen and their brave and grand commander are vividly recalled.

A few days later Judge Burnett determined to send his family from Richmond and home to Kentucky if possible. The arrangements were completed for my start home about the 29th of March by what was then known as the "underground railroad," which meant traveling by any way you could, from the usual railway travel to an ox cart—any way to get to and across the Rappahannock and Potomac. There were nineteen in our party, most of them women and children. Major and Mrs. McLain, three children, and Miss Stevenson, Miss Botts, of Virginia, Mrs. Ashbridge, a dear old lady, widow of a Presbyterian minister, were of the number.

After crossing the North Anna and South Anna (where Sheridan had burned the bridges) and the Rappahannock in little boats, we were delayed six days; but finally reached the

Potomac. How to get across the broad river was the question, at this season, too, when the tide was troublesome. Meanwhile the surrender of Lee had taken place. At night our little boats came out of hiding up the small streams, and we started; but when halfway over we found the tide too high and had to return, stopping farther down the stream, where they told us it was fourteen miles wide. The following night we made a successful effort; but just as we were nearing the Maryland shore a volley was fired over our heads with a demand to "surrender," which we did. But when our captors found they had little else but women and children, they were greatly disappointed and quite indignant. We were marched to Lieutenant Leftwich's headquarters and questioned and personally examined. Dear Mrs. Ashbridge, how grandly she bore herself through this trying ordeal! We were now prisoners, and were marched to a farmhouse of a Southern sympathizer not far away, where breakfast was ordered for the party by our guard. The man at whose house we breakfasted would receive no remuneration from us, though broken in purse, in spirit, and in health. After breakfast his carriages and wagons were "impressed" to take us to Washington. We stopped for a day at Port Tobacco, the little place soon afterwards immortalized in history. We were closely guarded, not allowed to leave our rooms; but through my little boy, who was permitted to pass at will, we accepted the offer of Dr. Mudd to be of service to us and got him to exchange some gold for greenbacks. He gave my little boy a picture of himself, which we still have as a relic of the war. This was on the 12th of April. A few days later he was an actor in more thrilling events. The same Dr. Mudd was arrested and imprisoned for setting Wilkes Booth's leg.

The next morning we started again on our way to Washington. We reached there about ten o'clock and were driven to some sort of headquarters, where we were kept waiting for two hours in our carriages, when permission was given to go to any hotel we pleased; but we were not to leave the city. Mrs. Ashbridge and I were soon in our rooms at Willard's, and were so glad to get there.

That night they were celebrating the surrender of Lee. The city was illuminated, bands were playing, fireworks, etc. We closed our shutters tightly and tried not to see or hear—we were not celebrating.

A young Englishman, who had been of our traveling party, went out to see and hear, and, getting quite near when Mr. Lincoln was called to the balcony for a speech, reported to us when he returned that Mr. Lincoln made a very conservative talk, and said: "The war is over now, these people are our brothers, and we must treat them as such," etc. This did not please the waiting mob below, and there were many threats and much murmuring.

The next morning an officer came and administered an oath, requiring that we should free our slaves. After that we were permitted to leave the city, and at eight o'clock that night, the memorable 14th of April, we left for Baltimore, where we stopped at Barnum's Hotel, the home of Wilkes Booth, and at that time of course the most undesirable place for us. My baby was sick, and I called a servant late in the night to bring some ice water, when he told me that President Lincoln had been shot. I never shall forget the horror of those words. I felt that the worst thing for the South, under the circumstances, had happened, and have always felt so. Mrs. Helm was in the hotel, and I went immediately to her room. It was about two o'clock in the morning. I found her calmly trying to quiet the excited wife of some Baltimore official, whose husband was a friend of the South and against whom there were threats of mob violence. The feeling against all Baltimore was very strong, and especially our hotel, as the home of Booth. The city was a perfect bedlam for some time. We did not know what would befall us next.

No trains were allowed to leave for some days; and when I finally started again for Kentucky, we were closely watched. Detectives were on every car looking for Booth and peering into our faces. I reached home without further incident the 24th of April, having been nearly a month coming from Richmond, Va., and was again with my children, from whom I had been separated for four long years. Where my husband was, I did not know. I had parted from him on the banks of the South Anna River.

My husband, Judge Burnett, had been in the South about two months when I joined him in Richmond, Va., in December, 1861. I went through the lines with my little baby girl, Mary, with great difficulty, and soon found myself in the war most truly. I crossed the lines eight times and was a prisoner four times.

In March, 1862, I was in the Trans-Mississippi Department when the battle of Oak Hills or Elkhorn was fought, was at Van Buren, Ark., near enough to the battle to hear the cannonading, and was there when the Confederates camped near the place after the battle was over. I remember our forlorn and helpless condition when the army was ordered east of the Mississippi and the battles of Corinth and Shiloh were fought. The border land was full of Kansas jayhawkers, wild Indians, army followers, and robbers of every description. I remained in Arkansas until the following August.

Judge Burnett then determined to take us back with him to Virginia. It was very difficult to cross the Mississippi River, as the United States gunboats were patrolling the river constantly. The first bombardment at Vicksburg had taken place, and the town was almost deserted by the citizens. To cross under the protection of our batteries there was the only chance. To do this it was safest to get opposite in the night and signal the batteries, so that we would not be fired upon. We succeeded in crossing at last in little rowboats sent over for us. How I remember my feeling of relief to be safe inside of the Confederate lines even in a deserted and battered town with a very sick child! We stopped with our sick baby for several days at the Washington Hotel, Vicksburg. We were the only inmates except the proprietor and his mother. The windows of my room commanded a fine view down the river. They were expecting a fight, as a gunboat, it was rumored, was going to pass or be blown up. I took my seat at the window to see it and watched the shells from the United States gunboat Essex fall in the river. I noticed directly that the shells were falling in a line with our hotel. In a few moments Judge Burnett, who had been riding around with some army officers, came hurriedly into the room and said: "Come away from the window. Do you know you are right in line of those shells?" But they soon stopped for that day. In the ceiling of the room where I was there was a large hole made by a shell at some former bombardment. When my little girl had improved enough, we started on. Our next stop was at the healthful little town of Cartersville, Ga., where we remained for a few weeks, the Judge going on to his duties at Richmond. We were cared for by black Sam, a negro man that my mother had raised.

Next we stopped at Athens, Tenn., where there were many Kentuckians. From there Mrs. H. W. Bruce and myself de-

termined to try to get back to our home, in Kentucky. We started a few days before Christmas, 1862, and succeeded in getting into Nashville. We were taken to army headquarters, well questioned, and then given passports to Louisville—so far so good. We went to the old St. Cloud Hotel quite happy, expecting to leave on the early morning train for home; but before daylight a messenger came to our room to say we could not leave the city. We knew nothing more until an orderly came to say that we were to be sent back South immediately. We put our wraps on our children, and all sat bundled and ready to start back South, so waiting from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon. Our kind landlady, Mrs. Carter, explained the cause of all this by saying: "Morgan has torn up the railroad, and they are mad." She told us that if we wanted to write letters to friends at home she would see that they were sent. We were glad of the opportunity. I wrote several letters to Kentucky, all of which reached their destination.

At three o'clock we were told that a carriage was ready for us, but we were made to sign an obligation to pay for the carriage in case it was taken. The driver was a spy sent into the Confederate lines for information, a man named George Moore, and they were just on the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro. It was Christmas day, 1862. Our carriage had to move in line with Rosecrans's wagon train. Nearly thirty miles of wagon train! It was dark long before we reached the Federal headquarters, about two miles from Murfreesboro. General Wood came to our carriage and talked to us very kindly. He was so surprised to find ladies sent out at such a time. He said they were just on the eve of a great battle—in fact, had been fighting all day. When we went into Nashville, the day before, the Confederate pickets were within three miles of Nashville, and in twenty-four hours Rosecrans's whole army was within three miles of Murfreesoro, and they are about thirty miles apart. Before our interview with General Wood and before it was quite dark our carriage had been stopped, and we were made to wait for an hour or more while the army marched across the pike in front of us into a dense cedar wood on the left. On our right was an open field where cannon and their belongings were massed as far as we could see.

General Wood first said we could not pass his lines; but when we showed him our passports from General Rosecrans, he said he had no power to keep us, but would advise us not to try to enter the Rebel lines that night, saying we certainly would be fired into. We had to go on, so we got them to light some candles that we had in our baskets and put them into the lamps of the carriage, and we started on our perilous way, the soldiers bidding us "Good-by; that's the last of you; you will be taken for artillery." In a few minutes we drove right through Gen. Joe Wheeler's lines on to Murfreesboro and to General Bragg's headquarters without stop or question.

At Bragg's headquarters we had some trouble finding anybody; but finally Col. George Brent, his chief of staff, appeared, and we delivered some papers Rosecrans had sent to him by us—to get his spy, our driver, in, of course. We delivered the papers and left some Northern newspapers and messages from Southern sympathizers that we had been intrusted with. It was then past ten o'clock at night, and we had to find some place to stay. We tried all the hotels and boarding houses, and finally went to Colonel Keeble's, who had been a member of the United States Congress and was afterwards in the Confederate Congress and knew our husbands. His home was full of Confederate officers and his wife an invalid, but some of the officers gave up their room to us. We found quite an assembly of officers in the parlor and told them what we had seen that day, and were impressed with their incredulous smiles at our report of the extent of the Federal lines. One of them said, "A few men looked like a great many," and that a "field of cannon and thirty miles of wagons" were repeated as ridicule, although the men were trying to be polite.

Right here I want to say that when Mrs. Bruce and myself two days before were taken to headquarters in Nashville they told us that General Rosecrans could not see us; he was expecting to take the field next day. We were separated into different rooms, paper and pen were at hand, and I was thoroughly questioned. First as to who I was, about my husband, etc., and then as to how many trains I met loaded with soldiers between Chattanooga and Murfreesboro; and when I answered none, Major Fitch, who was questioning me, said in contradiction: "But, madam, we have positive information that large bodies of troops have been leaving Murfreesboro every day." Then he asked me to say how many soldiers were on the streets of Murfreesboro and where Bragg's camps were, how many bridges were burned between Chattanooga and Murfreesboro, and enough of such questions to fill several pages of legal cap paper.

When we went to General Bragg's headquarters, Colonel Brent said he was out at a party with his wife. 'Tis a woman's opinion that both sides were very much surprised at the battle of Murfreesboro. Mrs. Bruce and I were very much relieved to get away from the place early the next morning and to get back to our old place at Athens.

The battle of Murfreesboro was fought two days afterwards. Mrs. Bruce made another effort to get home soon, and succeeded; but the military authorities made her pay for the carriage which their spy (Moore) claimed had been taken or broken by the trip. These things are as bright in my memory to-day as if they had occurred only yesterday.

Battle of Murfreesboro Surprise to Both Sides.

In the summer of 1905 I was sojourning at a pleasant resort on Rainbow Lake, in Wisconsin. There I met Mrs. Paul, a lady of my own age, who was in the Civil War. She had a sister who was the wife of an army officer on the Federal side. We were talking of our experiences when she said she was in the battle of Murfreesboro. I said that I was too. I then said I had always felt that the battle was a surprise to both sides, and she replied that she knew it was to the Federal side.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

BY JOHN S. KRITSER, TAYLOR, TEX.

I enlisted from my old home in Independence, Mo., when I was fifteen years of age, and served through the entire war. And maybe I am serving yet, as I have never surrendered to any one that I can call to memory just now. I was a high private in the rear rank, and claim no other honor, as I think that is honor enough for any one. I belonged to Company E, 2d Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, under Gen. Joe O. Shelby, old "Iron Brigade," and history accords to our command the name of "Rough Riders" the first time it was ever printed, but afterwards used in the skirmish in Cuba by Colonel Roosevelt (fifty per cent of them never rode a horse).

At the end of the war I rode with General Shelby and a few true and tried soldiers to Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande River at Eagle Pass, on the Texas side, to Piedras Negras (Black Rock), on the Mexican side. We had a fight with the

Mexicans as soon as we crossed, and killed several "greasers." There was a regiment of them commanded by a Colonel Escobedo. There were about two hundred of us old veterans, and those greasers did not know what they were up against; for it generally took fifteen hundred Yankees to lick that number of old Joe's cavalry, and not do it then. We had three pieces of our old battery with us, which we sold to these same Mexicans, and two thousand Enfield rifles that we carried with us from Texas armories, receiving Mexican silver for them. Before going into Mexico we buried our old flag, which we had carried all through the war and for four months after all the Confederate soldiers had disbanded. We gave it a soldier's burial, and also the black plume from our general's hat. There were feelings of sadness and tearful eyes when we took a last look at the old shell-rent and Minie-ball-riddled ensign that we had carried so long in sunshine, rain, sleet, and hail. Victory for us had perched on its faded crest more than a score of times on hotly contested fields of carnage, and its folds had never trailed in the dust nor ever been lowered in the face of the enemy, advancing or retreating, but kept as pure and unsullied as the pure mountain snow under which it finally found a burial place. And the black plume from our general's hat! For we knew that when "Old Joe" took us in, if not more than ten to one against us, he would bring us out—that is, those who were able to come out. When he said, "Come on, my brave Missourians," we knew something was going to happen poco pronto (very quick).

We always called him "Old Joe," yet he was only thirty-one years old when he commanded his division of cavalry. He was a man who possessed more magnetism than any one I ever knew, and his men loved and worshiped him, knowing their love was reciprocated; but he would fight them against any number of the enemy to the death. We all knew this from actual experience. He was as true as the needle to the pole and a high-toned, honorable gentleman in every sense of the term, and he is now with Lee, Jackson, and all those other heroes who preceded him beyond the river.

DIBRELL'S OLD FLAG WAS NOT SURRENDERED.

BY C. L. NOLEN, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

Toward the close of the war Gen. George G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, was promoted from brigade to division commander, and Col. W. S. McLemore, of the 4th (Starnes) Tennessee Cavalry, was promoted to the command of Dibrell's Brigade, originally composed of the 4th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Tennessee Cavalry.

At Washington, Ga., when we were informed that our brigade would be surrendered and paroled, the brigade color bearer, Elbert J. Peacock, who had carried our flag so honorably in the many battles in which we took part, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, cut it into pieces and divided them among the ten or twelve comrades composing Colonel McLemore's couriers, and also to some of his staff officers. I was given one of the stars from the flag, which I have had framed and placed among my cherished Confederate mementos. Colonel McLemore's couriers were detailed from the different companies of his regiment (4th Tennessee), Elbert J. Peacock and I being messmates.

General Dibrell's division composed the escort of President Jefferson Davis's cabinet and wagon train from Goldsboro, N. C., to the Savannah River, near Washington, Ga., where we were each paid about twenty-five dollars in specie, which was being transported in the wagon train. I yet have four of those silver dollars, on which I have had engraved my name and command, date of surrender, etc., which I am preserving for my children as souvenirs of the Confederacy.

Dibrell's Brigade was first in the division of Gen. N. B. Forrest; but soon after the battle of Chickamauga was placed under the command of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and so remained until the close of the war.

THE OLD BRIGADES IN GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

They are passing in their glory,
Yet they'll live in deathless story—
Aye, until the years are hoary
And their past is far away.
By the world their deeds are spoken
And their fame is Glory's token,
For their ranks were never broken—
Those old brigades in gray.

I can see their camp fires quiver
By the fair and crystal river;
I can see them charging ever
Where the lights and shadows play.
Where their battle banner flaunted,
Brave, heroic, and undaunted,
In the wood by memory haunted
Stood the old brigades in gray.

I can see that banner streaming
In the sunset's glorious gleaming;
You may think that I am dreaming
Of a past that's far away.
Oft the storms of battle tore it
And the breezes bravely bore it,
Men of honor fell before it—
In the old brigades in gray.

O, how grand was their formation
When they fought to free a nation!
Fate was but their compensation,
Weak to-day is their array;
They are crossing to the others
Who have crossed, their hero brothers,
Sons of gentle-hearted mothers—
The old brigades in gray.

Like the enemy who met them,
They have trials and cares to fret them;
But the world will not forget them
Whilst among us yet they stay.
Weave for them a wreath of roses
Which the morning sun discloses,
See that it in love reposes
On the old brigades in gray.

Where their comrades now are sleeping
Angel-guarded vines are creeping,
And the rivers, onward leaping,
Seek the sea that's far away.
They were mustered in their glory
'Neath the pine and cypress hoary;
Now a remnant tells the story
Of the old brigades in gray.

Confederate sentiment is sustained better by Confederate literature than by any other means. The VETERAN undertakes to supply any such book at a low price.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AT CAMP CHASE.

Under heading "Petition and Resolution" is the following directed to the Honorable Members of the General Assembly of the State of ——:

"We, the R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Columbus, Ohio, by order duly authorized, which order, as will hereafter appear, is indorsed and approved by the State Division U. D. C., do petition your honorable body as follows:

"That whereas we are advised that Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is not a member of any Chapter of the U. D. C. acknowledged by the Ohio State Division or by the National Organization, is procuring and attempting to procure appropriations from the various State Legislatures of the South for the purpose of erecting a monument at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, located at Columbus, Ohio; and whereas we believe that the good people of the South are not advised of the true conditions surrounding the last resting place of our brave boys who sleep at Camp Chase Cemetery; and whereas for more than ten years that gallant Union soldier, that noble-hearted Christian gentleman, now National Commander of the Union Veteran Legion of America, has, with the aid of faithful and devoted Confederate veterans located in and near Columbus, Ohio, and the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., cared for, tended, and made clean the grounds and surroundings of the cemetery, and each year held appropriate services with large audiences in attendance; and whereas, finally, the good Colonel Knauss caused to be erected the splendid Memorial Arch (a photo of which is inclosed), crowning the immediate forefront of the cemetery grounds, which monument was unveiled on the 14th of June, A.D. 1902, and accepted in behalf of the Confederate Veterans of the South, in the absence of Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, by Col. D. E. Johnston, a Confederate Veteran of Bluefield, W. Va.; and whereas the national government has recently made large appropriations for the erection of headstones at the graves of Confederates buried in the North, which work of erecting said stones, etc., is under the immediate supervision of Col. William Elliott, a Confederate Veteran of Columbia, S. C., and which work we believe will be well and faithfully performed and will fill in Camp Chase Cemetery every available space within the inclosure where the two thousand two hundred and sixty soldiers are buried; and whereas the grounds are clean, well-kept, and well-guarded, and we believe it is an imposition on the generous-hearted and patriotic men and women of the South, and a reflection on the great work so well performed by those who have aided the R. E. Lee Chaptre in caring for the cemetery, to ask for aid where none is needed—therefore be it

"Resolved, That we petition your honorable body to the effect that, if an appropriation for Camp Chase Cemetery has not been made, no such appropriation *be made;* and if an appropriation has already been made, we respectfully recommend that there be reconsideration of the same had until there can be further investigation.

"Done by order of the R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Columbus, Ohio, this 2d day of February, A.D. 1907. (Mrs.) M. A. Carroll, *Pres.;*
(Mrs.) B. E. Van Horn, *Sec."*

This action of the R. E. Lee Chapter is indorsed, approved, and commended by the State Division of the State Board.

It would be a sad reflection upon the generous patriots of Ohio, headed by Col. W. H. Knauss, to interfere with the beautiful monument in Camp Chase Cemetery.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS.

The following is from R. Henry Lake, Chairman Monument and Memorial Committee, U. S. C. V. His address is 614 Memphis Trust Building, Memphis Tenn.: "Herewith I hand you a list of Confederate monuments in Tennessee, with some little data concerning each. We are desirous of obtaining a complete list of all monuments or memorials to Confederate soldiers in the State, and feel certain that your readers can suggest others in various localities. We want further to stimulate interest, so that such monuments may be erected in every town in Tennessee."

Confederate Monuments in Tennessee.

Memphis.—Forrest Monument: Cost, $35,359; unveiled May 16, 1905, by Kathleen Forrest Bradley; erected by Forrest Monument Association, Ladies U. D. C., and public subscription. Monument to Confederate dead in Elmwood Cemetery: Cost, $5,000; 1873.

Nashville.—Mt. Olivet Cemetery; cost, $10,500; May 16, 1889.

Franklin.—Public Square; cost, $2,500; November 30, 1899.

Murfreesboro.—Public Square; cost, $2,800; 1901.

Paris.—Courthouse yard; cost, $2,900, to "Valor, Bravery, and Heroism Confederate Soldiers," Henry County; October 13, 1900.

Shelbyville.—Willow Mount Cemetery; cost, $1,200; October 17, 1899.

Gallatin.—Trousdale Place, near Public Square; cost, $2,000; September 19, 1903.

Knoxville.—Bethel Cemetery; cost, $4,500; May 19, 1892; unveiled by Senator and General W. B. Bate.

Jackson.—Court Square; cost, $3,500; Memorial Day, 1884.

Covington.—Court Square; cost, $2,500; May 29, 1895.

Dyersburg.—Courthouse yard; cost, $2,250; April 6, 1905.

Pulaski.—Courthouse yard; cost, $2,000; October, 1906; in memory of Sam Davis, boy hero and martyr.

Columbia.—Rose Hill Cemetery; cost, $2,000; 1896.

Union City.—Cemetery; in memory of unknown Confederate dead; June 22, 1867; unveiled by Mrs. C. E. G. Trevantham, who organized the first Chapter U. D. C. in West Tennessee (named for her).

Bolivar.—Courthouse yard; cost, $2,800; 1870 (one of the early monuments, and it is probably the first).

Clarksville.—Greenwood Cemetery; cost, $7,500; October, 1893.

Shiloh Battlefield.—Near Shiloh Church; cost, about $2,000; September, 1905; in memory of Bate's Regiment, 2d Tennessee Infantry (only Confederate monument at Shiloh).

Chattanooga.—Confederate Cemetery: Monument to Confederate dead; cost, $2,500; 1877. Memorial Arch and Gate to Cemetery; cost, $1,500; 1901.

Chickamauga.—National Military Park, on Chickamauga Battlefield; three monuments to Confederate infantry and artillery, costing each $2,500; also forty-six markers on battlefield, erected by the State of Tennessee, Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission. They also erected one monument, $2,000, to two regiments of Tennessee Federal cavalry.

Chickamauga Park.—Private Battery Monument to Carnes's Battery (cost, $1,000), by Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis.

Lebanon.—Cedar Grove Cemetery; July 27, 1899.

Fayetteville.—In courthouse yard; erected in 1906.

The Veteran earnestly desires a record of all Confederate monuments and memorials in existence to date.



William Hawling Rogers.

Capt. William H. Rogers, more widely and lovingly known by his friends as "Extra Billy" Rogers, died at his home, in Leesburg, Va., on January 13. He was the son of Col. Hamilton Rogers and was born at Oakham, near Middleburg, August 22, 1824. Here he spent his youth.

From 1854 to 1861 he was agent of the United States government for the Indians and Mormons, and rendered conspicuous service to his government in that capacity during that period. In 1857 Captain Rogers and Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the United States troops, directed the rescue of the survivors of the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah.

In 1861 he came East, resigned his office, and volunteered as aid on the staff of Gen. N. G. Evans, of South Carolina, and later on General Longstreet's staff.

After the war, in 1869, Captain Rogers went to South America and engaged in business with his cousin, Dr. John Hawling. Here he remained until 1880, when he returned and purchased Oakham, where he resided and dispensed true Virginia hospitality until April 1, 1902, when he moved to Leesburg.

Captain Rogers was a knightly gentleman of the old school, courteous, of dignified bearing, yet approachable and accessible to every one. His manner was always engaging and his heart was ever in sympathy with those around him.

He is survived by two brothers (Mortimer M. Rogers, of Roanoke, and Col. Asa Rogers, of Petersburg, Va.), one sister (Mrs. Philips, of Fredericksburg), and nephews and nieces.

Mrs. Mary Eloise Wormeley.

Entered into rest February 17, 1906, Mrs. Mary E. Wormeley, aged seventy-four years. Mrs. Wormeley was born in Fauquier County, Va., September 18, 1831. She was a cousin of General Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. After her marriage, she came to Memphis in 1852, and the remainder of her life was spent here. During the sad days of civil strife, when our country was bleeding and our homes were being desolated, she, yet in the prime of young womanhood, zealously entered upon the work of nursing the sick and clothing the soldiers.

In 1861 a band of loyal women organized a society known as the "Southern Mothers," around the brows of each one of whom we now see the halo of sainthood. Mrs. Wormeley was a charter member of this association, and some of their first work was to make up the Confederate gray for the soldiers, and afterwards they nursed and cared for all sick soldiers who were brought into Memphis. During the last year of the war her house was burned by Federal enemies.

After these dark days were over, no one was more loyal to the dear memories nor yet more conservative under the dreadful discipline of reconstruction than Mrs. Wormeley. She was a charter member and Honorary Vice President for life of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, and she was also a member of the Sarah Law Chapter, U. D. C. At the unveiling of Forrest's monument in Memphis, in May, 1905, she occupied the seat arranged for her on the grand stand, wearing the badges of the three Confederate orders to which she belonged. Much good and philanthropic work was also done by Mrs. Wormeley. She was a charter member of the Woman's Christian Association and President of the same for the last four years of her life; she was also a constant visitor and member of the Board of Managers for the Woman's Refuge, the reformatory work of the W. C. A.

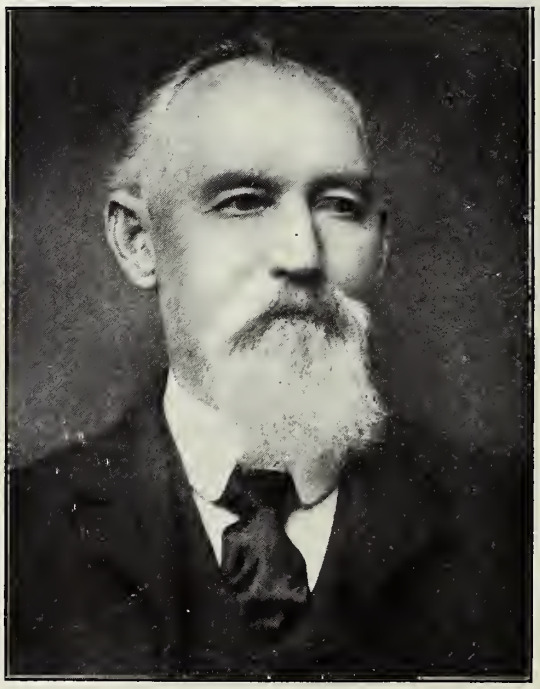
Rarely has there been a life as complete, for even up to the last month of her life she was actively engaged in those good works which were an inestimable benefit to mankind. Patriotic, philanthropic, broad, but first and always a Christian—such was Mrs. Wormeley's character. There can be no more valuable records for our children than those which keep green the memories of such women, and now we take comfort in remembering that the rest of Paradise is the reward of His saints. "By their works ye shall know them!"

[The foregoing is from a Memphis friend.]

Capt. T. W. Buford.

The death of Capt. T. W. Buford at Pickens, Miss., removed from earth one of the noblest of men and the bravest of Confederate soldiers.

Captain Buford enlisted in Corinth, Miss., just at the opening of hostilities in a cavalry company formed by Colonel Inge and was elected first lieutenant. Being delayed in leaving for the front, he became impatient and started to Virginia, where he enlisted as a private soldier in the 2d Mississippi Infantry.



CAPT. T. W. BUFORD.

He fought valiantly until the battle of Sharpsburg, where he received a fearful wound which incapacitated him for infantry service; so he and his brothers formed a cavalry company and joined the Mississippi Division.

Captain Buford was a Southern gentleman of the old school—generous, modest, yet brave and daring. In war he served his country faithfully and honorably, and in peace became a law-abiding and highly respected citizen, a devoted husband and father, a true friend, a Christian gentleman, and one of the courageous, true men who have maintained the high level of Southern citizenship.

Mrs. Rebecca Elwell Maxwell.

It is with deep regret that the Veteran records the death of Mrs. Rebecca E. Maxwell on the 15th of January at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Cook, in Jacksonville, Fla. She was in her eighty-eighth year. From the beginning Mrs. Maxwell had been an interested subscriber to the Veteran for herself and others, and her kind thought in contributing thus toward its maintenance was indicative of her character of helpfulness.

Mrs. Maxwell was an honorary life member of the Martha Reid Chapter, U. D. C., of Jacksonville, and was always interested in the objects of the Chapter, doing her share in its



MRS. REBECCA ELWELL MAXWELL.

many good works. She was referred to as the mother of the Chapter, having proposed its name and being its oldest member.

Prior to her marriage she was Miss Elwell, of Boston, Mass. Coming South in her early womanhood to visit relatives in Leon County, Fla., she met Col. C. William McWhir Maxwell, and in marrying him she became an adopted daughter of the South, and there were none by birth who were more devoted to or espoused its sacred cause more ardently. She possessed a wonderfully retentive memory, and was probably better posted than any native in the history of the old aristocratic South.

Mrs. Maxwell is survived by two sons (Capt. D. Elwell Maxwell and Clarence W. Maxwell) and two daughters (Mrs. W. J. Cook and Mrs. Jennie Farrell, of Jacksonville). The interment was at Tallahassee.

Deaths in the W. B. Plemons Camp, Amarillo, Tex.

[Reports by committees on several deaths in the Camp.]

Comrade E. F. Scott was born December 16, 1842, in Pettus County, Mo. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company I, 10th Missouri Cavalry, Marmaduke's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, in which command he was a faithful soldier to the end. On October 4, 1876, he was married to Mary F. Jones, who, with two sons, survives him. Comrade Scott had been an honored citizen of Amarillo, Tex., for several years, a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, and a faithful and beloved member of W. B. Plemons Camp, No. 1451, U. C. V. On June 14, 1906, God in his wisdom saw fit to call him home, where he joined the hosts of his comrades gone before. Comrades, we miss Comrade Scott, as he was always with us "around the camp fire;" but a few more meetings and more of us will be missing.

Comrade W. C. Cone died May 6, 1906, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. Comrade Cone was a member of Company A, 2d Regiment Texas Infantry, in which he enlisted in Hunt County, Tex., in which command he acted well his part in the defense of Southern rights; and as a true American citizen, like other Southern soldiers, he did his best in building up the desolated South, and lived to see the South again the grandest country on earth.

God in his wisdom has again thinned our ranks in the death of Comrade P. D. Tucker, who was born in Tennessee January 25, 1842, and died in Amarillo, Tex., September 20, 1906. In 1861 he enlisted in the 15th Mississippi Regiment, in which he discharged his duty to the close of hostilities. On August 13, 1865, Comrade Tucker was wedded to Miss Aurena Mackey. He took up railroad work as his vocation, and was employed in the shops of Grenada, Miss., up to 1871, when he came to Texas, working in different shops in Southern Texas until two years ago, when his health failed him. He then came to Amarillo to live with his son. Before coming here he was an honored member of J. P. Benjamin Camp, U. C. V., of Kaufman County, afterwards uniting himself with the W. B. Plemons Camp. Comrade Tucker had been a great sufferer with chronic stomach trouble for years, to which disease he finally succumbed. He leaves his faithful wife, who has shared his joys and sorrows for forty-one years, and eight children, besides a host of friends to mourn their loss.

George Keenan Whitcomb, of W. B. Plemons Camp, answered to the "last roll" at his home, in Amarillo, Tex., August 23, 1906. He was born in Keenan, W. Va., March 29, 1834; and his parents moved to Union, W. Va., in his childhood. In 1854 he moved to Augusta, Ark. At the call of his country he was the first volunteer, joining the 1st Arkansas Cavalry. He was promoted through merit to first lieutenant, and served throughout the war. Returning to his home in 1865, he engaged in the furniture and undertaking business until 1890. He was married to Miss Cordelia Flynt, of Augusta, Ark., in 1866, and in 1867 united with the First Presbyterian Church of that city, serving many years as deacon. In 1890 he moved his family to Texas, and cast his lot with the then frontier town of Amarillo, and was one of the few who braved the trials and helped to make it the beautiful city it now is. Comrade Whitcomb was a faithful Church member and a devoted Christian, and for the past eight years had been a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Amarillo, Tex. He was also a Mason of long and high standing. He had been in feeble health for more than a year. He leaves a devoted wife and five children.

William A. Britton.

W. A. Britton died recently at the home of his son, Jim Britton, near Keith's Mill, Whitfield County, Ga., at the age of ninety-two years. He was born in Greeneville, Tenn., in 1815, and went to North Georgia when it was inhabited by the Indians; and when the government removed the Indians from North Georgia, he assisted in the work of taking them away. He was a cabinet maker, but gave up his work when the Civil War broke out and enlisted in the Confederate army.

Mr. Britton was known for his marvelous memory. He was well informed, and "never forgot anything that he heard" Up to his death his memory was as clear as that of a man in his prime. He is survived by three sons and four daughters, besides numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Fanny Sillers Saunders.

Entered into paradise December 31, 1906, the spirit of Fanny Sillers Saunders. In the early morning a voice called, and she was given the "cup of salvation."

Born in Port Gibson, Miss., fifty-seven years ago, the daughter of Col. Williams Sillers, she passed a joyous childhood, a carefully trained girlhood, and became an educated and cultured woman.

Mrs. Saunders was a member of the Commodore Perry Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and of the J. Harvey Mathis Chapter, U. D. C. Holding offices in both organizations, she always extended a cordial friendship to the members of these Associations and generously assisted in their various duties. Around her last resting place many friends crowded to do her honor, and laid over the consecrated mound flowers of sweetness arrayed in the colors of her beloved Southland.

Col. W. J. Saunders, a literary man, planter, and later a retired capitalist, won this winsome woman, and together they spent many years of ideal happiness. Their home life was a positive power for good; they were kind, generous, and cheerful, and much courted; neither would have wounded, by word or deed, a fellow-being; both were tender, affectionate, consistent, and natural. Colonel Saunders is a member of the Confederate Historical Society, and is also a member of Company A.

Two gifted daughters (Mrs. J. B. Brugler, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Mrs. J. S. Selmar, of Dallas, Tex.), three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild have had left to them a legacy of purity and devotion to duty that will remain a perpetual inspiration. She was to her husband the light of his life. Is not this a legend of the breath of a rose, the sadness of the cross, and does it not portray life in its joy, its sorrow?

There was a day full, perfect, and radiant, young from the hand of God, of a sweet stillness, save for the song of the bird trying its trill, the soft measures of the rippling water, the newborn sigh of the pine—all bathed in the warm sunlight. A man strong in stature, a woman a poem of purity, clinging and true, abode in a beautifully created garden, where all was fair, from the rose of velvet sheen to the tree of stately pride. When they left the garden, he trusted, she leaned upon him and bade him hope; together they made a home of joy and care. God so willed it that one should say good-by to a still face and hands ever folded; that one soul should wing its way to gates leading into vistas of light and draw thence the other. She best loves who most exalts, who most gives courage, who bids that faith be a power to action with God again joining the golden cord connecting tender souls.

In this day of hurry be not deceived, woman still clings to home, and knows that her happiness is found in its fold. She knows that husband, children, friends, her servants, her hidden charities—these are the living interest of life. Her influence may be silent, but 'tis powerful. It has no limit; it is for time and eternity. So it was with the gentle, cultured woman gone from our midst.

We wish you to go, as she would wish, to Him who made the garden, the home, to be dissolved, only to be rebuilt, when



MRS. FANNY SILLERS SAUNDERS.

you reach the land where they are, no shifting sands, no last good-by, no folding of the tent; but a realizing of every promise made by and through one Man of exceeding mercy and boundless love.

In time we all can say in tender anticipation:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which says: 'I must not stay.'
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away."

[The foregoing tribute is by Mary Y. Walworth, Corresponding Secretary J. Harvey Mathis Chapter, Memphis.]

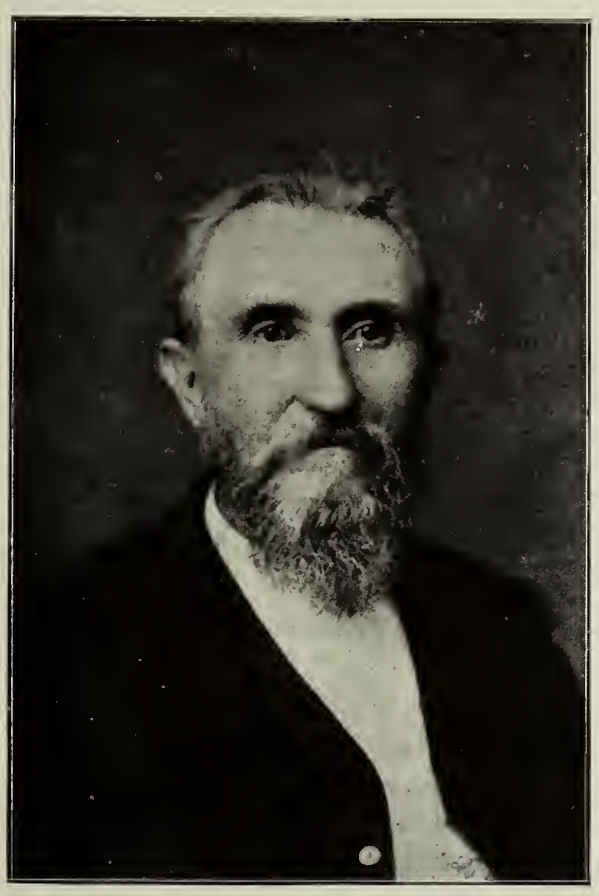
Robert Caruthers.

Mr. Robert Caruthers died January 3, 1907, in Huntsville, Ala., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Newson. He was a splendid, cultured, chivalrous Southern gentleman of the old school. He was in his eightieth year, and is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Newson and Mrs. W. H. Simonton, who now resides in Fort Scott, Kans.

Robert Caruthers was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families in Tennessee. His people came from Scotland to this country and settled in Virginia and North Carolina. Soon after the State of Tennessee was formed this family located in Maury County near Columbia. Here Robert Caruthers was born December 13, 1827, the youngest of the family. There was one other son, James Caruthers, and four daughters, Mrs. Richard Looney, Mrs. Mitchell Davidson, Mrs. William J. Sykes, and Mrs. Leonard D. Myers, all of whom have crossed the river. His mother was Elizabeth Porter, of one of the famous pioneer families. His father and his grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier, and generations before them were named Robert, until now there is no male to bear it, his only son, Robert, having died without a son. Robert Caruthers came from Columbia to Nashville, Tenn.,

in 1852. He was married to Mrs. Sarah Vaughn Lawrence, a sister of Judge Michael and Mr. Hiram Vaughn, deceased.

Robert Caruthers was intensely Southern in his sentiments. Although frail in health, he volunteered twice; but each time was refused on account of his physical condition. Later he entered the secret service of the Confederacy, and experienced many thrilling adventures. His stepson, Lawrence Vaughn, served under Forrest. The Federal authorities put a "price upon his head." Finally when sick in bed he was arrested and taken to prison, where he became so critically ill that his release was secured by a prominent Union man. So he was



ROBERT CARUTHERS.

allowed to return to his home, but his house was burned to the ground immediately afterwards. Robert Caruthers never took the oath of allegiance, which was always a source of satisfaction to him. He was never able to readjust his idea of life and duty to the changed conditions. He was a man of stainless honor and absolute integrity and a devout member of the Church for a half century. He took great interest in all Confederate organizations, especially in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. His favorite magazine was the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. After the death of Mrs. Caruthers, he moved to Huntsville, Ala., where he made his home with Mrs. Newson, his youngest child.

W. GLEASON BARGER.—W. G. Barger died at his home, near Martin, Tenn., in July, 1906, aged sixty-six years. He served throughout the war in Company H, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest, which is proof of his service as an active soldier. He was married in 1873 to Miss S. E. Carlin, daughter of Elder John H. D. Carlin, A.B., D.D., one of the most noted scholars and ablest divines of the Baptist denomination in West Tennessee. Ten children blessed this happy union. Comrade Barger, by industry and economy, became one of the wealthy men of Weakley County, and had many friends.

S. H. HOUSTON.—S. H. Houston, a member of Company C, 6th Alabama Regiment, Capt. R. M. Green, Colonel Lightfoot, Battle's Brigade, died on December 22, 1906, in Stephens County, Tex. He fought in Lee's army in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania; was captured April 5, 1865, and carried to Point Lookout, Md., from which prison he was discharged about July 1, reaching home on the 13th. He had nearly finished his seventy-fourth year. Comrade Houston was a good citizen, and reared a large family to usefulness.

NELSON JOHNSON.—Nelson Johnson, aged sixty-two years, died at his home, near Welborn, Fla., April 9, 1906. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1862, in Company A, 1st Florida Regiment Cavalry, and was wounded west of Atlanta, Ga., in August, 1864. A piece of shell penetrated his cheek, and finally caused cancer. Faithful as a soldier and respected as a citizen, of him it can be truly said: "He did what he could."

WILLIAM J. CROWDER.

After a brief illness of pneumonia, William J. Crowder died at the home of his brother, Walter J. Crowder, in Shreveport, La., in February, 1907, the second of the family to succumb to the dread disease, his brother Ben having preceded him to the grave but a few days. He was born in Oglethorpe County, Ga., in 1834, the family removing to Caddo Parish, La., in 1854, and the two brothers had been planters near Sand Beach.

In April, 1861, William Crowder volunteered in the Shreveport Grays, serving as second corporal, and at Pensacola, Fla., his company was incorporated with the Dreux Battalion, which was actively engaged in the army operating on the Virginia peninsula commanded by General Magruder, who, with about thirteen thousand men, held in check for three weeks General McClellan's very large army, which was on the way to Richmond. In 1862 William Crowder was transferred to Vicksburg, where he surrendered with Pemberton's army; and when exchanged he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters at Shreveport.

As a soldier, Comrade Crowder's record is unsullied; as a citizen, he was active and public-spirited; as a friend, he was steadfast. He was never married. A sister and two brothers survive him.

BENJAMIN DAVID EWING.

Benjamin D. Ewing was born in 1831 in Wilson County, Tenn., where he was reared to manhood, receiving a moderate education. He went to Texas in 1856; but upon the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he returned to Tennessee and enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. Frank McNairy, which command was organized by special act of the Tennessee Legislature before the secession of the State. After about a year's service this 1st Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry was consolidated with the 7th and formed the 2d Tennessee Cavalry. Comrade Ewing was with his command under Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek, and was in Forrest's Cavalry command for a long while, and in all the battles fought from Fishing Creek to the surrender of Forrest in Alabama. He was an active soldier from start

to finish, as brave as the bravest, but with a heart as tender as a girl's. It is said that "he and his horse, a fine iron-gray called Mack, could be seen in the front in every battle." He was often placed in charge of a squad of soldiers on important duty, and exemplified thoroughly that a brave man in power is ever merciful. He was made a Mason during the war, and it was with Masonic honors that he was laid to rest at his old home, Lane, in Hunt County, Tex., on Christmas day of 1906. His devoted wife and five children survive him to bless his memory.

JOHN SHERMAN SANDERS.

John S. Sanders was born in Claiborne County, Tenn., near Springdale, in 1836. Believing in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, he enlisted in October, 1862, in Company H, 61st Tennessee Infantry, Col. F. E. Pitt's Regiment, Vaughan's Brigade. He was elected second lieutenant of his company, and, proving himself a true soldier and an impartial officer, he was loved and respected by his comrades in the army. He was captured in September, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase, and from there to Fort Delaware and confined till the close of the war. He returned to his home in June, 1865, and in November of the same year was married to Miss Margaret Neal Stone. He removed to Missouri in 1867 and to Texas the next year, residing in the vicinity of Grapevine until his death, in May, 1906.

Comrade Sanders lived a consistent Christian life, and his passing was mourned by many friends. He is survived by two sons and two daughters, one son having died in his sixteenth year.

His friend and comrade, J. C. Gardner, of Springfield, Mo., who was first lieutenant of the same company, writes of having met him a short while before his death, and in their parting Comrade Sanders said: "Our cause was right; I know we were right. I have lived right; let us meet right over yonder."

C. W. BURGESS.

C. W. Burgess was born in March, 1840; and died in December, 1906, having nearly completed his sixty-seventh year. He volunteered in the Confederate service in August, 1861, going from his home, at McKenzie, Tenn., to Union City for enrollment, where he was sworn in as a member of Company G, 5th Tennessee Regiment. The regiment was sent to Columbus, Ky., early in September, thence to Mayfield, where they stayed in camp, drilled, and built breastworks until about March 1, 1862, when they were sent to New Madrid. There a little skirmish was had with the enemy without any fatalities on our side. The next move was to Tiptonville, Memphis, and Corinth, then to Shiloh, where he received a wound which necessitated the amputation of his left leg above the knee. On the retreat of our army he was captured and kept in a hospital at Louisville, Ky., until September 6, when he was sent to Camp Chase, then to Johnson's Island, and in November he was sent to Vicksburg for exchange. Soon after the war he went to Corinth, Miss., and engaged in the livery business. He was married to Miss Maggie Bell in 1892, whose tenderness and devoted care made his last years happy.

CAPT. C. C. HARRIS.

Capt. C. C. Harris, a faithful member of Sterling Price Camp, of Fresno, Cal., died in Fresno on November 16, 1906, aged sixty-six years. He was born near Gallatin, Tenn., in 1840. He enlisted in the Newbern Blues, Capt. W. M. Harrell's company of Colonel Russell's Regiment Tennessee Infantry, at Newbern, Tenn., in May, 1861, and was afterwards promoted to chief of ordnance, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry. He participated in all the campaigns and battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was mustered out of service at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

COL. J. A. JOEL.

Col. J. A. Joel died at his residence, 144 East 62d Street, New York City, on December 27, 1906. Colonel Joel was conspicuous as a flag manufacturer, and had been in business at 88 Nassau Street, New York, for a third of a century. At the age of seventeen he joined the famous Ohio Regiment, serving with Generals Rosecrans, Hayes, and McClellan, and in the same company with President McKinley. This regiment was noted for the number of Presidents and prominent men it turned out. Colonel Joel was wounded several times, and his long illness and death were caused by wounds received in battle. He was presented with a medal for bravery. During President Hayes's time he was appointed United States Consul to Sagua Le Grand, Cuba.

Colonel Joel was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic, receiving the title of colonel for splendid services rendered. In 1873 he began the publication of the Grand Army Gazette as editor and publisher, but had to discontinue its publication on account of ill health. In all movements pertaining to the welfare of the Veterans he had been a leading spirit. As a manufacturer of flags it was said of him that he worked as much from a patriotic motive as he did from business reasons. He was a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having organized the John A. Dix Post, of New York City, and was its first Commander. He afterwards joined Edwin D. Morgan Post, also of New York City, and was twice Commander. He was also a very active member as well as a national officer of the Union Veteran Legion, and was Colonel of Encampment No. 38 in New York City for many years.

His oldest son, R. B. Hayes Joel, named after his father's friend and comrade, Ex-President R. B. Hayes, died five years ago from the effects of the Spanish-American War, he being first sergeant of Company G, 9th Regiment, National Guard, New York. With the regiment at Chickamauga he contracted a severe cold which eventually caused his death.



COL. J. A. JOEL AND FAMILY.

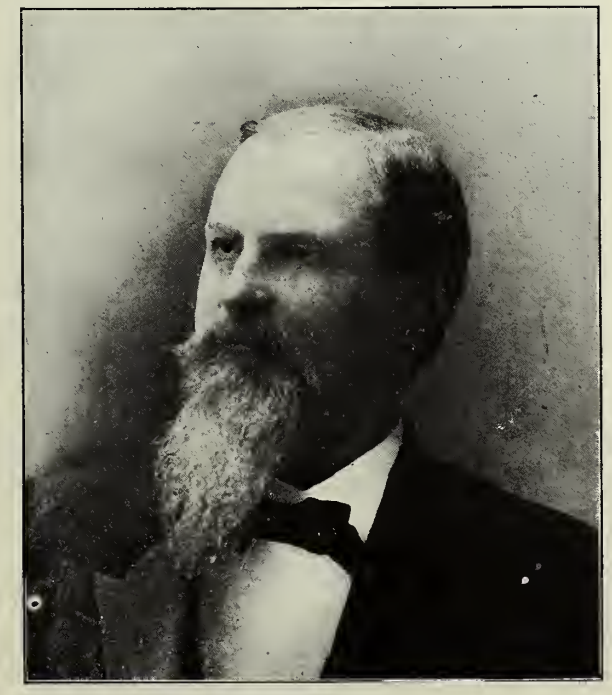
It is unusual to publish Last Roll sketches of Grand Army men in the VETERAN; but Colonel Joel had been a thoroughly good friend for many years, entertaining richly his Confederate friend when on visits to the metropolis. His advertisements had appeared regularly for nearly thirteen years. Gratitude to his memory and to his family is abiding.

Gen. Robert Neill.

Robert Neill was born in Independence County, Ark., November 12, 1838; and died in Batesville, same county, February 16, 1907. In 1860 he was elected surveyor of his county, and served as such until he enlisted in the first company which was organized in that county for the Confederate service, of which he was elected orderly sergeant, and which became Company K, 1st Regiment Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, Col. T. J. Churchill. Sergeant Neill was severely wounded in the battle of Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861, but he sufficiently recovered to accompany his regiment east of the Mississippi River after it was dismounted. About that time he was promoted to a lieutenancy, in which capacity he commanded the company in the battle of Richmond, Ky. He was with it in the advance on Covington, Ky., when the Confederate forces pushed to within four miles of that city. He participated in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., in December, 1862, and later was sent west of the river on recruiting duty, where he was detained several months, and in an effort to recross the river after the fall of Vicksburg was captured and held as a prisoner of war and confined in Fort Delaware until June, 1865.

In 1866 he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Independence County, and served as such until removed from office by the carpetbag reconstruction of the State in 1868. Later he was licensed to practice law, and soon became known as a safe counselor and a successful advocate, painstaking, conservative, and reliable, and for years past he steadily maintained his position at the head of the bar in his county.

In 1874 Comrade Neill was appointed brigadier general of the State Guard by Gov. A. H. Garland, and was conspicuous among the leaders of the people when the carpetbag yoke was successfully thrown off and the State restored to the rightful control of its best citizenship. For several years he served as a member of the Batesville School Board and of the Town Council, in the former capacity aiding largely in bringing the local public school to a state of efficiency and in the erection of the superior group of buildings now in use under his supervision; while in the latter capacity he contributed largely to the general improvement of the town, prominent among the permanent benefits being the bridge across Polk Bayou, which was secured largely through his untiring efforts.



GEN. ROBERT NEILL.

In 1892 General Neill was elected to Congress as the first Representative from the Sixth Congressional District of Arkansas, and was reëlected in 1894, rendering valuable service throughout two terms. It was through his efforts that the United States District Court was located at Batesville, creating the necessity for the splendid building which has since been erected; and the first appropriation was made for a survey of White River, which resulted in the beginning of the system of locks and dams in that river to secure permanent navigation. When the railroad commission was created by the Legislature of 1899, General Neill was appointed and confirmed as a member of it, being elected chairman by his associates, and he largely shaped the course of the commission in putting the law into effect. Later as a member of the Board of Commissioners of the Batesville Improvement District he assisted in negotiating the sale of the bonds, letting the contract and supervising the erection of the water and light plant of his home town. At all times active and positive in his affection for his native county and State, whatever tended to the development and betterment of either received his hearty and loyal support. His last semipublic service was as chairman of the committee which secured the contributions for and superintended the erection of the Confederate monument in the courthouse grounds in Batesville.

In 1869 General Neill was happily married to Miss Mary A. Byers, and of this union ten children were born, of whom four sons and three daughters grew to maturity and useful citizenship. The wife and six children survive the husband and father. The greatest sorrow of General Neill's life was the untimely death of his eldest son, Arthur Neill, Adjutant General of the State of Arkansas during the Spanish-American War, which occurred less than two years ago.

Shut up to the limited school privileges of the country during the period of his boyhood, General Neill was thrown upon his own reading and study for the acquisition of the mental equipment which he used so effectively; but the breadth of his reading, which he retained with wonderful accuracy, was the source of constantly recurring surprise to those who had been blessed with better advantages in their youth.

As a man, as a soldier, as a citizen, and as a friend, General Neill's prominent characteristics were a single-hearted devotion to duty as he saw it and a rugged honesty that commanded the respect of all who knew him.

[This tribute is by James P. Coffin.]

Mrs. Josephine McPherson Ware.

Mrs. Josephine Ware, wife of Dr. James Ware, Surgeon of Calcasieu Camp, Lake Charles, La., died on the 27th of February, at the age of seventy-six years. She was born in Maryland and of Scotch-Catholic stock, her parents having emigrated to this country at the time of religious persecution in Scotland. She was married to Dr. Ware in 1865, and had been a resident of Louisiana, and of Lake Charles since 1887.

Mrs. Ware was a woman of remarkable strength of character, and she lived and died an ideal wife, mother, and friend. Her husband was surgeon of the 16th Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade. As a member of the U. D. C. Chapter of Lake Charles, she was actively interested in its good work, and the pallbearers at her funeral were all Confederate Veterans. Her husband and two sons survive her.

James L. Pugh.

James Lawrence Pugh, distinguished jurist, statesman, and soldier, died in Washington, D. C., on March 9, in the eighty-seventh year of his age; and was buried in Eufaula, Ala., on March 12.

James L. Pugh was born in Butts County, Ga., in 1820. When four years old, his parents moved with him to Pike County, Ala.; and, dying soon after, left him an orphan with no resources save his indomitable energy and unconquerable will. When scarcely in his teens, he was mail rider through a section then lying partly in the Creek Indian Nation. He served in the Creek Indian War of 1837. Next he was clerking in a store in Eufaula, Ala., and, in spite of all obstacles, at the same time mastering the knowledge of law and laying the foundations of legal wisdom which in after time made him the foremost jurist in the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was admitted to the bar, and took a prominent place at once among the lawyers of East Alabama—Judge John Cochran, John Gill Shorter (afterwards War Governor of Alabama), Edward C. Bullock (who died in the great war as colonel of the 18th Alabama Regiment), Alpheus Baker (afterwards brigadier general of the Confederacy and distinguished lawyer of Louisville, Ky.), and Henry D. Clayton (afterwards major general in the Confederate army). His partner in practice was the brilliant Jefferson M. Buford, who acquired a national reputation by his part in the Kansas troubles just before the Civil War.

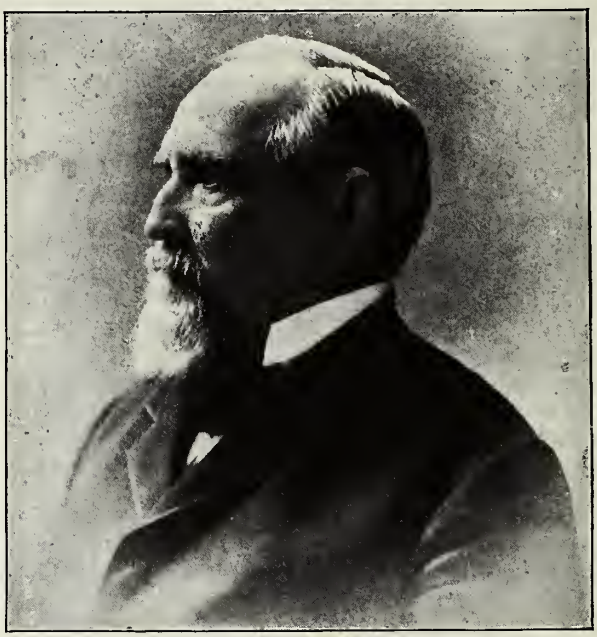
In 1849 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Henry W. Hilliard. Again, in 1859, he was a candidate for Congress, and was elected without opposition. When his State seceded, he resigned his seat in Congress, came home, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Eufaula Rifles, 1st Alabama Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A. After a year of faithful service in the ranks, his fellow-citizens elected him to the Confederate Congress, and reëlected him at the expiration of his first term.

When the Confederacy was overthrown, he resumed the practice of law in Eufaula, and did his part in redeeming his State from carpetbag rule. He was selected as chairman of the Democratic Convention of 1874, which nominated George S. Houston for Governor, and he was a member of the Convention of 1875, which framed the State Constitution to supersede the one of 1867 imposed upon the State by negroes, carpetbaggers, and Federal bayonets.

When United States Senator Houston died in office, in 1880, the Legislature, being in session, elected Senator Pugh to fill the vacancy. He was twice reëlected, and finished a continuous service in the Senate of sixteen years in 1896. He was regarded as the foremost constitutional lawyer on the Democratic side in the Senate; and when his party was in the majority in 1892-96, he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. After leaving the Senate, he continued to reside in Washington, as he had acquired possession of a home there, and three of his sons were residents of that city. But he made frequent visits to Alabama, and never grew out of touch and sympathy with the people of his State.

He was buried from St. James Church, Eufaula, the rector of the parish being assisted in the services by Dr. T. J. Beard, of Birmingham, the venerable friend and former rector of the ex-Senator in the days of the war. The local Camp of Confederate Veterans also conducted exercises at the grave, led by the Commander, Capt. S. H. Dent, a lieutenant in the Eufaula Rifles when Senator Pugh was a private.

In the early forties Senator Pugh married Miss Serena Hunter, daughter of Gen. James L. Hunter, of South Carolina and Alabama; and she, with six of their children, survives him. Their living children are: Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, of



THE LATE EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR PUGH.

New York; Edward L., James H., and Henry Pugh, of Washington; John Cochran Pugh, of Birmingham; and Mrs. S. P. Elliot, of Eufaula.

Lawrence Aylett Daffan.

Lawrence Aylett Daffan was born April 30, 1845, in Conecuh County, Ala. His father, John Warren Daffan, was born and reared in Westmoreland County, Va. His mother, Mary Jones Daffan, was born and reared in Caroline County, Va. In 1849 the family went from Alabama to Texas, living first in Montgomery County, and in 1860 went to Navasota.

His first employment was carrying the United States mail from Montgomery to the old town of Washington, in Washington County.

In 1861, age sixteen years, Lawrence Daffan enlisted in the Confederate army as a private and went to Virginia. His regiment and brigade went to Virginia in companies. His regiment was organized at Camp Bragg, near Richmond. Three regiments were so organized. He was a member of Company G, 4th Texas Regiment, under Capt. W. H. Hutcheson. Maj. John B. Hood, of the Confederate cavalry, was appointed colonel of this regiment. The first engagement in which young Daffan participated was at Seven Pines, near Richmond. He took part in many important engagements: Thoroughfare Gap, August 29, 1862; Second Manassas, August 30 and 31, 1862; crossed the Potomac into Maryland, September 6, 1862; Boonesboro Gap, September 15, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 16 and 17, 1862; recrossed the Potomac to Shepherdstown, September 18, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 13 and 14, 1862; in vicinity of Suffolk, Southwest Virginia, twenty-three days in April, 1863; fighting Franklin's Corps, Gettysburg, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863.

While encamped at Culpeper C. H. a member of the Texas Regiment was ordered to wear a ball and chain, and his fellow-soldiers considered this a disgrace to their regiment and

to the State of Texas. A number of the soldiers, including Lawrence Daffan, took him from the guard. Charges of mutiny were immediately made against the indignant young soldiers, and they were put under arrest. Their captains became responsible for their appearance at court, and for six weeks they were relieved from every duty.

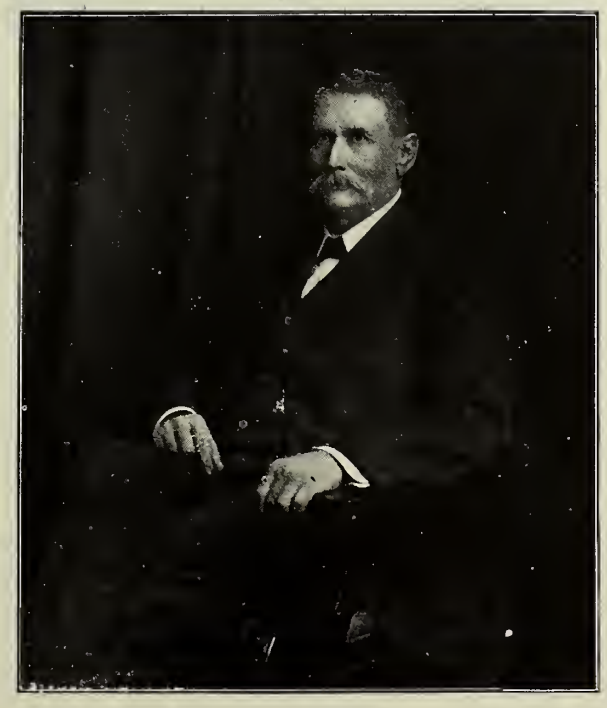
Early in September, 1863, the trial took place at General Longstreet's headquarters at Fredericksburg. On the march from Port Royal, twenty miles east of Fredericksburg Lawrence Daffan stopped at the home of his uncle, Champ Jones, and reached Fredericksburg after his regiment had arrived there. He went alone. In looking for the Longstreet headquarters, where he was to be tried, he asked a major, who directed him to a large white house, about a mile away, and asked: "What are you going for?" Daffan replied: "I am going to be court-martialed for mutiny." The major replied: "What? You are looking for a court to be court-martialed?" "Yes." "Well, go on, sir; I don't think you will be shot."

He was then eighteen years of age. The young men who stood by their own comrade and their own State were cleared with no further ceremony.

He revisited his uncle, during which time the 4th Texas had left Virginia for Georgia. He proceeded at once to Richmond and reported to the provost marshal, who gave the young Confederate transportation and rations to Resaca, Ga. He reached there Friday, September 18, 1863. Saturday evening a ball struck his gun between the rammer and the barrel, shivering the stock and knocking him down; he received no other injury than this during his service.

Hood's Brigade made a gallant charge at Chickamauga, and there were two lines of battle of Federals from which the Texans received a terrible volley of musketry. Ten of his company were killed at Chickamauga and thirty or forty wounded.

After this battle Longstreet's Corps moved east on the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad also by marches on their way to Knoxville and farther east.



COL. L. A. DAFFAN.

On his way to Knoxville Lawrence Daffan was captured at Lenore Station, Tenn., November 19, 1863, and this ended his soldiering in the firing line. He was taken to Chattanooga, thence to Nashville to the penitentiary, which was being used as a prison of war. Here he was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. From Nashville in December, 1863, he was taken to Rock Island prison, Rock Island, Ill., and was released June 19, 1865.

Lawrence Daffan took the oath of allegiance to the United States June 19, 1865, in his twenty-first year. He went from Rock Island to Houston, Tex., by water, the government furnishing transportation and rations. Leaving Rock Island on June 22, he went to St. Louis and on to New Orleans. He left New Orleans July 3 and reached his home, in Navasota, July 6, 1865.

In prison at Rock Island with Comrade Daffan were C. C. Hemming, now of Colorado Springs, Colo., H. G. Damon, of Corsicana, and J. W. Walkup, of Fort Worth.

On October 1, 1865, he entered the employ of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad under W. D. Herrick, who was roadmaster and conductor. He was made a conductor December 1, 1866. The Houston and Texas Central then had eighty miles of track, seven engines, and three of them in bad order. In 1867 the Houston and Texas Central bought the Washington County Railroad, running from Hempstead to Brenham. He was given this branch of the road, running four trains a day, passenger and freight, until the road extended to Austin in 1870. He followed the extension of this road as far as it was completed, running a passenger train until it reached Austin in December, 1871. He carried the first through passenger train into Austin December 25, 1871. On July 13, 1885, he was made trainmaster of the second division of the road, and July 18, 1889, he was made superintendent, and so continued until September, 1904. From that time to the day of his death he was general agent of transportation for the same road.

On January 23, 1872, he was married to Miss Mollie A. Day, daughter of John H. Day, of Brenham, and they made their home in Austin. He is survived by his widow and six children: Miss Katie Daffan (former President Texas Division, U. D. C.), John, Lawrence A., Charles, Edna (Mrs. B. B. Gilmer, of Houston), and Quinlan.

Colonel Daffan was stricken with apoplexy at his office on Monday, January 28. He was brought to his home by his two sons and physicians, and in spite of every care and medical aid and the thoughtful watchfulness of his loved ones he passed from death unto life January 28, 1907.

Though having been in imperfect health for some time, Colonel Daffan was greatly improved. He attended to his business, making frequent trips to and from Ennis, and none of his family were prepared for the sudden death.

The funeral took place from the Daffan home, the services being conducted by Rev. George Truett, of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, assisted by Rev. R. T. Philips, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Corsicana, Rev. Mr. Lyon, of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Ennis, and the other local pastors. The casket was draped in the Confederate flag. The ceremonies at the grave were under the auspices of the Masons and the active pallbearers were selected from among Masons.

Old and prominent friends from over the State were in attendance. Hundreds of telegrams were received by the family from absent friends from this and other States, and the floral designs covered not only the new mound but the entire lot in the "silent acre," coming from railroad men, personal friends

of the deceased and his family, the various Confederate organizations over the State, both Camps and Chapters, the Young Men's Christian Association, and various orders.

Colonel Daffan was a Knight Templar, a member of the Shriners, and a charter member of the Houston Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Among those who paid the last tribute at his grave were the many colored people, men and women, to whom he had been a friend, and the city was in mourning, the stores were all closed and the schools were closed as a tribute of respect and love to an esteemed and well-beloved citizen, whose place cannot be filled.

For the funeral of Colonel Daffan the Houston and Texas Central Railroad ran complimentary special trains on both ends of the road for the accommodation of old soldiers and railroad men and any others who wished to attend.

There were hundreds of railroad men present, from general officers to the day laborer. Every courtesy was shown by the railroad managers, and each line of work where it was practicable was suspended during the funeral hours. The Young Men's Christian Association, of which he was the first President, attended, as did the Confederate Veterans and the Masonic fraternity. The "Cross of Honor" was buried with the brave man who had won it. In the dark days of reconstruction he entered valiantly into the dangerous vigils of the Kuklux Klan. The family have the sympathy and loving regard of the broad and splendid friendships which Colonel Daffan enjoyed.

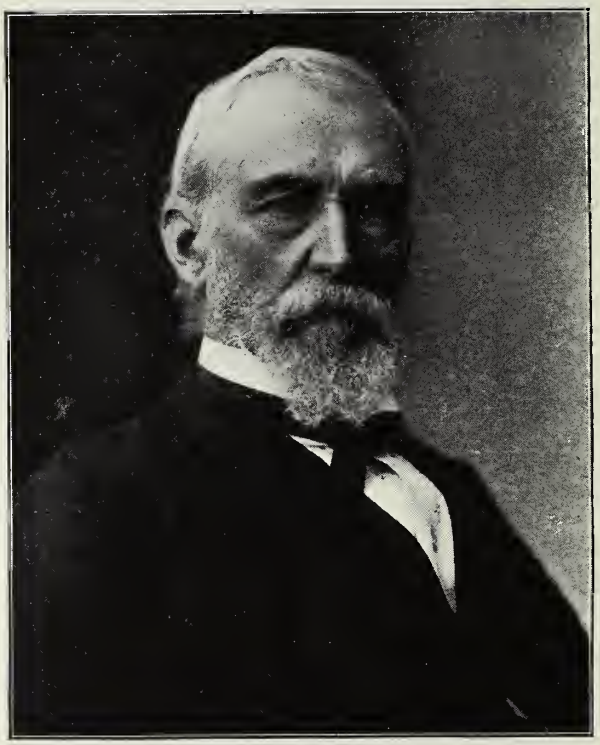
Much attention has been shown the memory of Colonel Daffan in Texas by the Veterans and the Daughters. In addition to his well-known loyalty to the cause, interest was increased through the labors of his daughter, Miss Katie Daffan, Ex-President Texas Division, U. D. C., who has been a conspicuous Confederate worker in the State. Prominent among the resolutions by Camps on the death of Colonel Daffan are those of the Hannibal Boone Camp, at Navasota, and the R. E. Lee Camp, at Fort Worth, one of the largest in the organization.

Maj. Lemuel Long.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."

Near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., on August 19, 1906, the soul of Lemuel Long passed suddenly but quietly into eternity. A man fitly "formed for deeds of high resolve!" Worth, courage, and honor were his birthright. His genial, hearty companionship, his generous sympathy, kindly courtesy, high principles, and worthy citizenship are sadly missed. He was a native of Maury County, Tenn., having been born January 11, 1827, within a mile of Mt. Pleasant. Old Jackson College was his *Alma Mater*. He served the Confederacy under Generals Pillow and Forrest during the four years of fratricidal war. It was under Gen. G. J. Pillow's leadership that Major Long distinguished himself and won the rank of major. He was serving as aid-de-camp until General Pillow was made chief of conscripts in the Western Department; then Major Long was transferred to the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. N. B. Forrest, in which he served till the close of the war. His ardent love for the Southern cause never waned. He was a member of the Leonidas Polk Bivouac, U. C. V., of Columbia, and a subscriber to the Confederate Veteran from the beginning and the tenets of its faith in the Southland. He was also a faithful soldier of the cross of Christ.

Through his mother Major Long was descended from the Lawrence, Willis, and Boddie families of Virginia and North Carolina which figured in early Colonial and Revolutionary times. He married in the later fifties Miss Martha Woodson Pillow, the second daughter of Jerome B. Pillow, one of the foremost men of Maury County—a woman beautiful in person and attainments, saintly in character, and in every sense a helpmeet to her husband, who was loverlike in devotion and chivalrous courtesy throughout their long companionship of more than half a century. Their home life was ideal, their children worthy scions of a worthy ancestry (both were descended from the cavalier settlers of Virginia). No man stood higher in the esteem of his fellows than Maj. Lemuel



MAJ. LEMUEL LONG.

Long. His sudden death occurred while on a visit to the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Orr, near Summertown. A vigorous constitution had been his blessing through life; but when he began to decline, a faulty action of the heart gave anxiety to friends. When the Master's summons came, he "fell like autumn fruit that, mellowed long," had waited for the garnering. His body was brought back to the home for the last sad rites, and then borne in the midst of friends and laid to rest in historic old St. John's Churchyard at Ashwood beside his wife, who died a few years ago.

Five children are left with the memory of his life as a benediction: Miss Maude Long, Mrs. E. A. Orr, Mr. Jerome Pillow Long, of Memphis, Rev. Lemuel Long, of Centerville, and Hon. William Bethell Long, of Mt. Pleasant.

R. O. Perkins.

R. O. Perkins, of Thayer, Mo., has gone before the great Captain to receive his promotion if found worthy. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity February 18, 1907. Comrade Perkins was reared near Marion, Ala., and when only fourteen joined the 8th Alabama Mounted Infantry. He leaves three sons, who reside at Columbus, Ga., fine sons of a Confederate veteran.

BIOGRAPHY OF REV. J. D. BARBEE, D.D.

A book has recently appeared from the press of the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., bearing the title of "Life and Memories of Rev. J. D. Barbee." (Smith & Lamar, Nashville. Publishers' price, $1, postpaid.) This book is of more than ordinary interest as being the story of the life of a most remarkable man of the South. It will have a special interest also for veterans. Dr. Barbee, who was a young and vigorous man at the breaking out of the War between the States, was given a colonel's commission by the Confederate Secretary of War, Pope Walker, of Alabama, and authorized to raise a regiment. This he actually did, and was prevented from taking the field with his regiment only by reason of a prolonged attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which, lasting an entire year, brought him near to death. Recovering, he accepted the chaplaincy of another regiment, and in that capacity rendered services in various places.

Of the biography by Dr. Du Bose, Mr. John Leist Tait says:

"Dr. Du Bose is a graceful writer. He is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject. Himself one of the leading divines of his denomination, he comprehends more fully than the lay writer of even equal rhetorical facility could do the more spiritual and psychological phases of the work he undertook. . . .

"Those who knew Dr. Barbee require the panegyrics of no biographer to compel their admiration and win their love for this man of mighty power with God and man. He was an evident incarnation of earnestness of purpose, seriousness of conviction, and steadfastness of life. His was no wavering torch of faith, but a mighty beacon set upon a hill. His sense of duty never left him. His time was full, and there was no space in his life for the frivolous, the questionable, or the mean. His work as pastor of many of the leading Churches of the Middle South and as the executive head of the Publishing House at Nashville called for powers of mind and graces of spirit such as it is given the fewest to possess. There were days of gladness in his life, when his people rallied about him and vied in doing him honor. There were days of darkness, when falsehood and calumny assailed him. He was the same steadfast, unfaltering, lordly man and Christian. Neither puffed up by successes nor cast down by apparent defeat, he bided his Master's time with unwavering trust in the right, and lived to receive the acknowledgments of those who had at one time opposed him.

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Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph is to be congratulated upon the popularity of "Texas; or, The Broken Link," the book that she has advertised liberally in the VETERAN. She is soon to issue the third edition. The book has been liberally ordered in New York, Virginia, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Her native State of Mississippi honored her in having it placed in the State Library. It has also been placed in most of the leading Southern libraries and in some of the leading schools and universities of the South.

Dan W. Ward, of Juno, Ark., writes of having taken the watch of General Mouton when he found him dead on the battlefield of Mansfield, La., and a comrade, Eugene Kidd, took off the General's spurs. These were all turned over to General Mouton's hostler, who promised faithfully to deliver them to the wife. Mr. Ward also wants to hear from Kidd.



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Charles D. West, of Paragould, Ark., seeks to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and would like to hear from any comrades who can testify in his behalf. He enlisted at Gainesboro, Jackson County, Tenn., in 1861 in Company E, 28th Regiment, under Capt. R. Brown and Colonel Murray, and served two years. He is now seventy-nine years old, and needs a pension.

J. L. Gregory, of Washington, Mo., asks any surviving members of Company K, 11th Texas Regiment, to communicate with him. He is especially anxious to hear from Maj. Granville Porter, of the commissary department, Col. Robert Hooks, commanding the brigade, Capt. B. Dolby, S. M. Knight, and William Greenhaw—all of Bowie County, Tex.

Mrs. A. A. Whitehurst, of Mexia, Tex., would like to hear from any one who knew John Gregory Whitehurst, who enlisted in the cavalry service and was then transferred to the infantry, serving throughout the Civil War. He entered the army from Arkansas or Tennessee.

On page 25 of the January VETERAN appears an article in regard to the Veterans of Portsmouth, Va., which is improperly designated as Norfolk. Friends of Adjutant Thomas Shannon, of Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, will kindly not put upon him this error of the VETERAN office.

W. N. Shive, of Union City, Tenn., would like to open correspondence with any comrade of Company E, 19th Mississippi Regiment, A. N. V., who was with it in its last battle in front of Petersburg, Va., Sunday, April 25, 1865, immediately before the surrender.

Those who wish to fill out their file of the VETERAN may be able to get some copies from R. F. McGinty, of Fayette, Miss., who writes that he has back numbers from May, 1901, which he will dispose of. Write him of what you need and the cost.

Sam B. Dunlop, of DeKalb, Mo., will be pleased to hear from any army acquaintances, and especially any who were members of the 1st Missouri Battery.

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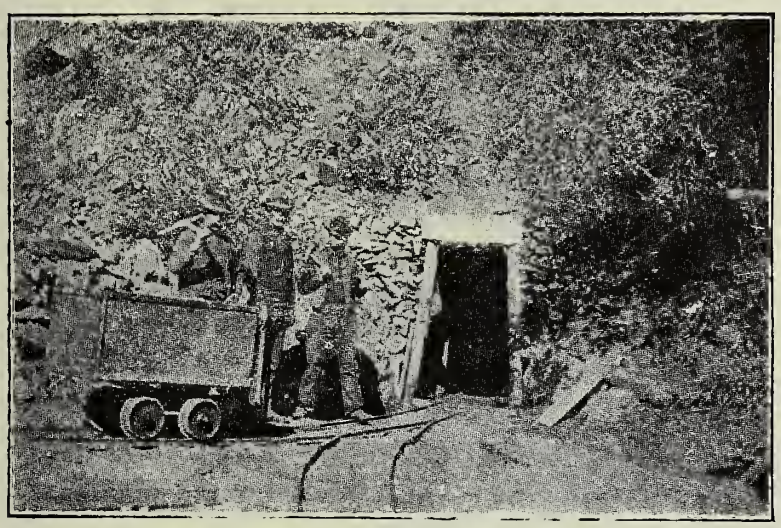
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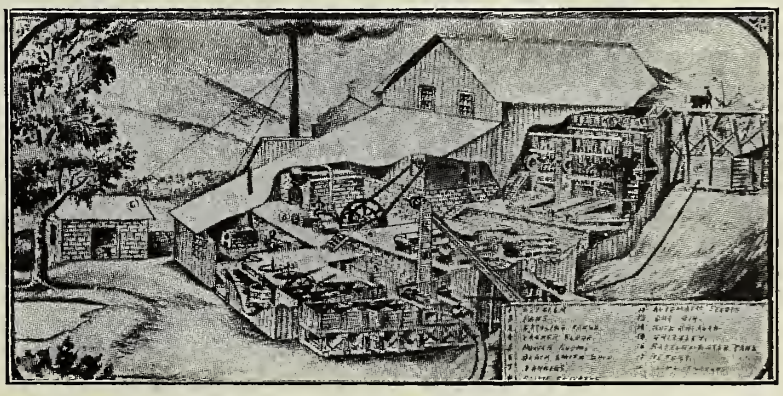
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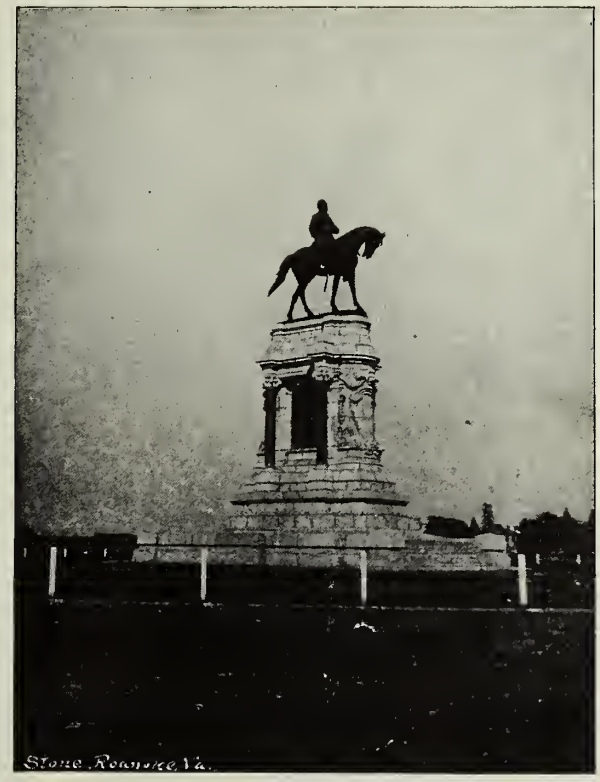
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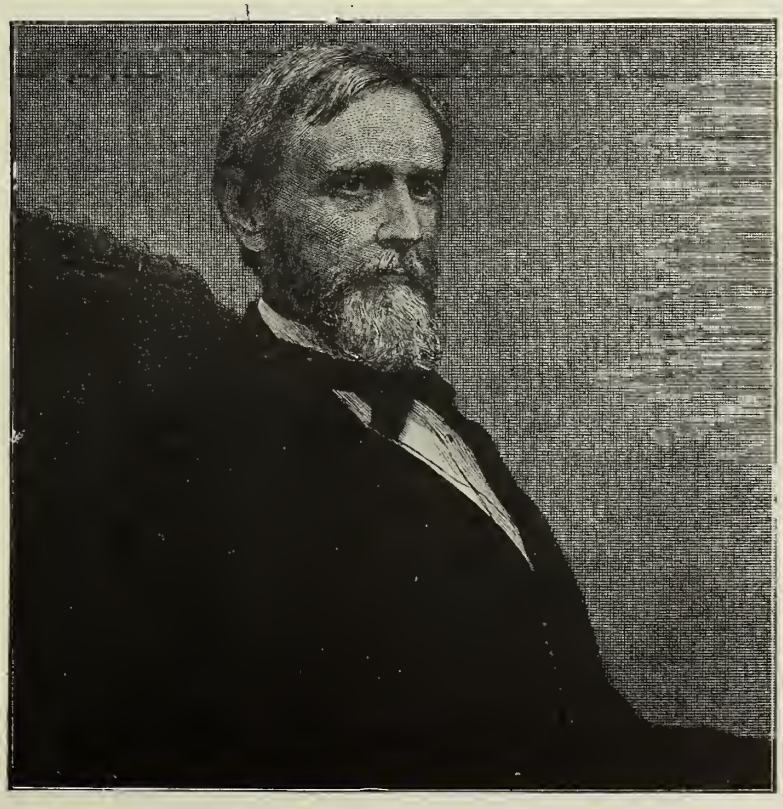
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VOL. XV. MAY, 1907. No. 5.



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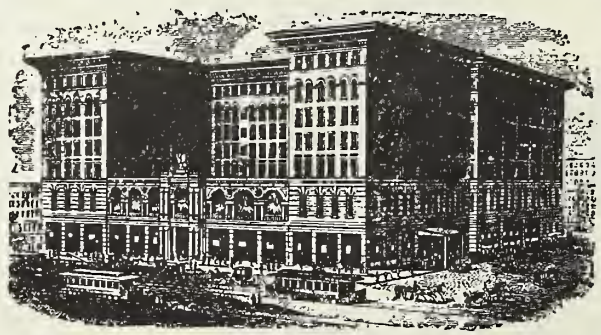


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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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PROGRAMME OF RICHMOND REUNION.

[The Richmond Times-Dispatch reports the Reunion programme for the seventeenth annual Reunion of the U. C. V.]

The gathering will assemble on Thursday, May 30, and will continue its sessions through Monday, June 3, the visitors being in Richmond through five days. The two notable occasions will be the opening and closing days, when the Stuart and the Davis monuments will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

It is believed that the Reunion this year will bring together the largest gathering of people ever assembled at one time in the city, preparations being under way for about sixty thousand visitors to the Reunion proper, in addition to the large number of visitors who will be passing through the capital during the Jamestown Exposition.

Arrangements are being made for entertaining a large number of old soldiers, the committee providing quarters and meals for ten thousand or more members of Camps who will be here as the guests of the committee. In addition to these, accommodations are being secured for thousands who will come entirely on their own responsibility, as it is expected that the attractions of the week will bring an enormous crowd of people from all accessible points. The camp arranged by Capt. D. A. Brown on Broad Street Road will be one of the most unique and attractive features of the Reunion, and many thousands of the old warriors are expressing their desire to get a week under canvas again, rather than be assigned sleeping quarters in one of the large warehouses that are at the disposal of the committee.

The first day of the Reunion, May 30, is Memorial Day and legal holiday throughout the country. A morning session of the United Confederate Veterans is provided for organization and to allow Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the presiding officer, an opportunity to announce the appointment of his committees.

At 2 P.M. of that day will come the great parade of the Veteran Cavalry Association, of which Col. John W. Gordon will be chief marshal. At the conclusion of this parade will occur the unveiling of the monument to the memory of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with appropriate services. The address on this occasion will be delivered by Judge Theodore S. Garnett, who was a member of General Stuart's staff, and the monument will be accepted on behalf of the city by Mayor McCarthy.

Following the unveiling exercises, in which the two grandchildren of General Stuart will take part, the parade will be re-formed, and will move on to Hollywood, where, in accordance with the usual custom, the graves of the Confederate dead will be decorated, and an address will be delivered in the cemetery by the Rev. Dudley Powers.

The evening services of the opening day will be under the auspices of the Sons of Veterans.

On the second day, Friday, May 31, the United Confederate Veterans will assemble at the City Auditorium at 9:30 A.M., and a number of addresses of note will be delivered, among them an address of welcome from Gov. Claude A. Swanson and another from Senator John W. Daniel. Addresses will also be made on behalf of the city by Mayor McCarthy and on behalf of the Sons of Veterans by Mr. Branch B. Morgan. They will be responded to by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

The sessions of the United Confederate Veterans will continue through Friday and Saturday, with a number of addresses and a constant succession of entertainments, gatherings of old brigades, and reunions of old commands. The people of the city will keep open house, and entertaining will be the order of the day, both formally and informally.

On Sunday there will be special services in all of the churches of the city, with a great memorial service at the city auditorium at 3:30 P.M.

The Monday following will be the great day of the Reunion. June 3 is the anniversary of the birth of President Davis, and it will be a fitting occasion for the unveiling of the great monument erected in his memory at the head of Monument Avenue. The day will be marked by one of the most notable military and veteran parades in the history of Richmond, forming at 11:30 A.M. and moving from Ninth and Grace Streets to the head of Monument Avenue. Gen. Stith Bolling, Commanding the Virginia Division, U. C. V., will be the chief marshal. The addresses at the monument will be made by Governor Swanson, Mayor McCarthy, and Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, the latter being the chief orator of the day. The exercises at the monument will be impressive and beautiful, and will be witnessed by all those taking part in the parade, the lines being drawn up in military formation, and by a great crowd of ladies and visitors, for whom an immense grand stand will be erected.

It seems that every desirable arrangement is being made for the comfort of Veterans and the success of the Reunion.



READY TO PLACE THE JEFFERSON DAVIS STATUE IN THE MONUMENT GROUP.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

In the center of the monument and surrounded by a colonnade is a pillar sixty feet high, at the top of which stands an allegorical figure of a woman known as "Vindicatrix," representing the spirit of the South. At the base of this pillar is a pedestal five feet high, and the bronze figure of Mr. Davis is eight feet in height. The inscriptions on the pillar are in Latin.

The inscription on the front of the pedestal on which will stand the statue of the President is, "Jefferson Davis, Exponent of Constitutional Principles, Defender of State Rights;" and beneath this, "Crescit Occulto Velut Arbor Aevo Famo."

On each side of the pedestal will be the inscription: "As citizen, soldier, statesman, he enhanced the glory, the fame of the United States. When his allegiance to that government was terminated by his sovereign State, as President of the Confederacy he exalted his country before the nations."

On the right side of the pedestal is inscribed: "With constancy and courage unsurpassed he sustained the heavy burden laid upon him by the people. When their cause was lost, with dignity he met defeat, with fortitude he met imprisonment and suffering, with entire devotion he kept the faith."

On the interior of the architrade around the top of the colonnade will be inscribed: "Not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of protecting the rights we inherited and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children." This statement was made by Jefferson Davis in the United States Senate June 21, 1861.

On the exterior of the colonnade is the inscription: "Erected by the people of the South in honor of their great leader, commemorating their love for the man, their reverence for his virtues, their gratitude for his services."

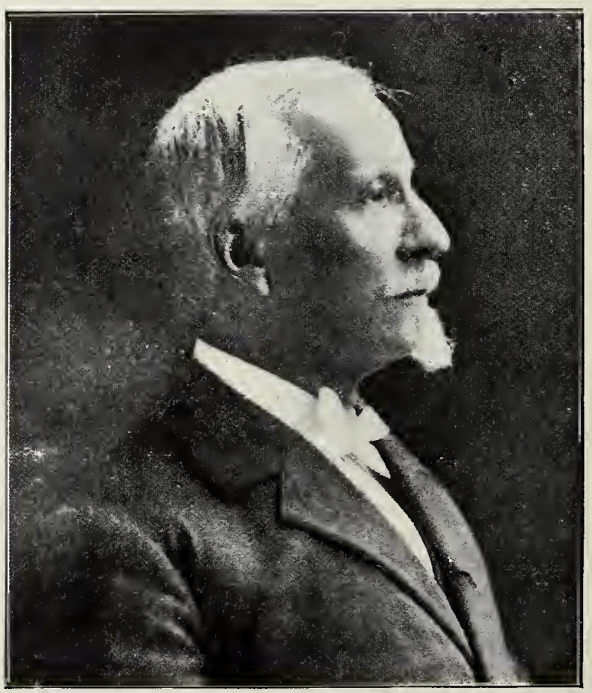
The left end of the colonnade panel bears an inscription to the navy and the Confederate States, and the right panel an inscription to the Confederate army.

The inscription to the navy is as follows: "Giving new examples of heroism, teaching new methods of warfare, it carried the flag of the South to the most distant seas. If to die nobly be ever the proudest glory of virtue, these of all men has fortune greatly granted to them; for yearning with deep desire to clothe their country with freedom, now at last they rest full of an ageless fame."

The inscription to the army is as follows: "From Sumter to Appomattox, four years of unflinching struggle against overwhelming odds." [The copy for the remainder of this inscription is from a defective print, and was ascertained too late to have correction made.—Ed. Veteran.]

SKETCH OF THE SCULPTOR, VALENTINE.

Edward Virginius Valentine, the eminent sculptor, was born in Richmond, Va., November 12, 1838, son of Man S. and Elizabeth (Mosby) Valentine. He received his early education in Richmond, and developed such taste for the study of anatomy that while a mere boy he attended the medical college of that city. While visiting the World's Fair, in the Crystal Palace, New York City, in 1853, there was created in



EDWARD V. VALENTINE.



CHILDREN HAULING THE JEFFERSON DAVIS STATUE FROM RAILROAD STATION TO MONUMENT SITE.

him a strong desire to be an artist, and he soon began the study of drawing and modeling. After study at some length, he went to Europe, where he studied under Couture, Bonanti, and then Kiss, whose "Amazon Attacked by a Panther," when exhibited at the Crystal Palace, first inspired him to study art. Returning to America in 1865, he opened a studio in Richmond, where he has continued his residence. His portrait busts of several of our Southern leaders are remarkable for their lifelikeness. Among his works are a colossal head of Humboldt, a marble figure of "Grief," and the recumbent figure in marble of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which was placed in the mausoleum attached to the chapel of the Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va. This has been pronounced the finest piece of sculpture in America. In idealistic work "Andromache and Astyanax" is his masterpiece. This was quite an attraction in the Virginia Building at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

A fine critic of his work wrote: "Stone cannot be given speech; but in this classic group Valentine has demonstrated that it may be made to express feelings almost too deep for word description, and feelings which bring the mind from distant and fabled Troy to another struggle against inexorable fate." Some of his other works are: "The Samaritan Woman," "Penitent Thief," "The Nation's Ward," busts of General Beauregard, General Johnston, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Edwin Booth, and Beethoven, and statues of Stonewall Jackson, John C. Breckinridge, General Wickham, and Thomas Jefferson. He is President of the Richmond Art Club, President of the Valentine Museum, member of the Executive Committee of the Virginia Historical Society, member of the Advisory Board of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, member of the Advisory Board of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and honorary member of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans. His devotion to art is unaffected by the opinions of his fellow-men as expressed in the material returns for his work; he is bent upon giving to the world his ideals.



TO PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, RICHMOND.

In this Davis monument the authorities had such faith in his efficiency and loyalty to the spirt of the undertaking that it is said the work was placed unconditionally in his hands.

Davis's Statue Hauled by Children.

It was a fitting event to have the children of Richmond draw the large wagon bearing the statue of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, from the railway station to the monument "through two miles of spectators."

A fife and drum corps led this parade of children of the South. It was followed by the Confederate Veteran organizations of Richmond. Two lines of ropes over seven hundred feet in length were grappled by about three thousand children. A number of strong negro men were on hand for support in the movement, but all they had to do was to serve as brakes. The procession was fitting, and souvenir pieces of rope will be kept in their homes by many of the children through years of the future, fitting mementos of a worthy event.

Memorable is the historic event that patriotic men hauled with their own hands the great bronze statue of George Washington from the James River landing in Richmond to the Capitol Square, where it was erected.

Courageous Words of Jefferson Davis When United States Senator.—While Jefferson Davis deplored the threatened disruption of the Union between the States and was earnest in his plea for such legislation as would perpetuate it, he said in his speech of resignation from the United States Senate: "It is known to Senators who have served with me here that I have for many years advocated as an essential at-

tribute of State sovereignty the right of a State to secede from the Union. Therefore if I had not believed there was justifiable cause, if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I think she has justifiable cause, and I approve her act."

TENNESSEE ROOM AT CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

BY MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH, VICE REGENT, RICHMOND, VA.

Extending an invitation to Veterans, Memorial Associations, and Daughters of the Confederacy to be at our Reunion in June, I feel that they will appreciate the splendid work by Mrs. A. B. White, President of their Tennessee Division, and Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, Regent of Confederate Museum in Richmond, and am assured that when they visit Richmond and our Confederate Museum they will feel as grateful as I do for their determination that Tennessee should not be left out, and that they will appreciate the work of these women.

Mrs. Pilcher, with her love for Tennessee and her desire to honor the Confederate Veterans, has induced many to place their relics in this our fireproof building. As Vice Regent, I would beg that the Veteran Camps apply to her for Roll of Honor blanks, which will be sent them free of cost. These blanks are catalogued and bound and placed in the Museum Records, not alone of officers of the company, but of the rank and file of the most glorious army the world ever saw. It is all the history of these men we shall ever be able to collect. A veteran may fill it up for his dead comrade. Do it now.

The following relics have been received through Mrs. M. B. Pilcher in the last few months:

Sword of Sergeant Peter Connelly, of the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Company A; made of a carving knife and worn by him in the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson. Inscribed: "Here's what we tried to whip 'em with."

Valuable papers sent by Mrs. H. M. Chambers, Chattanooga.

Relics from battlefield of Shiloh; loaned by R. C. Carnell, Waverly, Tenn.

Leeland Batteryman's knife, captured by Col. A. R. Lankford, 38th Alabama Regiment, at battle of Shiloh; contributed by his wife, Waverly, Tenn.

Coat and helmet worn by F. M. Trevanthan, adjutant Major General Raines's Division.

Pictures of the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Covington, Tenn.

Picture Confederate monument at Jackson, Tenn.; sent by Musidora McCrory Chapter, U. D. C.

I again appeal to Tennessee, hold up the hands of Mrs. Pilcher, who has done so much for your representation.

Lend your relics for safe-keeping. I know it is hard to give them up; but they are crowded away in your homes, and often come to us so moth-eaten or tattered that it is only with the utmost care that we can place them. I thank you for the confidence shown to the Richmond women, who are the custodians of your loved trophies; but when you come to us in June, you will find that your confidence has not been misplaced.

Subject of Sponsors and Maids of Honor.

Col. John W. Tench, Gainesville, Fla.: "Please allow me to protest against the appointing of any sponsors or maids of honor in the future. The expense of their attendance is something, it is true; but it is nothing to be compared to the heart-burnings of the deserving ones who fail of selection. How often have mere slips of children been selected, whose grandfathers even were very poor, short-term soldiers and their fathers not in the war, because of financial or political standing, while the graceful, brilliant daughter of a man who made rush upon rush over the earthworks of the enemy, routing and slaying him as he ran, is passed by! Give all a soldier's welcome among us at all times. God bless them! We love them every one, and would have them near us all the time; but let us have no more bruised hearts caused by unjust discrimination."



THE R. E. LEE MONUMENT, RICHMOND.

WORTHY APPEAL TO SONS OF VETERANS.

BY LELAND HUME, COMMANDER OF TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Our organization is pledged to perpetuating the memory and the deeds of valor of the Confederate soldier, to the making of true history of the Confederate States, to the erecting of monuments, and to assisting such Confederate soldiers and their widows as may need our help. Much has already been accomplished in these directions, but much remains to be done. Each year should see the organization stronger and more able to perform its work. As the old veteran, bent with age and honors, walks slowly down the hill and approaches the river that all must cross, the Sons should strive in every way possible to not only lighten the veteran's load but to comfort and gladden his heart; and surely this cannot be done in any more effectual way than by taking up actively the work that our organization is committed to—erecting monuments to our mothers, the Women of the Confederacy. This work should appeal to us not merely as a duty, but it should be our pleasure. No country has such a right to erect monuments to its women as has our Southland, for truly has it been said: "No nation ever rose so fair or fell so free from crime."

Therefore let all the Camps representing the Volunteer State arrange promptly to send representatives to the coming Convention at Richmond, and let them be authorized to contribute toward this worthy cause. In sections where Sons of Veterans' Camps have not been organized let some patriotic Son immediately take up the work. All the information necessary will be cheerfully furnished by communicating with Prof. R. E. L. Bynum, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Division, Jackson, Tenn. I will be very glad to assist in the organization of Camps wherever requested or to coöperate with the various Camps in the district in any way that may be suggested.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

I see and hear more and more which shows that the purpose of the resolutions passed by the U. D. C. at Gulfport with regard to sponsors has been misunderstood, and so I am going to include in this a copy of them. I suppose if I had seen the newspaper accounts of it I would have known this at first; but I was so busy until full ten days after the Convention that I could not find the time to look at a paper, and by then it was too old to occupy any space in the papers. The impression seems to be very general that the U. D. C. passed resolutions asking that sponsors be dispensed with at all Reunions, when, as you will see, we were only asking for this one at Richmond, because we are to unveil our monument to President Davis, and we thought it not out of place for us to ask that for this once the old veterans might have things done for their pleasure.

Now we all know that the large majority of the veterans do not enjoy the entertainments gotten up for the pleasure of the sponsors, and those are the very things which take so much money. So that on this one occasion, when we were to see the accomplishment of our great work of erecting a monument to the President of the Confederacy, we wanted the "rank and file" among the veterans to have most of the money spent on their pleasure this one time. I know it is too late now for this to have any effect, but I thought I would like the "rank and file" to know that the U. D. C. tried to get it for them.

The following is the copy of the resolutions:

"Whereas Confederate Reunions have of late years devoted more to the entertainment of sponsors and maids of honor than to that of Confederate Veterans, for whose benefit they were inaugurated; and whereas it is the wish of the Daughters of the Confederacy that every Confederate Veteran shall have the privilege and opportunity of witnessing the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument; and whereas the city of Richmond will be so crowded on the occasion of the unveiling of said monument as to tax to the utmost the hospitality of its citizens; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That the Daughters of the Confederacy, in Convention assembled at Gulfport, Miss., request the Confederate Veterans to dispense with the offices of sponsor and maids of honor at the Richmond Reunion, and that the entertainments for that occasion be such as are adapted to aged Confederate Veterans."

This, you see, does not speak of any other time.

Your President was asked to serve on the Patriotic Committee for the National Arbitration and Peace Congress, which met in New York April 14-17, and she very readily consented to serve on this committee for so great an occasion; for she felt sure that the U. D. C. as a whole would be glad to have a hand in the movement to accomplish a reign of reason where difficulties between countries shall be settled on the principles of right and justice in a peaceable manner, rather than by power and might through that most terrible of all the many things which tear the hearts of women—war. It will always be a source of regret to me that I could not attend this great event. But I could not leave home with so many other calls on my time just now. I appointed a large delegation from the U. D. C. at large, and asked the President of each Division to appoint two from each Chapter in her Division. I am hoping that some of our representative members were there. And I am sure that some will have been, for they have written me that they would go. It is too early for me to have heard from them; but I shall ask the chairman of the delegation, Mrs. James H. Parker, of New York, to send me an account for the June number. Let us help this movement for universal peace all we can, for we of all people in the world know of the horrors of war. And we also know that when left to the fortunes of war right does not always triumph.

And now for something very near my heart. A letter from the President of the Chicago Chapter, Mrs. Sells, received recently tells me the good news of a scholarship which has been given through the solicitation of her Chapter by the University of Chicago to the descendants of Confederates. I have not heard anything in a long time which has given me so much pleasure as this has. I am much happier over it than I would be if it had been done by a Southern university, for we have a right to think that will be done in all colleges and universities in the South; but when one of the Northern universities is among the first to do it, it should be very gratifying to us all, for it is such substantial evidence that the "late unpleasantness" is really and truly a thing of the past. Every patriotic soul must rejoice in that, I am sure. Can't you see what a help it is to our whole country to have our Chapters scattered throughout the North?

Now there is one thing that I am anxious for every Chapter in the South to accomplish before we meet again in November: Get your towns to name their public schools for some of our great Confederates or other great men who served your States either before or after that period. For let us never forget that that is not the only history we have, even though we are prouder of that than of any other. If you will make the effort, you will surely succeed. What could we do which would be a more beautiful memorial and which would more effectually teach our children how much we appreciate our patriots than to have the schools all over the South named for our patriots? Let there be a friendly rivalry among us to see who can get this done first and which Chapter can report the largest number of schools which they have succeeded in getting named for our great men. I hope we may accomplish much in that line before this year is out.

NEW OFFICERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER, U. D. C.—President, Mrs. Edgar Marbury, 4319 Baltimore Avenue; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Louis Lewis, 4324 Pine Street, and Mrs. Juliana Taylor, 1109 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Del.; Recording Secretary, Miss Nancy Krebs, 254 South 13th Street; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George P. Kurrie, Elkins Park, Pa.; Treasurer, Mrs. Joseph Earnshow, 332 Earlham Terrace, Germantown, Pa.; Historian, Miss Margaret Hintzel, 3785 16th Street; Registrar. Miss Lucy Mayo, 3729 Locust Street; Recorder Crosses of Honor, Mrs. T. Ashby Blythe, 317 South 22d Street.

SIGNBOARDS AT ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PARK.—A reliable gentleman and a patriot on "the other side" writes from Andersonville, Ga., April 20, 1907: "My dear Mr. C., it affords me very great pleasure to inform you that all those objectionable signboards in the prison park have been removed. They never ought to have been put up, for, apart from any question as to their accuracy, they were injudicious, irritating to Southern people, and not approved by many Northern people. Soon after your visit here I went to work to secure the removal of these signs, believing such a step would have some influence toward stopping the movement for erecting a monument to Major Wirz, the carrying out of which would do much harm, as it would stir up and reawaken the animosities of the past."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The dedication of the equestrian statue to Gen. John B. Gordon in Capitol Square, Atlanta, on May 25 is attracting widespread interest. There will be a military pageant. State Treasurer Capt. R. E. Park will be the Chief Marshal and Gen. Clement A. Evans the Chief Orator; while Gen. S. D. Lee, Governor Terrell, and Capt. N. E. Harris will participate.

PRIZES FOR THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

In all the history of the VETERAN, for fourteen and a half years, never have so many resolved to enter upon a campaign for subscribers as have the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and it has been decided to make the work interesting beyond what has yet been offered. In addition to the liberal commission allowed, cash prizes will be given next Christmas. If twenty Chapters compete for the prizes, four will be given of $50, $25, $15, and $10. If thirty or more Chapters undertake it, there will be five prizes, one to be $100.

Chapters intending to compete should give notice promptly, when sample copies and blanks will be sent to them. In brief, if there be thirty Chapters entering the contest by the 25th of May by giving notice, the prizes will aggregate $200; and if less than thirty enter the contest, then $100 will be given in prizes, as indicated. Specific rules will be given later.

Small Chapters may be discouraged in entering the contest. Those who do will be surprised, doubtless, at their success.

Will not patriotic and enterprising Chapters come into the contest? Consider it at once and give notice.

CENTENARY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Steps are being taken in New Orleans to lay the corner stone for a monument to Jefferson Davis on June 3, 1908, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. At a public meeting of the Confederated Memorial Association in New Orleans February 18, 1907, the following resolutions were adopted by the Association:

"Whereas June 3, 1908, is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of President Jefferson Davis, the stainless and knightly gentleman, the pure patriot, the unselfish man, the ardent and loyal son of the South, who, having the strength of his convictions, was willing to be crucified for his people; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of the city of New Orleans do here place on record their admiration and love for him, and in testimony of it do declare their fixed purpose and intention to erect a monument to his memory in the city of New Orleans to bear record for all time of their loyalty and affection. Be it further

"*Resolved,* That it is the sense of this Association that the 3d of June, 1908, be celebrated in the city of New Orleans, the State of Louisiana, and the late Confederate States, by appropriate ceremonies under the auspices of this Association, and that all organizations who cherish the memories of the Confederate cause be invited to take part and assist in this celebration, and that all good women of this State whose sympathies are with the objects of this Association be requested to apply for membership."

COL. RICHARD OWEN.

COMMANDER OF PRISON AT CAMP MORTON, INDIANAPOLIS.

A name that will quicken interest and revive a spirit of gratitude is that of Col. Richard Owen, who was in command of the Fort Donelson prisoners at Camp Morton (Indianapolis) in the winter and spring of 1862. Of those four thousand prisoners, it is very doubtful if a thousand are still alive. During the forty-five years intervening, however, the VETERAN believes that every survivor will thrill with gratitude at the mention of Colonel Owen's name and be inclined to respond to a proposition to honor his memory which the VETERAN expects to make.

In conversation with Mr. Harvey M. LaFollette, who came from Indiana some years ago and established a splendid industrial city that bears his name—LaFollette, Tenn.—some facts were learned of Colonel Owen, and it was resolved to ask those who were prisoners at Camp Morton during the period that he commanded the prison and the children of those not living to contribute as liberally as they may be inclined to some memorial in his honor. The VETERAN, in behalf of the great majority—those who have "crossed the river"—and for the remnant yet living, assumes that not a man of them ever entertained other than sentiments of sincere gratitude toward Colonel Owen. No argument is necessary to establish that relation between Colonel Owen and the prisoners; but it is fitting to note from the records of a time subsequent to that—during the heat of the great conflict—in the spring of 1863, when Colonel Owen and his regiment were captured at Mumfordsville, Ky. The record states that "the regiment was paroled; but he was not paroled, neither were his sidearms taken." On the contrary, "General Buckner went into the field where his regiment was guarded and thanked Colonel Owen for his kindness to the four thousand Fort Donelson prisoners at Camp Morton. Gen. Bushrod Johnson, with whom he had been associated as a teacher, and two of his old students also called upon him. He was treated very politely by General Bragg, with whom he had become acquainted in the Mexican War."

On April 18 Colonel Owen wrote to the Indianapolis Journal in reply to a criticism of his kindness to the prisoners. He stated that he had rigidly discharged his duties as taught under that strict disciplinarian, General Wool, in Mexico, and yet was disposed to grant such privilege as consistent with the safe-keeping as could be granted to make the prisoners less restless in their confinement and for the moral effect that would result by their reports on returning to their homes, that they had been deceived regarding Northern men; that most of them never entered on this war solely for the purpose of depriving the South of her negroes, as they (these prisoners) had been led to suppose.

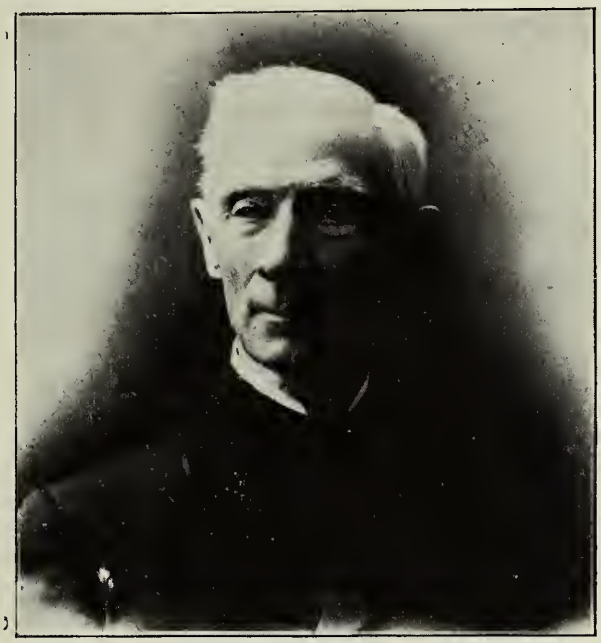
A vivid illustration of his mind follows: "Theoretically, it is easy to deal out stern justice; but it requires a strong sense of a soldier's first duty—obedience—to refuse to the tears of a weeping mother one glance of her erring son or to deny to the stifled sobs of a wife a 'God bless you' for the father of her children when these scenes occur under your own eyes."

In this letter of reply to criticism of the Journal Colonel Owen wrote of how his officers and men were overworked; that the men would receive pay for their services, but that there was no prospect for him and other officers to get any pay. This comes evidently of his serving under Governor Morton's orders and not the United States government, and on this line he wrote: "It is exactly six months to-day since the Governor honored me by promotion. * * * I have never,

spent one night from camp since I was ordered here nor entered a hotel or saloon since my arrival. After a hard day's work, I sometimes retire to my camp cot without divesting myself of coat or boots in order to be ready at the slightest noise for my responsible and onerous duties."

He explained further that he had committed an error in permitting his officers to take prisoners into the city to make purchases and who had permitted them to enter saloons.

He prided himself on the fact that in guarding forty-two hundred prisoners only thirteen had escaped, and that some of them had been recaptured. In conclusion, he stated: "That we must establish and prove the power and firmness



COL. RICHARD OWEN.

of the general government is certain; but the sooner we reconcile differences by avoiding ultraism, the greater the chance of our securing again soon a powerful and united nation seems equally certain."

On June 14, 1862, Gov. O. P. Morton wrote President Lincoln that Colonel Owen, who had "so efficiently commanded at the camp," was under orders to take the field with his regiment. Governor Morton then stated: "I desire to place the camp under the supervision of Col. D. G. Rose, United States Marshal." The name of the wicked Rose is mentioned to quicken afresh the gratitude and respect for Colonel Owen. So far as now remembered, there was not known a prisoner who did not revere the one and despise the other.

A sketch of Colonel Owen will be given later. He lived a remarkably useful life of about eighty years, and promised a decade or more of additional service to mankind; but, unhappily, he and another gentleman drank what was understood to be mineral water, but which was in fact a fatal acid. It is the purpose of the VETERAN to secure such fund as will come of a freewill offering, and secure permission to erect, if not more, a bronze tablet in the Capitol at Indianapolis. Let those who remember Colonel Owen in gratitude while in command of the prison at Camp Morton, and yet who are not able to contribute, write of him to the VETERAN.

To the foregoing tribute to Colonel Owen it seems fitting to mention an act by ten Federal prisoners toward Capt. S. F. Mayes, of Marietta, Cobb County, Ga., who had been so disabled in battles in Virginia that he was sent as an official under Maj. Henry Wirz at Andersonville prison. In presenting a watch to Lieutenant Mayes, they wrote: "This watch is not such as we would present you, but it is the best we are able to find. May you always be able to wear it in remembrance of our gratitude for your kindness to us!" The men were from various Northern States.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.—The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its eighth annual Convention in the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, one square from The Jefferson. The first session of the body will be held Thursday, May 30, at 10 A.M., when the official programme will be distributed. Morning sessions will be called to order at 9 A.M. and will adjourn at 12 M., and delegates will be invited to partake of a luncheon served by the ladies of Richmond at the place of meeting Friday and Saturday. Afternoon sessions will be resumed subject to call. A bureau of information will be located at The Jefferson. Delegates are requested to register upon arrival at Convention headquarters. There are over sixty Memorial Associations enrolled in the Confederation, but it is known that there are Associations still in existence which are not enrolled. At the invitation of the Commander in Chief, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, it has been again decided to hold a joint memorial service with the United Confederate Veterans. This joint service will be held in the United Confederate Veterans' Auditorium Sunday, June 2, at 3 P.M. Rev. W. W. Moore, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary, has been selected to deliver the memorial address for the Association. Seats will be provided for the delegates and alternates, who are especially invited to attend. The general officers of the Confederated Memorial Association are: Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. George A. Williams, Corresponding Secretary, New Orleans, La.; Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Charles G. Wright, Treasurer, Vicksburg, Miss.; Miss Mary A. Hall, Historian, Augusta, Ga. There is a Vice President for each State.

The intelligence and zeal with which Mrs. Behan has conducted this noble organization from the beginning is a fact with which the general public is not deservedly familiar, the larger organizations being the more conspicuous. These mothers are zealous in a most sacred sense, and every Southern man and woman owes much to their Confederate coworker, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans.

ORIGINAL FLAG OF 24TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—A. B. Waddell, Company B, 24th Mississippi Regiment, Cedar Bluff, Miss., wishes to locate the regimental flag of the 24th Mississippi, presented by Miss Helen Johnson, of Madison County, and in honor of whom a company was named the Helen Johnson Guards, commanded by Captain Postell. "In her selection of bearer for these colors," says Comrade Waddell, "she chose Raney, of the above-named company. On receiving our battle flag, this flag was sent off, perhaps back to Madison County. It was one of the handsomest I ever saw. The boys were very proud of it, and it would be a source of great pleasure to the few survivors if it could be found and unfurled at the next Reunion of our brigade (Walthall's), at Meridian this year. Any member of the 24th Mississippi having knowledge of its disposition or whereabouts will confer quite a favor by giving notice."

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom *all* contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., } Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGEVIN, ADJUTANT, }
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., } Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT, }
J. M. TISDAL, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., } Greenville, Tex.
——, ADJUTANT, }

(No. 15.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

The Commander in Chief regrets that the demands upon his time and strength have been so great that it has been impossible for him to keep this Department up to date. The presence of the Alabama Legislature and the removal of the headquarters of the Department of Archives and History, of which he is Director, into its new quarters in the south wing of the State Capitol have quite fully absorbed his energy for many weeks.

The Commander in Chief desires to take this means of announcing to his comrades in all parts of the Confederation that he will not be a candidate for reëlection. He finds himself so overwhelmed with official and personal obligations that it will be impossible for him to consider another term under any circumstances. He is sensible of the high honor which has been accorded him in the past, and feels that this announcement should be made now, in order that delegates may be prepared to act intelligently and advisedly in selecting his successor.

On the evening of January 18, 1907, at Hotel Gayoso, Camp N. B. Forrest, New Orleans, held its annual banquet. The occasion was graced by a number of gifted speakers, and Confederate sentiment ran high. The entire exercises were under the direction of Comrade J. P. Norfleet, chairman. Camp N. B. Forrest is at present the largest Camp in the Confederation, numbering five hundred members in good standing at the last Reunion in New Orleans.

The annual banquet of Camp Beauregard, New Orleans, was held at the Old Hickory January 9, 1907. The occasion was well up to the standard of the dinner given at this season each year. The invocation was delivered by the Chaplain General of the U. S. C. V., Rev. John W. Caldwell, Jr. The toast list presented a pleasing variety of topics, and the addresses were brilliant. The ladies were present at the banquet, and this innovation served to lend inspiration and charm to the occasion. The banquet was preceded by the annual meeting of the Camp, at which officers were elected as follows: W. O. Hart, Commandant; W. T. Arny, First Lieutenant Commandant; E. K. Huey, Second Lieutenant Commandant; G. K. Rennaud, Adjutant; A. A. Bursley, Treasurer; J. W. Caldwell, Chaplain; Rixford Lincoln, Historian; C. J. Chapatoin, Quartermaster; William Snow, Color Sergeant; Dr. George H. Tichenor, Surgeon. While a few other Camps of the Confederation may be larger, there is none more active and vigorous.

On the afternoon of Friday, February 22, 1907, at 2:30 o'clock, a "Confederate Seal Window" in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The window was the gift of the Junior Confederate Memorial Association of that city, and is a beautiful example of decorative and memorial art.

Camp Beauregard, of New Orleans, ever first in patriotic enterprise, on the evening of April 12, 1907, held exercises in honor of General Beauregard, whose name the Camp bears. The meeting was held in Memorial Hall, and the date selected was the anniversary of the date that General Beauregard fired the first shot in defense of the South. W. O. Hart, Esq., Commander of the Camp, presided. An introductory address was made by Maj. R. T. Beauregard, a son of the General. There were many songs. There were many other addresses, including a stirring appeal by Commander R. F. Green, of the Louisiana Division, his theme being "On to Richmond."

Dr. Charles Hamilton, of Rome, Ga., Surgeon General of the U. S. C. V., celebrated his silver wedding November 30, 1906, at his residence. His wife was Miss Lew McClain. They received many substantial evidences of regard and remembrances from their numerous friends. They have the best wishes of Sons of Confederate Veterans everywhere.

Camp John A. Broadus, Louisville, held its sixth annual banquet January 19, 1907, at the Tavern Club. Samuel E. Blackburn was toastmaster. The attendance of Sons was large, and the following guests of honor were present: Senator William Lindsay, Gen. John B. Castleman, Gen. Basil Duke, Capt. John H. Leathers, Capt. W. T. Ellis, Judge W. O. Harris, and Judge A. E. Richards. The addresses were soul-stirring. The evening was devoted to a commemoration of the peerless Lee. "None but himself can be his parallel."

RICHMOND REUNION.

The thought uppermost in the minds of all patriotic Southerners at the present time is the approaching Reunion at Richmond, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 30 to June 3, inclusive. The Reunion is to be the seventeenth of the U. C. V., the twelfth of the U. S. C. V., and the eighth convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

The United Sons of Confederate Veterans came into existence June 30, 1896, at Richmond, and this forms an additional reason for their pleasure over the prospect of the present Reunion.

Extensive and elaborate plans are being arranged by the city and by the several patriotic societies of Richmond for the pleasure, comfort, and profit of visitors. This occasion, it is believed, will bring together the greatest gathering of Confederate survivors and their friends ever before known.

In General Orders, No. 15, March 25, 1907, details were published, calling on Camps to put themselves in good standing, etc.

The headquarters of the Commander in Chief will be at the Jefferson Hotel, where he will expect to meet all visiting and other comrades immediately on arrival.

Special railroad rates of one cent per mile round trip have been secured, tickets being on sale from May 28 to 30, inclusive, return limit to June 6, with the privilege of extension to a later date.

The following are the chairmen of the several Sons committees, to whom communications should be addressed on all matters over which they have jurisdiction: E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Richmond, Committee on Reception and Care of the Sons; John B. Lightfoot, Jr., 4½ N. 11th Street, Richmond, Va., Committee on Entertainment of Visiting Sons of Veterans, Sponsors and Maids; Roy M. Jones, Room 34, Chamber of Commerce Building, Richmond, Va., Committee on Information and Quarters; John Landstreet, Richmond, Va., Committee on Parade, Carriages, and Horses; and Robert Lecky, Jr., Richmond, Va., Committee on Auditorium, Music, and Decoration.

Delegates and others who have a desire to visit the conventions of both Veterans and Sons will be delighted to learn that the programmes have been so arranged as to avoid all conflict and to permit attendance on each. Past Commander in Chief R. B. Haughton writes as follows, and in what he says expresses practically unanimous feeling on the part of all Sons: "I have frequently tried to devise some means by which we could arrange to transact our business at the various Reunions and at the same time attend more of the Veterans' meetings. It will be only a few years now before we will not have the privilege of attending their meetings, and we ought to do all we can to learn what is possible from them now. Do you know of any way in which it can be accomplished? Do you think it will be possible for us to meet one day sooner than they or stay one day later? If something of the kind could be secured, it would be very valuable to us in the long run."

Uniform, Commission, and Badge.

Every loyal member of the Confederation should, where possible, procure a uniform and a badge. All Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp officers should apply to General Headquarters for a commission as an evidence of their rank. Badges and commissions cost one dollar each. Full particulars as to all Confederation supplies are to be found in Circular No. 6, a copy of which will be supplied on application.

Sponsors and Maids of Honor.

The following Sponsors, Maids of Honor, Matrons, and Chaperons have been appointed to date:

Confederation: Sponsor in Chief, Miss Eva Comer, Birmingham, Ala.; Maids of Honor, Miss Julia Fulton Williams, Yazoo City, Miss., and Miss Amy McRae Werth, Richmond, Va.; Matron of Honor, Mrs. J. C. Lee, Montgomery, Ala.; Chaperon, Mrs. Louise Bankhead Perry, Greenville, S. C.

Departments—Army of Northern Virginia Department: Sponsor, Miss Frances Key Duke, Louisville, Ky.; Maid of Honor, Miss Edith Norton, Louisville, Ky.; Matron of Honor, Mrs. James P. Tarvin, Covington, Ky. Army of Tennessee Department: Sponsor, Miss Sallie Person, Jackson, Tenn.; Maid of Honor, Miss Bertha Waddill, Jackson, Tenn.



MISS DECCA LAMAR WEST,
Sponsor for Texas Division, U. C. V.

Alabama: Sponsor, Miss Glenn Louise Hamburger, Mobile; Maid of Honor, Miss Ella Hargrove Sayre, Montgomery; Chaperon, Mrs. Clarence J. Owens, Abbeville.

Arkansas: Sponsor, Miss Agnes T. Winchester, Fort Smith.

Florida: Sponsor, Miss Ruth Mitchell, Jacksonville; Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth L. Fleming, Jacksonville.

Louisiana: Sponsor, Miss Julia E. Rogers, New Orleans; Maid of Honor, Miss Belle Kahn, Plaquemine; Chaperon, Mrs. Dr. George H. Tichenor, New Orleans.

Texas: Sponsor, Miss Nora Lee DeLay, Tyler; Maids of Honor, Miss Winnie Tisdal, Greenville, and Miss Eleanor McHenry, Dallas; Chaperon, Mrs. C. B. Jones, Greenville.

Virginia: Sponsor, Miss Lucy Atkinson McIlwaine, Petersburg; Maid of Honor, Miss Grace Radcliff Day, Smithfield.

Memorial Exercises in Honor of Mrs. Davis.

In response to the suggestion of General Orders, No. 13, many Camps of the Confederation held memorial exercises in honor of Mrs. Davis. Mention is made of the following who have reported their action to general headquarters: Camp Holtzclaw, Montgomery, Ala.; Camp Sterling Price, St. Louis, Mo.; Camp Beauregard, New Orleans, La.; Camp Washington, D. C.; and Camp N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

Camp Historian.

More interest than ever before is being manifested in the office of Camp Historian. He is the natural leader in the historical work of the Camp and its members. He should not only be enthusiastic; he should be discriminating and a man of sound judgment. The leading Camps of the Confederation are calling their best men to the position.

In a letter from Past Division Commander W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., he says: "To show that I have not lost interest, at the meeting of the local Camp the other night I was elected Historian, and accepted the office with pride. Having already been Lieutenant Commander and Commander of the Camp, I still consider this an honor, and will do my full duty as Historian."

Appeal is made to Camps to elect to this important post that comrade who is fitted for its duties and who will fearlessly perform them.

Camp Work.

Too frequent reference cannot be made to the importance of Camp activities. Unless the members of a Camp are engaged upon some task, the organization will die.

Commander Seymour Stewart, of Camp Sterling Price, St. Louis, writes: "Our Camp is holding meetings, if not monthly, nearly that often, barring the summer months. On October 25 we held our first fall meeting, and we had with us several Veterans who fought for our Southern rights and many ladies to whom the South is most dear. One of the Veterans remarked after having heard the paper on 'The Alabama' that he then for the first time realized the cause for the intense animosity displayed by the Federal fleet coming up Mobile Bay when the sailors shouted: 'Remember the Alabama. Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!' Another Veteran, Commander of the local Camp, has forwarded to his headquarters the paper and requested that it be published by the Society of Confederate Veterans. I may add in conclusion that I have personally secured the applications or the promises for fifteen

new members, and amongst this number there are men who will add greatly to the personnel of our Camp."

A. M. Sea, Jr., Commander of the Kentucky Division, says: "I agree with your views as expressed in your letter of November 1, 1906, that our chief defect is lax Camp work, and that this would be remedied in a great measure by more frequent meetings. This will be urged upon all Camps. Several of us in Broadus Camp have agitated this matter from time to time; but the boys do not take kindly to it as yet, and seem to be content with three or four meetings a year. In time they will see the matter as each and every one ought to see it: That no secret or fraternal or benevolent order should have as strong a claim to his affections or should be entitled to as great a share of his intelligent individual effort as our organization. In my judgment it is a greater honor to be the son of a Confederate soldier than the descendant of a Revolutionary hero."

New Camps.

New Camps since No. 12, September, 1906, have been chartered as follows:

No. 551, Camp Cal Crozier, Tyler, Tex., October 18, 1906, eighty-seven members; C. O. Griggs, Commandant; Perley H. Boone, Adjutant.

No. 552, Camp Fluvanna, Palmyra, Va., November 1, 1906, twenty members; Paul Pettit, Commandant; T. Walter Shiflett, Adjutant.

No. 553, Camp James G. Storey, Lockhart, Tex., November 2, 1906, thirty-two members; A. B. Storey, Commandant; J. W. Karback, Adjutant.

No. 554, Camp Brewster, Alpine, Tex., November 10, 1906, thirteen members; Benjamin F. Berkeley, Commandant; John W. Kinsey, Adjutant.

No. 555, Camp A. C. Gordon, Abbeville, Ala., November 17, 1906, thirty-four members; J. B. Espy, Commandant; Joe McLendon, Adjutant.

No. 556, Camp J. J. Dickison, Tampa, Fla., December 24, 1906, twenty-five members; H. P. Baya, Commandant; Kelsey Blanton, Adjutant.

No. 557, Camp Tom Smith, Suffolk, Va., April 16, 1907, thirty-four members; J. C. Holladay, Commandant; G. L. Bell, Adjutant.

No. 558, Camp Canney Steed, Liberty Corner, Va., April 16, 1907, twenty-six members; R. J. Stokes, Commandant; J. L. Burke, Adjutant.

No. 559, Camp Col. Jack Moore, Centerville, Tenn., April 20, 1907, forty-three members; Stanley C. Brown, Commandant; W. S. Wollard, Adjutant.

Women's Memorial.

So far as can be learned from expressions received from comrades in various parts of the Confederation, the decision reached on the subject of the form of the memorial to the Women of the Confederacy has met very general satisfaction. Irrespective of preconceived opinions or wishes in reference to the form which the memorial should assume, comrades and friends of the movement recognize that almost insuperable conditions exist as to many of the plans proposed. Therefore the plan originally suggested by Gen. C. Irvine Walker to the Women's Memorial Committee, and recommended by it to the General Convention in New Orleans, and subsequently adopted by the special committee to which the subject was intrusted, seems to very satisfactorily meet conditions as well as to satisfy the wishes of the Confederation on the subject. Attention is again called to the details of the plan as set forth in General Orders, No. 12, printed in this department of the Veteran for October, 1906.

General Walker is working with great zeal, giving his entire time to the movement. He has many plans or schemes for the raising of funds, nearly all of which are productive. The Confederate Veterans appear to be responding very generously to the appeals of General Walker. It is a pleasure to note the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. H. G. Damon, of Corsicana, Tex., appointed in May last year by General Walker as special representative for Texas. Mr. Damon has issued a circular appeal, from which he expects to raise several large sums. He estimates that from the two hundred and eighty-eight Camps of Confederate Veterans in Texas an average of one hundred dollars each ought to be paid, making a total of $28,800.

The Virginia supplements in behalf of the fund were published last fall, and the present spring the Alabama supplements appeared. These publications, apart from popularizing the movement, are valuable mediums for the preservation of Confederate history.

There is a very general desire, however, to close up this work, as is evidenced by the following expression from Past Commander in Chief R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis: "What do you think of the idea of adopting a resolution or even a constitutional amendment at the next Reunion assessing each member five dollars or one dollar per year until a sufficient amount is raised for the purpose of raising the money for the Women's Memorial? We ought to do something to dispose of that matter, and I rather think that if the matter is properly presented the members will agree to dispose of the whole thing at one big swallow. You can get a large donation generally about as easily as you can get a small one."

Reunion of the Florida Division.

C. Seton Fleming, of Jacksonville, submits the following with reference to the Reunion of the Florida Division:

"I submit herewith a report of the attempted Reunion of the Florida Division, U. S. C. V., in Gainesville, Fla., on November 13 and 14, 1906. This report was not forwarded sooner for the reason that it was impossible for me to be present, and I have been endeavoring for the last few months to obtain authentic data concerning said Reunion.

"The Reunion of the U. S. C. V. was called at the same time and place as that of the Florida Division. U. C. V., and was attended by the Commander of the Florida Division, U. S. C. V., and five members of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 83, of this city. When this delegation arrived, they found only those present who were from Jacksonville. The Gainesville people advised them not to attempt the organization of a Camp at that place, as the Daughters had two Chapters there and were having a lively fight, and that the attempt to organize a Camp would only make the tension between the two Chapters greater. Such being the case, it was decided not to organize a Camp of the U. S. C. V., fearing that our cause would be injured rather than advanced. The delegation from Jacksonville, therefore, attended the Reunion of the Veterans and participated so far as possible. Although a General Order was sent out to all Florida Camps from the U. S. C. V., instructing each Camp to send delegates to Gainesville, the only response to same was from Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 83, U. S. C. V., of Jacksonville, as heretofore stated.

"On January 19 the memorial celebration of the centennial birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee was held at the First Baptist Church of this city, a programme of which I inclose herewith.

The services were largely attended by the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Camps of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans and numerous admirers of the great soldier and patriot. The opening prayer was by a son of a Confederate Veteran, the oration by a son of a Confederate Veteran, and the violin solos were rendered by a son of a Confederate Veteran. We were thus well represented at the celebration. The memorial services were attended by between seven and eight hundred people, the church was crowded, and the services were in every way a complete success."

Reunion of the Louisiana Division.

The Louisiana Division is one among very few of the Division organizations which have printed the proceedings of their Reunion conventions held during 1906. That this is true in regard to the Louisiana Division is greatly due to the zeal and enthusiasm of Ralston F. Green, its present Commander. The following brief account is condensed from the printed pamphlet:

The eighth annual Reunion of the Louisiana Division was held at Baton Rouge August 9 and 10. The first session consisted of a joint convention of Veterans and Sons. The meeting was held in Garig Hall, and addresses of welcome were delivered on behalf of the State by Gov. N. C. Blanchard and on behalf of the city by Col. T. S. Jones. On behalf of the Veterans a response was made by Gen. Albert Estopital and for the Sons by Lieut. Gov. J. Y. Sanders. In the absence of the Division Commander, J. D. Nix, Ralston F. Green, Division Adjutant, named the credentials committee, and on adjournment the Sons were ordered to reassemble on the following morning at eleven o'clock.

The second day's session convened at 11:15 A.M. in the parlor of the Istrouma Hotel, Past Division Commander W. McBarrow presiding. From the report of the Credentials Committee the following Camps were found represented by delegates: Victor St. Martin, Beauregard, H. W. Allen, Joe Wheeler, and C. M. Smith.

The report of Division Commander Nix was presented by Division Adjutant Green. The report was read and ordered spread on the minutes. It showed that five new Camps had been organized during the term, ending August 9, and that six Camps had been revived. In concluding the report he states: "I wish to impress on you all the absolute necessity of individual support by the members of the different Camps in the Division to the Commander."

The report of the Division Adjutant, Ralston F. Green, detailed the clerical work of the Division. It stated that fourteen circular letters had been sent to every Camp, that three hundred and seventy-eight letters had been written, and that there were thirty-six Camps in the Division, with a total membership of one thousand eight hundred and seventy. This report was adopted and ordered printed.

Division Adjutant Green was unanimously elected Division Commander by acclamation. J. R. Landgridge, of Gretna, was elected Commander of the First Brigade; Edmund Maurin, of Donaldsonville, Commander of the Second Brigade; F. E. Girard, of LaFayette, Commander of the Third Brigade. No elections were made for the Fourth and Fifth Brigade Commanders, it being decided that the Division Commander should make appointments for these places.

Resolutions were adopted thanking the Veterans and others of Baton Rouge for kindness and courtesy extended during the Reunion.

Reunion of the Missouri Division.

Mr. Chilton Atkinson, Commander, makes the following report on the effort to hold a Reunion of the Missouri Division:

"The Reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans of the Missouri Division was called for September 26, 1906, at Joplin, Mo. There were three delegates of Camp Sterling Price, of St. Louis, who appeared at the convention and none other. I spent the time organizing a Camp at Joplin, and stayed over two or three days to complete the organization. There are twenty-one men who have signed the application, and before I left Joplin I had collected the *per capita* tax from most all of them and an extra assessment almost sufficient to pay the charter fee of the Camp. Some of those who were made officers by the articles of agreement had not paid their portion and could not be reached, so I left the matter in the hands of Mr. Horace Merritt to complete for me. The latter is Commander of the Camp, and has written to me that he is working on the matter. I will write him again to-day to get these papers forwarded to headquarters immediately.

"We have a Camp at Jefferson City which is also in the course of organization, and on the whole I think that matters in this State are looking up.

"It is very difficult to get the Camps represented at the State Reunions. Many who are willing to take the time for a national Reunion will not go to the Division Conventions."

Reunion of the Texas Division.

The following is an outline of the work of the Reunion Convention of the Texas Division condensed from the minutes prepared by Division Commander J. S. Hilliard:

The sixth annual Reunion of the Texas Division was held in the city of Dallas October 25, 1906. It consisted of a morning and an afternoon session, and was held in the council chamber of the City Hall. Division Commander J. S. Hilliard, of Tyler, presided. Among other distinguished Sons in attendance, there were present Past Commanders in Chief Thomas P. Stone, of Waco, and N. R. Tisdal, of Rusk; the present Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, J. M. Tisdal, of Greenville; and Past Division Commander C. S. Swindells, of Dallas.

The following Camps were represented by delegates: Cal Crozier, Tyler; Sul Ross, Waco; R. E. Lee, Fort Worth; W. L. Cabell, Dallas; Cal Crozier, Will's Point; J. D. Sayers, Temple; J. A. Cumings, Bowie; and Camps Greenville and Rusk, of those cities.

The meeting was opened with divine invocation by Rev. R. M. Gano. The address of welcome was delivered by Judge E. B. Muse and the response by J. T. Wiggins. Greetings were extended from the U. D. C. by Miss Kate Daffan, of Houston, and Mrs. Moore Murdock followed with an inspiring address, in which she urged the Sons to keep alive the spirit of the organization and preserve the history of the Cause.

After the appointment of a committee to extend greetings to the convention of the Veterans in session in the same building, the meeting took a recess until the afternoon. On reassembling, a committee from the Veterans appeared to return the greetings which had been so cordially tendered by the Sons during the morning. Several eloquent speeches were made by the members of the Veterans' committee.

Commander Hilliard submitted a brief report as to his work, stating that he had been in service for only about two months, and earnestly pledged his best endeavors to the full

development of the Confederation work in the Division. In accordance with his recommendation, the Division constitution and the minutes of the present Reunion convention were ordered printed.

Resolutions were adopted expressive of the sympathy of the Convention on the death of Mrs. Davis; also indorsing the movement to establish a home for disabled and aged Confederate women of Texas and expressing the thanks of the delegates and others to the W. L. Cabell Camp for hospitalities. Among other things, the resolutions adopted declared: "We note with a blush of shame the lack of interest among the sons of Confederate Veterans in the perpetuation of the organization of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Also a lack of interest in maintaining the organizations heretofore chartered and the general apathy of the Sons in their work and in their organizations."

The present Commander, J. S. Hilliard, was reëlected without opposition for another term. In responding to calls for an address, he declared that he was a man of work, not words, and he further declared his undying loyalty to the principles of the Confederation. Messrs. Ben. E. Cabell, John A. Kee, and N. R. Tisdal were also chosen as a committee of three to name the route to be used by the Sons from the Texas Division in attendance upon the Reunion at Richmond.

During the sessions a number of sponsors and maids were in attendance; besides, there was a representative attendance of visitors.

Reunion of the Virginia Division.

Past Division Commander W. W. Old, Jr., writes as follows:

"The first session of the annual Reunion of the Virginia Division, U. S. C. V., was called to order in the city of Roanoke by Division Commander William W. Old, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., on the afternoon of October 24, 1906. The representation of Camps was satisfactory and the enthusiasm inspiring. After the appointment of several committees, the meeting adjourned in order to allow the members to take part in a reception given at the Hotel Roanoke by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Roanoke. That night the Virginia Division had its celebration, the orator of the evening being Hon. Robert E. Lee, Jr., of the County of Fairfax. His instructive and entertaining address was received with hearty applause.

"At the meetings held on the mornings of October 25 and 26 a large amount of routine work was disposed of. The question of uniforms was thoroughly discussed, and a resolution adopted calling upon each Camp to urge upon its members the advisability of taking the forward step. An amendment to the constitution of the Division was also adopted providing for the appointment of a Division Historian, who is to be *ex officio* chairman of the History Committee. This is no doubt a step in the right direction and one which will bring about good results.

"The parade took place on the afternoon of the 25th, and impressive indeed was the sight of the gray-haired Veterans who were willing and ready to give their all in defense of their native State.

"The Reunion closed with a grand ball given on the night of the 26th by the local Camp in honor of the visiting Sons, sponsors, and maids of honor. The Virginia reel, participated in by the Veterans only, their wives and daughters, was the feature of the evening.

"The election of officers resulted as follows: Division Commander, James P. Banks, A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg, Va.; Commander of the First Brigade, Paul W. Garrett, Loudoun Camp, Leesburg, Va.; Commander of the Second Brigade, T. W. Miller, Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, Roanoke, Va.

"The Sons were received 'with open arms,' and all credit should be given to the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. S. C. V., which has lately been reorganized and which will prove a powerful factor for good in the Division."

Concerning the Lee Anniversary.

The approach of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee found the Sons in all parts of the Confederation eager and willing to do honor to his memory. The Commander in Chief issued General Orders, No. 14, directing memorial meetings.

The most enthusiastic response was made and the following Camps are noted as holding meetings: Camp R. E. Lee, Richmond, Va.; Camp John A. Broadus, Louisville, Ky.; Camp Beauregard, New Orleans, La.; Camp Stonewall Jackson, Jacksonville, Fla.; Camp Francis S. Bartow, Savannah, Ga.; Camp W. T. Aull, Owensboro, Ky.; Camp Holtzclaw, Montgomery; Camp Victor St. Martin, Donaldsonville, La.; and Camp John C. Francis, Jacksonville, Ala.

There were many others doubtless, but no reports have been made to General Headquarters.

This report of Commander in Chief Owen, it will be seen, covers the past few months, and the delay is cordially excused since he could not meet all of the aggregated obligations that were incumbent upon him. The Veteran joins in a multitude who will regret to see that he feels he cannot serve longer as Commander in Chief.

The Veteran has been unstinted in efforts to encourage and advance the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. It pleads for commensurate action and zeal by them that is exemplified by Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere. If they would more generally read the Veteran, they would realize how far short they are in such coöperative service.

VETERANS OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

Lieut. Gen. H. A. Tyler, Commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps, orders as follows:

"By an article of our organization, every soldier of any and all arms of service who at any time during the war served under Gen. N. B. Forrest and remained true and faithful to the cause unto the end is entitled to recognition and membership in the Corps.

"All field and company officers now living are hereby reappointed to the same positions, with same rank as held by them at the close of the war, and are hereby directed to at once notify every member of their old commands to meet them in Richmond, Va., May 30 to June 3, and there get together at our general headquarters and organize their old commands.

"Officers and members of this Corps are hereby notified to assemble in the University College of Medicine, Richmond, at 10 A.M. May 30 and attend a business meeting of the Corps.

"The University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va., has been assigned for the use of Forrest's Cavalry Corps during the entire Reunion. An office will be kept open at all hours for the use of members, as well as to give out all needed information. Cots for the free use of the members will be put into many of the rooms. All officers and members are requested to call at the office and register immediately upon their arrival, and beautiful souvenir metal badges, similar to those given out at New Orleans and Memphis, will be given to those who have not heretofore received them. All members are requested to wear these badges."

HENRY E. WOOD.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD.

"A soldier right gallant was he
When forth he went to serve the South—
Fortune and all he held dearly
Oft knew peril at cannon's mouth.

Now while long shadows gently fall,
Peace to this loyal soldier old;
He heeded the call of his Southland,
And long let his daring be told."

With the pitiable spectacle of the ever-thinning ranks of the Confederacy before us, we may well pause amid the busy rounds of this commercial age and weave chaplets of honest admiration to bedeck the brow of valor. And let us not leave all our tribute offering for the cold, dull ear of death.

The subject of this sketch is Henry E. Wood, Esq., of Bremo Bluff, Va. Mr. Wood was a color bearer in Pickett's Division, and answered roll call in the days that tried men's souls as a member of Company E, 18th Virginia Infantry. Whenever the old stars and bars are flung to Southern breezes and the old guard in gray rally to the strains of "Dixie," Mr. Wood can invariably be found. He rarely misses a Reunion of the Confederates of the South or a meeting of the Grand Camp of Virginia. Tall and straight and of soldierly bearing, Mr. Wood is ever conspicuous among many upon patriotic and martial occasions.

Comrade Wood still wears the suit in which he marched, fought, and bivouacked during the entire war. Worn and frayed with age and bearing the scars of battle, this relic of the Confederacy gracefully adorns its wearer. He was three times wounded at Gaines's Mill, and his old regimentals faithfully retain traces of the bullets. He looks a soldier of Appomattox fortunes. His war regalia is such as a soldier of the sixties wore. He carries a haversack and gum blanket captured at Seven Pines. A canteen and two tin cups from which some Federal officer once regaled his thirst, and which Mr. Wood captured on the retreat from Yorktown, dangle among other war trophies at the old soldier's belt. Mr. Wood wears also a Colt's navy revolver, captured from a Yankee major at New Market in October, 1864. With this Yankee major he captured six Federal soldiers. He wears the cap of the Johnnie Reb, and it sits gracefully upon a head which time has frosted, but failed to rob of rich reminiscences of the war. He is especially fond of Col. R. E. Withers, of Wytheville, Va., than whom he says there was never a braver man nor more exalted Christian.



HENRY E. WOOD.

Mr. Wood is the Commander of his Camp of U. C. V., No. 54, of Fluvanna County. Many of the readers of the VETERAN will no doubt see this interesting old soldier at the Reunion in Richmond and at the Jamestown Exposition this year. Mr. Wood has never married. Apart from his fertile reminiscences of the war, he is a prosperous and popular citizen of his section. He lost two brothers in the war and had two others severely wounded.

BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD ON THE OLD SOUTH.

[From a paper to the Nashville Christian Advocate.]

In the Old South were the roots of the New South. The South of to-day has the same soil, the same heredity, the same traditions. The typical young Southerner of the old days loved the open air and gloried in the athletics of his time. He could ride and shoot, he was a long jumper and high climber, and was not lacking in the courage naturally to be expected from the descendants of the high-headed Cavaliers and the round-headed Covenanters. * * * The men of the South in those old days fought Indians, drank all the strong drink that was good for them, and more, exhibited a passion for politics that has descended to their children and children's children, and cherished a punctiliousness on points of honor and a devotion to principle that were derided by others who would have done better by imitating them. Those old Southerners in some respects were a peculiar people, troublesome to tyrants and puzzling to political tricksters and trimmers. Doubtless there was some trace of snobbery in the Old South, as elsewhere; but the aristocracy of the Old South was more an aristocracy of blood and brains than of money. In certain circles in later days it was a common saying that the effect of the peculiar institution of domestic slavery had superinduced an effeminacy in the white men of the South. When our Civil War began, a noted Northern editor said that every Southern gentleman in the Confederate army would need two servants, one to carry his knapsack and the other to carry his cologne bottle. Effeminates were they, Mr. Greeley? These were the men that swept the Valley of Virginia like a whirlwind under Stonewall Jackson. These were the men that breasted the billows of flame at Manassas, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and Sharpsburg. These were the men who paved the lines of their assaults with the palpitating bodies of heroes who could meet certain death on the double-quick and never in equal combat showed their backs to a foe. Effeminate, did you say? These were the men that galloped over many a contested field in many campaigns with Forrest and Stuart and Morgan and Hampton and the rest, and by their unsurpassed valor won undying fame. These were the men that followed Robert E. Lee in a series of campaigns in which were displayed a courage, skill, fortitude, energy, and devotion unsurpassed in the history of the world.

There never was a finer manhood on the earth than that of

the Old South. They lived an outdoor life favorable to physical strength and marked individuality. The existing state of things in our country furnishes a vindication of what has been sneered at as characteristic of the old Southern school of statesmanship. The old-time Southern statesmen, it was alleged, wasted their time and their breath in the discussion of abstract constitutional principles. They were accused of too much persistency in their demand for strict construction of constitutional provisions. They were satirized as abstractionists and visionaries, and nicknamed in current politics as the "Chivalry." The old-time Southerners who stood for this principle and acted on it in their representative capacity did a work never to be forgotten in the making of this republic. The Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Federal Constitution are their monuments. In the contest now going on in defense of the rights and welfare of the American people the names and the deeds of these men of the Old South will be invoked as examples by an awakened and patriotic people.

The Old South was no exception to the rule that the landholders of a country rule it. If called upon to give my advice to our young men, I should say to them: Stay where you are, and hold on to your lands. There is no nobler secular calling than that of a genuine farmer. The farm would furnish the able-bodied young Southerner with good exercise after he leaves school. They might exchange the bicycle for the plow handles or corn dropper, the Indian club for the woodman's ax, the dumb-bells for the handspike, the tennis racket for the pitchfork, the boxing gloves for the sawhorse, and the fencing foils for the reaper's scythe. To make one of the farms in our fair Southern land flourish in increased fertility would reflect more honor upon a young Southerner in this year of our Lord 1907 than to win a medal for being the highest jumper, the loftiest tumbler, the hardest kicker, the brawniest boxer, or the fastest runner that was ever made dizzy by the shouts of victory at an intercollegiate contest.

The expenditure of money for educational purposes is larger, the percentage of illiteracy is smaller. * * * Nobody but an idiot has anything to say against education. But it depends on the kind of education as to whether it is good or evil. Culture is a much-misunderstood word. No amount of culture will suffice to turn a jimson weed into a rosebush. All that culture can do for a weed is to give it a ranker growth.

The people of the Old South were homogeneous. Some of our Southern people are inviting foreign immigration to the South. It will be well for us if immigration shall not be more rapid than assimilation. Other portions of our beloved country have gotten more than they bargained for in this matter of immigration. The anarchists and unbelievers of many lands and many tongues have come in multitudes. The power of assimilation has been overtaxed, and the consequences are not satisfactory to the parties immediately concerned. Let us take warning. The old white South got along pretty well with the old black South, all things considered. Conditions have changed somewhat, but we understand one another, and with less assistance from abroad that we do not ask for, and the exercise of a reasonable degree of common sense, every square mile of this Southern land would bloom in bountifulness and beauty.

Covington Daughters of the Confederacy.—An oratorical medal was presented sometime since by the Baker Lemmon Chapter, U. D. C. An oration upon Gen. Robert E. Lee was delivered by Mr. Edward Walk in competition which attracted widespread attention; and, while the medal was awarded to another, the Walk oration is of such excellence and was delivered with such easy, graceful eloquence that his friends requested its publication in the Veteran. The facts of General Lee's life are so well known and so many addresses are mailed to the Veteran from anniversary meetings that they can't all be used. Edward Walk is a high-toned, thoroughbred Southern youth of sterling character and noble aspirations. He has not yet doffed his knee pants nor passed half through his teens.

CAPTAIN THRASH AND HIS MONUMENT.

Many monuments have been erected by the Southern people to commemorate the valor of those who fell in defense of their land, but it has been within the power of but few to be able to do individually what has required the assistance of many. Notable among these is the monument erected by Capt. A. B. Thrash, of North Carolina, to Company I, 25th Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, which he commanded to the honor of his State. The monument is built of Tennessee marble, twenty-one feet in height, and stands in the cemetery where the dead of Company I are resting. On it are inscribed one hundred and seventy-one names, comprising every man who joined the company from first to last, and in the picture herewith given appear some of the survivors.

Since this picture was sent to the Veteran our good comrade has died, and now lies at rest in the shadow of the monument which was his loving tribute to those who followed him where duty led. Most remarkable to relate, although he was quite advanced in years, his mother survives him. A friend sends this short notice of his life and service for the Confederacy: "Capt. A. B. Thrash died at his home, near Candler, N. C., on November 21, 1906. He was born in December, 1829, in Buncombe County, and entered the Confederate service in July, 1861, as a private in Company I, 25th North



CAPT. A. B. THRASH.

Carolina Regiment of Volunteers. He was elected first lieutenant in April, 1862, and promoted to captain in December, 1864. He was in the battles of Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Weldon Railroad, near Reams Station, Frazier's Farm, in the blowing up of the Crater near Petersburg, and nine months in the trenches there. He was wounded and in the hospital



THRASH MONUMENT.

and captured by Grant's forces when he took Petersburg. He was sent to Newport News prison, and paroled from there on June 16, 1865."

In the VETERAN for November appeared Captain Thrash's recollections of the "blow-up" at the Crater, and he had intended to write an account of the siege of Petersburg as he knew it, but death intervened.

HONORED WAS THE DOUGLAS TEXAS BATTERY.

P. E. Hockersmith, of Woodburn, Ky., sends a printed letter from Ed W. Smith with copy of resolutions by the Confederate Congress in regard to the first reënlistments at Dalton for the war:

"The year 1864 opened upon our Southern people in the midst of a mighty struggle for Confederate independence. Our coast cities were girdled by powerful Federal navies, the Mississippi River was in the control of our enemies, and their armies had penetrated most of our territory. The terms of voluntary enlistment of our armies in the field were about to expire, and the Confederate Congress had passed a sweeping conscript law compelling the continued service of practically all of our arms-bearing people. Our leaders, both civil and military, had grave apprehensions of the effect of its execution upon the spirit of our people. Just at this juncture Douglas's Texas Battery, encamped with the Army of the Tennessee at Dalton. Ga., on the 18th of January in a series of resolutions reënlisted for twenty years, or during the continuance of the war. General Johnston, in general orders the next morning, quoted the resolutions and commended the spirit of the battery to his army. This order was read at the same time to all the different organizations in his command, and regiment after regiment and battery after battery reënlisted, and the conscript law fell harmless at our feet. Immediately following this action Malcolm D. Graham, Representative in the Confederate Congress, introduced and secured the passage of the following joint resolution of thanks to the enlisted men of Douglas's Texas Battery:

"'*Resolved*, by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress are eminently due and are hereby tendered to the enlisted men of Douglas's Texas Battery for the patriotic resolutions adopted by them on the 18th of January last and by which they reënlisted in the military service for war. Approved February 16, 1864."

"This resolution was secured by Congressman Bob Smith, of El Paso District, from the Confederate archives now in the possession of the War Department at Washington, the above being a certified copy of same. This piece of authentic history settles forever the question as to what Confederate command first reënlisted for the entire period of the war."

ABOUT JONES'S RAID INTO WEST VIRGINIA.

BY T. J. YOUNG, AUSTIN, ARK.

A mistake occurs in my article in which you published an account of Jones's Cavalry raid in Virginia in the VETERAN for April, 1901, headed, "Ashby's Men in Rear of the Enemy." I failed to include the 6th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, which was on this raid, with the other regiment which composed the brigade—the 7th, 11th, and 12th Regiments, Whitcher's Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, and Brown's Battalion of Maryland Cavalry. Comrade George H. Moffett, of Parkersburg, W. Va., in his article on this raid in the October (1905) VETERAN, omits Whitcher's Battalion, which I am sure was on this raid, as I remember well their chasing the bushwhackers up the mountains and capturing them like a pack of hounds would capture a fox. Whitcher's men were from West Virginia and acquainted with the mountains. They were detailed to catch the bushwhackers, who made their appearance in many places during this raid, which was mostly through the mountains. One morning some of Major Brown's battalion, who were in the advance and doing picket duty, captured two bushwhackers who had captured two of their men in the morning while they were eating their breakfast at a house near the picket post—a lieutenant and a private. As soon as the men at the picket post found that their comrades had been captured they went in pursuit of them, and caught two bushwhackers with long red beards and clothed in homemade butternut with squirrel rifles. They were shot and the Confederates were liberated. I saw these bushwhackers after they were killed lying by the side of the road. This must be what Comrade Moffett makes allusion to, as Whitcher's men did most of the capturing of bushwhackers.

I desire to correct these errors in order that justice may be done Major Whitcher and his gallant men, also the 6th Virginia Cavalry, which command I inadvertently omitted. I think I am correct about the way we got the Federals out of the old log church at Greenland Gap, which was by tying up bundles of hay and the men rolling them in front of them against the church and then setting fire to the hay, which fired the church and caused the Federals to surrender. Our regiment, the 7th Virginia Cavalry, was in front, and we were ordered to charge by the church, which we did under the fire of the enemy's guns. Several men were killed and wounded. Among them was our gallant Col. R. H. Dulaney, who received a wound in his arm which caused him to lose its use. This put us in the rear of the enemy, cut off their retreat, and placed us where we could observe all that was done and transpired.

HEROISM OF TEXANS AT VICKSBURG.

A story is brought to light by United States Senator E. W. Pettus that deserves preservation in these pages. It comes to the VETERAN through J. N. Hunter, of Demorest, Ga.

Judge Rufus Hardy, of Corsicana, Tex., while on a trip to Washington City visited the Senator, who complied with his request to write of a memorable affair at Vicksburg, which he did as follows:

"Capt. L. D. Bradley, of General Waul's Legion, was born and commenced the practice of law in Dallas County, Ala. He was in his early days a partner of Col. N. H. R. Dawson, who was afterwards for twenty-six years my law partner. But I moved to Dallas County after Captain Bradley had gone West. I met him first at the siege of Vicksburg. A redoubt on the hill just south of the railroad to Jackson was on the line held by Col. Charles M. Shelley, of the 30th Alabama Regiment. I was then in command of a fragment of the 46th Alabama Regiment, which had lost all of its field officers at Baker's Creek and would not volunteer for continued work at the time.

"So when ordered—as I had been directed—to take the fort I went to Waul's Legion, near by and in reserve. I met Colonel Waul and told him what I wanted. He said: 'I will not order; but if any of my companies will volunteer, I will consent.'

"I went on and encountered Captain Bradley and told him the situation. After questioning me, he said: 'Did you see that whole Alabama company killed trying to take it?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'but the captain and all of his men were killed before they got to the back door of the redoubt. I expect to kill them before they know I am coming.'

"Captain Bradley then turned to a lieutenant commanding a company next to his and asked: 'Shall I take the whole job, or will you go halves?' The answer was: 'I will go if you will go.' Then Captain Bradley asked: 'How many men do you want?'

"I told him that about thirty was as many as could be used in so small a place.

"'Count off fifteen from the right,' ordered the Captain to his company, and the same order was given by the lieutenant to his company.

"In a moment almost I had my band of thirty picked Texas volunteers, which was joined by three men from Colonel Shelley's regiment. My first order was to march to the right, and away we went for the redoubt. Getting out of sight of the enemy, we went into the ditches of our works, moving swiftly with heads down and out of sight of the enemy until we had reached the redoubt, which the enemy had captured and was holding. Captain Bradley and I waited until the men closed up.

"We were still where we could not be seen by the enemy. As soon as we had reached this position I waved and threw down a red bandanna handkerchief, which was a signal for our troops to stop firing at the back door of the redoubt. The signal was obeyed at once, and instantly, with Captain Bradley and his men well up, we dashed into the redoubt. In a few minutes those of the Federals at the redoubt door were disposed of. They had their heads down to avoid the firing from the outside. Not one of our assaulting party was scratched. The floor of the redoubt we found more than covered by the bodies of dead men in gray and blue. Instantly I ordered our men to cover. All of the Federal guns —a large number—opened upon the redoubt. There was still a considerable force of Federals in the ditch in front of the redoubt. They were ordered to surrender, and attempted to do so by getting through the port holes, which had been widely breached by the fire of their own cannons. Then they were ordered to come around the redoubt in the ditch to the rear, and in that way three officers and thirty-three men were made prisoners and sent to the rear. The Federal fire from the outside batteries continued until dark, but my men kept safely under cover.

"As soon as anything could be heard one of Captain Bradley's company, in buckskin breeches, demanded: 'What fellow was that brought us into this hell's hole?'

"Captain Bradley professed not to know, which was received by his interrogator with jeering skepticism, and he broke out with this: 'I move we elect him a Texan, name or no name, rank or no rank.'

"The Captain put the motion to a vote, as though he were presiding at a town meeting. So I was unanimously elected a Texan—the greatest honor I have ever received, although I have had many beyond my deserving.

"General Pemberton and his chief engineer visited this redoubt soon after dark and gave orders for its repair that night. General Waul and his staff also visited it. The attacking party was then reviewed and all returned to their commands.

"Captain Bradley was the coolest man I ever saw under fire. I talked with him several times during the siege, and in that way learned who he was, where he was reared, etc.; but I did not see him again after the surrender, although he revisited his old home at Selma, where I live."

PRISON LIFE AT FORT DELAWARE.

BY DR. W. H. MOON, GOODWATER, ALA.

I was a member of Company I, 13th Alabama Regiment, Archer's Brigade, and I, with the brigade, was captured at Gettysburg July 1, 1863. We arrived at Fort Delaware about the 5th of July, and were put into newly built barracks consisting of long rows of buildings. The material was all rough and the planks nailed on vertically with strips to cover the openings between. The outer row of buildings formed a square, the doors all opening on the inside except on the south, where the officers were quartered, the backs of their buildings forming our south boundary. From the east side of the square divisions extended westward to within about one hundred feet of the west side, leaving an open way along the front of the outer line of buildings on the west.

At the time of our arrival there was much rain, and the island, being formed by the drifting of mud between the two channels at the mouth of Delaware River, soon became a bog where the men had to pass. After the whole place had become a veritable bog, the authorities had plank walks built,



TYPICAL SCENE OF THE BEST SOUTH.

which made the passageway better. For three or four months we were supplied with plenty of bread and meat; but as the winter approached our allowance was cut to about half, which was wholly inadequate to supply sufficient nourishment to keep the men from starving and freezing when the cold winter set in. Through the long winter months the men sat in groups upon their bunks or stood leaning against the walls on the sunny side of the buildings, wrapped in their old blankets, conversation generally being about the many good things they had to eat at their homes down in Dixie. The winter was so cold that the ice in the river by the ebb and flow of the tide drifted into great icebergs, so that when the tide was at low ebb it looked like a vast plain covered with stacks of ice, no water being visible.

A division contained four hundred men and two heaters. Around these crowds would gather in compact mass several deep, so that no one else could get near enough to receive the benefit of the heat. The houses being very open, in cold weather the heat could be felt but a short distance even from a red-hot stove. The prisoners were allowed one suit of clothes, a cheap overcoat, and one inferior blanket to each man. These, with the one heater to two hundred men, were the only protection against the bitter cold winds that swept across the Delaware River and up the bay. One and a quarter miles was said to be the nearest point to land from the isle.

Those who crowded around the stove continually were dubbed stove rats. On very cold days those who spent most of their time on their bunks trying to keep warm would get down in the passway between the bunks, form in column of one or two with as many in the rear as wished to participate, and charge the "stove rats." The hindmost would push those in front until the stove was cleared. The rear ones would then take possession at the stove until another column would form and make a countercharge, when the rear ones of this column would take their turn at the stove. These charges and countercharges would on very cold days sometimes continue for several hours, resulting at times in turning over the red-hot stove on the floor, and this would stop the fun till the stove could be righted and the flames extinguished. When not too cold, others would play cards, make rings from gutta-percha buttons or bones, or work at some other device by which they could earn a pittance to relieve their "starvation rations."

In February we were moved into the old barracks south of where we had been staying. These were formerly occupied by commissioned officers, who had been moved to other parts. When we entered these new quarters, the bunks and floor were covered with snow, which we had to clear out before starting up our little heaters. The next morning from our division four corpses were taken, frozen stiff. For four months, during the coldest of the winter, very few of the eight or nine thousand prisoners at Fort Delaware had sufficient food to satisfy their hunger at any time. The Yanks said they were retaliating on us for the way their men were being treated at Andersonville, Ga.



GEN. J. B. GORDON AND SOME OF THE "RACCOON ROUGHS."

On Christmas day I succeeded in getting out on detail to unload a boat of commissaries which consisted of crackers and sugar in barrels, which we were required to roll from the boat landing to the fort. It was impossible for hungry men to roll barrels of sugar so far and keep them whole, consequently there were soon several with the heads out sitting along the passway. As we rolled our barrels to the fort we would in passing these scoop out a handful of sugar and eat it as we went to and from the fort. In this way we satisfied our hunger and filled our pockets for future use. This, with our half rations, kept off hunger for a few days, when we were again subjected to the torture of cold and hunger for the remainder of the winter.

Quite a number of the older men who required more food to sustain life became very much emaciated, and succumbed to the cold, being found on their bunks in the morning frozen to death. How any survived the ordeal through which we had to pass that winter seems strange to me now. Early every morning we would get down from our bunks and trot around to warm up and get some feeling in our feet, which were benumbed with cold till they felt more like clogs to the legs than feet.

The prevailing diseases were smallpox in winter and measles and diarrhea in summer. From these diseases hundreds died and were buried on the Jersey shore. The manner of burial was to dig a ditch six feet wide and six feet deep, put in three boxes containing corpses one on top of the other, then extend the ditch, using the dirt to cover the boxes.

An amusing incident occurred at one of these burials. There was near the hopsital the dead house, where the clothes of the patients who went to the hospital were deposited, as were also the bodies of those who died, for burial the next day. One of the prisoners who was nursing at the hospital concluded to attempt his escape by removing one of the bodies from the box and hiding it under the old clothing, then placing himself in the box and having one of his friends replace the lid, so that it could be easily removed. In this way he, with several corpses, was conveyed in rowboats across the river to the Jersey shore, where all the prisoners who died at Fort Delaware were buried. These burials were attended to by details of prisoners to do the work and a guard to direct and keep the prisoners from making their escape. When they landed on the Jersey shore and were preparing to deposit the boxes in the ditch, the man who had concealed himself forced the lid off the box, jumped to his feet, and ran through the apple orchard which was near by. The detail and Yanks all took to their heels in a different direction, so he had no trouble in making his escape while the stampede was on. As I remember, one or two of the detail made good their escape. Those who knew nothing of the scheme were probably as badly frightened as the Yanks, and made no effort to get away.

Another incident occurred which created considerable excite-

ment among the guard one night. One of the prisoners, an elderly man known as Old Tom, had become demented, and was allowed to roam at will over the island. Occasionally he would lodge in the dead house at night, and on the night of the incident he had taken up his quarters there. As the guard who had just been relieved from duty was passing in front of the dead house Tom, dressed in long white apparel, moved out through the door, going directly toward the squad. Taking him for the spirit of a dead Rebel, they became frightened and made a break for their quarters, from which they were separated by two canals about twenty feet wide and three or four deep in mud and water. Into these they plunged, making no effort to get to the crossings, which were very narrow. When they reached their quarters, they were all wet and muddy and terribly frightened. An investigation soon revealed the cause of the fright and stampede.

GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON—BY A FEDERAL.

[Address before the Chicago Chapter, U. D. C., March 6, 1907, by Maj. Robert Mann Woods, Past State Commander Illinois G. A. R.]

General Johnston, who was of Scotch descent, was born in Virginia February 3, 1807. He was related to Patrick Henry, Valentine Wood, the Prestons, and the McLanes, the best blood of Virginia. He graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1829 in the class with Robert E. Lee, and for thirty-two years was an officer of the United States army. In the Mexican War he was lieutenant colonel of a regiment of voltigeurs, and highly distinguished himself. In June, 1860, he was promoted to quartermaster general of the army, with the rank of brigadier general. It is significant that the names recommended by General Scott to President Buchanan for this appointment were those of Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Charles F. Smith. From this position General Johnston resigned April 22, 1861, to go into the Confederate army.

His first command was at Harper's Ferry, and here he announced the principle which he adhered to in his entire service—viz., that he would relinquish a position, city, or fortification before he would relinquish an army. It would have been well for the Southern Confederacy if he had been allowed to carry out these military ideas.

General Johnston was chief in command of the Army of Northern Virginia from the first Bull Run until the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, where he was wounded by a shell and carried unconscious from the field. Gen. Robert E. Lee then assumed the command.

I shall take no sides in the controversy between Jefferson Davis and General Johnston as to the rank of the latter. Under the act of the Confederate Congress of March 6, 1861, it would seem that General Johnston was entitled to be the first ranking officer of the Confederate army. * * *

On General Johnston's partial recovery he was placed in command of the military division of the West, including the departments commanded by Beauregard, Pemberton, and Bragg, three distinct armies widely separated.

Bragg's defeat at Murfreesboro and Stone River had disheartened his subordinates, Generals Breckinridge, Hardee, Polk, and Cleburne, who petitioned President Davis to appoint General Johnston, which Mr. Davis refused to do.

Then came the Vicksburg campaign. General Johnston repeatedly asked the Secretary of War to order reënforcements to Pemberton from Lieutenant General Holmes, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and to unite those two armies against Grant. But it was not done. Johnston ordered Pemberton to throw his army against Grant's advance at Port Gibson; but Pemberton failed to do so, and allowed General Bowen to fight that battle with only five thousand men. Then, finding Grant's movement successful, he ordered Pemberton to abandon Vicksburg and march northeast to join him. He had told Pemberton that to hang on to Vicksburg meant to lose his army. Pemberton disobeyed the order, and Vicksburg was doomed.

Here again Johnston's principle was proved—that it was better to save an army than a location.

In General Johnston's report of the Vicksburg campaign he was compelled to say: "In this campaign General Pemberton made not a single movement in obedience to my order and regarded none of my instructions, and finally did not embrace the only opportunity to save his army—that given by my order to abandon Vicksburg."

Now came the battle of Chickamauga, which Judge Hughes, of Richmond, says "was the greatest defeat which the Confederates sustained during the war."

Mr. Davis could no longer turn a deaf ear to the voice of Bragg's division commanders, and he called General Johnston to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, which, under the gallant Pat Cleburne, had made a stand at Ringgold. During this campaign Johnston succeeded in getting together from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand men opposed to Sherman's about one hundred and ten thousand men. Sherman's force was divided into three divisions—viz., the Army of the Cumberland (General Thomas), the Army of the Ohio (General Schofield), and the Army of the Tennessee (Gen. J. B. McPherson), with two hundred and fifty-four pieces of artillery. Johnston's army was commanded by Generals Polk, Hardee, and Hood.

The story of Johnston's defense from Dalton to Atlanta is as thrilling as the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks through Persia, as wise as the policy of Fabius Maximus in the Punic War, and a thousand times more gallant than that of Napoleon's retreat from Russia. During the entire seventy-five days no day was without its battle, and in spite of Sherman's numerical superiority Johnston lost but four pieces of artillery—a battery captured by Col. Benjamin Harrison and his regiment, with a loss of one hundred and seventy-three men, in the first battle in which they were engaged. And so we record the steady and dogged resistance of this little army at Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Dug Gap, Mill Creek Gap, Rocky Face Ridge, Dalton, and the quick jump to Resaca to meet McPherson's army, coming through Snake Creek Gap. Then the stand at Cassville, which was abandoned by the advice of Generals Hood and Polk, and then the stand at the Etowah River and at New Hope Church. Then came Johnston's great effort at Kennesaw Mountain. Its great, natural fortification and the fact that it must be the last stand before crossing the Chattahoochee determined Johnston's course.

Here General Sherman made his first grand battle on the 27th of June, 1864. To fight against those heights and mountain-buttressed slopes seemed to be and proved to be folly. The Union loss was about twenty-five hundred, and that of the Confederates about five hundred. In this battle was observed one of those incidents that make us rejoice in humanity. When the Union troops on the side of the mountain had been repulsed, but could not retreat because it was more dangerous than to lie down behind the rocks, the woods caught fire. The Federal wounded were in danger of being burned alive. The Confederates called out, "Get your wounded out!" the firing

ceased, and both sides assisted in getting the wounded out of danger. Then the battle was renewed with the old ferocity.

Johnston took advantage of the lull after this battle to transfer his army across the Chattahoochee, and by the celerity of his movements escaped without the loss of a man and to Sherman's great surprise. Johnston then prepared for the expected division of Sherman's army and planned a battle at Peach Tree Creek. He was ready for a checkmate to Sherman. At this crucial moment came the order from Davis removing him from command and appointing Gen. John B. Hood in his stead. This order was a painful surprise to the Confederates and a joyful one to us.

General Howard in his "Memoirs" says: "Just at this time, much to our comfort and surprise, Johnston was removed and Hood placed in command of the Confederate army. Johnston had planned to attack Sherman at Peach Tree Creek, expecting just such a division between our wings as we made."

In General Sherman's "Memoirs" I find the following: "At this critical moment the Confederate government rendered us most valuable service. Being dissatisfied with the Fabian policy of General Johnston, it relieved him, and General Hood was substituted to command the Confederate army."

Gen. Jacob D. Cox says: "It is certain that the change of Confederate commanders was learned with satisfaction by every officer and man in our army. The patient skill and watchful intelligence and courage with which Johnston had always confronted them had been exasperating. They had found no weak joints in his harness."

I confidently assert that the campaign of seventy-five days of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and his, say, fifty thousand men against General Sherman and his one hundred and ten thousand men, covering a retreat of one hundred miles, has no parallel in brilliancy, hardihood, determined and dogged resistance, in wisdom and discretion, in all the wars of earth.

We could not see it at the time, but we now know that had Johnston been kept in command Sherman could not have made the march to the sea and the campaign of the Carolinas. I must say for Gen. John B. Hood that he was compelled to make the fight he made at that time because he was appointed for that purpose.

On the 1st of February, 1865, Gen. Robert E. Lee was made commander in chief of the Confederate armies. On the 23d he appointed General Johnston commander of all the forces in North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. Johnston gathered the shreds of command from every place, and got together at Fayetteville an army of between thirty thousand and forty thousand men with which to confront Sherman's nearly sixty thousand. At Bentonville on March 19 and 20 he gave battle; but he failed to stay the victorious march of Sherman, who continued on to Raleigh.

During this time General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and Johnston had but one course to pursue. On April 17 he met General Sherman, and on April 26 his surrender was effected.

Mr. Davis drafted the letter for General Johnston to send to General Sherman proposing the surrender, though he afterwards animadverted in the severest terms upon him for surrendering, and in his life, written by Mrs. Davis, we find that the animosity which Mr. Davis exhibited all through the war still existed. His animosity seems to have begun when Mr. Davis, as Senator from Mississippi and Chairman of the Senate Committee of Military Affairs, tried to have Albert Sidney Johnston appointed quartermaster general U. S. A.; but Joseph E. Johnston secured the place. It was more manifest when Mr. Davis refused General Johnston's demand that the armies in Virginia be consolidated into one army, a course which he afterwards permitted General Lee to pursue.

[The above paragraph is not accepted unquestionably by the Veteran. It seeks verification.—Editor Veteran.]

I shall not weary you by the endless pages of Mr. Davis's complaint and General Johnston's defense; but I will say that all the military critics and writers since the war, North and South, now agree that General Johnston's abandonment of Harper's Ferry, his falling back from Manassas, his quiet evacuation of Yorktown, his demand on Pemberton to evacuate Vicksburg and save his army, his masterly Fabian retreat from Ringgold to Atlanta were evidences of the highest military genius; that his recommendations (none of which were permitted or ordered) for the removal of General Bragg and for the transfer of Kirby Smith's forces across the Mississippi and the consolidation of Pemberton's army with them were dictated by sound military policy. No one can tell what might have been the result if these policies had been carried out, but I assert that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was a military genius equal to Robert E. Lee.

But now turn to more general views: I remember on my last visit to Waterloo standing on the top of the vast mound where reposes the immense bronze British lion, recalling the conclusion drawn by Victor Hugo on the result of that great battle. After reciting with graphic pen all of the wonderful events of that momentous day, Hugo exclaims: "Why was Napoleon defeated? Was it Wellington? No! Was it Grouchy? No! Was it Blücher? No! Was it the sunken road of Ohain into which the French cuirassiers plunged in that mad charge by which Napoleon intended to sweep away the solid squares of British infantry? No! It was God! The time had come when the Corsican was to be removed from the sphere of human action."

So I say to you, sweet and loyal Daughters of the Confederacy, why was the gallant, the superb, the daring and dashing, the intrepid, the magnificently courageous army of the Confederacy defeated and its cause forever lost? And the answer to this question involves the acknowledgment of that divine Power that rules and regulates the destinies of nations. There was something greater in the divine plan than the wants and wishes and policies of any town or city or State or aggregation of States.

After the lapse of nearly fifty years, the best idea we can get is that in the providence of God a great nation was required—a nation strong in territory and population and of immense wealth. A great world power was required to carry out the divine policies—a nation purified as by fire, a nation bound together by mutual respect for the people of every section and bound together by bands of triple steel, homogeneous throughout, and thus fully fitted for the work to which they should be called. And through ways which we short-sighted mortals could not see, through trial and travail and blood and sorrow, He has produced that nation, which stands to-day not only the peer of any and all nations, but peerless, the richest, the most powerful, the most highly cultured, the most proud-spirited, the most highly polished and effective instrument in the hands of God for carrying out the behests of his will.

And already we have seen the beginnings of his mighty purposes:

The settlement of the Venezuela question at The Hague.

The settlement of the Moroccan question at Algeciras.

The settlement and guarantee of the autonomy of the Chinese Empire after the Boxer uprising.

The elimination of China from the Russo-Japanese War.

The settlement of the Russo-Japanese War.

The pacification of South America and Central America and their adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; the firm stand for the rights of man and the curbing of oppression, as evidenced by liberating the West Indies from the cruel yoke of Spain.

Our wonderful policy in the Philippines, never before attempted by any nation on earth, undertaken without regard to cost and from which no financial reward is expected, and under which a progress toward civilization and justice has been made in six years greater than shown in a hundred years in any such dependency of any other government.

I say that we are revolutionizing the governmental ideas of the world and filling the hearts of the oppressed millions of earth with hope. We have set a high standard, and one which must be followed by all other nations. Under the lash of these ideas Belgium has awakened and the Congo region of darkest Africa has been brought into the lime light of civilization. Belgium must move, or Christian civilization will do it for her. The movement for personal liberty and religious liberty has received an impetus from America which is showing its influence on all nations.

The situation to-day is as follows:

Great Britain demands free schools and the abolition of the House of Lords.

Germany demands emancipation from religious intolerance, and its struggle is now going on.

France demands separation of Church and State, and it looks as if she had achieved it.

The downtrodden Russians demand representation in a parliament and a constitutional government.

The great American republic, through President Roosevelt, has called together the World's Congress of Peace at The Hague, and every nation on earth, except perhaps Morocco, will be represented there.

Daughters of the Confederacy, let us accept that which God hath wrought.

The foregoing was submitted to Hon. James D. Porter, Chancellor of the University of Nashville, Peabody College for Teachers. He was adjutant general for Major General Cheatham during the war, an ex-Governor of Tennessee, and Assistant Secretary of State in Cleveland's administration. Governor Porter writes: "I return a copy of address by Major Woods, of Chicago. When General Jesup, quartermaster general of the United States army, died, in 1860, Gen. Winfield Scott, commanding the army of the United States, was called upon to name or recommend an officer as his successor. General Scott did not limit himself to a single name, but suggested four—Gen. J. E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Charles F. Smith, in the order named. Governor Floyd, of Virginia, then Secretary of War, recommended Joseph E. Johnston, and he was appointed. Mr. Davis, then a Senator from Mississippi, was Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and reported the name of General Johnston for confirmation the day after the nomination was made. It has been stated that there was serious opposition to his confirmation, but it is a mistake. There were three votes against his confirmation, and they were cast by Northern Senators for political reasons. Mr. Davis advocated the appointment of Albert Sidney Johnston, but he manifested no opposition to the appointee. There is no doubt but that the differences between Mr. Davis and General Johnston were caused by events occurring in the early days of the War between the States. Certainly they did not grow out of the advocacy of the appointment of Gen. A. S. Johnston by Mr. Davis. A few days after General Johnston's appointment Gen. R. E. Lee wrote a letter of congratulation to him and said: 'I feel my heart exult within me at your high position.'"

REMNANT CO. B, 27TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

J. H. Sandling, of Company B, 27th Tennessee Infantry, sends a printed list of his company of one hundred and four men in the C. S. A. and the names of the survivors, who are: Capt. A. W. Caldwell, Troy, Tenn.; Messrs. R. Inman, Sam Ryans, Will Morris, George Wright, John Hayley, J. B. Harper, Obion, Tenn.; J. H. Sandling, Union City, Tenn.; Will Valient, Denver, Colo.; C. Pearsy, Texas; Joe M. Wright, Lake County, Tenn.; Tom Sowell, Columbia, Tenn.; Dick Cashion and John Morgan, Hornbeak, Tenn.; and Sam Miller, Glass, Tenn. Comrade Sandling, the youngest soldier of the company, was born March 20, 1845, and was sworn into the service August 16, 1861. The 27th Tennessee Infantry has not had due prominence in the published records of the war.



MISS VARINA COOK, OF ARKANSAS,
Daughter of Gen. V. Y. Cook and Sponsor Trans-Mississippi Department.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1889.

I was born June 3, 1808, in Christian County, Ky., in that part of it which, by a subsequent division, is now in Todd County. At this place has since arisen the village of Fairview, and on the exact spot where I was born has been constructed the Baptist church of the place. My father, Samuel Davis, was a native of Georgia, and served in the War of the Revolution first in the "mounted gun men" and afterwards as captain of infantry at the siege of Savannah. During my infancy my father removed to Wilkinson County, Miss. After passing through the county academy, I entered Transvaal College, Kentucky, at the age of sixteen, and was advanced as far as the senior class, when I was appointed to the United States Military Academy, at West Point, which I entered in September, 1824. I graduated in 1828, and then, in accordance with the custom of cadets, entered active service with the rank of lieutenant, serving as an officer of infantry on the Northwest frontier until 1833, when, a regiment of dragoons having been created, I was transferred to it. After a successful campaign against the Indians, I resigned from the army in 1835, being anxious to fulfill a long-existing engagement with a daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, whom I married, not "after a romantic elopement," as has so often been stated, but at the house of her aunt and in the presence of many of her relatives, at a place near Louisville, Ky. Then I became a cotton planter in Warren County, Miss. It was my misfortune early in my married life to lose my wife, and for many years thereafter I lived in great seclusion on the plantation in the swamps of the Mississippi. In 1843 I for the first time took part in the political life of the country. Next year I was chosen one of the presidential electors at large of the State, and in the succeeding year was elected to Congress, taking my seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1845. The proposition to terminate the joint occupancy of Oregon and the reformation of the tariff were the two questions arousing most public attention at that time, and I took an active part in their discussion, especially in that of the first.

During this period hostilities with Mexico commenced, and in the legislation which the contest rendered necessary my military education enabled me to take a somewhat prominent part.

In June, 1846, a regiment of Mississippi volunteers was organized at Vicksburg, of which I was elected colonel. On receiving notice of the election I proceeded to overtake the regiment, which was already on its way to Mexico, and joined it at New Orleans. Reporting to General Taylor, then commanding at Camargo, my regiment, although the last to arrive —having been detained for some time on duty at the mouth of the Rio Grande—was selected to move with the advance upon the city of Monterey. The want of transportation prevented General Taylor from taking the whole body of volunteers who had reported there for duty. The Mississippi regiment was armed entirely with percussion rifles. And here it may be interesting to state that General Scott in Washington endeavored to persuade me not to take more rifles than enough for four companies, and objected particularly to percussion arms as not having been sufficiently tested for the use of troops in the field. Knowing that the Mississippians would have no confidence in the old flintlock muskets, I insisted on their being armed with the kind of rifle then recently made at New Haven, Conn.—the Whitney rifle. From having been first used by the Mississippians, these rifles have always been known as the Mississippi rifles.

In the attack on Monterey General Taylor divided his force, sending one part of it by a circuitous road to attack the city from the west, while he decided to lead in person the attack on the east. The Mississippi regiment advanced to the relief of a force which had attacked Fort Lanaria, but had been repulsed before the Mississippians arrived. They carried the redoubt, and the fort which was in the rear of it surrendered. The next day our force on the west side carried successfully the height on which stood the bishop's palace, which commanded the city.

On the third day the Mississippians advanced from the fort which they held through lanes and gardens, skirmishing and driving the enemy before them, until they reached a two-story house at the corner of the Grand Plaza. Here they were joined by a regiment of Texans, and from the windows of this house they opened fire on the artillery and such other troops as were in view. But to get a better position for firing on the principal building of the Grand Plaza it was necessary to cross the street, which was swept by canister and grape, rattling on the pavement like hail; and as the street was very narrow, it was determined to construct a flying barricade. Some long timbers were found, and with pack saddles and boxes, which served the purpose, a barricade was constructed.

Here occurred an incident to which I have since frequently referred with pride. In breaking open a quartermaster's storehouse to get supplies for this barricade the men found bundles of the much-prized Mexican blankets and also of very serviceable shoes and pack saddles. The pack saddles were freely taken as good material for the proposed barricade; and one of my men, as his shoes were broken and stones had hurt his feet, asked my permission to take a pair from one of the boxes. This of course was freely accorded; but not one of the very valuable and much-prized Mexican blankets was taken.

About the time that the flying barricade was completed arrangements were made by the Texans and Mississippians to occupy houses on both sides of the street for the purpose of more effective fire into the Grand Plaza. It having been deemed necessary to increase our force, the Mississippi sergeant major was sent back for some companies of the First Mississippi, which had remained behind. He returned with the statement that the enemy was behind us, that all our troops had been withdrawn, and that orders had been three times sent to me to return. Governor Henderson, of Texas, had accompanied the Texan troops, and on submitting to him the question what we should do under the message he realized, as was very plain, that it was safer to remain where we were than (our supports having been withdrawn) to return across streets where we were liable to be fired on by artillery and across open grounds where cavalry might be expected to attack us. But he added that he supposed the orders came from the general in chief, and we were bound to obey them. So we made dispositions to retire quietly; but in passing the first square we found that our movement had been anticipated, and that a battery of artillery was posted to command the street. The arrangement made by me for crossing it was that I should go first; if only one gun was fired at me, then another man should follow; and so on, another and another, until a volley should be fired, and then all of them should rush rapidly across before the guns could be reloaded. In this manner the men got across with little loss. We then made our way to the suburb, where we found that an officer of in-

fantry with two companies and a section of artillery had been posted to wait for us and in case of emergency to aid our retreat.

Early next morning General Ampudia, commanding the Mexican force, sent in a flag and asked for a conference with a view to capitulation. General Taylor acceded to the proposition, and appointed General Worth, Governor Henderson, and myself commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation. General Taylor received the city of Monterey with supplies, much needed by his army, and shelter for the wounded. The enemy gained only the privilege of retiring peacefully—a privilege which, if it had been accorded, they had the power to take by any one of the three roads open to them The point beyond which they should withdraw was fixed by the terms of capitulation, and the time during which hostilities were to be suspended was determined on by the length of time necessary to refer to and receive answers from the two governments. A few days before the expiration of the time so fixed the government of the United States disapproved of the capitulation, and ordered the truce to be immediately terminated. By this decision we lost whatever credit had been given to us for generous terms in the capitulation, and hostilities were to be resumed without any preparations having been made to enable General Taylor even with the small force he had to advance farther into the enemy's country. General Taylor's letter to Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, was a very good response to an unjust criticism; and in the Washington Union of that time I also published a very full explanation of the acts of the commissioners and of the military questions involved in the matter of capitulation in preference to continuing the siege and attack.

General Taylor, assuming that it was intended for him to advance into the interior of Mexico, then commenced to prepare himself for such a campaign. To this end he made requisitions for the needful transportation as well as munitions, including, among other supplies, large India rubber bags in which to carry provisions for days, and which, being emptied before we reached the desert of sixty miles, would by being filled with water enable his troops and horses to cross those desert plains. These and other details had been entered into under the expectation that the censure of the treaty of Monterey meant a march into the interior of Mexico. Another thing required was a new battery of field pieces to take the place of the old Ringgold Battery, which by long service had become honeycombed. When all these arrangements were nearly completed, it was decided to send General Scott with discretionary power, which enabled him to take nearly all the tried troops General Taylor had, including even the engineer then employed in the construction of a fort and the battery of new guns to replace the old ones, which were deemed no longer safe, but which, under the intrepid Captain Bragg, afterwards did good service in the battle of Buena Vista.

General Taylor, with the main body of his army, went to Victoria, and there made arrangements to send them all to report to General Scott at Vera Cruz except the small force he considered himself entitled to as an escort on his route back to Monterey through an unfriendly people. That escort consisted of a battery of light artillery, a squadron of dragoons, and a regiment of Mississippi riflemen. With these he proceeded through Monterey and Saltillo to Agua Nueva, where he was joined by the division of General Wool, who had made the campaign of Chihuahua.

General Santa Anna, commanding the army of Mexico, was informed of the action which had been taken in stripping General Taylor of his forces, and was also informed that he had at Saltillo only a handful of volunteers which could be easily dispersed on the approach of an army. Thus assured and with the prospect of recovering all the country down to the Rio Grande, Santa Anna advanced upon Agua Nueva.

General Taylor retired to the Angostura Pass, in front of the Hacienda of Buena Vista, and there made his dispositions to receive the anticipated attack. As sage as he was brave, his dispositions were made as well as the small force at his command made it possible. After two days of bloody fighting, Santa Anna retired before this little force, the greater part of which had never before been under fire.

The encounter with the enemy was very bloody. The Mississippians lost many of their best men, for each of whom, however, they slew several of the enemy. For, trained marksmen, they never touched the trigger without having an object through both sights, and they seldom fired without drawing blood. The infantry against whom the advance was made was driven back; but the cavalry then moved to get in the rear of the Mississippians, and this involved the necessity of falling back to where the plain was narrow, so as to have a ravine on each flank.

In this position the second demonstration of the enemy's cavalry was received. They were repulsed, and it was quiet in front of the Mississippians until an aid came and called from the other side of the ravine, which he could not pass, that General Taylor wanted support to come as soon as possible for the protection of the artillery on the right flank. The order was promptly obeyed at double-quick, although the distance must have been nearly a mile. They found the enemy moving in three lines upon the batteries of Capt. Braxton Bragg and the section of artillery commanded by George H. Thomas. The Mississippians came up in line, their right flank opposite the first line of the advancing enemy, and at a very short range opened fire. All being sharpshooters, those toward the left of the line obliqued to the right, and at close quarters and against three long lines very few shots could have missed.



VARINA HOWELL JEFFERSON DAVIS.

At the same time the guns of Bragg and Thomas were firing grape. The effect was decisive; the infantry and artillery of the enemy immediately retired.

At the close of the day Santa Anna bugled the retreat, as was supposed, to go into quarters; but when the next sun rose, there was no enemy in our front.

The news of this victory was received in the United States with a degree of enthusiasm proportionate to the small means with which it was achieved, and generosity was excited by the feeling that General Taylor had been treated with injustice. Thenceforward the march of "Old Rough and Ready" to the White House was a foregone conclusion.

In this battle, while advancing to meet the enemy, then pressing some of our discomfited volunteers on the left of the field of battle, I received a painful wound, which was rendered more severe in consequence of remaining in the saddle all day, although wounded early in the morning. A ball had passed through the foot, leaving in the wound broken bones and foreign matter, which the delay had made it impossible then to extract. In consequence I had to return home on crutches.

In the meantime a Senator of Mississippi had died, and the Governor had appointed me his successor. Before my return home President Polk had also appointed me brigadier general of volunteers, an appointment which I declined on the ground that volunteers are militia, and that the Constitution reserved to the State the appointment of all militia officers. This was in 1847. In January, 1848, the Mississippi Legislature unanimously elected me United States Senator for the rest of the unexpired term, and in 1850 I was reëlected for the full term as my own successor. In the United States Senate I was Chairman of the Military Committee, and I also took an active part in the debates on the Compromise measures of 1850, frequently opposing Senator Douglas, of Illinois, in his theory of squatter sovereignty, and advocating, as a means of pacification, the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific. When the question was presented to Mississippi as to whether the State should acquiesce in the Compromise legislation of 1850 or whether it should join the other Southern States in a convention to decide as to the best course to pursue in view of the threatened usurpations of the Federal government, I advocated a convention of the Southern States with a view to such coöperation as might effectually check the exercise of constructive powers, the parent of despotism, by the Federal government.



MARGARET DAVIS HAYES,
Only surviving child of President Davis.

The canvass for Governor commenced that year. The candidate of the Democratic party was by his opponents represented to hold extreme opinions—in other words, to be a disunionist. For, although he was a man of high character and had served the country well in peace and war, this supposition was so artfully cultivated that, though the Democratic party was estimated to be about eight thousand in majority, when the election occurred in September the Democratic candidates for a convention were defeated by a majority of over seven thousand, and the Democratic candidate for Governor withdrew.

The election for Governor was to occur in November, and I was called on to take the place vacated by the candidate who had withdrawn from the canvass. It was a forlorn hope, especially as my health had been impaired by labors in the summer canvass, and there was not time before the approaching election to make such a canvass as would be needed to reform the ranks of the Democracy. However, as a duty to the party I accepted the position, and made as active a campaign as time permitted, with the result that the majority against the party was reduced to less than one thousand. From this time I remained engaged in quiet farm labors until the nomination of Franklin Pierce, when I went out to advocate his election, having formed a very high opinion of him as a statesman and a patriot from observations of him in 1837 and 1838 when he was in the United States Senate. On his election as President I became a member of his cabinet, filling the office of Secretary of War during his entire term.

During these four years I proposed the introduction of camels for service on the Western plains, a suggestion which was adopted. I also introduced an improved system of infantry tactics, effected the substitution of iron for wood in gun carriages, secured rifled muskets and rifles and the use of Minie balls, and advocated the increase of the defenses of the seacoast by heavy guns and the use of large-grain powder.

While in the Senate I had advocated as a military necessity, and as a means of preserving the Pacific Territory to the Union, the construction of a military railway across the continent, and as Secretary of War I was put in charge of the surveys of the various routes proposed. Perhaps for a similar reason—my previous action in the Senate—I was also put in charge of the extension of the United States Capitol.

The administration of Mr. Pierce presents the single instance of an executive whose cabinet witnessed no change of

persons during the whole term. At its close, having been re-elected to the United States Senate, I reëntered that body.

During the discussion of the Compromise measures of 1850 the refusal to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific was early put on the ground that there was no constitutional authority to legislate slavery into or out of any territory, which was in fact and seeming intent a repudiation of the Missouri Compromise, and it was so treated in the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

Subsequently Mr. Douglas, the advocate of what was called squatter sovereignty, insisted upon the rights of the first immigrants into the territory to decide upon the question whether migrating citizens might take their slaves with them, which meant, if it meant anything, that Congress could authorize a few settlers to do what it was admitted Congress itself could not do. But out of this bill arose a dissension which finally divided the Democratic party and caused its defeat in the Presidential election of 1860. And from this empty, baseless theory grew the Iliad of our direst woes.

When Congress met in the fall of 1860, I was appointed one of a Senate committee of thirteen to examine and report on some practicable adjustment of the controversies which then threatened the dissolution of the Union. I at first asked to be excused from the committee; but at the solicitation of friends agreed to serve, avowing my willingness to make any sacrifice to avert the impending struggle. The committee consisted of men belonging to the three political divisions of the Senate: the State rights men of the South, the Radicals of the North, and the Northern Democrats, with one member who did not acknowledge himself as belonging to any one of the three divisions—Mr. Crittenden, an old-time Whig and the original mover of the Compromise Resolutions. When the committee met, it was agreed that, unless some measure which would receive the support of the majority of each of the three divisions could be devised, it was useless to make any report; and after many days of anxious discussion and a multiplicity of propositions, though the Southern State rights men and the Northern Democrats and the Whig, Mr. Crittenden, could frequently agree, they could never get a majority of the Northern Radicals to unite with them in any substantive proposition. Finally the committee reported their failure to find anything on which the three divisions could unite. Mr. Douglas, who was a member of the committee, defiantly challenged the Northern Radicals to tell what they wanted. As they had refused everything, he claimed that they ought to be willing to tell what they proposed to do.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Wife, Varina Howell; daughter, Margaret Davis Hayes; granddaughter, Mrs. Gerald B. Webb; and great-granddaughter, Varina Margaret Webb.



JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS.

Grandson whose name was changed from Hayes to Davis. (These pictures fitly embellish this autobiography.)

When officially informed that Mississippi had passed the ordinance of secession, I took formal leave of the Senate, announcing for the last time the opinions I had so often expressed as to State sovereignty and as a consequence of it the right of a State to withdraw its delegated powers. Before I reached home I had been appointed by the convention of Mississippi commander in chief of its army, with the rank of major general, and I at once proceeded with the task of organization. I went to my home in Warren County in order to prepare for what I believed was to be a long and severe struggle. Soon a messenger came from the Provisional Confederate Congress at Montgomery, bringing the unwelcome notice that I had been elected Provisional President of the Confederate States. But, reluctant as I was to accept the honor and carefully as I had tried to prevent the possibility of it, in the circumstances of the country I could not refuse it; and I was inaugurated at Montgomery February 18, 1861, with Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as Vice President.

From this time to the fall of the Confederate government my life was part of the history of the Confederacy and of the War between the States. It is impossible, therefore, to follow it in detail.

In the selection of a cabinet I was relieved from a difficulty which surrounds that duty by the President of the United States, for there were no "sections" and no "party" distinctions. All aspirations, ambitions, and interests had been merged in a great desire for Confederate independence.

In my inaugural address I asserted that necessity, not choice, had led to the secession of the Southern States; that as an agricultural people their policy was peace and free commerce with all the world; that the constituent parts, not the system of government, had been changed.

The removal of the troops from Fortress Moultrie to Fort Sumter, the guns of which threatened the harbor of Charleston, and the attempt to throw reënforcements into that fort, thus doubly breaking a pledge that matters should be kept *in statu quo,* constituted the occasion as well as the justification of the opening of fire upon Fort Sumter. Speedily following this event came the call for a large army by Mr. Lincoln and the secession of other Southern States as the consequence of this unmistakable purpose of coercion.

Virginia, which had led in the effort by a Peace Convention to avert national ruin, when she saw the Constitution disregarded and the purpose to compel free States by military force to submit to arbitrary power, passed an Ordinance of Secession and joined the Confederate States.

Shortly after this, as authorized by the Provisional Congress, I removed the Confederate capital from Montgomery to Richmond.

Among the many indications of good will shown when on my way to and after my arrival at Richmond was the purchase of a very fine residence in Richmond by leading citizens. It was offered as a present; but, following a rule that had governed my action in all such cases, I declined to accept it. I continued to live in Richmond until the Confederate forces were compelled to withdraw from the defenses of the capital.

That event was not quite unexpected, but it occurred before the conditions were fulfilled under which General Lee contemplated retreat. After General Lee was forced to surrender and General Johnston consented to do so, I started with a very few of the men who volunteered to accompany me for the Trans-Mississippi; but, hearing on the road that marauders were pursuing my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but knew to be *en route* to the Florida coast, I changed my direction, and after a long and hard ride found them encamped and threatened by a robbing party. To give them the needed protection, I traveled with them for several days until in the neighborhood of Irvinville, Ga., when I supposed I could safely leave them. But, hearing about nightfall that a party of marauders were to attack the camp that night, and supposing them to be pillaging deserters from both armies and that the Confederates would listen to me, I awaited their coming, lay down in my traveling clothes, and fell asleep. Late in the night my colored coachman aroused me with the intelligence that the camp was attacked, and I stepped out of the tent where my wife and children were sleeping and saw at once that the assailants were troops deploying around the encampment. I so informed my wife, who urged me to escape. After some hesitation I consented, and a servant woman started with me, carrying a bucket as if going to the spring for water. One of the surrounding troops ordered me to halt and demanded my surrender. I advanced toward the trooper, throwing off a shawl which my wife had put over my shoulders. The trooper aimed his carbine, when my wife, who witnessed the act, rushed forward and threw her arms around me, thus defeating my intention, which was if the trooper missed his aim to try to unhorse him and escape with his horse. Then with every species of petty pillage and offensive exhibition I was taken from point to point until incarcerated in Fortress Monroe. There I was imprisoned for two years before being allowed the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus.* (For a fuller account of my arrest see statements of United States Senator Reagan, W. R. Johnston, President Tulane University, F. R. Lubbock, Treasurer of Texas, B. N. Harrison, Esq., of New York City, all eyewitnesses; also "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," page 700, Vol. II. For my life at Fortress Monroe see "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. L. J. J. Craven. New York: Carleton, 1866.)

At length when the writ was to be issued the condition was imposed by the Federal Executive that there should be bondsmen influential in the "Republican" party of the North, Mr. Greeley being specially named. Entirely as a matter of justice and legal right, not from motives of personal regard, Mr. Greeley, Mr. Gerrit Smith, and other eminent Northern citizens went on my bond.

In May, 1867, after being released from Fortress Monroe, I went to Canada, where my older children were with their grandmother, my wife as soon as permitted having shared my imprisonment and brought our infant daughter with her. From time to time I obeyed summonses to go before the Federal court at Richmond, until finally the case was heard by Chief Justice Chase and District Judge Underwood, who were divided in opinion, which sent the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the proceedings were quashed, leaving me without the opportunity to vindicate myself before the highest Federal court.

After about a year's residence in Canada, I went to England with my family under an arrangement that I was to have sixty days' notice whenever the United States court required my presence. After being abroad in England and on the Continent about a year, I received the offer of an appointment as president of a life insurance company. Thereupon I returned to this country, and went to Memphis and took charge of the company. Subsequently I came to the Gulf Coast of Mississippi as a quiet place where I could prepare my work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." A friend from her infancy, Mrs. Dorsey shared her home with

me, and subsequently sold to me her property of Beauvoir, an estate of five or six hundred acres, about midway between Mobile and New Orleans. Before I had fully paid for this estate Mrs. Dorsey died, leaving me her sole legatee. From the spring of 1876 to the autumn of 1879 I devoted myself to the production of the historical work just mentioned. It is an octavo book in two volumes of about seven hundred pages each. I have also from time to time contributed essays to the North American Review and Belford's Magazine, and have just completed the manuscript of "A Short History of the Confederate States of America," which is expected to appear early in 1890.

Since settling at Beauvoir I have persistently refused to take any active part in politics, not merely because of my disfranchisement, but from a belief that such labors could not be made to conduce to the public good, owing to the sectional hostilities manifested against me since the war. For the same reason I have also refused to be a candidate for public office, although it is well known that I could at any time have been reëlected a Senator of the United States.

I have been twice married, the second time being in 1844 to a daughter of William B. Howell, of Natchez, a son of Governor Howell, of New Jersey. She has borne me six children—four sons and two daughters. My sons are all dead; my daughters survive. The elder is Mrs. Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Colo., and the mother of four children. My youngest daughter lives with us at Beauvoir, Miss. Born in the last year of the war, she became familiarly known as the "Daughter of the Confederacy."

PRESIDENT DAVIS WHEN CAPTURED.

"The true story of the capture of Jefferson Davis has never been told correctly," said L. C. Bateman, of Auburn, Me. Mr. Bateman was the youngest man enlisted from Maine in the Civil War. He was barely fifteen years of age when he hurried to Lewiston to try to join the company. At that time men were buying substitutes. Young Bateman was not looking for reward; but he met a man who offered him one hundred dollars to go as his substitute, which he accepted.

In speaking of war experiences, Bateman said:

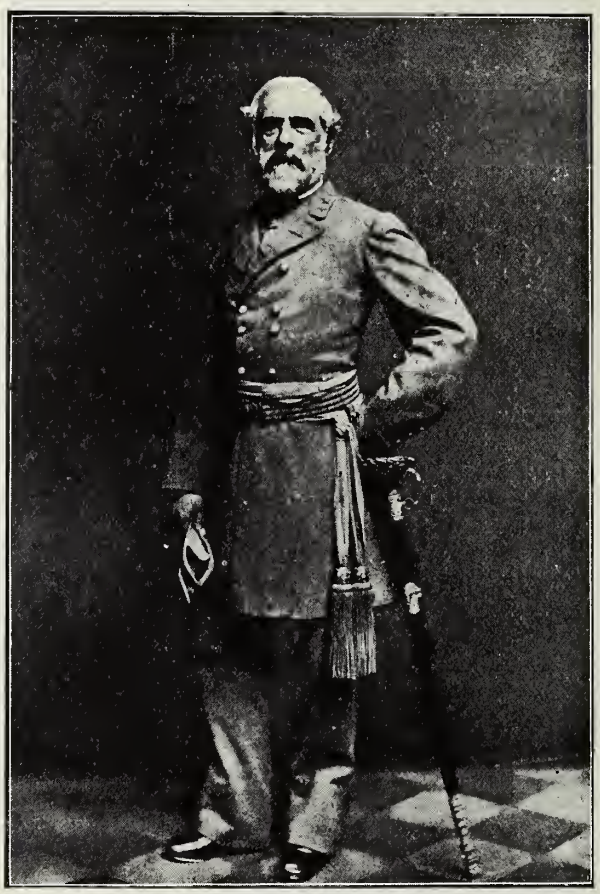
"The story of the capture of Jefferson Davis has never been correctly told. Malice, prejudice, and a mistaken notion that misrepresentations added to the glory of the Northern cause, while serving to belittle and make ridiculous the Southern cause, have made up a curious caricature called history. The general belief in the North even to-day is that Jefferson Davis when captured wore the clothes of a woman.

"It was my good fortune to be in the city of Augusta, Ga., when Mr. Davis and Alexander Stephens were brought into that city, within a few hours after their capture. I was a member of the 14th Maine Regiment; my brigade had left Savannah the last of May, 1865, and marched one hundred and seventy-five miles to Augusta. We reached Augusta about the 1st of June at dusk, and immediately went into camp in an old tobacco warehouse on Sand Hill. The next morning Mr. Davis was brought into the city a captive. He had been captured the previous evening by a small cavalry detachment some thirty miles from the city and was taken by mule team to Augusta. The party traveled all night, and reached Augusta about six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Davis was confined in the Baptist church, and my regiment was guard.

"Within a few minutes after Mr. Davis's arrival I saw him, and can distinctly remember his appearance. He had had no opportunity to change clothing. He wore a long overcoat which came down to his feet and was closely buttoned. He also had on cavalry boots which came to his knees. I talked with his captors, and not one of them mentioned such a thing as a disguise or a woman's dress.

"Mr. Davis was kept in Augusta till the next day, and then taken to the steamer Planter, a mile away. He was guarded by my regiment. Company A of my regiment went aboard the steamer and guarded Davis to Fort Monroe. This was a snap for the boys. As I belonged to Company D, I was obliged to trudge back to Savannah through the burning sands afoot.

"The whole story of Davis and the woman's dress is on a par with the oft-repeated fabrication about General Butler's stealing spoons in New Orleans. Butler was very much hated in the South, and the story found friends through pure malice."



ROBERT E. LEE.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Thou chieftain, born of patriotic sires,
Whose lineage and fair, unsullied name
With pride are borne upon the lips of fame,
Adorned with honest motives and desires—
Before thy country's sacrificial fires
Thy loyal sense of higher duty came
To lead thy hosts and fan the vital flame
That strengthens hope and ardent zeal inspires.
Resolved to share the fortunes of thy State,
Rejecting terms where manhood's honor yields
To subjugate the land that gave thee birth,
Thy lot was cast to share Virginia's fate,
And bravely bear on sanguine fields her cause
With steadfast loyalty to native home and hearth.

PERILS OF ESCAPE FROM PRISON

BY H. G. DAMON, CORSICANA, TEX.

Though not the youngest living Confederate, I may merit the distinction of being the youngest of those who in the spring of 1861 marched from home to the tune of "Dixie." My age was fifteen years and three months when on the 20th of May, 1861, at Tallahassee, Fla., I was mustered into T. W. Brevard's company. Six weeks afterwards it became Company D, of the 2d Florida Infantry. Being at once ordered to Virginia, the regiment arrived in Richmond July 21. It was my fortune to participate in the battles of Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, and Sharpsburg. Two days after the latter battle, having served sixteen months, though enlisting for only twelve, I received my discharge and went home.

In February, 1864, I joined Morgan, who was recruiting at Decatur, Ga., connecting myself with Capt. John B. Castleman's Company D, of the 2d Kentucky. As there were only fragments of companies and regiments, I was placed in a mixed company, commanded first by Cantrill and afterwards by Cooper, in Bowles's Battalion.

Early in May, 1864, the command arrived in Western Virginia, and early in June Morgan started on his last raid into Kentucky with about fourteen hundred cavalry and four hundred dismounted men. The latter were left at Mount Sterling, while the cavalry proceeded to Lexington. A few days before that time the Federal general, Hoffman, had started on a raid into Virginia. When he reached the Kentucky line, hearing that Morgan had passed through Pound Gap, he turned and followed us. He surprised the dismounted men at Mount Sterling, captured two hundred, and then proceeded to Cynthiana. On the 10th of June Morgan with twelve hundred men surrounded Hobson's fourteen hundred, and captured the entire force without the loss of a man. It was one of the most brilliant feats of the war. Morgan should have then gotten out of Kentucky without loss of time. Instead he waited for Burbridge, who on the 12th of June, with six thousand men, came on us like a whirlwind, and completely routed our force, capturing two hundred and fifty and scattering the rest. The captured of us were distributed in several prisons. Some were taken to Camp Chase, some to Camp Morton, but the largest number were sent to Rock Island. On the way one of my messmates, Frank Anderson, of Clarksville, Tenn., escaped.

Rock Island, situated on an island in the Mississippi between the towns of Rock Island, Ill., and Davenport, Iowa, was considered one of the strongest prisons in the North. Its capacity was twelve thousand prisoners. Like most prisons, it was in shape a rectangle, surrounded by a stockade twelve feet high, on which the guard was posted. There was a ditch on the inside halfway between the fence and the barracks. This ditch was the dead line. It was dug down mainly to solid rock to prevent the prisoners from tunneling under. We had to stay on our side of it under penalty of being shot.

Various schemes of escape were concocted. Tunneling was the favorite method. It was a big problem to start a tunnel at the barracks, digging with knives, hide the dirt, and tunnel under the ditch through the rock. Several bravely made the attempt, but none succeeded. Sam Dupuis (pronounced Dupee), of South Florida, one of Morgan's men, was caught in the act and strung up by the thumbs for four hours. I did not try tunneling. Starvation rations had so reduced me that I did not have the strength for the work.

Our daily ration was a loaf of bread so small that it could easily be squeezed into a pint cup, with a piece of beef the length, width, and thickness of two fingers. This was given in the morning, and had to last all day. It was my custom to divide my bread and meat into three parts: eat one part, hide the rest in my bunk, and then go away. I dared not trust myself in sight of it; but promptly at twelve I was there, and dinner would soon disappear. At sundown I would eat the remaining portion.

During the first month of prison life my mess, consisting of Eston Cooke, Price, and some other Kentucky boys, often got boxes of provisions from friends at home, and then we fared well. Soon, however, that was stopped by an order prohibiting prisoners from receiving provisions from friends. After that there was an aching void within me all the time. Men who had been in prison fourteen months told me they had never seen a day when they were not hungry. Those who have never experienced it cannot understand how terrible it is to have day after day, for weeks and months, a continuous, unappeased craving for food. What we received was barely sufficient to sustain life. It could not satisfy the appetite. Sometimes the meat ration was corn beef, very fat, but so spoiled that the stench was offensive. No one, however, refused it on that account. One of Cooper's company, Bradley, had been detailed as one of the cooks for our barracks. For old acquaintance' sake, he would occasionally allow me to have some of the rancid tallow that came from the spoiled corn beef. This I would spread on a slice of bread and hold before the fire until the bread was toasted and the tallow soaked in. I had feasts before then and have had them since, but never have I eaten a meal that I relished more than that toasted bread plastered with odoriferous corn beef tallow. The yard was full of hickory trees which had a full crop. While the nuts were small and very tender we would often climb the trees and eat them, hull, shells, and meat. I hesitate to make this statement because it sounds so utterly absurd that it reflects on my whole narrative, but any Rock Island prisoner will verify it. That we ate such stuff eagerly will give some idea of our dire extremity.

The south end of the stockade was about nine hundred feet long, with a large double gate in the middle. There were six sentinels on that end, three on each side of the gate, with beats about one hundred and fifty feet long. Elsewhere the beats were only one hundred feet in length. I noticed that when the sentinels on each side of the gate were walking away from it their backs would be turned to each other, and at the end of their beats they would be three hundred feet apart. It occurred to me that an escape was possible at that point, and I determined to make the attempt. On the evening of September 19, with Sam Dupuis and some other friends, I strolled to the edge of the ditch not far from the gate and sat down. As soon as the sentinels opposite had their backs turned to each other and were walking away from the gate I slid into the ditch, which was about six feet deep. I hugged the opposite bank, making holes in it for my hands and feet, and waited for the signal. Very soon Dupuis softly whistled "Annie Laurie." In a second I was out of the ditch and making for the fence as fast as I could go. There was a wheelbarrow near by which I utilized to some extent. When the sentinel was down the line, I dug with all my might; and when he returned, I lay under the barrow, but had to leave half of my body sticking out. If he had taken the trouble to glance down, it would have been all up with me, for the large

lamp ten feet away gave the brightness of day all around. At eight o'clock, before my work was finished, the bugler came on the fence and sounded his bugle. I knew then that I had to go it alone. Dupuis intended to follow, but it was impossible. The prisoners had to go to their quarters, and any one walking within fifty feet of the ditch would have been an object of suspicion.

At about half past eight the hole was finished, and I slipped through. The guardhouse was only fifty feet away. There was a large lamp in front and the fence was whitewashed. You could have seen a pin where I lay, and soldiers were sauntering about within twenty steps. I crawled down the fence as fast as possible, and, coming to a large bush, hid behind it and remained there until tattoo beat. It was a welcome sound. I knew that the soldiers who were walking about would have to go to their quarters, and the sentinels on the fence could not see me because I was under them.

My problem now was to get away from the fence. I crawled to the end of the beat, and soon the two adjoining sentinels who were above me met, exchanged a few words, and then separated. I waited until they were sufficiently far apart, and then started. One of them saw me as I moved away. He turned and brought his gun down from his shoulder. My heart beat a reveille, but I walked on. Soon he replaced his gun and resumed his walk. It did not take me long to cross the island, which was about a mile wide. Reaching the river, I pulled off my clothes, tied them in a bundle over my shoulders, and prepared to swim. Fortunately it was not deep, and I waded the entire distance to the Illinois shore.

Before leaving the prison one of the boys told me that if I succeeded in escaping to go into the city of Rock Island and inquire for Mrs. Buford. She was a Kentucky lady and sister to Miss Kate E. Perry, now Mrs. Moser, of Covington, Ky., who was then visiting her. Both were devoted to our cause, and would do anything for a Confederate soldier. I was also advised to call on Mrs. Judge Morris, 281 Michigan Avenue, if I reached Chicago.

About eleven o'clock I walked into Rock Island. One of the first persons I met was a young man, whose shambling step and mutterings convinced me that he was "light in the upper story" and might safely be interrogated. I asked him if he could direct me to Mrs. Buford. "Which Mrs. Buford?" said he. "Mrs. Dr. Buford, Mrs. Tom Buford, or Mrs. Charley Buford?" I replied: "Mrs. Dr. Buford." He gave me directions and passed on. As soon as he was out of sight I made my way to the depot and started thence to Chicago on foot. I would not take any chances when there were three ladies named Buford. A letter from Mrs. Moser last spring informed me that her sister was Mrs. Charles Buford.

It took me all night to walk to the station, twelve miles from Rock Island. I concealed myself in some tall bushes, and laid up all day feasting on green apples and raw corn gathered the night before. As soon as it was dark I walked to the depot and jumped on a freight train that was just moving out, riding between two freight cars. I sat on a six-inch beam and propped my feet against the other side. Whenever a station was reached, I would get down, and hop on again when the train started. The night was cold, my clothing was light, and I was soon chilled through. Several times I nodded, but woke up in time to keep from falling. At midnight I was discovered by the kind-hearted conductor, who allowed me to ride in the caboose. I stretched out on the floor and slept comfortably, arriving in Chicago early the next morning.

I found Mrs. Morris, though she was not living on Michigan Avenue, and it seemed to me that I had never seen a sweeter face. The Camp Douglas boys called her the "soldiers' mother," and she had earned the title by her devotion to them and her sacrifices for the cause. My forlorn appearance (for starvation had reduced me to a shadow) brought the tears to her eyes. After satisfying Mrs. Morris that I was not an impostor (she had to be careful because she was constantly watched), she gave me money to take me to Marshall, Ill., where my captain, John B. Castleman, and some other Confederates were making their headquarters. I took the train that night, and two days afterwards was in Marshall, away from any railroad and sixteen miles from Terre Haute.

Confederate Operations in Southern Illinois.

I do not know that anything has ever been published with regard to the Confederate operations in Southern Illinois and Southern Indiana in the summer and fall of 1864. If some of the chief actors would write a history of the events in which they participated, it would be interesting reading. Captain Castleman and Major Hines, Morgan's chief of staff, had been commissioned by the Confederate authorities in Canada to stir up the disaffected people in that section, who were largely Kentuckians and Tennesseeans and were decidedly Southern in their sympathies. They were members of such anti-war associations as Copperheads, Sons of Liberty, Knights of the Golden Circle, etc.

Wonderfully well did Castleman and Hines execute their dangerous mission. In an incredibly short time companies and battalions were organized, in several places officered, armed, and occasionally drilled. It was intended to get the forces together early in October, swoop down on Camp Morton, Camp Chase, and other prisons, release the Confederate prisoners, get ten thousand recruits from Illinois and Indiana, thirty thousand from Kentucky, which, with twenty thousand released prisoners, would have made an army so large that Thomas, with Hood pressing him, would have been obliged to either evacuate Tennessee or be captured. It was a grand conception, and no two better men than Castleman and Hines could have been selected to carry it to a successful issue. Had not the treachery of a man named Shanks or Sanchez marred the plans, the history of the Confederacy might have been differently written.

A few days after my arrival at Marshall Castleman came in with Lieutenant Mumford, of Clarksville, Tenn. The next morning they hired a team and started to Evansville, Ind., taking me with them. We drove fast, and at noon arrived at Sullivan. Unfortunately for us some scoundrels had for several weeks been stealing horses and committing other depredations in that vicinity. The peace officers could not or would not break up the gang, and so the citizens organized a band of regulators and took measures to protect themselves. They were arresting all strangers; and as we looked suspicious, they arrested us. Some treasonable documents were found in our baggage, and immediately a telegram was sent to Indianapolis for troops. They arrived soon after dark, and about midnight September 29 the train that pulled into Indianapolis carried three Confederates, one of whom had enjoyed his liberty only ten days. It was the irony of fate that some of our captors were Sons of Liberty, who would have given us our freedom if they had dared to. One of them gave Castleman an opportunity to escape; but, though he knew there there was danger of his being tried and condemned as a spy, he refused to leave Mumford and myself. A few days

afterwards at Indianapolis he had a similar opportunity, but again refused to escape without us. We fought against his decision, but could not change it.

Within three weeks the Federals, with the assistance of the traitor Shanks, had ferreted out the plans of Castleman and Hines, and nipped in the bud a scheme that had in it great possibilities. Fortunately the boys at Marshall were forewarned, and managed to get away. When Castleman saw that our identity could no longer be concealed, he advised me to confess that I was an escaped Rock Island prisoner, which I did. We were then sent to Camp Morton, Castleman and Mumford being placed in a tent separated from the rest of the prisoners and closely guarded night and day by two sentinels, while I was put in the pen with "the common herd."

One of the first men I met in Camp Morton was Sam Pasco, who since the war has represented the State of Florida two terms in the United States Senate. A native of New Hampshire, he had been in Florida three years teaching school at Waukeenah when the war began. He was one of the first to enlist in the 3d Florida Infantry, was badly wounded in the summer of 1864, and carried to Camp Morton. He was still suffering from his wound when I saw him. Having the good fortune to be the possessor of two shirts, I gave this embryo United States Senator one of them.

The next week a Tennessee boy, Dave Young, and myself tried to escape by way of the ravine that ran through the center of the prison. We were caught after we had narrowly escaped being shot and carried before Davidson, the adjutant of the prison, who, after cursing and abusing us, tied us to a lamp-post and ordered us to mark time, instructing the sentinel on the fence behind to shoot us if we stopped a second. Just then nine o'clock was called by the guard, and repeated all along the line. We heard every hour called that night; and when the sun climbed over the eastern prison wall, our weary task was not near ended. Marking time in itself was terrible, but the awfulness of the punishment was having our hands behind us in one position so long. Let any one try it only two hours, and he will find the pain excruciating. Finally when the sun was due south, twelve o'clock, after fifteen hours' punishment, Davidson came and allowed us to stop. Young was permitted to go back to his barracks, but I was not to be let off so lightly. With my hands still tied, Davidson drove me before him outside the yard to a guardhouse, where Yankee soldiers were confined who had committed infractions of discipline. The corporal in charge was instructed to put me in a cell and feed me on bread and water. Fortunately for me, the corporal was a humane man and did not strictly obey orders.

Davidson was of the stuff of which tyrants are made. All that was lacking to make him a Nero was power. He delighted in cruelty, and was the personification of malignity and hate. His eye had the most baleful gleam I have ever seen. If it was the purpose of the government to wreak vengeance on unfortunate prisoners, no better-qualified man for the work could have been found than he. I was told that in the preceding winter, when on very cold days the prisoners would be huddled together for warmth, Davidson and Fife, a sergeant who was almost his equal in cruelty, would burst upon them with clubs, whacking right and left, breaking arms and otherwise bruising them, justifying themselves on the ground that the men were plotting to escape. One man was tied up by the thumbs eleven hours. Had he not fainted, he would have been made to suffer longer. I have been informed that Davidson was killed soon after the war by two Louisiana boys who were victims of his cruelty. It would be the verdict of any Camp Morton prisoner that he deserved his fate.

After two weeks' confinement in the guardhouse, Davidson put me back in the main prison, with the remark: "I do not think, boy, you will try to escape again. If you do, I will shoot you on sight." The next Monday evening, November 14, about twilight, as I was sitting in my bunk, one of the prisoners came in the barracks and, seeing me, said: "Damon, a crowd of fellows have just run across the yard with ladders in the direction of No. 4. I guess they are going to try a charge." Instantly I jumped to the ground (there was no floor) and, crying, "Come on, boys," ran to the door. Arriving there, I turned and looked back. Not a man had stirred. "Are you not coming?" said I. The man who imparted the information said: "O, it's no use. You can't make it. You will all get killed." I did not stop to argue with him, but dashed on to No. 4, which was the barrack nearest the ditch on the north side. As I came near I saw that there was a crowd behind No. 4 out of reach of the guard's weapons. Those in front with ladders were saying rather faintly, "Come on, boys;" while those behind with tremendous vociferation were shouting, "Go ahead, boys!" All this I took in while running toward them. I said to myself: "They only need some one to make the break, and I will do it." That honor, however, was not reserved for me. When I was within ten feet of the foremost, with one impulse they made a dash for the ditch, receiving the volley of the guard before they reached it. In a second we were in the ditch, up on the other side, and at the fence. When I reached the fence, there were two ladders against it, over which were two of the guard with drawn bayonets. Our boys had provided themselves with rocks, and in the contest of rocks against bayonets the rocks quickly won. A man behind me, climbing out of the ditch, handed me a ladder, which I placed against the fence. I was the first man over the third ladder. There was only one lone sentinel in sight. He was twenty feet away, the picture of consternation, and in feeble tones was saying: "Turn out the guard."

I have lately been informed by Tam Brooks, of the 3d (Georgia) Confederate Cavalry, Company E, and who now resides in Hillsboro, Tex., that there were forty-six in the charge; that it was engineered by Cy Means, of Collin County, Tex., and his brother, Clint Brooks; that the ladders, of which there were five, were made that day out of strips torn from their bunks and concealed under their blankets; that five men were selected to carry the ladders, and the rest armed themselves with rocks. He says also that Means knocked down one of the guard with a bottle just as he was about to plunge his bayonet into McGuire, an Irishman, who was ascending the ladder.

Camp Morton was in the northern suburbs of Indianapolis on the edge of a field, which appeared to be half a mile wide. Beyond the field was some timber. The boys ran off in groups of twos and threes. No one knew me, so I was left alone. On reaching the timber I turned squarely to the left, pursued that course about one mile, came to a road running at right angles with my course, and turned to the left again. My course was now toward the city, and at nine o'clock I was leisurely walking through it, making for the depot of the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad. I walked thirty-eight miles that night and the next day, and on Thursday night reached Marshall, a distance of ninety miles, having fared

well on the way, although I was entirely destitute of cash. There were some things in my favor. I wore a good suit of citizen's clothes. My height was only five feet four inches, and I did not look to be over sixteen. No one would have suspected me of being a Confederate soldier.

At Marshall, although the Confederate boys were all gone, I found some Southern sympathizers, who harbored me for two weeks, and then gave me sufficient money to take me to Cincinnati. There I crossed the Ohio River, passed through Covington, and walked fourteen miles to the residence of Mr. Fielding Dickie, who lived not far from the village of Union. His name had been given to me by Captain Castleman after our capture. It happened that Captain Southall, one of Duke's recruiting officers, was making Mr. Dickie's residence his headquarters. In three weeks his arrangements were completed, and a few days before Christmas he started for Virginia with forty men. Included in the number were Tam and Clint Brooks, who, after enduring great hardships, had reached Kentucky a few days before me. They had traveled at night, waded ice-covered creeks, slept in the snow, and suffered for food. Both had their feet and ears frost-bitten. They had to tie rags around their feet, which were so badly frozen that they could not wear shoes. But they had the glorious satisfaction of knowing that they had done their part well and of being free, and that compensated them for their sufferings. We passed through Pound Gap on New Year's day, and early in January I was with my brigade, which was in camp not far from Abingdon.

In the summer of 1865 I met Pasco at the residence of a cousin of mine near Waukeenah, Fla. He said that as soon as the firing began on the night of the charge Davidson ran to our barrack (No. 5) with his sword drawn and called out: "Where is Damon?" Some one replied: "He has gone." "O, the d—d scoundrel! He is at the head of this. When I catch him, I will kill him." Davidson gave me credit to which I was not entitled. All the same, if he had caught me, he would have killed me first and investigated afterwards.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT LEXINGTON, TENN.

BY DR. J. C. STEGER, GURLEY, ALA.

Captain Gurley and his friends read with a great deal of interest Col. V. Y. Cook's article on Forrest's trip into West Tennessee. Unintentionally, we know, Colonel Cook did not give full credit where it is due. I was the only medical officer of Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry, and write this from what I remember of the Lexington fight and through information from Captain Gurley. The command of General Forrest, about twenty-one hundred strong, were encamped the night of the 17th of December near Beech Creek and only a few miles from Lexington. General Forrest sent for Captain Gurley and gave him the following instructions: "Take thirty of your company in the advance on the Beech Creek road. You will find the enemy's pickets at a bend in the road close by. Drive them in. If necessary, order up the remainder of your company or more of Russell's Regiment until you get enough to drive them and keep driving them. Don't let them stop."

The Captain and his men were ready and started between daylight and sunrise. They had to go about a mile when they ran upon the enemy's pickets, who only made a feeble resistance, and fired as they ran until Captain Gurley reached a bridge over Beech Creek, where he found a strong force on the opposite side. Here we had a rough time for a while. Finally they gave way, except about a dozen, who with long-range guns disputed the right of the pursuers to relay the floor of the bridge they had destroyed. Rails from a near-by fence were soon brought and a rough flooring put down, over which the Confederates led their horses, still under fire. As soon as the command, now numbering about two hundred, were over and in their saddles the enemy was pursued toward Lexington, the Federals rallying to fresh troops at every good point, until they reached the forks of the road near Lexington, where a large reserve was in line with three pieces of artillery—two twelve-pound brass and one six-pound steel gun—located so as to command both roads. These guns were opened on us, and instead of charging up the roads the command was diverted to a ravine to the left and formed, where the fire from the battery could not reach us. The battery was well supported, Colonels Ingersoll and Hawkins having about five hundred men with Colonel Ingersoll's troops dismounted. When ready, Captain Gurley charged the battery with his men mounted. The impetuous charge and Rebel yell demoralized the Federal troops, and the battery and about one hundred and forty of Colonel Ingersoll's command surrendered to Captain Gurley. Colonel Ingersoll said: "I surrender the Illinoisians; the Tennesseeans have fled ingloriously." He said nothing about the two hundred Ohio troops nor the sixty-eight commanded by Captain O'Hara.

About half an hour after Captain Gurley crossed the creek we heard the artillery of the enemy, and knew they had reached the reserve. As I was mounting my horse General Forrest, who was sitting on the roadside, asked me where I was going. I told him to where the regiment of which I was the medical officer was engaged, and he told me to hurry up and tell Captain Gurley to take that battery. I suppose it was about a mile from where we were, and I went in the direction of the artillery fire alone, witnessing evidences of the conflict on many trees and bushes; also passed dead and wounded Federals. Before I reached the place that Captain Gurley had charged the firing ceased; and as I approached the field of action, I came upon Orderly Sergeant Kelly, who was killed by the last shot of the artillery. Mr. Rison, of Huntsville, was brought to me with a severe wound in the forearm, and Mr. Echols, also of Huntsville, was shot through the body. They were sent back, and Mr. Rison died and Mr. Echols recovered. These were the only casualties in the command reported to me. Colonel Ingersoll reported eleven killed and eleven wounded. To Captain Gurley alone is due the credit of so signal a victory.

Capt. F. B. Gurley alone commanded the Confederate forces in this engagement. He decided to leave the open road and form in the hollow where the enemy could not see him, and his charge was a surprise. His troops were not dismounted, and the fight did not last half an hour from the beginning of this charge. He had ordered up troops from the 4th Alabama until he had in this charge about two hundred men. Colonel Russell came on the ground before General Forrest and engaged the troop not immediately in front of Captain Gurley, the remnant of his regiment not being aligned with those under Captain Gurley. Just after the capture of Colonel Ingersoll and his command General Forrest came up with a Tennessee regiment, took charge of the prisoners, and ordered Captain Gurley to pursue the enemy, which he did day and night until the afternoon of the 19th. Captain Gurley says there were three pieces of artillery captured, one of which was lost at Parker's Crossroads. The Tennesseeans were ever ready to do as ordered by their chief, but they were not in this fight. Men more gallant never faced a foe. My object is to simply give the facts in this engagement.

FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY C. H. BEALE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When the wave of secession began to roll over the South, I was living in Newbern, N. C., which was considerable of a seaport town. My honored father was one of the first to espouse the cause, and I, his oldest son, followed him.

Too young to aid our cause, however, but full of love and adventure, my school companion, John Hall, and I persuaded our parents to let us take a voyage in one of the many merchant vessels that plied between Newbern and Northern ports and the West India Islands. Owners of these merchant vessels in the South, fearing trouble because of the agitation of war, refused to allow them to take cargoes to Northern points. We finally enlisted with Capt. Bob Robbins, commander of the schooner Pearl, bound for the island of Demarara, in the West Indies. This schooner was owned by Theodore Hughes.

On the 5th of March, 1861, the schooner Pearl, two hundred and forty-seven tons burden, sailed from Newbern loaded under hatches with white oak staves and a deck load of lumber. She was a flat-bottomed schooner, centerboard, with two masts. Her sails consisted of a mainsail, foresail, standing jib, flying jib, two gaff topsails, and a staysail. Her crew consisted of one mate (white), four sailors and one cook (who were all free negroes), John Hall, and myself.

At our main topmast we had unfurled the first Confederate flag that ever kissed the breeze of the Atlantic, so we claim and believe. The design of this flag was adopted in Montgomery and telegraphed throughout the country.

On the 9th of March, 1861, we crossed the bar at Hatteras Inlet, headed for Demarara. On the 12th we were struck by a gale that lasted four days and nights, during which time we were compelled to reef all sails except the standing jib (that was double-reefed), and we scudded under bare poles with the standing jib holding her to the wind. When the gale subsided, we had been blown entirely out of our course. After repairing damages, we found that our gallant little vessel was taking in considerable water by reason of leaks caused by the severe strain she had undergone. The discovery compelled us to keep up some extra pumping, which was done by hand, and right here our love of adventure had vanished, and we did some tall praying for boys of our age.

The leaks were stopped, the sails were unfurled, and everything went along lovely. The first land we sighted in three weeks was the Island of Antigua, which belonged to the English, and which of course we hailed with delight. We set our colors for a pilot to take us in to the harbor of St. John's, a nice little city. When entering the harbor, which was commanded by a fort, boom! came a shot across the bow of the vessel, which meant for us to lay to, and we did.

The commandant of the fort came out to us in a small boat, and when aboard asked where we were from and what flag we were flying. We informed him that we hailed from North Carolina, and the flag was that of the anticipated Confederacy. He remarked that he had sighted the flag as we were coming in, and had consulted the map of all nations and flags and found nothing like it, and for that reason had caused us to lay to. After complimenting the flag, he gave his permission for us to enter the harbor, and we got in about midday. Here we lay in the stream at anchor and took samples of our stores ashore to sell the cargo. We consigned our vessel to Johnson & Son, an English commission firm.

As may be imagined, our flag created considerable excitement. In the harbor all about us were small schooners commanded by New England captains in the fish trade, and they commenced to talk about it, calling it the "slavery" flag. Mr. Johnson, Jr., asked permission to take the flag ashore and show it to the Governor of the island. The request was granted, and the Governor complimented it.

All of these commission merchants had flag poles, and Mr. Johnson raised this flag upon his pole. Threats were made by these New England captains to tear it down; bribes were offered to cut the flag's halyards; but Hall and I, aided by young Johnson, kept the natives and all others from attempting to do so, swearing we would shoot the first man who put his hand upon the halyards. The next morning the feeling against the flag seemed to have subsided, and on that evening we accepted a very kind invitation from Mr. Johnson to dine with him between the hours of five and six. While at dinner we were informed that our flag had been cut down, and we lost no time in running to its protection, even though it was on a foreign shore. To our horror, we found that the mob of negroes, incited by the crews of the fishing vessels, had torn the flag down, tied the stars and stripes to the halyards above it and raised it on the pole, fired pistol balls through our flag, then tore it down and tore it into strips and tied it around their ankles and trampled it in the dirt to disgrace it. We were maddened to desperation, and would have rushed headlong into certain death, but older heads kept us down.

The design of this flag was a blue field with seven stars in the field and the red and white bars, and was made of oil calico.

We failed to sell our cargo in St. John's, and decided to sail for another port next morning. We were constantly eyed by the mob, who said that if we raised another such flag they would scuttle our vessel. Our captain, though a "down-Easter" by birth, married in the South, and was as true a man to the Southern cause as ever lived. He said the Pearl should fly the stars and bars, and if necessary he would sink with his vessel in attempting it.

Leaving the vessel under the watch of a guard, the mate and three seamen, we determined on having a new flag made. Some English ladies volunteered their services, and by rapid work of fair hands it was not long before we had another flag made of bunting. Before daylight next morning the stars and bars was again unfurled from the main topmast of the Pearl, and as daylight appeared we sailed out of the harbor in full view of all the citizens and headed for the Island of Guadeloupe. Our crew of negroes had caught our spirit, and were as ready to fight for the flag as any of us, and for this reason we felt somewhat secure against anything like a hand-to-hand encounter.

At the port of Bastarre, where we took dinner, the flag was highly complimented by the French officers and consuls on the island, this island belonging to France. Nothing of interest transpired here, and we soon sailed for the Island of Nevis, which is owned by the English and has fine sugar estates. Filling our casks with fresh water, we sailed for St. Kitts, just opposite Nevis. We had to land there in our small boats, as our schooner got in a dead calm five miles out. Not selling the cargo here, we sailed for the Island of Dominique, which belonged to the English. Here we made the port of Roseo, and there sold our cargo for a good price. We were compelled to lay at anchor and unload in small boats, as there were no wharves. Our flag was much admired here and considerably talked about.

As was my usual custom, one morning I took the yawl boat and sculled ashore to get some fruit which grew so plentifully

on the island. While making purchases in the market place with a negro boy whom I had as interpreter, I was accosted by a well-dressed negro speaking very good English. He asked me if I belonged to the vessel flying the strange flag in the harbor. I answered him in the affirmative, and he wanted to know if North Carolina was a free State. I replied that if I had as likely-looking a negro in North Carolina as he was I would sell him for twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. This insulted his "dignity," and angry words ensued. He informed me that he was the Governor's secretary and an official of the island, and he would have the gendarmes arrest me and confine me in the barracks for such insolence. Such language spoken by a negro to a Southern boy raised my ire, and I went for my knife to cut my way by him and through the cordon of natives that by this time had drawn round him. Looking toward the schooner, to my great joy, I saw Captain Robbins and my companion, John Hall, coming ashore in another boat. Landing, they saw the crowd and came up to see what was going on. The Captain managed to explain matters, and they let me off. I was then sent to the vessel.

Next morning the Dominique journal appeared with a column or more detailing the circumstances of how one of the dignitaries of the island had been grossly insulted by a young Southerner from the vessel in the harbor flying the strange flag. This caused me some uneasiness, as I feared my pleasure ashore was done for; but not so. The article gave me notoriety, and the two and a half weeks we were there I became acquainted with all the officials of the island, who treated me courteously and kindly.

After loading our schooner with sugar, I went with the captain to the customhouse for his clearance papers. While there a negro clerk wanted me to take my hat off while in his presence, and I gave him a piece of my mind and walked out.

We then sailed for St. Thomas, which belonged to the Danes, to finish our cargo with coffee, the Confederate flag still floating from the masthead.

After we left Roseo, we came near having a mutiny. The negro seamen, having been ashore, loaded up with rum and came aboard drunk and refused to wash off the decks. We always cooled the decks down and slept in hammocks at night on account of the heat. A brace of pistols in the hands of the captain, however, soon brought them to their senses, and they begged for mercy.

We arrived safely at St. Thomas, a beautiful island, which is used as a coaling station for American and English steamships. Here we spent a week, filling out our cargo with coffee and salt. While here we lost the leader of the mutiny by his falling overboard and drowning.

Our flag received many compliments while at St. Thomas, and many wishes for the success of our new government were expressed by the noble Danes. We left this island with glad hearts and a fair wind homeward bound. Nine and a half days out from St. Thomas we made the land of Hatteras. We bore down on the inlet and set our colors for a pilot to take us over the bar. With our glasses we could see the fort erected there since our departure, with the stars and bars flying. The United States blockading squadron was then off the bar, though they were not very fast steamers. Soon we saw one of them steaming down on us. Now our excitement was great, as we were in a sailing vessel. Could you have seen the coolness of our gallant little captain, he would have commanded your utmost admiration. Springing to the wheel, he called the men to spread all canvas. "The Pearl will show them a clean pair of wheels," he said. "They shall not have my vessel if I have to beach her. I cannot risk Hatteras Inlet without a pilot; I will simply hug the shore and try Ocracoke Inlet, farther down the coast." Boom! came a shot from the blockader falling astern the Pearl. Hall and I proposed to Captain Robbins to try to fool them by running up the stars and stripes. "No," said he; "they have seen my flag, and I will not pull it down," and up went a shout from every man on board. Every one of us was right for anything desperate at such a time. Canvas was spread, and our little vessel seemed as if she would jump from the water. Boom! came another gun, but we were gaining distance rapidly. The captain remarked, "A stern chase is a long one," and paid no attention to it. When opposite Ocracoke Inlet Captain Midgett, a pilot, came to us in an open boat, flying a goosewing sail and steered by an oar. We learned from him when he came aboard that Sumter was taken by our forces and all ports were blockaded.

It was with some difficulty that we crossed the bar; but when we dropped anchor inside under the guns of our own fort, language failed to describe the time had aboard the Pearl that night. Next morning we crossed Pamlico Sound and entered the mouth of the Neuse River and headed for home, where we arrived safely after a four months' voyage. Our cargo proved to be a valuable one for the South.

Captain Robbins engaged in the blockade service aboard steamships during the war on the Southern side. My companion, Hall, enlisted in the 2d North Carolina Regiment, and was taken prisoner at Aquia Creek, Va. He was killed by a negro sentinel at Point Lookout, Md., when a prisoner for resenting an insult. I enlisted in the 27th North Carolina Regiment, and was a courier on L. O. B. Branch's staff, and served through the war without hurt.

The writer is the only surviving person of this trip.

"On the Field of Honor."—"On the Field of Honor" is the title of a volume of short stories of heroism and chivalry, deeds of the brave and undaunted young fighters in the War between the States, artistically and entertainingly related by Annah Robinson Watson. To those who lived through that epoch of death and suffering with fortitude these records will recall most clearly unforgotten scenes in their own past lives, and the young reader will be inspired to live more worthily of such precept and such ancestry. The author employs a smoothness and simplicity of style, and presents her pictures so vividly as to fascinate and thrill the lover of tales of heroism and strength. Perhaps the most interesting of the collection of stories is that one entitled "Samuel Taylor and His Escape with General Morgan," which describes the ingenious and difficult escape of Gen. John Morgan and six of his officers from the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. To read the little volume is to pass through scenes of successive pathos and pride, death and triumph, and the impression gained thereby is deep and lasting. The following poem is a striking feature:

"Only a private! No ribbon nor star
Shall gild with false glory his name!
No honor for him in braid or in bar.
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
And his wounds are his roll of flame!

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his unlonely cell
Angel and seraph the legend shall tell—
Such death is eternal life!"

GEN. VAN DORN'S HOLLY SPRINGS VICTORY.

BY M. W. SEARCY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

In the Commercial-Appeal of December 24 W. H. Loving, of Whitehaven, Tenn., credited Joseph E. Johnston with formulating the Holly Springs raid, December 20, 1862. Now I do not want to take away any of the honors from any general or private soldier who wore a gray uniform; but I do want history to give just credit to Gen. Earl Van Dorn, who planned and executed that grand victory, a victory that has no parallel in the history of the world. General Van Dorn, with less than two thousand poorly mounted and poorly equipped soldiers, defeated an army flushed with many victories and commanded by General Grant, whose war record had never met a permanent defeat up to that time. The raid was a success in every detail. We destroyed the army stores of every kind, we captured the infantry, and had a hand-to-hand fight with the cavalry in the old fair ground, defeating them. They retreated in great disorder toward Byhalia, Miss.

Proof that General Van Dorn is due the credit is given as follows: After our army had been defeated at Corinth and we were driven back to Grenada, Miss., President Davis came out from Richmond, and held a council of war to see if the army could not make a fight at Grenada. This council was held December 18, 1862; and after going over the situation seriously they decided that they could not make a stand at Grenada. At that time General Van Dorn did not have a command, as he had asked to be relieved after the battle of Corinth, but was present at the conference; and after the council had gotten through their work, Mr. Davis addressed General Van Dorn, who had not taken any part in the council. Mr. Davis said to him: "Let us hear from you, General Van Dorn, upon the situation." General Van Dorn confronted Mr. Davis and said: "If I can get the cavalry that belongs to this army, I will defeat Grant in less than forty-eight hours." After he said this there was a dead silence in the room for a minute or more. Mr. Davis ordered General Pemberton, who was in command of the army, to give him an order for all the cavalry he could spare, which he did, asking him at the same time when he wanted them to move. General Van Dorn said: "I want the order now, as I will leave to-night." Which he did. This information was told to Capt. Thomas C. Flournoy by Colonel Loughborough, of Gen. Sterling Price's staff, who was present at the conference. Captain Flournoy was my captain and commanded Company A, of what was known as Sanders's Battalion, Armstrong's Brigade, and served under Van Dorn until his death.

Mr. Loving is in error as to General Johnston's connection with this raid, as General Johnston was in Virginia suffering from a severe wound at that time, and did not come west until late in the spring of 1863, and could not have had anything to do with directing the movement of any command in the Army of Tennessee.

In addition to the many stirring events on this raid, we captured Mrs. General Grant, who was alarmed for the time, thinking she might be held as a prisoner of war. She sent for General Van Dorn, who assured her that she was not a prisoner of war, as the Confederates were not making war on women, leaving Mrs. Grant in a much better state of mind.

The death of General Van Dorn was a serious blow to the Confederate cause, as he was one of the most brilliant cavalry commanders on either side and a perfect soldier in every detail. The last campaign was against Rosecrans in Middle Tennessee when he, with less than four thousand men, kept Rosecrans close into Nashville while General Bragg recruited his army at Shelbyville, from which point he had to retreat in less than ten days after the death of General Van Dorn. This campaign lasted over ninety days and nights, and I know of but one general living who was in that campaign, and that is Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was a close friend and a strong support in the many hard-fought battles under Gen. Earl Van Dorn.

The VETERAN has been loath to publish the foregoing, being confident that General Johnston was in command there at the time; but upon reinvestigation of his own diary, the editor finds that he has made a mistake in the year. It is a coincidence that the event of General Loring's capture of Holly Springs was just a year after the date of a visit to the army at Grenada and the grand review of the army by him there, which was the day before Christmas of 1862, instead of 1863.

UGLY AND FALSE CHARGE AGAINST GEN. LEE.

Sidney Herbert, in the Savannah Morning News: "More than thirty years ago, while editing the Troy (Ala.) Messenger, I compelled Harper's Weekly to retract an infamous slander aimed at Gen. Robert E. Lee. Editor George William Curtis charged that Colonel Lee, as a member of General Scott's staff in 1861, retained that position until the last moment in order to carry with him into the Confederacy a full knowledge of General Scott's plans and purposes as to the conduct of the war. I clearly proved that Colonel Lee never had been at any time a member of General Scott's staff, and that he was simply in Washington on temporary leave from his command in Texas; also that Colonel Lee was not in favor of secession, but was a State rights man, and as such awaited the action of Virginia before tendering his resignation. Other Southern army and navy officers had resigned as early as December, 1860, without waiting on their native States to secede. Colonel Lee, however, from the loftiest motives and a sense of duty to the government, awaited the final action of his State; and when Virginia seceded, and not until then, did he resign and tender his services to his native State."

Recently a Grand Army man took up that old story, and some good people doubtless believe the story true. General Scott's devotion to General Lee to the last is sufficient refutation. The man even at the North who undertakes to reflect upon the integrity of Robert E. Lee will be in small company.

BOSTONIANS LIKE TO HEAR CONFEDERATES.

On the 5th of March Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., read a paper before the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, in Boston, on "Stonewall Jackson the Soldier." This society is composed of Federal soldiers, but for some years they have been in the habit of occasionally inviting a Confederate to tell his side of the story. For two successive years they had Capt. James Power Smith, the last survivor of the staff of Stonewall Jackson, who spoke first on "Stonewall Jackson and Chancellorsville" and the second time on "R. E. Lee and Gettysburg." This gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman was heard with great interest by his auditors. This year they invited Dr. J. William Jones, whom they cordially received, beautifully entertained, and heard with enthusiastic applause from start to finish as he sought to demonstrate that Stonewall Jackson was one of the greatest soldiers of the centuries.

GEN. RICHARD B. GARNETT'S SWORD.

The sword of Gen. Richard B. Garnett, who commanded a brigade in the great charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, in which General Garnett was killed, has been sent to the family. It had been in the possession of James E. Steuart, of Baltimore. There is inscribed on the blade "R. B. Garnett, U. S. A." The blade is of fine metal, elaborately embellished, and is in perfect order. The scabbard is of fine steel, but somewhat rusty.

General Garnett resigned from the United States army in 1861, and was promptly commissioned in the Confederate army. Prior to serving under General Pickett he served under Stonewall Jackson, and was considered among the ablest of the West Pointers who served the Confederacy. General Garnett was last seen leading his brigade in Pickett's charge. He was mounted and his horse was bleeding from a wound. His body was not identified, and will always lie among the unknown Confederate dead.

The recovery of General Garnett's sword is due to the late Gen. George H. Steuart, of Baltimore, also a West Point graduate, and who also led his brigade in a desperate charge at Gettysburg a few hours before Pickett's charge. Years ago General Steuart found in a second-hand shop in Baltimore this sword of General Garnett and purchased it. General Steuart died November 22, 1903. James E. Steuart, his nephew, is now enabled to forward the sword to its rightful possessor by descent, who is the wife of Col. John B. Purcell, a Confederate veteran, of Richmond, Va.

The Confederate dead in the battle of Gettysburg having been interred on the field following the retreat of General Lee's army, two physicians named Weaver—father and son—residents of Gettysburg, gave diligent personal attention and saw that the graves were marked or otherwise indicated, looking to the ultimate removal of the remains. After the war many of the dead were taken away by relatives.

RETURN OF BALIE PEYTON'S SWORD.

The city of New Orleans presented a sword to Col. Balie Peyton, of Tennessee, during the Mexican War, and it was worn by the son and namesake, who fell in the Confederate service under General Zollicoffer in the battle of Mill Springs, Ky. The sword was captured by the enemy, and remained in hostile hands until recently, when it was given to the heir and relative of the two gallant soldiers.

The following letter from St. Paul, Minn., under date of February 6, 1907, and the reply are interesting:

"*John Bell Peyton, Gallatin, Tenn., Dear Sir:* At the battle of Mill Springs, in the early part of the great Civil War, it was my fortune to become the possessor of a sword that was at one time the property of Col. Balie Peyton, and was presented to him by the citizens of New Orleans during the Mexican War. For many years the sword has been treasured by my family as a valuable war relic, and we did not like to part with it; but now, looking back over the time that has elapsed since this great struggle—years that have witnessed wonderful changes of sentiment of the people both North and South, and years, I hope, that have bound up many of the wounds caused by the desperate conflict—I have thought it but right that this valuable heirloom should be returned to the heirs of the man to whom it was originally presented. I sincerely trust that it may never be unsheathed again unless in defense of all the stars and stripes.

"Truly, M. C. Tuttle."

Mr. Peyton replied from Ocala, Fla., February 14: "I have just received your kind and handsomely expressed letter of the 6th inst., returning to me the sword worn by my father with General Taylor and General Worth in Mexico and worn by my brother, Balie Peyton, Jr., who fell with General Zollicoffer in the battle of Mill Springs. The sword has been received by express, beautifully incased and in perfect condition. Please be assured of my gratitude for your generous action and appreciation of the noble impulse prompting it."

The foregoing recalls an interesting reminiscence to the editor of the Veteran. Being in Washington at the time of Garfield's inauguration as President, he was escort to some Tennessee ladies—the only ladies in the party—to call upon General Hancock, the defeated candidate, with a large delegation of Tennesseeans. He introduced a "daughter of Balie Peyton;" and the General, gracious and gallant in typical Southern style, taking her hand cordially, said: "Years and years ago I met a most beautiful Miss Peyton, of Tennessee." The lady, embarrassed by his high compliment, interrupted him, saying: "You must refer, General Hancock, to Miss Peyton, of Virginia." "No," he responded; "it was the daughter of my old friend, the Hon. Balie Peyton, of Tennessee." This lady was the only daughter of Balie Peyton, and the General's memory was better than hers; and, though her hair was white, he was spirited in recalling the expression "years and years ago" with the remark: "I won't say how many years it was."

In What Regiment Was "Captain Billy?"—Bartlett S. Johnston writes from Baltimore: "In 1863 I was living in Charlotte. After the battle of Chickamauga, I heard the Yankee prisoners were coming through town. I went to the depot and saw a long train full of prisoners. While I was standing on the platform one company of the troops guarding the prisoners got off the train and formed a line. The officer in command (a captain) was a woman dressed in full uniform with a tobacco bag tied on a button of her coat. The men called her 'Captain Billy.' They told me that her husband had been the captain and she a lieutenant, but that he was killed and she was made captain and put in command of the company, and that she had been wounded. I ran over to where Gen. D. H. Hill was standing and called his attention to the fact that a woman was over there in command of a company. He said to me: 'My boy, that woman is an example for some of these men staying at home.' I would like to know what regiment she belonged to."

Hood's Texas Brigade Association.—E. K. Goree, President, Huntsville, Tex., sends out the following notice: "The Annual Reunion of Hood's Brigade will be held at Navasota, Tex., June 27 and 28, 1907. Grand preparations are being made for the entertainment and amusement of all who may attend. It is the sincere wish of the management that every living member be present. Some may meet comrades whom they have not seen before since the surrender at Appomattox. We have the promise of some of the best speakers in the State, and the good people of Navasota want you to come and be entertained by them. Comrades, come."

Officers of Portsmouth Camp.—The officers for the Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va., for the current year are: Commander, William H. Stewart; Lieutenants, J. H. Gumm and Joseph A. Parker; Adjutant, Thomas Shannon; Quartermaster, W. S. Langhorne; Surgeon, Dr. George W. O. Maupin, Jr.; Chaplain, C. H. Eckert; Treasurer, John C. Ashton; Sergeant Major, Samuel Y. Browne; Vidette, Joshua Denby; Color Sergeant, John E. Foreman.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONFEDERATE.

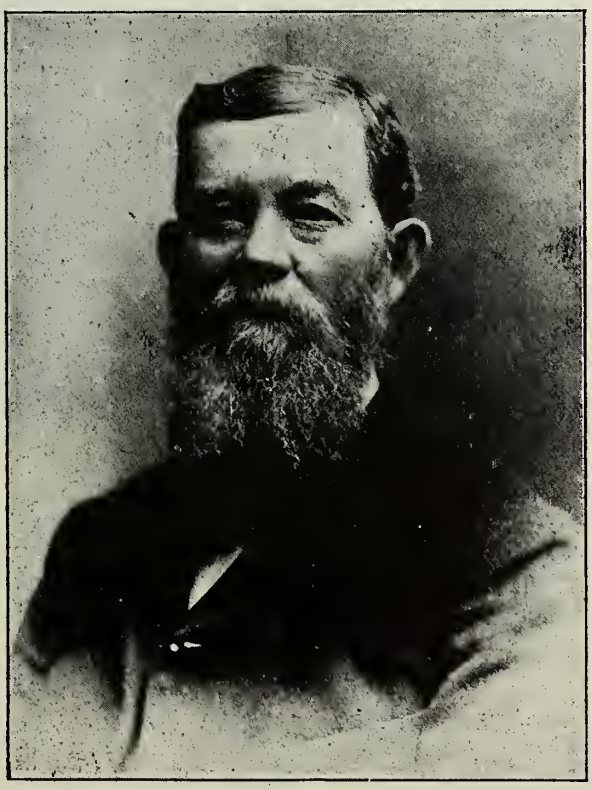
BY REV. P. T. MARTIN, BELLEVUE, TENN.

In Marshall County, Tenn., April, 1861, my brother, F. H. Martin, and I enlisted in Capt. T. C. H. Miller's company (F) of the 17th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. Captain Miller was soon promoted, and at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., he was lieutenant colonel in command of the regiment. At one time in this battle the enemy was pouring shot into our ranks so heavy that we were ordered to lie down. I was on the right of my brother, and Robert Biggers on his left. While firing in this position as best we could, Biggers was shot in the shoulder and my brother in the right ear, the bullet passing out the back of his head. He immediately began the lines:

"O sing to me of heaven
When I am called to die!"

While assisting him to the hospital our command passed us in retreat, and soon after we arrived at the hospital we were surrounded by an enraged squad of the 9th Ohio Regiment, who cursed us and called us —— Secesh, and presented their guns at my breast, swearing they would kill me. Just then a Federal officer arrived on the scene, and, drawing his sword, he threatened to cut their heads off and drove them away. I told the officer how I came to be captured, and that if permissible I should like to stay with and wait on my brother, to which he consented. While crossing the battlefield to another hospital we passed by the remains of General Zollicoffer, partly undressed, surrounded by Federals, who were cutting up and dividing out his buckskin shirt.

Ben Givins, of Williamson County, was in the hospital desperately wounded, and the morning after the fight the surgeons pronounced him dead and pulled the blanket over his face. He had been there all day without moving in any way that I could see. About one o'clock that night as I was giving my brother and others of the wounded some water Ben raised up and said he would like to have a drink of water.



REV. P. T. MARTIN.

In a few days we were taken to Somerset, Ky., where the Union sentiment prevailed, and we suffered with hunger. I saw an old negro who had been to the jail to carry rations to the convicts and asked him what he had, and he told me "cabbage, meat, and corn bread." I asked him to give it to me, and he did so freely. From here Spivy Stanfield and I made our escape; but he had not sufficiently recovered from his wound to travel fast, and the rains and swollen streams impeded our progress, so we were recaptured. From Somerset we were sent to Lebanon, Ky., where Dee Jobe and I were given a privilege parole to forage for supplies for our wounded. Then we went to Louisville, where the ladies supplied us bountifully with food and clothing. Soon we were sent to Camp Chase, where we tried to make our escape by the tunnel route, but were betrayed by a fellow-prisoner.

So much has been written of the horrors of prison life that I will pass by that, simply stating that we had our share during more than seven months. On the 26th of August, 1862, we bade adieu to Camp Chase, as happy a company as ever was freed from prison walls, and in sixteen days thereafter we were landed at Vicksburg for exchange. At that time our regiment was in Kentucky, so we were attached to Colonel Tillman's command, 41st Tennessee, until ours returned to Tennessee. On our way from Jackson I lost my hat and tied a handkerchief on my head, and was arrested in Knoxville for a spy. We reached our command in time to engage in the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. The night after the battle Gen. Bushrod Johnson, Captain Cooper, and I went out on the battlefield, and while there we heard a considerable rumbling. Captain Cooper remarked: "General, I believe the enemy is retreating." The General replied: "God grant that it may be so!"

Our next big battle was at Chickamauga, where on Saturday, September 19, 1863, while on my knees loading my gun a Yankee bullet struck me on the head. Had it struck an inch lower, I should not be here now—unless my head were harder than I think. Anyway, it bled so freely that Captain Cooper sent me to the hospital, assisted back by Thomas King. Dr. Gentry, now of Franklin, Tenn., dressed my wound. That night we realized that our regiment had lost heavily. The next morning the Doctor dressed my head, and I went back to the command. That day we passed the Vittitoe House, and saw the ladies after they emerged from the cellar, where they were said to have been for two days. We were then pushing the enemy on toward Snodgrass Hill. Late in the afternoon our well-nigh worn-out brigade was ordered to lie down, and another took our place. In a few minutes they passed back over us. It was then that General Johnson's order rang down our line: "Forward, my old brigade!" We knew then what he meant, and every man was on his feet ready for the charge. The bluecoats were stubborn, but we routed them and our army gained Snodgrass Hill. After the battle, our gallant colonel, Wat Floyd, formed our regiment and counted us, and said, "Boys, we have lost heavily; but I still have seventy-six of as brave men as ever fired guns," a compliment which caused me to swell with boyish pride.

From Chickamauga our regiment went with General Longstreet to East Tennessee, had a little brush with the Federals at Knoxville—too strong for us—then on to Bean Station, where we tried them again, and a reckless Yankee put a Minie ball into my right thigh, where it still remains. Here my

brother and I separated, never to meet again. He was killed on the Federal breastworks at Drury's Bluff, Va. I was taken with John Boyd and some other wounded to a Mr. Johnson's and put in a negro cabin, where we received the best treatment from his family. Marsh Ledbetter, of our company, remained with us, and proved to be a splendid nurse until the Yankees took him away. He peeped up in the loft and pulled down Aunt Hannah's feather bed and put me on it. As the Federals were approaching, Miss Johnson came in and told us that if we had any valuables we had better conceal them. Some one raised a plank in the floor, and among other things my sword was put under the cabin. I wish I could recover it.

It was six months before I was able for duty, and I then rejoined our command at Petersburg. When we left there, I found I could not stand the infantry service, and secured a transfer to Forrest's Cavalry. When Hood retreated from Tennessee, Forrest's command was in the vicinity of Murfreesboro. Some of us went to Shelbyville, thence to Fayetteville, where Lieut. W. D. Shelton, Pet Billington, James Cook, and I were sent out as scouts to get what information we could of the Federal movements. Billington and I rode up to Mr. David Hill's residence late in the evening to make inquiry, and he told us there were four Yankees in the house, well armed, and we had better get away, as they had all the advantage of us. We went off and found Lieutenant Shelton, and went back about 3 A.M., captured all four of them and their horses, carried them back to Fayetteville, and turned them over to Major Dudley, as we were cut off from the main army. He paroled them, and we disbanded and made our way out the best we could. A number of us crossed the Tennessee River at some point in Perry County in an old horse trough, swimming our horses. The first that crossed were told to watch for gunboats, and if they saw one to fire a gun. Captain Neal was one of the last to cross; and when he got about midway, through a spirit of fun one of the boys was told to fire, and that old trough was pulled for the shore in a hurry.

Sometime while on the march, weary and worn-out, I would lead Major Dudley's horse while he slept, and then he would lead mine while I slept. While going into an engagement at Tuscaloosa, Ala., my horse was shot from under me, the ball passing through him and striking my leg on the other side.

We were surrendered under Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865. The day before we broke camp I went out and exchanged my pistols with a citizen for seven chickens, and our mess, seven in number, cleaned them up the next morning for breakfast; and I started for home, where I had been only twice in more than four years. Of six brothers who fought in the Confederate army, I am the only one left.

"Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again."

FIGHT BETWEEN GILTNER AND AVERILL.—Capt. George T. Atkins, of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, denies a statement in General Grant's report that "Averill in his raid cut the railroad at Wytheville." Captain Atkins comments as follows: "Morgan's old division met Averill at the gap of Crockett's Cove, six miles north of Wytheville, and contested the gap while Giltner's 4th Kentucky swept around on his flank, attacked him, and drove him until night, forcing him to burn his wagons and cross the mountains where there was no road, and he joined Crook at Dublin." Concluding: "They do say Averill cursed terribly at Dublin." Anyway, six miles was the nearest Averill ever got to Wytheville.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, CHATTANOOGA.

BY J. W. WILLINGHAM.

I send you a picture of the Confederate cemetery in Chattanooga which I have just made. The beautiful archway and stone wall in front were erected by the U. D. C. The inscription on the tablet in the small archway under the tower, the gate which is used for persons walking, states:

"Erected in 1901
by the
Daughters of the Confederacy,
Chapter 81,
Chattanooga, Tenn.,
to commemorate the valor
and heroism that our
Confederate Soldiers
displayed in their battle for our
Beloved Southland
in the war from 1861 to 1865.
It is not in the power of mortals
to command success.
The Confederate Soldier did more,
He deserved it."

On the hill back in the cemetery can be plainly seen the handsome monument which the Daughters erected in the years soon after the war, and just back of that is the permanent speaker's stand used on Decoration Days and other public occasions at the cemetery. This is situated in a beautiful little grove where lie the remains of several hundred Confederate soldiers gathered up in this vicinity a few years after the war. The monument bears the simple inscription on the south side at which you look from the entrance at the archway.



"To Our Confederate Dead."

The graveled driveway on the left separates the Confederate from the old "Citizens'" Cemetery, which is now but little used, and the new stone wall on the right of the entrance (which is now in course of construction by the Daughters) separates it from the Hebrew Cemetery. On the southern slope of the hill in the picture are the graves of many Confederate soldiers buried since the cemetery was established.

R. E. LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON.—A patriot says: "I cannot refer to Lee without also to his great companion and friend, Stonewall Jackson. Never two men in the world were such great complements and supplements of each other. Never two men who had more admiration for each other."

TEACHING CHILDREN PATRIOTISM.

Mrs. Carey A. Folk, of Nashville, Chairman Children's Auxiliary, Tennessee, has issued a circular letter to U. D. C. Chapters, in which she states:

"The years are carrying us farther away from the tragedies of the War between the States. The actors in the scenes of sacrifice and carnage are passing away. . . .

"To the younger men and women falls the responsibility of perpetuating the bravery and the nobleness of our Southern heroes and heroines. Now while we feel the inspiration of their presence, while some are left to bless us with the truth, let us work, gathering the harvest ripe and ready for the garner.

"The youth—boys and girls—the hope of our nation, are thirsting for the truth that must be imparted by Southern tongue and pen. Patriotism is that which preserves nations and makes possible the development of civilization. To accomplish this, we must begin to teach our children true history, inspiring them with appreciation and admiration for the South, her principles and her people. To teach them, we must organize them in auxiliary bodies to our Chapters, allowing them, under the leadership of some wise head, to follow any line of study, work, or philanthropy best suited to circumstances and environment.

"Consider this at once and let me assist you in organizing. Write our President, Mrs. A. B. White, Paris, Tenn., or myself for some specific advice."

A PRISONER WITH FLEEING FEDERALS.

BY R. R. BUSH, ATOKA, TEX.

I reply to J. J. Bolton, who wants to hear from some one who was made a prisoner at Wilson's Creek. I was picked up that morning as I was going to the spring north of our camp, and will relate what I saw that day. A company of cavalry caught me, but soon turned me over to the infantry. As I came in with them I got a heavy blow in the back, and on turning around to see what was the matter a big Irishman said: "Cheer up, comrade; you are in a better fix than the others, as we are going to kill them. Here, take a drink out of my canteen." I did so, and it helped me very much.

I stayed close to my new friend as we halted in Colonel Sanders's camp. Their breakfast was just ready. My friend let me outside of the line, and I got a cup of coffee, bread, and meat. When we got near the main road, it was full of stragglers and wagons. Federal cavalrymen formed across the road and stopped the travel for a while. Here was our company wagon with our orderly sergeant, Cordell, and a man named Newton. Cordell had one hand in a sling, but they sent him with us. In a short time I saw three flags hoisted, and here came a shower of grape from Woodruff's Battery, and I learned to lie down. The air seemed to be full of grapeshot. By and by, hearing our yell, I got up, and there came the 3d Louisiana Infantry and the 5th Arkansas at charge bayonets. It was a beautiful sight. The Federals about faced and drove us before them, all except Newton. He cried out and hugged the ground so that I thought he was killed. He was left by the Federals; and when the 3d Louisiana passed him, he got a musket and kept with them the rest of the day.

Four men and an artillery horse were killed near the crest of the hill. The rest of the battery had gone on and left the one gun. They tied a rope to the trail and made the prisoners pull it. I saw the Federals beating them over the backs with their guns, saying, "Get up, here, you —." I didn't want any of that in mine, so I went up to the chest, proposing to carry ammunition, and got three cartridges and carried them about a mile and threw them away. I stooped over one of the dead men to get his canteen; but the underside was all bloody, so I dropped it.

I would like to see my old comrades of those eventful days to talk over the trip. I remember Tom Jefferson, of Bentonville, Ark., and Albert Peal, of Fayetteville, who escaped the second night out, and George Duvall, who was killed at Helena. John Smith came out all right, although I have not seen him for many years. Lewis, of the Corder settlement, is about all, except Moss, the Texan, who ate a wash pot full of roasting ears while we slept, that I know anything about.

VETERANS AND DAUGHTERS IN MONTANA.

The occasion of the fourteenth annual Reunion of the Northwest Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., was marked by the floating of a Confederate flag over the town of Townsend, Mont., the place of meeting under the auspices of Stonewall Camp there. It was a thrilling sight to see this Confederate emblem unfurl its stars and bars to the breeze. Its graceful motions were watched without suspicion or envy.

This meeting of Confederates in Montana was made the occasion for elaborate entertainments for the delegates and visitors, receptions, and banquets, in addition to the business meetings at the auditorium. The address of welcome was made by Dr. J. L. Belcher, a prominent Veteran of the community, followed by others in eloquent addresses, prominent among whom were Mayor Mayo, of St. Louis, Mo., and Rev. D. B. Price, of Stevensville, Mont. There were many visitors in attendance from other communities, and the meeting was successful in every way.

The U. D. C. Chapter there takes the lead in subscriptions to the VETERAN—more than any Chapter in Dixie.

OMAHA CHAPTER, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—At its annual session in March it was shown that the work of the Chapter is in building and supporting homes for the Confederate soldiers, caring for the graves of the Confederate dead, and establishing schools for poor children of the South. The Chapter was organized three years ago by Miss Grace S. Conklin, who has since then filled the office of President, and upon retiring was presented with an armful of carnations and unanimously elected honorary President. Mrs. George W. Covell, a woman of great executive ability and widely known as an enthusiastic and efficient Woman's Christian Temperance Union worker, was elected President, with the following corps of helpers: Vice Presidents, Mrs. G. S. Bradley and Mrs. F. N. Maxwell; Recording Secretary, Miss Rebecca Maxwell; Treasurer, Mrs. W. R. Davis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. K. Stout. Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Bradley entertained the Chapter in true old-style Southern hospitality, and with the same gracious spirit tendered their beautiful home for its regular monthly meetings.

LUDICROUS ATTITUDE OF A FAITHFUL "BLACK MAMMY."—Mrs. Sue M. Morris, of Tennessee, told a story recently that is of historic value as well as very funny. She said that her brother, J. M. Luna, known in the army as "Rhodes Jim," was at home from the army on one occasion when, to the surprise of the family, a large body of Federals were close by the residence. The emergency was at hand. Aunt Delphi got in bed and pretended to be very sick with Mars Jim back of her between the bed and the mattress. In her haste to get to bed she had a table knife in one hand and a pig's foot in the other. Fortunately the enemy did not go into the kitchen.

CAPTURE OF A SOLDIER AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

H. A. Langworthy, of Traverse City, Mich., wrote R. W. Durfy, Vicksburg, Miss., September 9, 1906, stating:

"I belonged to Cook's Twentieth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, First Brigade, Second Division, Thirteenth Corps, commanded by General Herron. On the night of June 5, 1863, I was on picket duty down on the river in plain sight of Battery Benton. About three o'clock in the morning of that date we caught a man who gave his name as James Williams, Company I, Sixteenth Georgia. When we captured him, he attempted to swallow something; but we choked it out of him, and it proved to be a small silver ball which separated in the middle, and in the ball was a dispatch from Pemberton to Johnston. The dispatch stated:

" 'Lieutenant General Johnston:

" 'Send by bearer all the percussion caps you can spare. We are short on caps. GENERAL PEMBERTON,

Commanding C. S. Forces at Vicksburg.'

"Well, we took the prisoner to regimental headquarters in the morning, and were sent with him to division headquarters, and General Herron said the sergeant who captured the prisoner had better go with him to General Grant's headquarters, as there might be some questions to answer.

"After we had breakfast and fed the prisoner, we set out for Grant's camp, out on the Jackson road, which we reached about one o'clock in the afternoon. Colonel Bertram, of the Twentieth Wisconsin, was at headquarters and suggested to General Grant that if he wanted information concerning Johnston's movements and the number of men with him, etc., he had better send the order right along by the man who captured the prisoner, and it was decided at once that I was to take the dispatch to General Johnston. Well, now, if there was a Yankee soldier who had his heart in his mouth, it was H. A. Langworthy after he had donned the Confederate uniform and was given orders to report to General Johnston, out on the Big Black.

"Well, I got there about eleven o'clock that night and counted, as near as possible by the camp fires, how many men there were in the command of Johnston. When I gave him the dispatch, he opened and read it and swore a little at Pemberton's stupidity, and then said to me: 'Have you had any supper?' I told him I had not. He told me to lie down and he would have his boy bring me something to eat, and would have me ready to start back in an hour. As soon as he left the room I got up and took one of his stars off of his blouse. I have the star yet. His initials are on the star."

IMPORTANT ADDRESSES OF U. D. C. OFFICIALS.—Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Recording Secretary, Opelika, Ala.; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian Cross of Honor, 408 Duffy Street, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. L. Eustace Williams, Treasurer, Box 55, Anchorage, Ky.

GAVELS FROM THE HOME OF GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.—The Daughters of the Confederacy in Kentucky have organized with a purpose to erect a monument to Gen. John Morgan at his old home, Lexington, Ky. Contributions to this fund can be sent to Miss Julia Hughes Spurr, Chairman, at Lexington, and it is hoped that comrades and admirers of the gallant Morgan will respond promptly and liberally to this appeal. Handsome gavels made from trees at the old Morgan home are for sale by the committee, the proceeds to go to this fund. The gavels are beautifully made, with a band of silver at each end, and will be sent to any place in the United States, express prepaid, for three dollars. Chapters U. D. C. and Camps of Veterans should secure gavels having such historic value, and thus help along a good cause as well.

STONEMAN'S RAID ON VIRGINIA SALT WORKS.

BY CAPT. GEORGE T. ATKINS, 4TH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

George H. Cosby was commanding under John C. Breckinridge, and both were lying in camp near Saltville. Abingdon was burned and Glade Spring reached before it was heard of at headquarters, so fast did Stoneman come, having outridden all refugees and having run over the pickets at Kingston, on the Holston. The writer followed him from Seven Mile Ford and on into Marion and took possession of the town when Stoneman abandoned it, Colonel Witcher having furnished him a small squad.

Stoneman's raid, although he went to the lead mines and Wytheville, was not altogether a success. Returning, he met Breckinridge, who had gathered his command, and at Marion gave him battle all day. He was forced, however, to fall back and give him the road, because all his ammunition was exhausted and Stoneman was between him and his reserve supply. Thus Stoneman was enabled to burn the salt works.

It was here that Barney Giltner, sitting on the bank by the side of the road among a coterie of officers, sleet and hail falling, capes turned up over their heads, as the artillery drivers were cursing and beating their mules—mud hub-deep—gave utterance to the witticism: "Boys, I don't wish I was an army mule to-night; but I do wish I was somebody's dog lying by a good, hot fire."

FROM FORT DONELSON TO CAMP DOUGLAS.

T. J. Moore writes from Ravenna, Tex.: "I should be glad to have a roster of my company, E, 3d Tennessee Infantry, John C. Brown's Regiment. I was captured at Fort Donelson under General Buckner February 16, 1862, was given a few crackers, and after a long delay was marched on board a boat on the Cumberland. I slept on cord wood in the hull amidst the commotion caused by crushing ice. We followed on down the Ohio and up to St. Louis on the Mississippi, landing at the wharf. The good people of that city brought us wagon loads of good things to eat. In the midst of this blessing our boat was anchored out in the middle of the river. The next morning we landed at Alton and took train for Chicago. That night about twelve o'clock we reached Springfield, and were marched in squads to the platform and given coffee and hard-tack. The next morning (Sunday), a week from the day of our surrender, we arrived in Chicago, and were marched three miles through mud and slush, under guard of unsympathetic foreigners, to Camp Douglas. There was not a stick of wood or any straw for bedding, blankets, or fire; but the next morning we were supplied. Colonel Mulligan, of the 165th Illinois, was in command. We were allowed to play town ball, and in a game one day Tom Golden, of Company E, was on base when W. H. Kilpatrick, of same company, accidentally tapped Golden on the head with his pine paddle, and soon Golden got sick. A squad of the guard surrounded us, and took Kilpatrick to the dungeon and Golden to the hospital. He died the next day, and Mulligan had Kilpatrick tied in front of his headquarters for ten days and half of the ten nights. The thermometer was down to ten below zero, and his hands and limbs were almost frozen. We piled all the old clothes on him and around his feet. The eleventh day he was turned over to civil authorities, tried, and sent to the Alton penitentiary for one year. He was killed, or died, at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., after the war."

DIXIE.

I heard long since a simple strain;
It gave no thrill of joy or pain,
Nor did I care to hear again
Our "Dixie."

But time rolled on, and drum and fife
Gave token of a coming strife,
And called our youth to soldier life
With "Dixie."

It breathed of mingled hope and fear;
It banished peace, brought discord near,
And cost each mother many a tear—
That "Dixie."

For gathering legions marched away,
And garlands maidens wreathed each day,
To crown them in their fierce array
In Dixie.

The husband parted from his wife,
And from the aged his staff of life
In some fair boy, whose head was rife
For Dixie.

And as our treasures, one by one,
All by the battlefield were won,
We heard at morn and setting sun
Our "Dixie."

But death soon claimed the young and brave;
Valor and beauty could not save
Our darlings from a soldier's grave
In Dixie.

Their blood flowed on the fresh green hill,
It mingled with the mountain rill,
And flowed through vales once calm and still
In Dixie.

The ocean caught the crimson stain;
And moaned and moaned, that troubled main,
For those who would not come again
To Dixie.

The living rallied to the stand;
Their war cry was "Our native land,"
But sadder from the lessening band
Came "Dixie."

The dying boy its music caught;
"I do not die in vain," he thought.
Freedom by blood and death are bought
For Dixie.

Sleep on, young soldier, in thy dream;
Well didst thou die with that bright gleam
Of hope to shed its parting beam
On Dixie.

There's many a sad heart living now
Would rather in thy young grave bow
Than see his country laid so low—
Sad Dixie.

We may not hear that simple strain
Ever without a thrill of pain;
Our dead come back to life again
With "Dixie."

And if I were a generous foe,
I'd honor him whose heart's best throe
Leaped to that music—
Our "Dixie."

A copy of the above poem was sent by Col. H. G. Damon, of Corsicana, Tex., who writes that it was composed "by a lady of Augusta, Ga., and was published about 1868." He adds further: "I am sorry the author's name was not attached to her verse, because she deserves to be remembered. The present generation cannot understand how its tender pathos touched our heartstrings in the dark days of reconstruction. She voiced the sentiments of many bitterly tried men and women in saying:

'There's many a sad heart living now
Would rather in thy young grave bow
Than see his country laid so low—
Sad Dixie.'

Perhaps some of the VETERAN's readers can give the name of the author. There may be some mistakes in my copy, as I have not seen it in print for over thirty years, and write entirely from memory."

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.—A characteristic letter comes to the VETERAN from Ed D. Jones, of Hudsonville, Miss. It is in beautiful manuscript by J. L. Harris to his wife, dated at Greenbrier River, Va. (the Confederate camp), October 6, 1861. Comrade Harris went from Mississippi to Virginia very early in the war and joined the 23d Virginia Infantry. He was wounded near Bartlett's Mills November 27, 1863, and died at Orange C. H. on the 30th. The letter states: "Yes, we poor soldiers have to undergo many hardships, more than you can imagine; yet we submit to our lot with cheerfulness, hoping soon to be rewarded by having the Confederate States acknowledged as a free and independent republic by every nation in the world. * * * I like the piece of poetry in your letter. It speaks of courage and firmness, and at the same time breathes a prayer of mercy for the vanquished. We would be devoid of all feelings of humanity did we not treat with all possible kindness our wounded and suffering enemies whenever the fortune of war makes them our prisoners. * * * Shortly after reveille on the morning of the 3d inst., while cooking breakfast, we were alarmed by the rapid discharge of musketry on the Parkersburg road, and we knew that the enemy were driving in our pickets and advancing for an attack. Immediately our line of battle was formed to receive them, each man of us determined on victory or death in our tracks." He here gives an interesting account of how a Confederate command, lying in ambush, created consternation among the enemy, and of their frightful loss, while our side lost but fifteen. Among the trophies were a large silk United States flag, a Minie musket on which was engraved, "I have killed three secessionists," overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks full of meat, etc. "Yesterday a flag of truce was sent in asking that the enemy be permitted to send a wagon to search for a field officer who had been killed and a detail to bury the remainder of their dead. General J. replied that decent burial had been given their dead, and he would not permit their entrance within our lines."

It was Stonewall Jackson to whom Comrade Harris referred.

The tenth annual Reunion of Ashby's Tennessee Cavalry Brigade will occur in Richmond May 30 to June 3, 1907. The headquarters will be Room 31, first floor, University College of Medicine, corner Twelfth and Clay Streets.

C. S. A. GENERALS KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS.

The following general officers of the army of the Confederate States were either killed in battle or died of wounds or disease during the progress of the war:

Johnston, Albert Sidney, General; killed at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.

Polk, Leonidas, General; killed on Pine Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864.

Hardee, William J., Lieutenant General; died at Wytheville, Va., November 6, 1863.

Hill, Ambrose P., Lieutenant General; killed at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

Jackson, Thomas J., Lieutenant General; died May 10, 1863, from wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va.

Major Generals.

Cleburne, Patrick R.; killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Donelson, Daniel S.; died at Napoleon, Ark., April 17, 1863.

Floyd, John B.; died August 26, 1863.

Green, Thomas; killed at Bayou Pierre, April 12, 1864.

Rodes, Robert E.; killed at Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864.

Stuart, James E. B.; died May 12, 1864, of wounds received at Yellow Tavern, Va.

Twiggs, David E.; died July 15, 1862.

Van Dorn, Earl; killed in private feud May 8, 1863.

Walker, Wm. H. T.; killed near Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

Whitney, William H. C.; died on Governor's Island, N. Y., March 10, 1865.

Brigadier Generals.

Anderson, George B.; died October 16, 1862, from wounds received at Sharpsburg.

Archer, James G.; died October 2, 1864.

Armistead, Louis A.; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

Ashby, Turner; killed near Harrisonburg, Va., June 6, 1862.

Baldwin, William E.; died February 19, 1864.

Barksdale, William; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

Bartow, Francis S.; killed at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

Beale, Richard L. T.; died April 19, 1863.

Bee, Barnard E.; killed at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

Benton, Samuel; died July 28, 1864, of wounds received at Atlanta, Ga.

Bowen, John S.; died July 16, 1863, at Raymond, Miss.

Branch, Lawrence O.; killed at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862.

Carter, John C.; killed at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.

Chambliss, John R., Jr.; died August 16, 1864, from wounds received at Richmond, Va.

Cobb, Thomas R. R.; killed at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

Cooke, Philip S.; died in Powhatan Co., Va., Dec. 26, 1861.

Daniel, Junius; killed in battle.

Dearing, James; killed at High Bridge, Va., April 6, 1865.

Deshler, James; killed at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863.

Doles, George P.; killed at Bethesda Church, Va., June 2, 1864.

Duncan, Johnson K.; died at Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1862.

Dunnovant, John; killed at Vaughn Road October 1, 1864.

Elliott, Stephen, Jr.; died in 1864 of wounds received at Petersburg, Va.

Garland, Samuel, Jr.; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.

Garnett, Richard B.; killed at Carricksford, W. Va., July 13, 1861.

Girardey, Victor J. B.; killed at Petersburg, Va., Aug., 1864.

Gist, States Rights; killed Dec., 1862, at Franklin, Tenn.

Gladden, Adley H.; killed at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.

Godwin, A. C.; killed at Winchester, Va., Sept. 29, 1864.

Gordon, James B.; killed at Yellow Tavern, Va., 1864.

Gracié, Archibald, Jr.; killed at Petersburg, Va., Dec. 2, 1864.

Granberry, Hiram B.; killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

Grayson, John B.; died at Fernandina, Fla., Oct. 1, 1861.

Green, Martin E.; killed at Vicksburg, Miss., June 27, 1863.

Gregg, John; killed at Petersburg, Va., 1864.

Gregg, Maxey; killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.

Griffith, Richard; killed at Savage Station, 1862.

Hanson, Roger W.; killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 4, 1863.

Hatton, Robert; killed at Seven Pines, Va., May 31, 1862.

Helm, Benjamin H.; killed at Chickamauga, Ga., September 19, 1863.

Hogg, Joseph L.; died May 1, 1862.

Jenkins, Micajah; killed at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1874.

Jones, David R.; died at Richmond, Va., Jan. 19, 1863.

Jones, John M.; killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864.

Jones, Wm. E.; killed at Mt. Crawford, Va., June 5, 1864.

Kelly, J. H.; killed near Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1864.

Little, Henry; killed at Iuka, Miss., 1862.

McCulloch, Benjamin; killed at Elk Horn, Ark., March 7, 1862.

McIntosh, James; killed at Elk Horn, Ark., March, 1862.

Morgan, John H.; killed September 4, 1864.

Mouton, Alfred; killed at Mansfield, La., April, 1864.

Paxton, Elisha F.; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 5, 1863.

Pegram, John; killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., Feb. 6, 1865.

Pender, William D.; died July 18, 1863, from wounds received at Gettysburg.

Perrin, Abner M.; killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

Pettigrew, James J.; died July 18, 1863, from wounds received at Falling Waters.

Posey, Carnot; died November 13, 1863, from wounds received at Bristow Station.

Rains, Jas. E.; killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862.

Ramseur, Stephen D.; died at Winchester, Va., Oct. 21, 1864.

Randal, Horace; killed at Jenkins Ferry, Ark., April 30, 1864.

Semmes, Paul J.; died July 10, 1863, from wounds received at Gettysburg.

Smith, Preston; killed at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1862.

Stafford, Leroy A.; died May, 1864, from wounds received at Wilderness, Va.

Starke, William E.; killed at Sharpsburg, Va., Sept. 17, 1862.

Stephens, Clement H.; killed at Atlanta, Ga., July 27, 1864.

Strahl, Otho F.; killed at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.

Terrell, James B.; killed at Wilderness, Va., May 31, 1864.

Tilghman, Lloyd; killed at Battle Creek, Mo., May 16, 1863.

Tracy, Edward D.; killed near Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863.

Tyler, R. C.; killed at Fort Tyler, Ga., April 16, 1865.

Villipigue, John B.; died at Port Hudson, La., Nov. 9, 1862.

Walker, L. M.; killed in duel at Little Rock, Ark., 1863.

Willis, Edward; killed at Mechanicsville May 31, 1864.

Wilson, Claudius C.; died November 24, 1863.

Winder, Charles S.; killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862.

Winder, John H.; died at Branchville, S. C., Feb. 9, 1865.

Zollicoffer, Felix K.; killed at Mill Spring, Ky., Jan. 19, 1862.

COL. ROBERT C. TYLER.

BY LIEUT. COL. JOHN W. INZER, 32D AND 58TH ALA. REGIMENTS.

In the March number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN an inquiry is made in regard to Colonel Tyler, of Tennessee, and as to what may be remembered by any one now living in regard to his life and character as a soldier during the war for Southern independence, 1861-65.

In June, 1863, Bate's Brigade was created and organized near Fairfield, Tenn. This brigade was then composed of the 15th and 37th Tennessee Regiments, consolidated, under the command of Colonel Tyler; 20th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. T. B. Smith; 37th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. A. F. Rudler; 9th Alabama Battalion, commanded by Col. Bush Jones; and Major Tasnell's Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters. At that time I was the major of the Alabama Battalion, afterwards organized into the 58th Alabama Infantry Regiment, and still later consolidated with the 32d Alabama Regiment, of which I was lieutenant colonel.

I first saw Colonel Tyler at the organization of Bate's Brigade near Fairfield, as stated, in June, 1863. He was a stout, robust Tennesseean, and had firmness, determination, and courage written in every line of his face. From Hoover's Gap, Tenn., back to McLemore's Cave, Ga., I was in many skirmishes and under heavy fire with Colonel Tyler, and soon learned to look upon him as one of the bravest men I ever saw. When the 15th and 37th Tennessee were on our right or left in battle, I always felt secure, as I knew Tyler would be there until the hour of danger had passed.

In the battle of Chickamauga Bate's Brigade was under the fire of the enemy almost from the firing of the first gun to the firing of the last, and Colonel Tyler was on the ground in command of his regiments from its beginning to the end—until the enemy had been driven from the field—and never did I see greater courage and daring displayed by any one than was shown by Colonel Tyler and his command. His bravery and his manner of handling his regiment on that bloody field were indeed conspicuous. On Saturday, September 19, 1863, I saw Colonel Tyler, with others, capture a battery of the enemy's guns, and he himself hauled one of these guns into our lines. He had a strap fastened to the gun and placed in front of his breast. I can now in my mind see Colonel Tyler bringing this gun back alone. There were quite a number of prisoners captured and brought in by Tyler's men and the men of my command.

Soon after this battle my regiment was transferred to an Alabama brigade, and I do not remember to have seen any more of the gallant Colonel Tyler. He was killed near West Point, Ga., in one of the last battles of the war. I have often referred to Colonel Tyler as one of the finest soldiers I ever met. It affords me pleasure to bear witness to the soldierly character of this good and true man.

BY E. H. BAILEY, JACKSON, MISS.

I notice in the VETERAN for March an inquiry about Gen. Robert Tyler, who was killed in the battle of West Point, Ga. I knew him well. He had been wounded in battle, and was sent to West Point as commander of that post. During the Wilson raid he commanded Fort Tyler with one hundred and thirteen men, sixty of them being regular artillerymen, while the rest were old men and boy volunteers. The battle commenced about eight o'clock and ended at four o'clock. The Confederates fought and repulsed the enemy as long as they had any ammunition. General Tyler was killed by a sharpshooter from an upper-story window across the street in the residence of Dr. A. W. Griggs. At every charge General Tyler and his men had repulsed the enemy with side arms.

The next officer to take command was Captain Gonzales, of Pensacola, Fla. When he was killed, Captain Parham, who was a secretary in General Tyler's office, took command. He had lost his voice and couldn't speak above a whisper; but he went to the flagstaff, reached as high as he could, and with his sword severed the rope that could have lowered the twenty-foot silk flag, so as to prevent any surrender.

General Tyler and Captain Gonzales were buried in the Reese graveyard, one and a half miles west of West Point. When I last saw General Tyler's grave, it was badly neglected. There seems to have been a cheap concrete slab placed over it which has crumbled. I was reared in the vicinity of West Point, and was familiar with all that transpired. General Tyler was a polished gentleman, a brave soldier, and true to his country.

CAUSE OF GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN'S DEATH.

BY CAPT. GEORGE T. ATKINS, 4TH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

I have always regarded Gen. John H. Morgan's death as the result of his own lack of caution. I well remember that as my command, the 4th Kentucky, marched into Greenville Col. H. L. Giltner and I were riding by ourselves. We met General Morgan at the opening of the road leading toward Rogersville. The sun was low in the western sky, and Morgan was awaiting us. As we rode up, sitting his horse facing us on our left side, he said: "Vaughn's Brigade is thrown well out to the front with instructions to picket well Everett's Battalion. Major Diamond and Col. Howard Smith are ordered to camp close by on the road to Rogersville. You will take your command to a point three miles down the Rogersville Pike and picket well toward Rogersville."

This scattered his command along a three-mile line toward his right, with nothing nearer than Everett's command, encamped over the railroad cut, and a battery at the church, about a quarter of a mile in the rear. He said he would take quarters in the Williams House, pointing it out to us. With him was only his staff. He thus practically isolated himself from his command and rendered accessible and easy the sudden dash that cost him his life.

A shot or two from the battery and a desultory firing from Everett's command took place, and a stampede ensued. When the first shots occurred, soon after daylight, we (the 4th Kentucky) were saddled and ready for action. No orders coming, I received permission from Captain Scott, commanding, to go to headquarters for orders and report the command ready to move. Giltner ordered me to cross the road and get the man living there, which I did after persuading his wife that no harm was intended him. Giltner asked this man whether those shots were above the mouth of the Rogersville road in town. * * *

On our way we learned from a straggling soldier that Morgan had either been captured or killed. There was no enemy in sight. Morgan's command being stampeded, Giltner decided to fall back until he could come in contact with Vaughn's or Howard Smith's commands (both outranking him); and after going some ten or twelve miles, we camped, and, not seeing anything of any ranking officers, Giltner, at my suggestion, sent in a flag of truce to inquire Morgan's fate, and, if killed, to obtain the body, which we did.

Every incident in this affair is as fresh in my mind to-day as if it had happened yesterday.

DR. DOUTHAT'S "BATTLE ODE."

Concerning the battle of Gettysburg, Dr. R. W. Douthat, of Morganton, W. Va., has linked his name with history. His "Battle Ode" will be cherished by those who appreciate culture in most vivid portrayal of the most heroic deeds of mortal men. His glimpse of the charge is given in this language:

"Through ranks aligned with solid shot they plowed,
Through lines re-formed with shell and grape they mowed;
O'er struggling masses grape and canister threw,
O'er lessening files their deadly missiles flew,
And canister, double canister, profusely fell
An avalanche of fire, a deafening hail,
That blighted, blasted, crushed, cut, and tore,
And scattered limbless life along the shore."

Captain Douthat is said to be the only one of the ten captains in his regiment who escaped unhurt.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERAN.

Capt. A. Lawson, now of Louisville, Ky., writes: "I was sent in command of about one-fourth of the 6th Kentucky Regiment on November 24, 1864, to the shores of the Ogeechee River, between Milledgeville and Augusta, where I met Major Lattimer in a fight with the 3d Kentucky Cavalry (Federal) under Kilpatrick. We were both captured and became very much attached to each other. Together we determined to make our escape, and on the night of December 7, when about twenty miles from Savannah, we succeeded in doing so. We traveled for three days over the route that Sherman's army had passed on his way to Savannah, finding the country extremely desolate, of course. We crossed the Savannah River into South Carolina, where we got our first meal worthy the name for three weeks. We soon reached Augusta, and near there Dr. Cartwright lent me a horse and furnished the Major with a buggy, and we went about thirty miles south to the Major's home. I had an order from the War Department to gather up all horses branded "U. S." and "C. S.," which I had kept concealed from the Federal guards; so after we rested a few days we got five other men (disabled Confederates) and started out. When near Kilpatrick's command, we succeeded in capturing sixteen horses and took them back to Major Lattimer's home. I should like to know if Major Lattimer or any of the other men of that raid are still living."

THE GUERRILLA CHIEF QUANTRELL.

BY JOHN S. WATSON, PARIS, TEX.

Noticing your request in a late number of the VETERAN for information in regard to the Guerrilla Chief Quantrell, I write to say that I served under him from 1861 to 1865, and was with him in all the raids and battles he was engaged in. He was born and reared in Hagerstown, Md., and was a surveyor by profession. He and his brother started to California in 1859, and got as far as forty miles west of Leavenworth, Kans. At Cottonwood Creek the Kansas Jayhawkers attacked them, killing his brother and leaving Quantrell himself for dead. After getting well, he joined Jim Lane's band of Jayhawkers, and remained with them until he had killed thirty out of thirty-two of the men who had killed his brother. He then went to Missouri and recruited his company, and remained there mainly until the fall of 1864.

We started then to go to Lee's army, and got as far as the State of Kentucky, when we had a fight with one Capt. Ed Terrell at Wakefield's barn, where Quantrell received a fatal wound and died in a hospital at Louisville, Ky. He never had a picture taken in his life.

One of the most horrid stories brought out in the four awful years—1861-65—was the massacre at Lawrence, Kans. The VETERAN seeks what extenuating circumstances there were. One report has been given, but others are requested. A member of Ross's Brigade writes of it as follows:

"After the fall of Atlanta, in the autumn of 1864, I was intimately associated in the service with Captain Reams, of Westport, Mo., who was with Quantrell in the raid on Lawrence, Kans. He recited to me in detail the cause and the manner of carrying it out. Captain Reams commanded a company of Missourians in the army that was surrendered at Vicksburg, and went back to Southwest Missouri for the purpose of recruiting his company; but found this impossible, owing to the strict and unceasing patrol by the home guards. On one Sunday he was in Quantrell's camp, where he found Quantrell and a few of his men, the rest being scattered around through the country.

"For some time there had been confined in Kansas City, Kans., by the United States military authority a number of prisoners, among them a sister of two of Quantrell's men. Parties were excavating for a foundation so near the building in which the prisoners were confined as to endanger the building. The citizens called the attention of the military authorities to this fact and asked them to remove the prisoners to a place of safety. This they failed and refused to do. Sometime during the day on that Sunday news came to Quantrell's camp that the said building had collapsed, killing several of the prisoners, and among them the aforesaid sister. Immediately a council was held, in which it was determined to destroy a Kansas town in revenge. Kansas City was discussed; but that was too populous and too well guarded, and Lawrence was finally determined on. Quantrell then sent out all the men in camp to hunt up and order the others to come in immediately. By Monday evening he had a force of about sixty men. Soon after dark they mounted their horses and struck a gallop, and never moved at any other gait until their object was accomplished and they had made good their escape, save and except the men who were lost. As they rode into the suburbs of the town about daylight in the morning, they ran into a camp of recruits for the Federal army; these they slew to a man. Then, riding into the heart of the town, the men were divided into squads, instructed to take the main streets and fire the town as they went, and assemble at a point designated out of town. This was done as expeditiously as possible, and their long ride for safety was begun at a gallop. Being closely chased by United States cavalry, they had a long, hard ride day and night until they reached timber, where they dispersed, every man to take care of himself. While they were firing the town they were fired on by citizens from upper windows of houses. Some of Quantrell's men were wounded, and had to be left to their fate.

"Captain Reams was a very brave man, as I had ample occasion to know, and I think truthful and in every way reliable. He related this story with its horrible and interesting details, but the foregoing are the main facts. I do not now remember, but think he estimated the number of recruits killed at about eighty men."

Much has been written about the Lawrence raid, and some seem inclined to justify the retaliation; but it appears to be one of the most horrible events of all the war. Kansas Jayhawkers established a reputation for villainy quite extensively, and no punishment could have been too severe for them perhaps; but this Lawrence (Kansas) raid is abhorred.

TENNESSEEANS HONOR MAJOR WIRZ'S MEMORY.

Messrs. J. W. Cowan, Ed Reece, and W. M. Long, of Nashville, Tenn., solicited contributions among their friends and forwarded on February 7, 1907, the amount to the Treasurer of the Monument Fund. Comrade Cowan wrote the following letter to Mrs. C. C. Sanders, of Gainesville, Ga.:

"*Dear Madam:* To preserve untarnished the good memories of the faithful dead is no less a duty than to help and bless the living. To pay worthy tribute to those who stood faithful at the post of duty when the storm was at its height is to rear a race of heroes who will not quail in any storm nor shirk from any duty. To neglect the memory of heroes is to pave the way to dishonor and despair.

"The contemplation of such truth has prompted us to collect the sum of $40.50, which we herewith inclose to you, as Treasurer of the Wirz Monument Fund, to help place a suitable memorial to Maj. Henry Wirz. We want to assure you that our people here are in hearty sympathy with the movement as fully set out in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We pray that your highest hopes may soon find fruition in a worthy memorial to his memory. Whatsoever slurs his slanderers may have written, let us record his virtues in granite or marble as we have them in our hearts.

"With the friendly and fraternal greetings we esteem it an honor to be brothers of the Daughters of the Confederacy."

Reply from Mrs. C. C. Sanders, Treasurer Wirz Monument Fund, Gainesville, Ga., dated February 13, 1907:

"*Gentlemen:* In behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, I thank you for your generous contribution of forty dollars and a half which you sent for the Wirz Monument Fund. It is most encouraging to receive letters like the one you sent us and to be assured that Nashville is in sympathy with this our effort to vindicate one of the South's noblest heroes."

HOME FOR GRAY AND BLUE SUGGESTED.—Phares Bell, of Cleveland, Ohio, but who has spent much of his time in Florida, writes of having conceived the idea of a Home for Union and Confederate soldiers in conjunction. He seems not to be informed of the great work in providing Soldiers' Homes North and South, and an up-to-date Southern daily paper prints at length his article as if he had suggested something new in charity and in patriotism. The only point worthy of mentioning, considerate as we may be of his kind sentiments, is that, after the Home is thoroughly established, the United States government maintain it. This has been a pet project of Mr. Bell for years. He is now seventy-five years old, and is quoted as saying: "The seed has been sown by me, and it now rests with the people whether the plan shall be killed by procrastination or shall grow into a beautiful flower; whether the work shall be carried out until a fitting memorial and home is built for the brave old soldiers of both armies and the South and the North are united by a closer bond than that of commercial interest, or be postponed until every soldier of that terrific struggle has answered to the last bugle call and passed beyond."

A. M. I. Handley, of Edgerton, Mo. (first lieutenant Company —, 10th Missouri Infantry), writes of Gen. L. M. Lewis, mentioned on page 119 in list of Confederate generals: "He was promoted a short while before the war closed to the command of M. M. Parson's Brigade upon the latter's promotion to major general. The brigade was composed of the 10th, 11th, and 16th Missouri Infantry. He was a Methodist preacher and went from that part of the country. I knew him well."

NORTH CAROLINIANS WANT SPONSORS.

BY J. C. BIRDSONG, RALEIGH.

Resolved: 1. That the L. O. B. Branch Camp, No. 515, U. C. V., do most respectfully enter their solemn protest against the resolution passed by the U. D. C. at their Convention at Gulfport, Miss., and request the President, Mrs. Lizzie Henderson, to have the same rescinded in time to have sponsors appointed for our next annual meeting in Richmond, Va.; also that a copy be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, asking that the other Camps adopt same. If sponsors are not to attend, we had better not hold any more Reunions.

2. That L. O. B. Branch Camp, No. 515, U. C. V., in the belief that some recognition should be given the worthy negroes who followed the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy as faithful servants, who in many cases put aside opportunities for freedom on account of love for their own white folks, also that such residents of this State who served as servants in the Confederate army, rendering true and faithful service to their owners or others, shall be entitled to a pension on proof of such service.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the General Assembly of North Carolina, with the request that provision be made for said pensions by adding a fifth clause to the Pension Act.

A bill has already been presented to the General Assembly and referred to the Pension Committee.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. D. Smith, of McGregor, Tex., sends copy of a special order from General Bragg, which will be read with interest:

"*Headquarters Army of Tennessee, Top of Missionary Ridge, September 25, 1863.*—Lieut. Col. W. K. Beard, of the staff of the General commanding, Lieutenant Farley, A. D. C. to Lieutenant General Longstreet, and Capt. R. W. Lanier, Company G, 13th Tennessee Regiment, are hereby selected to bear to Richmond, Va., the flags captured from the enemy in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th inst. They will proceed at once in execution of the mission with which they are charged, and deliver the captured flags with the report of Commanding General to Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant General. Privates J. D. Smith, Company H, 10th Texas Regiment, and William H. Barnett, 21st Mississippi Volunteers, on account of gallant service, are hereby detailed to accompany them. The Quartermaster will furnish transportation both going and returning to Privates Smith and Barnett."

Comrade Smith wants those comrades who were with him in Richmond to arrange for a meeting at the coming Reunion.

TEXAS SPONSOR TO RICHMOND REUNION.—Special Order No. 21, issued by K. M. Van Zandt, Major General commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V., names the following appointments for the seventeenth annual Reunion, at Richmond, Va., May 30 to June 3, 1907: Miss Decca Lamar West, Sponsor, Waco, Tex.; Miss Vara Higgenson, Maid of Honor, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Matron of Honor, Seguin, Tex. The above appointees are entitled to and shall receive all honor, respect, and courtesy due such positions from the chivalry of Confederate soldiers.

Henry Moore writes a letter the spirit of which is commended: "I notice I am sponging on the VETERAN. I see my label says January, 1907, and we are down in February. I send two dollars for two years; but you are authorized to send one year to some Confederate soldier who would appreciate it but can't pay for it, and credit me with one year only."



MEMORIAL DAY.

BY RICARDO MINOR, DALLAS, TEX.

With wreath remembrant, rose, and lily pale,
In fragrant reverence are strewn the mounds
Where slumber sacred dead. The shafts of sun
That float so soft adown and blissful calm
That clings to things aflowered make this day
Perfection's own. The fairest days since birth
Of spring have stolen up, and each has laid
That gift which dearest it deems into the lap
Of the glad Present. War no longer sings
His song areek of hell, nor rank by rank
To weltering death with guilty hand he hurls.
With clasp of hands is the hiatus bridged—
The dead are dearer still through tears that fall
And consecrate a common altar side.
A hymn of unforgetting swells the breeze
To sacredness and reverence attuned—
Memorial of loving lips that speeds
From where smile palms beneath the sun's warm kiss
To lakes of limpid blue, from sturdy West
To shore that bears the brunt of waters wild.
Out of distress and mighty conflict fierce
Have peace and plenty come—a sweet, new life,
And lights of gladsome homes. And harvest sure
Abundant springs from soil that once drank deep
Of hearts of men who fell and marched no more.
Heaped are the blossoms in remembrance just
Of hero blood that spilled—ran full and free
At duty's stern behest. The outward show
Of chanted hymns and wreaths and garlands strewn—
'Tis kind. But boots it not save we engrave
Their deeds on living soul and consecrate
Our heritage at altar of the heart.

Dedicated to the memory of Capt. R. W. Minus, who faithfully served the Confederacy.

DEATHS IN PAT CLEBURNE CAMP, WACO, TEX.

Report of deaths in Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco, Tex., from April, 1906, to 1907: J. C. Robinson, Company H, 19th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade; W. D. Jackson, Company F, 8th Texas, Watkins's Division; W. T. Holcomb, Company D, 28th Texas Dismounted Cavalry; J. W. Linkinbarger, Company A, 15th Texas Infantry—all of the Trans-Miss. Dept.

DEATHS IN THE FITZGERALD CAMP, U. C. V.

Since its reorganization, in 1901, the following members of Fitzgerald Camp, Paris, Tenn., have passed "over the river:"

Fifth Tennessee Infantry: Col. W. E. Travis, L. Cherry, Company K; B. G. Deets, Company G; J. J. Hagler, Company I; Lieut. J. L. Lemonds, Company C; E. W. Simmons, Company G; E. G. Seaton, Company H; T. D. Daniel, band and infirmary corps; Dr. J. H. Porter, surgeon.

Forty-Sixth Tennessee Infantry: Col. R. A. Owens, Maj. S. C. Cooper, Adjutant I. M. Hudson; A. B. Futhey, Company E; F. M. Gregson, Company E; A. J. Morton, Company A; Lieut. Elisha Paschal, Company K; W. H. Reynolds, Company K; Logan Tharpe, Company F; Maj. W. B. VanCleave; Hardin Wilson, Company H; L. J. Hill.

One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Infantry: A. J. Bradshaw, Co. F; R. H. Covington, Co. F; A. J. Looney, Co. F.

T. H. M. Hunter, Company C, 11th Tennessee Cavalry; L. A. Jobe, 9th Mississippi Cavalry; A. L. Nored, Company D, 19th Kentucky Cavalry; J. T. Postlethwaite, Company D, 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery; F. P. Wasson, Company A, 4th Alabama Cavalry.

DEAD OF MILDRED LEE CAMP, SHERMAN, TEX.

Memorial services were held at the Central Christian Church, Sherman, Tex., by the Mildred Lee Camp February 24, 1907, for the following members of the Camp who have died since last summer:

A. R. Andrews, Company B, 6th Texas Infantry.

Tom Perra (Mexican), 11th Texas Cavalry, Company A, afterwards in artillery service to close of war.

J. J. Hammond, 8th Arkansas Infantry.

Elder W. B. Stinson, Company H, 5th Alabama Infantry.

J. C. Edmonds, Mosby's command.

Capt. J. H. Tolbert, Co. D, 16th Texas Dismounted Cavalry.

[The foregoing is from J. B. Stinson, Camp Historian.]

CAPT. ED ALDRICH.

This valiant old soldier came to an untimely death on March 21 while walking on the railroad near Gulfport, Miss. Captain Aldrich enlisted in the 2d Missouri Cavalry (Col. Robert McCulloch) early in the war, remaining with that regiment, in Forrest's Cavalry, until 1863, when he was transferred to the staff of Gen. Frank Armstrong, with whom he served with distinction the remainder of the war. After the war closed, Captain Aldrich settled near Byhalia, Miss., from whence he removed to Gulfport, Miss., about one year ago. He was nearing his eightieth year, and, being very deaf, was an easy prey to a passenger train. His remains were interred at the Soldiers' Home, Beauvoir, Miss.

CAPT. CHARLES W. DIGGS.

A prominent member was lost to Marmaduke Camp, U. C. V., of Moberly, Mo., in the death of Capt. Charles W. Diggs, who passed peacefully away in January, 1907. He was living in St. Louis, Mo., at the breaking out of the war; but upon the secession of Virginia he returned to his native town of Warrenton and enlisted in the Warrenton Rifles, 17th Virginia Infantry, and was soon sent to the front. This regiment was heavily engaged in the first battle of Manassas, and suffered severely. The regiment also confronted McClellan at Seven Pines, where Captain Diggs was so dangerously wounded that he could never serve in the infantry again. He then joined the Black Horse Cavalry, the 4th Virginia, and soon afterwards was promoted to a captaincy on the staff of Gen. William H. Payne, in which capacity he served with much honor until the surrender.

A little incident will show the spirit of the good soldier that he was. After being taken from the field wounded—mortally, as they thought—he asked the doctor what his chances were for recovery, and upon being told that he had one chance in a thousand he replied: "Doctor, I am glad of this. I will take advantage of that one chance."

After the war Captain Diggs returned to Missouri, and was married to Miss Ida Rucker, of Huntsville. He was engaged in mercantile life forty-two years, and was widely known and loved by every one.

REV. F. R. NOE.

Rev. Frank R. Noe, Sr., was a Confederate soldier to the end. Born in Greene County, Mo., January 26, 1846, he enrolled and mustered March 11, 1862, a private in Company C, 3d Missouri Cavalry (dismounted), Greene's Brigade, Price's Division. He was wounded at Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862, and discharged on account of physical disabilities on November 22, 1862. He returned home, regained his health, and rejoined the army as a private in Company G, Ed Waller's Texas Cavalry Regiment, and surrendered with his command at Marshall, Tex., in June, 1865. His CONFEDERATE VETERAN and his Bible were his boon companions. He was not one of those designated as unreconstructed; but he was ardently fond of having been a true Confederate soldier, and was faithful to the traditions. He was not boastful, but he was unyielding in his loyalty to the principles for which the South fought and suffered.

Comrade Noe was for many years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was truly a good man.



REV. F. R. NOE.

His ministry was a continuation of successful effort and good works, a consecration to his Master's cause. He was energetic and effective and wholly without ostentation, with a record and influence for godliness unsurpassed by any of the great and good. He died in graceful submission to the will of his Master at Auvergne, Ark., October 19, 1906, of asthma.

JUDGE L. E. BLECKLEY.

Judge Logan E. Bleckley, of Georgia, has gone to a rich reward for a prolonged high order of deportment among his fellow-men. He was in many respects a most remarkable man. Rev. George G. Smith, a fluent writer, gives an account of Judge Bleckley that will be approved by those who knew and loved him best. He begins with the statement that sixty years ago young Bleckley was a clerk in the Western and Atlantic Railroad office at Atlanta. He writes:

"In 1849 I was a clerk in the McPhersons' bookstore, and Judge Bleckley often came in to rummage among the books. When I was chaplain in the Phillips Legion, he was a member of the legion and occupied the same tent with me. He was one of the uniquest men Georgia ever produced. His habits of study were the most peculiar. When I first knew him he was studying the literature of England as found in its poetry. He gave it exclusive attention until he had finished his study. Then he turned to metaphysics. There was no man in Georgia who had so thoroughly studied philosophy.

"All the rare German books which had been reduced into English were in his library. He allowed nothing but law to break in on his philosophical researches for years. Then he strangely enough turned to Alpine traveling. He had more English books on the Alps than probably any man in America. He traced the pathway of the mountain climbers step by step for years. Then he gave himself to architecture, and gathered, regardless of cost, all the scientific works on that subject. When Herbert Spencer came to the front, he became his disciple; and everything the old philosopher wrote he studied.

"If it had been in the power of one of the most diligent and astute of minds to have secured light to walk by unaided, by revelation, he would have secured it; but alas! like Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Carlyle, and Ruskin, the verdict at last was, I don't know,' and 'I can't believe.' * * *

"Men sometimes believe more than they think they do, and some men doubt when they do not disbelieve and some men long for light and grope in darkness for a while to see at the last. I had hoped that some day the cloud which overshadowed him from his youth would break, and I still hope it did. I hoped that, giving up all effort to find the truth unaided, he would come to Him who is the truth and find rest for his soul. A man of such honesty, such sincerity, such reverence for goodness, such tenderness could not be forgotten by Him who came to seek and save those who were lost in the mazes of poor human intellections. He could not answer some questions; no man can. But he said, and he said it sincerely: 'I am loyal to him if he is a personal God; if he is not, I am loyal to him.'"

Judge Bleckley was a marvelous man. After he had become profound in legal knowledge as a profession and had delved deep into metaphysics, he lived for years on a mountain, isolated quite as a hermit. When he reappeared on the streets of Atlanta, the editor of the VETERAN greeted him, giving his name, although he had previously enjoyed a pleasant acquaintance, seeing him often with Gen. J. B. Gordon, the Judge's brother-in-law. The eminent jurist seemed hurt and replied: "Do you suppose I don't know you, Mr. C—?"

(From O. G. Cox, in Atlanta Constitution.)

Vast was his ken of questions, gnarled and bent;
Great was his knowledge of the hearts of men:
Childhood and age, the shrewd, the innocent
Were in him mingled in one glorious blend.

The seer's deep learning and the poet's fire,
The stoic's calmness and the patriot's zeal,
The soldier's drum call and the lover's lyre—
Each lured his heart to list to their appeal.

The winds which mourn above his mountain home,
The waves which sob along the far-flung shore,
The rains which beat upon the mighty dome
'Neath which his genius shone in days of yore—

These tell their tales with deep-drawn sob and tear;
But more than these: the heart of Georgia weeps
Above the flower-strewn, love-draped bier
Where fame-crowned Logan Bleckley sleeps.

DEATHS IN STONEWALL CAMP, U. C. V., PORTSMOUTH, VA.

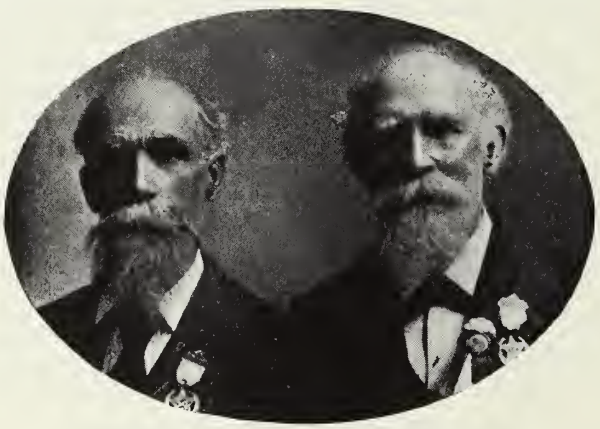
The death of Sergeant Hilary G. Williams on December 24 removed from the membership of Stonewall Camp a gallant soldier who, as a member of Company D, 61st Virginia Infantry, participated in the notable engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Charles W. Godwin entered the service in 1861 as a member of Company C, 16th Virginia Infantry. Death came to him in Portsmouth on the 24th of January, 1907, occasioning much regret in his circle of friends and comrades of Stonewall Camp.

Sergeant William H. Brittingham died at his home, in Portsmouth, February 10, at the age of seventy years. He enlisted in April, 1861, as a member of Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, and participated in all the notable battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was a sincere Christian, a true and gallant soldier, a loyal friend, and his death is a loss to the membership of Stonewall Camp.

ELI T. PRIEST.

Eli Priest died at the residence of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Montgomery, in Fort Worth, Tex., February 15, 1907, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was born in Monroe County, Miss., December 28, 1836, and moved to Texas years before the war. In 1857 he married Miss Cinderilla Burleson, of Bastrop County, who died April 13, 1894; and after that time he led an unsettled life, part of the time with his six children, three sons and three daughters, who survive him. He and his brother, Robert Priest, yet surviving him and ten years younger, enlisted in the beginning of



ROBERT PRIEST. ELI T. PRIEST.

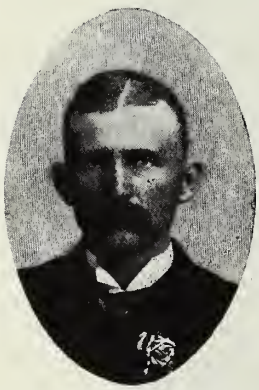
the war in Company B, 17th Texas Infantry, and served faithfully the four years through, being in many battles together, in which both attested their devotion to the cause by suffering patiently many wounds received of a painful nature. Robert Priest now resides at Smithville, Tex. The picture shows them together. Of course it is expected that they will meet again. The deceased was a consistent member of the Baptist Church from boyhood, and he died as a Mason in good standing. He sleeps by the side of his good wife at Corsicana, Tex. He was a good soldier and a kind citizen, and leaves many friends to mourn their loss.

A. CLARKE BREWER.

Comrade A. Clarke Brewer died suddenly at Holly Springs, Miss., on the 8th of October, 1906. He was born in Virginia in 1843, and made a gallant Confederate soldier. He received many compliments for his bravery at Champion Hill, and was also mentioned in general orders by the commanding officer. He fought through the entire war till taken prisoner at Vicksburg shortly before the close when he was one of Henderson's scouts. The news of his exchange and Lee's surrender reached his people on the same day.

From the "History of the 19th Tennessee Regiment," by Dr. W. J. Worsham, the following is taken: "Clarke Brewer joined Company I, of the 19th Tennessee Regiment, when but a boy, and made a good, faithful, and brave soldier, always at his post of duty. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and as soon as he was able resumed his post of duty with another command, and fought with that regiment to the end of the war. Brave as the bravest and as sensitive to duty as brave."

Another paragraph from the same book, written by Judge C. W. Heiskell, of Memphis, shows his eagerness for action: "We heard that a force of Federals were assembling at Barboursville, and Companies B and K, of the 'Old Nineteenth,' and companies from the 20th Tennessee, under command of Colonel Battle, were sent to dislodge them. Clarke Brewer, of Company I, now living in Memphis, slipped off and went with us. We marched all night, and at daylight next morning (O how tired and sleepy we were!), September 19, 1861, we heard the first hostile gun of the war. Here fell Robert Powell, first lieutenant of Company K, a quiet, unassuming, brave man, the first Confederate who fell outside of Virginia in the War between the States. But the force against us scattered, and we retired to camp."



CLARKE BREWER.

Clarke Brewer was the son of John Sackville Brewer (a descendant of Lord Sackville, of England), for many years a tobacco merchant in Virginia, but who removed to Chattanooga in the childhood days of this son. Surviving him are the wife and one child, Mrs. Thomas B. Coffey, of Vicksburg. Mr. Brewer engaged in cotton-planting for many years in Mississippi, his wife being of Holly Springs. Mrs. Brewer, a native of Holly Springs, and the daughter are zealous Confederate workers.

DR. DAVID H. WILLIAMS.

David H. Williams was born in Greene County, Ala., in October, 1827; and died in Gainesville, Ala., February 3, 1907. Comrade Williams was of conspicuous ability as a physician and surgeon from his early youth, and won the confidence of all whose good fortune it was to be associated with him. After the fall of Vicksburg, he left a lucrative practice, raised a cavalry company, and went to the front. He was early promoted as surgeon in the regiment, and enjoyed the confidence of his comrades. At the close of the war he went home, and devoted much of his time to the relief of his fellow-men without remuneration. He was especially kind to the poor Confederates and ex-slaves of the South.

Dr. Williams became a Church member in his early manhood, and lived consistent with its teachings. He was a life member of the American Bible Society, and contributed liberally to its support, as he did to the cause of Christ and his Church and other enterprises for the good of man. He leaves a wife and three sons, worthy of such a father.

ENDORSEMENT

OF THE

Confederate Veteran

ADDRESS BY GENERAL OFFICERS, United Confederate Veterans, to the Camps of U. C. V., the Confederated Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, United Sons of Confederates, and all Confederates.

We have been elected to offices of high distinction and recognize the obligations created by these honors because they were conferred by our comrades of the United Confederate Veterans. In this spirit we address you, on our own motion, this letter on a special subject because we know that the desire is common among us that the knowledge of the principles and facts of the Confederate epoch should be more widely diffused. We feel that this information should be conveyed to the people of the present Age through the press and other agencies in such spirit, manner, and mode of publication as will do justice to our Confederate people, secure the fame of which our dear Southland is well worthy, abate all ungenerous controversial spirit, and promote a more perfect understanding and cordial union of all parts and people of our Country.

In considering maturely this very important matter we are gratified by the fact that the United Confederate Veterans Association, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have an official organ, commended over and over again by unanimous resolutions at our annual conventions, in a magazine of high rank called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, ably edited and published monthly by our true and enthusiastic fellow-Confederate soldier, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville. This noble magazine began its career years ago as a patriotic venture upon the field of hope in its confidence reposed in those to whom its worthy objects appealed, and we have witnessed its ascent to success with the especial pride that such success is so well deserved. We deplore nothing about it except that the benefits it is conferring every month upon thousands of readers are not enjoyed by tens of thousands more. It is a medium by which every phase of Confederate times is intelligently and interestingly conveyed to the minds of young and old. It is a glad hand extended cordially to shake every Confederate hand, and it goes with a sincere fraternal greeting to all patriots in our Land. It is a treasury of argument, history, biography, story, and song, continuing to steadily increase these riches from month to month. Its contents make a table around which Confederates, with their sons, daughters, and friends, sit once a month to enjoy an intellectual, social, affectionate, friendly, country-loving feast. It never was of more value than it is now. And, considering all that should be said, written, and done through its agency during the next ten years of only one hundred and twenty issues, *it is now more valuable than ever.*



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN HOLLYWOOD, RICHMOND.

In view of all things we know about the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its valuable uses, will you, each and all of you, agree to make an immediate practical working effort to at least double the number of its subscriptions, and thus quadruple the number of its interested readers? Can we afford to do less? Can we do anything of *better* avail to diffuse the knowledge and increase the appreciation of our Southland and its history?

We beg now to urge that every Confederate Camp and other organization consider formally, earnestly, actively, and practically this subject in the months of April and May. We trust that each of these organizations will take immediate action, so that the increase referred to shall be made before our great Reunion in the city of Richmond. We urge that immediate personal effort be made by Confederates and their sons and daughters. We ask that the ever-generous press of our country help us, and we authorize the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to publish this appeal with conspicuous display in the April and May numbers of that magazine.

Repeating our expressions of gratitude to all who have honored us as Confederate soldiers, and greeting you with our hands and hearts, we have the honor to be your obedient servants:

Stephen D. Lee, General, Commander in Chief U. C. V.;
William E. Mickle, Maj. Gen., Chief of Staff, U. C. V.;
W. L. Cabell, Lieut. Gen., Trans-Miss. Dept., U. C. V.;
Clement A. Evans, Lieut. Gen., Army Tenn. Dept., U. C. V.;
C. Irvine Walker, Lieut. Gen., Army N. V. Dept., U. C. V.

MAJOR GENERALS APPROVING.

The letter from General Evans to Major Generals states:

"A suggestion, altogether my own, was made to Mr. Cunningham about the VETERAN, which he thought of favorably, and in correspondence asked me to prepare the circular, a copy of which is inclosed and explains the whole matter.

"If you approve, you will please authorize Mr. Cunningham to print your name to the circular. I did not move in the matter until assured that General Lee approved.

"If all, or nearly all, Commanders of Divisions approve, I suppose that Comrade Cunningham will print and circulate the letter as suggested."

George P. Harrison, Maj. Gen. Alabama Div., Opelika.
W. H. Jewell. Maj. Gen. Florida Div., Orlando.
Andrew J. West, Maj. Gen. Georgia Div., Atlanta.
A. C. Trippe, Maj. Gen. Maryland Div., Baltimore.
John B. Stone, Maj. Gen. Missouri Div., Kansas City.

Julian S. Carr, Maj. Gen. North Carolina Div., Durham.
George W. Gordon, Maj. Gen. Tennessee Div., Memphis.
K. M. VanZandt, Maj. Gen. Texas Div., Fort Worth.
Stith Bolling, Maj. Gen. Virginia Div., Petersburg.
Robert Lowry, Maj. Gen. Miss. Div., Jackson.
Thomas W. Carwile, Maj. Gen. S. C. Div., Edgefield.
Paul A. Fusz, Maj. Gen. N. W. Div., Philipsburg, Mont.
John Threadgill, Maj. Gen. Okla. Div., Oklahoma City.
Robert White, Maj. Gen. W. Va. Div., U. C. V.

BRIGADIER GENERALS APPROVING.

Application to Brigadier Generals for approval of the address was sent direct without putting upon General Evans the care to attend to it. As his address was only to the Major Generals, many of the Brigadiers have refrained, but evidently because of delicacy. Some of these, however, have contributed to this great indorsement. Of the first received are:

W. L. Wittich, Brig. Gen. First, Florida Div., Pensacola.
John W. Clark, Brig. Gen. Eastern, Ga. Div., Augusta.
J. E. DeVaughn, Brig. Gen. Western, Ga. Div., Montezuma.
W. A. Montgomery, Brig. Gen. First, Miss. Div., Edwards.
J. M. Ray, Brig. Gen. Fourth, N. C. Div., Asheville.
W. L. London, Brig. Gen. Second, N. C., Pittsboro.
J. M. Carlton, Brig. Gen. First, N. C. Div., Statesville.
W. H. H. Ellis, Brig. Gen. Montana Brigade, Bozeman.
F. T. Roche, Brig. Gen. Third, Tex. Div., Georgetown.
S. S. Green, Brig. Gen. Second, W. Va., Charleston.
James R. Rogers, Brig. Gen. First, Ky. Div., Paris.
James I. Metts, Brig. Gen. Third, N. C. Div., U. C. V.
James Baumgardner, Brig. Gen. Fourth, Va. Div., Staunton.
Clay Stacker, Brig. Gen. Third, Tenn. Div., Clarksville.
J. N. Thompson, Brig. Gen. Third, Ala. Div., Tuscumbia.
George M. Helm, Brig. Gen. Third, Miss. Div.
R. D. Funkhouser, Third, Va. Div.

APPROVED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., writes as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to speak for the U. D. C. indorsing the above. The VETERAN has been the greatest help to us in our work, and its editor, Mr. Cunningham, has always since I have known anything of the U. D. C. work helped us in his magazine with any work we have undertaken. The whole of the U. D. C., I am sure, will be glad to have me, as their representative, indorsing all the good which is ever said about the VETERAN."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., writes from New Orleans, La., March 23, 1907, to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, C. S. A.:

"*My Dear General:* It affords me great pleasure to say a few words in praise of our distinctively Southern magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to compliment our mutual friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, on his able management. It is a magazine of great historic value, and I should be glad to see it placed in all Southern colleges and schools. As President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association I most earnestly request every 'Memorial Woman' to use her influence to increase its circulation. We cannot afford to miss a single copy. Through its columns we are kept in touch with all Confederate work. It is the link that binds us together and enables us to preserve the cherished memories of the sixties.

INDORSED BY SONS OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., writes: "Send me twenty-five copies of your 'Address,' and I will forward to our several Department and Division Commanders with request that they unite with the VETERAN in the proposed appeal planned by Gen. C. A. Evans. I am glad to respond favorably to your request of the 19th inst."

Commander in Chief Owen sends the following signatures:

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief.
George R. Wyman, Commander Army N. Va. Dept.
R. E. L. Bynum, Commander Army Tenn. Dept.
J. M. Tisdal, Commander Trans-Miss. Dept.
Clarence J. Owens, Commander Ala. Div.
H. J. McCallum, Commander Fla. Div.
A. M. Sea, Jr., Commander Ky. Div.
Ralston F. Green, Commander La. Div.
J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Commander Md. Div.
George Bell Timmerman, Commander S. C. Div.
L. E. Mathis, Commander Tenn. Div.
J. S. Hilliard, Commander Texas Div.
James P. Banks, Commander Va. Div.

The foregoing is sent forth with inexpressible gratitude. To have merited the unselfish service of such representatives of the greatest organizations of the South completely fills all ambition. The responsibility, intensified by this indorsement, however, bestirs afresh to labor on harder than ever to fulfill as nearly as practicable the demands hereby increased.

Gratefully, S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE MEDICAL OFFICERS' CONVENTION.

FROM SECRETARY DR. DEERING J. ROBERTS.

The tenth annual meeting of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy will be held in Richmond at the same time as the Reunion of the U. C. V. The meetings of the Association of Medical Officers will be held in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. of the street railway, quite near the auditorium in which the General Reunion exercises will take place, and at such time as will least conflict with the most interesting features of the General Reunion.

While the objects of the Association of Medical Officers are largely social and for the purpose of again bringing together comrades and associates of trying and most eventful days, a more important one is to collect and place before the public, while the participants are yet alive, as much as may be possible of the important facts pertaining to the remarkable history of the medical department of the army and navy of the Confederacy. Among the first houses destroyed by fire at the evacuation of our capital by our army were the two in which were stored the records, reports, and papers of the surgeon general; and, although many of the historical facts of the great War between the States from 1861 to 1865 have found a place in the numerous volumes comprising the "Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," published by the National Congress, the details pertaining to the medical department of the Confederate army and navy are very meager indeed.

Our Association so far has been the means of establishing some very important historical facts and of correcting some very material errors, and now ere it is too late, as our ranks are so rapidly thinning and our memories are becoming dimmed by the relentless movement of time—more especially as this year the meeting will be so accessible to many of the survivors who were active participants in the important, brilliant, self-sacrificing, and heroic part borne by the medical staff—it is sincerely hoped that more will be accomplished than at any preceding meeting.

All members of the medical profession who served as surgeon, assistant surgeon, contract physician, acting assistant surgeon, hospital steward, or chaplain during the War between the States shall be eligible to membership, and the Secretary will be instructed to enroll their names as such when application in writing is furnished, together with a statement of the official position and rank held in the army or navy by the applicant.

All Confederate veterans who are regular doctors of medicine are eligible to membership as associate members, and all sons of Confederate veterans who are regular doctors of medicine shall be eligible to membership as junior members. They all have the same rights and privileges on the floor of the Association at its meetings, and differ only in name to indicate the several classes forming our Association. The membership fee is one dollar; and the annual dues, paid by all only at subsequent meetings which they attend, are one dollar. * * *

Gallant, heroic, and enviable as were the acts and deeds of the rank and file of the Confederate army and navy, so also were those of the matchless and unparalleled corps of Confederate surgeons and their assistants both in field and hospital work. The ports of the world closed against them, medical and hospital supplies declared contraband of war by a powerful foe equipped with a large navy, depending on an originality most remarkable and unsurpassed, developing the resources of their fields and forests, their fertile hills and dales, their mountain sides, valleys, and rolling plains, with kindly hearts, tender hands, and untiring devotion to duty, with an indomitable will, unflinching courage, and tireless energy they cared for the sick and wounded of their six hundred thousand comrades, needy, ill-clad. and most meagerly fed, in heat of summer and cold of winter, by day and by night, in sunshine, in storm, in snow or rain, while contesting in a struggle of life and death with nearly three million of their fellow-men, well equipped and armed, and with the resources of the whole world at their beck and call. They had also to provide medical and surgical care for two hundred and seventy thousand of their adversaries who had been captured, and that they did so most humanely and successfully was attested by the fact that four thousand less of these died in their hands than met a like fate among the two hundred and twenty thousand of their comrades who were in the hands of their enemies. * * *

To those who are now or at the coming meeting may become members of our Association is this duty left, a duty incumbent on them for the sake of their associates who are no more and as a legacy for their descendants and ours. All that is asked is that the true facts of our history during those days may be preserved. Every one who can come is requested to prepare a paper containing some fact of the past that he may deem worthy of preservation. Short, practical statements of what you may have observed at some period of your service will be most heartily appreciated. Your personal experiences, whether in field, in hospital, or in prison, cannot but be interesting, and by doing your part you will add to the facts that have already been placed in a proper light by means of our Association. All who will prepare a paper, essay, or report of cases or incidents are requested to inform me prior to May 20 by letter or postal card addressed to me at Nashville. After that date and prior to the meeting, the information can be sent to Dr. C. W. P. Brock, 206 E. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, so that a programme can be prepared. * * *

ARRAY OF BATTLESHIPS ON HAMPTON ROADS.

Never yet has Norfolk, of old the port of naval rendezvous, witnessed so imposing an assemblage of war craft as now lies in the harbor between Old Point Comfort and the Exposition grounds. Though but the advance guard of the great gathering of fleets that will be here during the Exposition, the fleet is impressive not only for its numbers and power but by reason of the fact that it is wholly American. Sixteen first-class battle ships strung along a line extending three miles, with a number of secondary craft, make up this stupendous array of the nation's ocean power, presenting a spectacle to stir the soul of patriotism. Other ships are daily lengthening this majestic line, and never before have Americans been privileged to witness the power of the nation in such compact concourse. This fleet constitutes the greatest assemblage of American war ships ever held. It is the great new navy on parade, the new navy with which the nation has assumed the second place among the naval powers of the earth. The fleet is manned with over five hundred officers and thirteen thousand men. Twenty abreast, this splendid host of American seamen on the march would take two hours to pass a point.

The passage through this formidable line on one of the many ferryboats that ply on Norfolk Harbor will arouse the amazed interest of the dullest, and one feels that the nation can never go wrong with such ships and such men.

J. M. ROBINSON, NORTON & CO.

The VETERAN takes pride in calling attention to the large advertisement of the great house of J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co., Louisville, Ky. If a like spirit were exhibited by the wholesale trade of the South, widespread interest would be attracted to its advertising pages. This advertising is made on strict business principles. Capt. George C. Norton, at the head, is widely known for his zeal as a Confederate, yet he is progressive and forceful as a citizen. In the recent serious trouble with the employees of the street railways of Louisville Captain Norton was so active and so wise in his sagacious work for adjustment that all the people praised him. Even the street railway employees became his ardent friends, and the press of the city was not slow to acknowledge his great work in the adjustment.

A STATEMENT.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 1, 1907.

To the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Referring to a petition and series of resolutions concerning the Robert Patton Chapter, issued to Southern Legislatures by the R. E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, Ohio, a copy of which appeared in your last issue, the former Chapter's Advisory Board of men desire to make the following statement. While regretting that it must do so, since the matter concerns two bodies of women, yet common justice and a sense of the very remarkable nature of the said utterance require that it shall be done and in measure regardless of whom it may most nearly concern.

The Robert Patton Chapter, incorporated under the laws of Ohio, founded and organized Confederate work in Ohio. At the primary convention, which it called at Columbus for the purpose of organizing the State into a Division for memorial purposes and before any committees had been appointed, the R. E. Lee Chapter presented a printed constitution and by-laws for the government of that body, of which no one (not even the Lee Chapter, as it is said) had previous knowledge. This instrument sought to violate the funda-

mental laws of the National Society. The Robert Patton Chapter very naturally refused to indorse its use, made formal protest, and declined to affiliate with that body until the National Society had passed upon its legality. A petition, setting forth the desire of this Chapter to see the work in Ohio properly begun, was laid before the Board of the General Order, which, while realizing the justice of the Chapter's protest, refused to interfere with the methods—no matter what the nature—of a State.

The unjust and illogical statement of the National President of the U. D. C. before the order at San Francisco, in convention, concerning this Chapter was not, by the advice of this Advisory Board, answered. (This Chapter, we turn aside to say, has endeared itself to this Board by its unfailing acquiescence in its suggestions.) Nor to the said petition and resolutions from the Lee Chapter will it, by our advice, make answer. To be as brief as consistent with facts necessary to be told, we will say that Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, President of the Board of Trustees of the Johnson's Island Cemetery, was advised and duly authorized by the general and local boards to visit Legislatures of the South with the view of soliciting aid from those States the dust of whose many sons lie in the prison graveyards of Ohio. The letters of Gen. Basil W. Duke, of the General Board, and Joseph A. Magnus, of the Local Board, were recognized by the executives of these States and the appropriation committees as sufficient guarantee of the bearer and her mission.

Since the failure of the National Society to uphold the righteousness of its protest, this Chapter has been engaged as an independent organization in the only memorial work undertaken in Ohio.

It is needless to tell of the success of this Chapter. From Maine to the Gulf have pæans been heard for its achievements. It has bought and fully paid for the Confederate cemetery on Johnson's Island, Ohio, where lie some three hundred and seventy-five officers of the Southern army. (The War Department has lately sent a number of names unrecorded in the original list.) Besides this purchase, it has paid $1,000 upon a bronze monument being made by Sir Moses Ezekiel to be erected there. For this and the shaft it hopes to rear in Camp Chase (where the revised list shows 3,650 soldiers are buried) aid was asked of the Southern States. The generous recognition of the justness of this cause by the honored soldier-Governor, B. F. Comer, of Alabama, and the committees on appropriation was most gratifying. That Senate appropriated $3,250. The bill was not opposed by the House; but, owing to the sudden death of the Speaker, will not be concluded until July. Gov. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, has given encouragement to the appeal, and an appropriation is expected to be made in that State also in July. Tennessee cordially indorsed the object and passed a bill for its aid. The said petitions and resolutions sent to Southern States were received with much disfavor, resulting in much good for the Robert Patton Chapter.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, appreciating the memorial spirit of the Chapter, made it the offer to complete two bronze monuments, one for Johnson's Island and the other for Camp Chase, for less than the price of one, contributing his model and labor free. It will be remembered that he was a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. It was through the advice of prominent Legislatures and this Board that contributions should be solicited for both cemeteries at one time. The War Department has issued to this Chapter the right to erect a monument in Camp Chase. The said petition and resolutions declare that "the arch built there some years ago is in the immediate forefront of the cemetery." This is a mistake. It is very improperly placed in the very center of the graveyard. It is the desire of this Chapter to remove this arch to the gateway, where it belongs, leaving space for the statue it will erect there.

This statement is meant to be in nowise derogatory to Colonel Knauss and his work for the cemetery. This arch was bought and entirely paid for by Col. W. P. Harrison, of Cincinnati, without the aid of any one. Colonel Knauss was engaged by Colonel Harrison to carry out his [Harrison's] idea. Colonel Harrison is a member of this Advisory Board.

Mrs. Carrol, President of the R. E. Lee Chapter, when she heard of the desire of the Robert Patton Chapter to reset the arch, leaving place for the statue, and that the names of the dead would appear upon the base of the shaft (thus obviating markers), expressed regret that she had approved the petition and resolutions, which were not formulated by her, she said, but sent by Mrs. Hosea, President of the Ohio Division, for the Lee Chapter's action.

It is easy to realize that the Robert Patton Chapter is not responsible for the lack of accomplishment by the Ohio Division. To quote the words of Gen. S. D. Lee when he depreciated action against it upon merely technical grounds: "If those dear daughters of the Robert Patton Chapter do not finish this work, it will never be done." The U. D. C. Division of Kentucky, concurring in the appeal of its President, is joining this Chapter in mortuary work on Johnson's Island, and will erect there an arch above the gateway as a tribute from Kentucky to the dead sons of the South. Mrs. Basil W. Duke is the zealous chairman of this committee. She has always given full meed of sympathy and encouragement to this Chapter.

It is not believed that Mrs. Hudson, whose name appears in that most remarkable petition and resolutions, needs defense at our hands. Descended from many of the most honored families of the South, she is well known there and has large influence in this city. Her courage against all odds, ability in organization, and, above all, her astounding self-sacrifice have won the highest regard of this board, and be it to the shame of woman or man who seeks to criticise her endeavors. It is not forgotten that it is the heroic soldier dead who is thus betrayed through such unholy war. Memorial Associations, hundreds of Chapters of the U. D. C., and every veteran who fought for the army of the Old South are valiant friends of this Chapter. That no unworthy act against its purposes will affect its future, there remains no doubt. That its fame will be perpetuated in bronze is an already assured fact.

That the Georgia Soldiers' Home was given $200 by this Chapter, Kentucky Home $250, the Davis Monument Fund $250, the statue of General Forrest and many other Southern monuments benefited by its largess, is well known. Over $7,000 has been made and spent by the Chapter in its eight years of existence. By its fruits the world knows it.

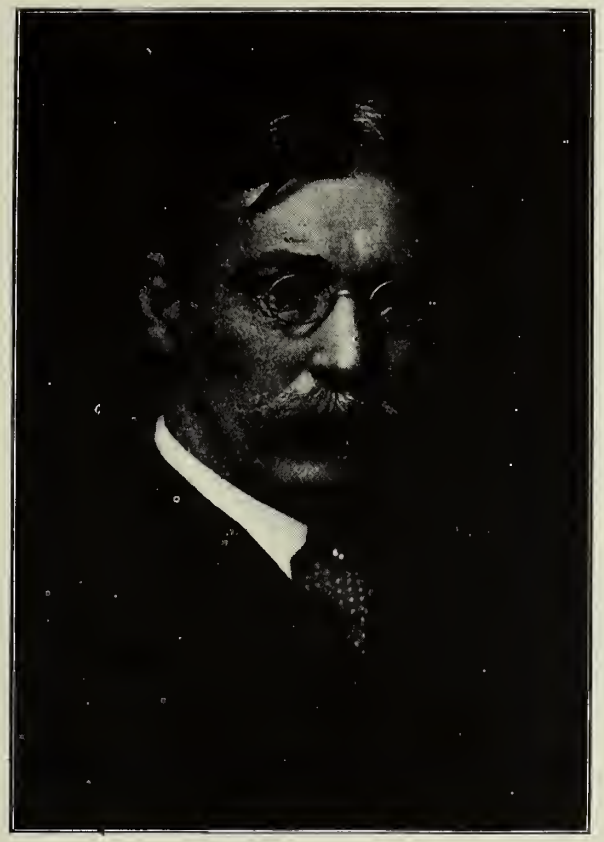
By order of the Local Board: Joseph A. Magnus, Chairman; B. T. Farmer. Samuel McDonald, R. I. Reynolds, R. I. Patton, W. P. Harrison, and J. C. Rogers, Attorney.

General Board: Gen. Basil W. Duke, Chairman; Gen. M. J. Wright, Tennessee; Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Texas; Gen. W. A. Wright, Georgia; Col. R. E. Park, Georgia; Dr. Thomas Owen, Alabama; Dr. I. W. Jones, Virginia; Gen. James I. Metts. North Carolina; Hon. I. T. Mack, Ohio; Capt. W. H. Harrison, Georgia; Col. S. W. John, Alabama; Col. Joseph Bryan, Virginia; Capt. J. W. Morton, Tennessee.

SERIES OF CONFEDERATE SCENES.

AN ENTERPRISE BY THE SOUTHERN ART PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Some months ago several gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., engaged Mr. Gilbert Gaul, of New York City, to paint a series of magnificent pictures, each one to be a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings, and home life of the Confederate soldier during the Civil War. They organized the Southern Art Publishing Company, whose object was to "crystallize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring and love which distinguished the Confederate soldier," for which work Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, is



MR. GILBERT GAUL, THE ARTIST.

probably the most suitable man in America. The President of the National Academy describes Mr. Gaul as the best-equipped painter of war scenes in the country, and his splendid canvases hang in the most famous of all art collections.

There are to be twelve paintings, 33x44 inches in size, which are being reduced in color 15x19 (in New York City). They are embossed, so as to give the perfect canvas effect, reproducing every shade of tone and motif. They are to be sold at popular prices in portfolio form, so that every Southern home may have pleasing reminders of this valuable heritage of courage and devotion.

Mr. C. H. Brandon, of Nashville, President of the Brandon Printing Company, is the President of the Southern Art Publishing Company, and is foremost in practical art production. He has the finest engraving plant in the South. He has associated with him representative business men, such as Mr. Henry Sperry, Dr. Gordon White, and E. W. Foster, who are officers and stockholders of the company.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN indorses the movement cordially. Half of the paintings are finished.

The critical public will first of all want to know about the artist. Mr. Gilbert Gaul is now in the prime of life. Born in Jersey City, N. J., in 1855, he began systematic study at the age of seventeen years under J. G. Brown, conspicuous in the art world for his bootblacks, and whose picture, "Heels Over Head," representing a group of jolly, mischievous boys at play, took the popular prize at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, ten years ago.

After six years under Professor Brown, Mr. Gaul opened a studio of his own and married. In 1881 he was elected an Associate Member in the National Academy and in 1882 a full Member. He was also elected a Member of the Society of American Artists that year.

Mr. Gaul's inclination primarily was to enter the navy; but that having been decided against his inclination, he next desired to paint, and, naturally enough, he took to military subjects. He worked in New York at his profession for several years; but, inheriting five thousand acres of coal land in Tennessee, he came to possess it, remaining in the State from 1881 to 1885, and again he was in the Tennessee mountains from 1891 to 1895. In all this time he has been zealous in his art, and has made an international reputation in his specialty. His "Charging the Battery" has taken medals in Paris, Chicago, and Buffalo Expositions, and his "Holding the Line at All Hazards" took a medal at the American Art Association. An idea of his exalted place in the art world may be seen by his having been selected to make the frontispiece in three of the four great Century war books.

A scrapbook secured from Mr. Gaul creates fascination for his work. In a long review of an art exhibit in New York, containing eight hundred subjects, the Commercial Advertiser gives special prominence to Gilbert Gaul's "Storming the Battery." It states of the picture: "It is marvelous in effect, excellent in composition. Every one should go and see this prime work of art. The purchaser has secured a gem."

The New York Tribune, in commenting upon a collection of "American Art" at the Union League Club, says: "Nothing is so important as Mr. Gaul's two military pictures." And the New York Times, in commenting upon a picture of Confederate cavalry escaping by a ferry much too small for the needs of the occasion, says: "He has rendered very excellently the agony of battle, arousing sympathy for the defeated."

The subjects so far made of the twelve to be in the set are: "Leaving Home," "Holding the Line at All Hazards," "Waiting for Dawn," "The Picket," "The Forager," and "Between the Lines." An outline of the first one, "Leaving Home," will give an idea of the character of the work.

This first picture of the series, "Leaving Home," represents a young man bidding the family good-by, while his servant waits outside the door holding two horses. The yellow trimmings of the uniform denote a cavalryman, while the lack of insignia of rank shows him to be a private. The artist himself says, "I tried to make him look of good soldierly stuff," and he succeeded admirably. He comes of fighting stock, as indicated by the Mexican War piece with its old flintlock and the old sword hanging on the wall; besides, on the wall hangs the portrait of a Revolutionary ancestor. The surroundings indicate him to be a man of letters. The father gives his soldier son parting words of advice, to which the young man respectfully listens, but with that air of confidence in his ability to meet all conditions and emergencies so common to youth. The entire household is gathered about—the house servants to show their sympathy for the old master and mistress, while the sisters are consoling the mother, who is in tears.

SPECIAL TRAIN NASHVILLE TO RICHMOND, VA., AND RETURN.

Confederate Veterans' Reunion.

ROUTE VIA NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY TO ATLANTA, SEABOARD AIR LINE TO RICHMOND.

A special train, consisting of Pullman Sleepers, Reclining Chair Cars, comfortable Day Coaches and Baggage Car, and carrying the two Nashville Companies of Confederate Veterans, Troop A and Company B, to the Richmond Reunion, will leave Nashville afternoon of Monday, May 27th, and will run through to Richmond without change, arriving there Tuesday afternoon, May 28th, at 5 o'clock. Route as follows:

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry. to Atlanta.

Seaboard Air Line Ry. to Richmond.

This special has not been arranged for the exclusive use of the Nashville Companies, but for their friends and the general public as well, and an urgent invitation is also extended to the Confederate Camps to join Troop A and Company B on this trip and all go together on same train. If necessary, the special will be operated in two sections, and a comfortable and pleasant trip is assured.

SCHEDULE. *Going.*

Monday, May 27th.

Leave Nashville	N., C. & St. L. Ry.	3:00 P. M.
Leave Chattanooga	W. & A. R. R.	8:00 P. M.
Arrive Atlanta	"	12:00 NT.

Tuesday, May 28th.

Leave Atlanta	S. A. L. Ry. (C)	12:30 A. M.
Arrive Richmond	" (E)	5:00 P. M.

(C) Central time. (E) Eastern time.

RICHMOND TO JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION DOWN HISTORIC JAMES RIVER.

Leave Richmond by boat Wednesday morning, May 29th. day ride down the historic James River, pass all points of interest, go through the great naval vessels of the world assembled in front of the Exposition grounds, visit the Exposition and return to Richmond in time for the Reunion. Special low rate for $1.50 round trip Richmond to Jamestown Exposition.

RETURNING FROM RICHMOND.

Special train will leave Richmond shortly after the parade and unveiling of Davis monument, Monday, June 3d, arriving Chattanooga Tuesday morning and Nashville Tuesday afternoon, June 4th.

THE ROUTE.

The route selected is especially interesting to the old Veteran from the fact that almost every foot of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry. from Nashville to Chattanooga and Atlanta is hallowed ground. After leaving Nashville the first point of interest is the battlefield of Stone's River, two miles from Murfreesboro, where one of the most desperate battles of the Civil War was fought. The beautiful cemetery on the battlefield may be seen from the train, right-hand side; Murfreesboro is next, then on through the thriving towns of Bellbuckle, Wartrace, Tullahoma, Decherd, and Cowan. Two miles beyond Cowan is the tunnel which divides Middle from East Tennessee. Beyond the tunnel the scenery is very wild and beautiful. After descending the mountain and before reaching Chattanooga the road dips into Alabama and Georgia, then back into Tennessee again. At Bridgeport the scenery is very picturesque. Mountain spurs interlock, peaks and ridges rise on every side. At Whiteside grand old Lookout Mountain is brought into view. The tracks of the N., C. & St. L. Ry. pass right at the foot of this historic mountain, which rises 1,700 feet above you, the Tennessee River washing the very base of the mountain to the left, forming "Moccasin Bend." Chattanooga is situated in a loop formed by the river and is one of the most historic cities in the South. In the station will be found the old engine "General." Near by are the battlefields of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. From Chattanooga to Atlanta the route lies over the old W. & A. R. R., which in the sixties was almost one continuous battlefield. Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Graysville, Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face, Mill Creek, Dug Gap, Resaca, Adairsville, Allatoona, Big Shanty. Brushy Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Smyrna, Peach Tree Creek, and Atlanta. From Atlanta to Richmond the route is over the Seaboard Air Line, through the cities of Athens, Greenwood, Clinton and Chester, S. C.; Monroe, Hamlet, Southern Pines Raleigh and Henderson, N. C., and Petersburg, Va.

RATES.

The following rates to Richmond and return will apply from points named:

Albertville, Ala.	$14 30	Martin, Tenn.	$13 80
Allens Creek, Tenn.	17 30	McKenzie, Tenn.	16 80
Belle Buckle, Tenn.	13 80	Memphis, Tenn.	17 85
Benton, Ky.	16 80	McMinnville, Tenn.	14 75
Boaz, Ala.	14 30	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	13 80
Bridgeport, Ala.	12 10	Murray, Ky.	16 80
Centreville, Tenn.	16 25	Nashville, Tenn.	13 80
Chattanooga, Tenn.	11 25	New Market, Ala.	13 60
Columbia, Tenn.	14 10	Paducah, Ky.	16 80
Cowan, Tenn.	13 35	Paris, Tenn.	16 80
Decherd, Tenn.	13 30	Perryville, Tenn.	17 55
Dickson, Tenn.	15 05	Pikeville, Tenn.	13 85
Fayetteville, Tenn.	14 10	Sewanee, Tenn.	13 50
Gibbs, Tenn.	16 80	Shelbyville, Tenn.	14 05
Guntersville, Ala.	14 30	Somerville, Tenn.	17 35
Hobbs Island, Ala.	14 30	South Pittsburg, Tenn.	12 25
Huntingdon, Tenn.	16 80	Stevenson, Ala.	12 40
Hickman, Ky.	17 45	Tullahoma, Tenn.	13 70
Huntsville, Ala.	13 60	Union City, Tenn.	17 00
Jackson, Tenn.	16 80	Wartrace, Tenn.	13 80
Johnsonville, Tenn.	16 15	Waverly, Tenn.	15 80
Lebanon, Tenn.	13 80	Whiteville, Tenn.	17 35
Lexington, Tenn.	16 80	Winchester, Tenn.	13 40

DATES OF SALE AND LIMIT.

Tickets will be sold May 26th to 30th, inclusive, with final limit to leave Richmond not later than June 11th, 1907.

EXTENSION OF LIMIT.

By deposit of ticket with special agent in Richmond and payment of fee of fifty cents (50c.) an extension of limit may be secured until July 6. 1907.

SPACE IN SLEEPING CARS.

For space in sleeping cars make application to W. M. Hunt, City Ticket Agent, N., C. & St. L. Ry., Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by remittance. Rate for double berth Nashville to Richmond in Standard Sleeper, $5.00, in Tourist, $2.50.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION.

Additional information and a copy of "Southern Battlefields" will be cheerfully furnished upon application to W. L. Danley, G. P. A., N., C. & St. L. Ry.. Nashville, Tenn.

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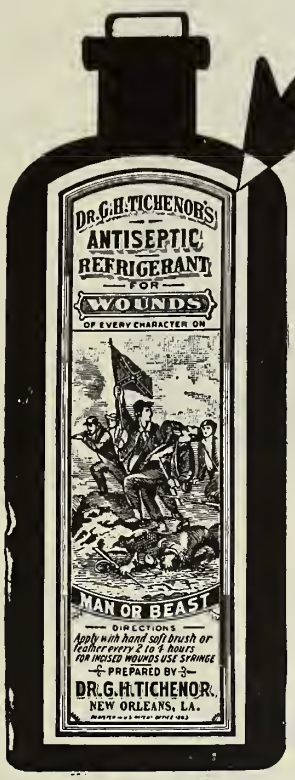
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A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

If subscribers only realized the trouble caused by not giving the office at which they had been getting the VETERAN, they would certainly be more careful to do so. Many write from one State, while copies are going to them in another State, and to go through the list of names in each State takes up a great deal of time, which could be saved by the exercise of a little thought on the part of a subscriber when writing; many give a new address, perhaps with rural route number, without giving the old address. If you are located at a new address, give the old one as well, and help us to avoid all this trouble and confusion. The following list of people we are unable to locate at all after careful search, and will ask them to write us as above outlined, so proper attention may be given:

S. E. Etheridge wrote from Luling, Tex.; W. P. McPherson, from Fort Cobb, Okla.; J. W. Duke, from Hornbeak, Tenn.; John W. Cox gives no office; C. S. Dwight, from Newberry, S. C.; G. W. Hammer, from Franklin, W. Va.; W. J. Barnes wants his address changed to Collins, Miss., R. F. D. No. 1 (no previous address); a check comes from Waynesboro, Miss., signed by E. T. Ballard, cashier (no name of person to credit); E. P. Irvin writes from Lewisburg, Tenn.; G. T. Bradley, from Corsicana, Tex.; J. M. Butt, from Atlanta, Ga.; T. S. Bondurant, from Garrett, Va.; R. J. Stoddard, from Owings, S. C.; S. S. Dockens, no address; W. J. Campbell, from Brownsville, Tenn.; James E. Wilson, no address; F. M. Amos, from Marquez. Tex.; Blanche DuVal, from Little Rock, Ark.; W. W. Wickliffe, from St. Jo, Tex.; J. A. Pendergrass, no address.

Subscribers should examine the date on labels of their copies and see whether proper credit has been given for remittance made; and if not, write us about it, giving any changes in address that may have been made. Any who are receiving duplicate copies will confer a favor by reporting the fact.

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United Confederate Veterans' Reunion

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For further information regarding rates and schedules, and for sleeping car reservations, apply to agents of the Southern Railway Company.

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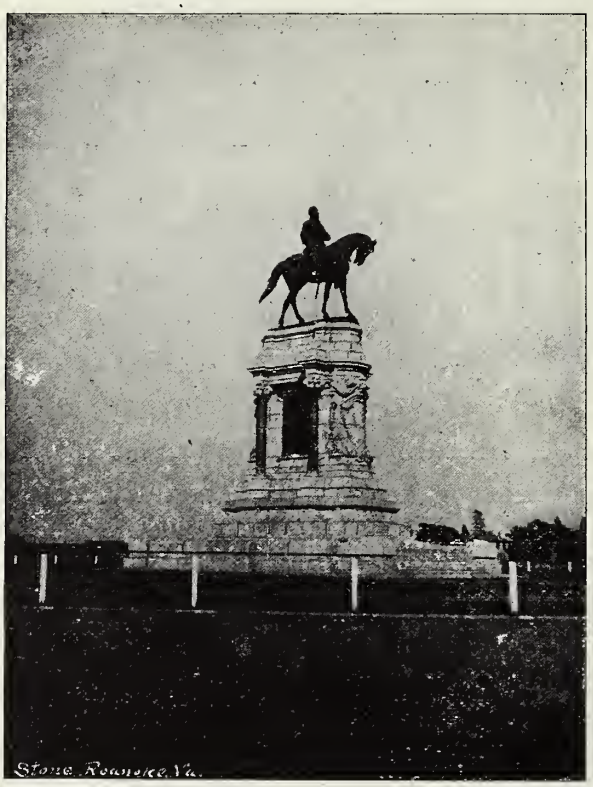
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VOL. XV. JUNE, 1907. NO. 6.

THE VETERAN'S PARADE.

BY LAWRENCE PORCHER HEXT, SAVANNAH, GA.

Git me my old knapsack, Mary, an' my uniform of gray;
Git my battered helmet, Mary—for I'll need 'em all to-day.
Git my canteen an' my leggin's; reach me down my rusty gun—
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of sixty-one.

Never mind them blood stains, Mary; never mind that ragged hole—
They were left there by a bullet that was seekin' for my soul.
Jest brush off them cobwebs, Mary; git that bonnie flag of blue—
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of sixty-two.

These old clothes don't fit me, Mary, as they did when I was young;
Don't you recollect how neatly to my manly form they clung?
Never mind that sleeve that's empty, let it dangle loose and free,
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of sixty-three.

Pull my sword belt tighter, Mary; fix that strap beneath my chin;
I've grown old and threadbare, Mary, like my uniform, and thin;
But I reckon I'll pass muster, as I did in days of yore,
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of sixty-four.

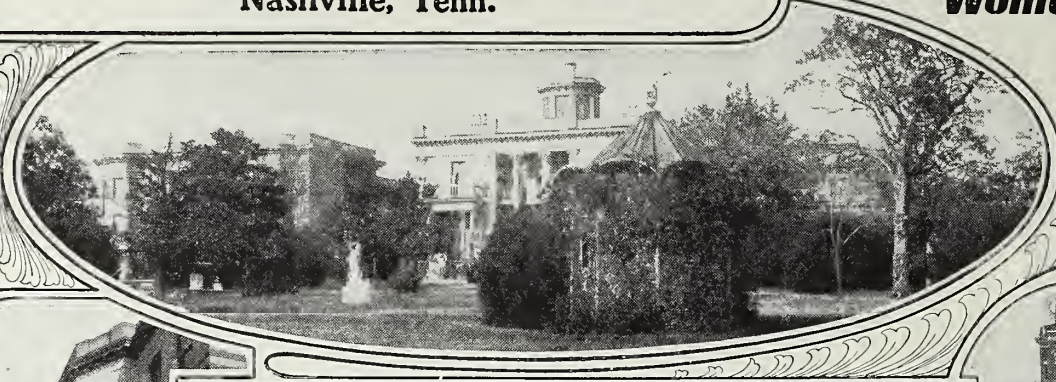
Now I'm ready, Mary, kiss me; kiss your old sweetheart good-by;
Brush aside them wayward tear drops; Lord, I didn't think you'd cry.
I ain't goin' forth to battle; cheer up, Mary, sakes alive,
I'm just goin' out paradin' with the boys of sixty-five.

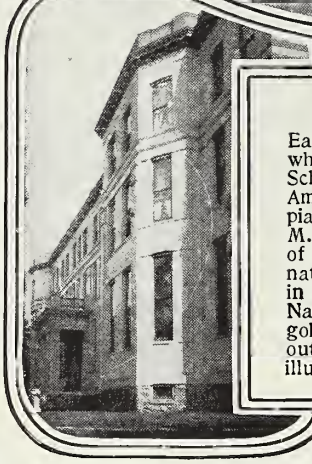
In a note to the VETERAN, inclosing print from June issue of 1905, the author states: "This poem has been published extensively throughout the South, and it has suffered many mutilations, and its authorship has been claimed by several persons without right. Therefore I will appreciate it if you will kindly reproduce the poem in the VETERAN as it originally appeared. Music to it has been arranged, and it is being used in many schools and at many reunions. I appreciate the Virginian's effort to lengthen the poem, but have no desire to be credited with the authorship of the sixth stanza."

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1907. | No. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

The Chairman of the William P. Rogers Monument Committee of the Chapter by that name in Victoria, Tex., asks my advice and help in the matter of raising funds for that monument to be erected to the memory of the great Confederate who gave his life so gloriously at Fort Robinette, near Corinth, Miss., and to be erected on the spot where he fell. The Corinth Chapter has bought the ground all around it, and is raising money now to make it a beautiful park—Rogers Park—and the William P. Rogers Chapter is to erect in this park, on the spot marked by his country's enemies as the place where this brave man fell, a monument to commemorate his daring act in which he was killed. He was born in Mississippi, and went from his native State in a regiment commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis to help fight for his country in the War with Mexico. He afterwards moved to Texas, and was leading a Texas brigade when he was killed. Is it not appropriate for these two Chapters to establish and beautify the place of his death and to erect on the spot hallowed by such a death a monument to perpetuate the memory of it throughout all ages? And is it not fitting that I should speak all the words of encouragement I can as the representative of the U. D. C.? To show you that there are no two opinions of the estimate placed on such men, I copy the following letter from a man who was in the Union army and who saw his death. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Brownson, Chairman of the William P. Rogers Monument Committee:



GRAVE OF COLONEL ROGERS AT FORT ROBINETTE.

"NEW YORK, November 27, 1906.

"*Dear Madam:* In my recent interview with you at Governor's Island I spoke to you of Col. William P. Rogers, of Texas, and promised to send you some account of his death.

"The battle of Corinth occurred on October 3 and 4, 1862. General Rosecrans commanded our forces and Generals Price and Van Dorn commanded the Confederates. On the 3d we got the worst of it, and were forced into the Union breastworks; but on the 14th the real battle began by a fierce assault on our lines, which for a time threatened to carry everything. The 17th Wisconsin, of McArthur's Brigade, of which I was adjutant, was placed in a position to defend Fort Robinette, which was occupied by a regular battery.

"We had cut down several acres of timber in our front, forming an abatis as we felled the trees, so that all the tops pointed toward the foe. The limbs were trimmed and sharpened. It made a very formidable obstruction.

"After an artillery duel in the early morning, there was a lull, the Confederates no doubt getting their assaulting columns in position and we waiting for them. Suddenly we saw a magnificent brigade emerge from the timber into the open in our front. They were formed in two lines of battle. The sun glistened on their bayonets as they came forward at right shoulder shift in perfect order, a grand but terrible sight. At their head, in front of the center, rode the commander, a man of fine physique, in the prime of life, quiet and cool, as though he were taking his brigade on a drill. Up to this time there was no firing on either side, when suddenly our artillery opened and the infantry followed, and pandemonium reigned. The Confederates were tearing their way through the fallen timbers, and, notwithstanding the slaughter, were getting closer and closer. Their commander seemed to bear a charmed life. Still on horseback, he was commanding and urging his men, going straight for Fort Robinette. Before he had realized it he had jumped his horse across the ditch in front of the guns, and was in the midst of us. There he was shot dead with some of the soldiers who got through with him. Then we learned who it was—Colonel Rogers, of the 2d Texas,

commanding a Texas brigade. When he fell, the battle in our front was over. His brigade disappeared. How many escaped of the gallant brigade we never knew, but the slaughter was terrible.

"We laid the body of Colonel Rogers reverently in the shade and covered his face with an overcoat. When the battle was ended, General Rosecrans came over and asked us to uncover the face. He said: 'He was one of the bravest men that ever led a charge. Bury him with military honors and mark his grave, so his friends can claim him. The time will come when there will be a monument here to commemorate his bravery.'

"This we did, and a few years ago I made a pilgrimage to Corinth and found the grave still there, marked as we had marked it, but there is no monument. Surely this is wrong. The great State of Texas is full of men who love heroism and who are generous enough to see that a monument is erected to Colonel Rogers worthy of him and worthy of the State.

"With best wishes, I remain yours sincerely,

JOHN CRANE."

Daughters of the Confederacy, will we allow a stranger, one who fought against him, to show more appreciation of such a man than do we, the descendants of the men who fought with him? Can we longer allow this spot where fell this great soldier to lie neglected? Will we sit quietly with folded hands and leave all the building of this monument to these two Chapters? Do we not want—all of us—to show to the world that such a man belonged to all of us, to the Confederacy? Can you point to another instance like it in all our history? Is such a death so small a thing that we can longer neglect to commemorate it? Most of the Chapters in the South are already engaged in some monument work; but you, Chapters in the North, could, if you would, do much for this work. Even the Chapters who are least able to do because of other work can do something. Mississippi, his native State and in whose soil he lies, and Texas, in whose service he died, will, if your Chapters ask for it, give nice sums for this monument.

On the 7th of May I went, upon the invitation of the Alabama Division, to the unveiling of the beautiful monument it has erected on the battlefield of Shiloh to the Alabama soldiers who were in that battle. It is a magnificent piece of work, and I am sure you will heartily indorse the words of congratulation I spoke on your behalf on that occasion. In the Union lines monument after monument stands as a reminder that the North is proud of her sons who fought on that bloody field, while all the territory occupied by the soldiers of the South lies bare of such testimonies except for this monument recently unveiled by the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and one erected to the killed of the 2d Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. (but later Major General and United States Senator) William B. Bate—this last erected by their comrades.

Daughters of the Confederacy, see that your States remedy this shameful neglect; and if you can't get your States to do their duty, follow the example of the Alabama Division and do it yourselves. For three thousand dollars each Division could erect a monument to the soldiers from her State, and then when there shall stand on the spot where Albert Sidney Johnston fell the monument built by the whole U. D. C. through your Shiloh Monument Committee we shall be satisfied. Can I make you see the importance of these monuments to the soldiers from the South in the four great battlefield parks? If you could realize the effect it has on those who go through those parks and see so many monuments to the soldiers from the North and so pitifully few to our brave Southern men, knowing the South lost those battles through no fault of her soldiers, you could not keep out of the work. O, Daughters of the Confederacy, there are so many, so very many things for us to do, and we have so little to do it with! As long as we put a ten-cent valuation on the needs of our order, will we be able to do much? Think of all the things we must accomplish, and then put opposite it the pitiful ten cents each of us pays into the treasury of the U. D. C. each year; and if your cheeks do not burn, then I have misunderstood in estimating the great love you have, or should have, for the Confederacy and those who served her. Don't say to yourselves and to each other: "Our President wants too much. She must not expect us to do more than we are doing now. We can't." If you could see the needs as I see them, if you could see the opportunity for great things looming at our very door as I see them, you would go at it all with the energy and the determination to win! Let us do all that any heart could want us to do in honoring such men as I am telling you about herein.

Out of all this great world we are the only ones the great deeds of our Confederate men and women can appeal to with any hope of success. Will we too fail them? Will we allow the wheels of our progress in accomplishing things to be hampered and bound by this ten-cent rut we have slipped into when we were small and before we realized how much there is for us to do? I wonder if we do, all of us, realize all there is for us to do! Do you know that if these things are not started within the next five, ten, or twenty years at latest they will never be done? Let us arise in our power in this the ebb tide of our life as an association and, fitting our shoulders to the yoke of service—and selfless service, too—make the service so beautiful that when our shoulders are weak with age younger shoulders will take our places and on and on from shoulder to shoulder the work as long as the world lasts. While in this beautiful and much-needed work we perpetuate the greatest monument which could ever be built to our heroes and heroines—the United Daughters of the Confederacy—a monument with thousands of tongues to tell to the children of the South through all the ages "the glory of the story of the men who wore the gray."

When you read this, the greatest work we as an association have ever done will be finished and unveiled to the view of the world. Meet, indeed, that the first great work we ever did should be to honor the memory of the great President of the Southern Confederacy. The South is proud of us for this work. Let each milestone in our existence be marked by such a work finished. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association could tell you a pitiful tale of hard work and ceaseless in procuring this monument. Suppose that instead of five hundred or a thousand dollars a year we could have given ten or fifteen thousand a year for this monument! And, Daughters of the Confederacy, we could do it if we would. There is not one of us who could not make one dollar a year to pay into the general treasury. You know it as well as I do. What is one dollar a year to each of us when we think of all the great things we could do with it? If I could take you with me into the vista of my ambition for the U. D. C. and have you look with me down the years in front of us and see on each side great work after great work all down the life of the world, you would be so fascinated with the view that you would start with a double-quick step toward the accomplishment of those things, and the very first step you would take would be to pay a dollar each year into the general treasury.

At last I have succeeded in getting prices on the pictures of Gen. R. E. Lee, which I am urging that you put in the public schools all over the South during this his centennial year. I have seen the five-dollar and ten-dollar pictures, and they are very fine. The first is plain print, and the last is India print. But if any of you wish to have finer ones, you can get the signed artist proof on vellum and the signed artist proof on India paper, the price on the first being fifty dollars and the other twenty-five dollars—all of these to be ordered through the Corresponding Secretary General. If this is done, you get them for just half the price. But all orders must be accompanied with post office or express money order for the amount and a two-cent stamp to forward the order with. The pictures will be sent direct to you, so give your address on a separate sheet of paper that it may be inclosed with the order. And all orders must be made payable to John A. Lowell Bank Note Co., Boston, Mass.

I shall advise my own Chapter to get the five-dollar one, as that will be as good as any one need want. The advertisement for the pictures quotes Miss Mary Custis Lee as saying: "It is a beautiful piece of engraving and the most thoroughly satisfactory likeness of my father that I have seen." I hope that when 1907 is among the years that are past every schoolhouse in the South will have a picture of our peerless leader in it.

I have planned to go to visit some of the Chapters in the Northern cities right after the unveiling, and so I won't have an article for you in the July VETERAN. Any letters you have to send me before my return, about the 15th of June, send here, and they will be forwarded to me; but leave all that can be left until after my return.

The address of the Corresponding Secretary U. D. C. is Mrs. Annie W. Rapley, 2816 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., and that of the Treasurer until after the U. D. C. Convention in November is Mrs. L. E. Williams, Daughters of the Confederacy Building, Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, Va.

Those of you who have not sent for the minutes of the Gulfport Convention do so now. You have no idea how it will help you with your work to read of how other Chapters are doing theirs. Don't adjourn for the summer until you have taken some action about a box for the U. D. C. bazaar to be held in Norfolk in the fall. Our First Vice President has entire charge of it; and if you will all do all you can to help it, it will be a great success. The U. D. C. needs the money, and we certainly do not want to fail with this, when we had such brilliant success with the bazaar held for the benefit of the Davis monument. We can all make something pretty for it while we are having our summer rest. So let no Daughter fail us.

DAUGHTERS AT THE PEACE CONGRESS.

BY MRS. JAMES H. PARKER, CHAIRMAN N. Y. DELEGATION, U. D. C.

The National Peace Congress, held in Carnegie Hall, New York City, April 14-17, 1907, opened on Sunday night with an audience which packed the immense building from pit to dome. Appropriate addresses were made and choral services were rendered by the Oratorio Society of New York.

The New York Chapter, U. D. C., was represented by a delegation consisting of Mrs. Richard Walter Jones, Second Vice President, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, and Mrs. James Henry Parker. There were no special seats assigned any patriotic society, the delegates seating themselves in the most accessible places after passing through the throngs which lined the sidewalks for hours before each meeting; so, while all were faithful in attendance, the delegations at no session were able to sit together. Addresses were made by the Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York; the Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York; Rabbi Emil C. Hirsch; Hon. George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York; Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, Washington; Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York; Andrew Carnegie, Esq., President of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress; Baron D. Estournelles de Constant, Member of the French Senate; Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor; W. T. Stead, Esq., Editor Review of Reviews, London; Col. Sir Robert Cranston, Ex-Local Provost of Edinburgh; Sir Robert S. Ball, Professor of Astronomy Cambridge University. The women who spoke were Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Boston; Mrs. Helen M. Henrotin, Ex-President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Chicago; Miss Mary E. Woolley, President Mount Holyoke College for Women, South Hadley, Mass.; Mrs. Frederick Nathan, President New York Consumers' League; Miss Jane Addams, Head of Hull House, Chicago. One could not fail to be impressed by the clearness and strength and directness of thought evinced by these members of our sex as they propounded their views. Telegrams of greeting were read from the President General U. D. C. and the President General D. A. R.

An interesting feature of the Congress was the presentation of a peace flag to Mr. Carnegie by a committee composed of Mrs. Helen Beach Tillottson and Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson, appointed by the President General D. A. R., then in Continental Congress assembled in Washington. The flag was a beautiful one, representing the national banner surmounted by a wide border of white satin, on the upper side of which was inscribed "Peace for All Nations," a dove with an olive branch resting upon the top of the staff.

One of the most interesting sessions was that devoted to the school children, five thousand of whom were present, and they listened to addresses treating of the horrors and barbarities of war, rather than dwelling upon its pomp and ceremony. Señorita Huidobro, of Chile, made a most interesting address concerning the peace compact between Chile and Argentina. She stated that on one of the highest peaks of the Andes, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, between the two countries, a colossal statue of Christ had been erected, called the Christ of the Andes, and bearing on its pedestal this inscription: "These mountains shall crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans shall break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain." The statue is unique, being the only one in the world to occupy such a position; and the majestic Christ of the Andes, standing with uplifted hand on the mountain far above the turmoil of the world below, seems to exclaim again as long ago did the Christ of Nazareth: "My peace I give unto you."

Large audiences and great enthusiasm and interest marked the Peace Congress, but its practical results are only to be determined by time.

ALABAMA'S SHILOH MONUMENT.

ERECTED BY THE ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C., MAY 7, 1907.

Nine years ago the Alabama Division, U. D. C., under Mrs. W. A. Gayle's wise administration, adopted for its work the erection of monuments on battlefields known as National Military Parks. Mrs. L. G. Dawson, of Montgomery, was made chairman of the committee, composed of one member from each Chapter. At various times appeals were presented to the State Legislature for aid in this work for perpetuating the

memory of brave deeds of Alabama's sons. Failing to gain a hearing before the General Assembly (for the bills proposed "never came from the calendar"), the Division went bravely forward until such sum was collected as enabled them to place a modest testimonial upon one battlefield.

Seven years ago the assistant chairman, representing the Monumental Committee at the Eufaula Convention, pleaded for Shiloh battlefield to receive the first memorial stone to be erected by Alabama Daughters. Mrs. Winn, of Demopolis, indorsed Mrs. J. N. Thompson's appeal, and by motion the cooperative work for Shiloh was begun.

That the monument should have been completed just in time for the Annual Convention, and that the Convention should meet in the section of the State nearest the battlefield, and, too, that the Chapter which gave most largely to the fund should number with its members the President, seemed most fitting and a coincidence most gratifying.

For the trip to the battlefield the Southern Railway granted a special train to the Alabama Division and its friends to Riverton, below the shoals in Tennessee River, from which point the party, by special schedule arranged by the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, was conveyed by the steamer Kentucky to Pittsburg Landing, bordering the park. That delegates from every part of Alabama might attend the unveiling ceremonies, special railroad rates were granted on the round trip.

The entire commission were aboard the boat to meet the Daughters of Alabama and their friends. Col. Cornelius Cadle, of Cincinnati, Gen. Basil Duke, of Louisville, Ky., Colonel Ashcraft, of Paducah, Mrs. McKinney, President Kentucky Division, U. D. C., and Dr. Young, minister from Cincinnati, accompanied them. Dr. Young, by request, gave the invocation.

In addition to the party of fifty delegates were Dr. Thomas M. Owen, State Historian, of Alabama; Mr. Will Sheehan, of the Montgomery Advertiser; and of greatest importance and appreciation by the entire party, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., who had under most adverse circumstances journeyed to Tuscumbia in order to make the pilgrimage with this patriot band of men and women.

Vehicles were in waiting, and the crowd of about three hundred were easily conveyed to the site of the monument, a mile away, where Maj. D. W. Reed, the able Secretary of the Park Commission, had erected a platform and seats surrounding the monument. The unveiling was most impressive; and, though the programme was cut short by the unavoidable absence of some of the speakers, it was most enjoyable, and the day was one of history to Alabama and our country.

Following the exercises, a sumptuous luncheon was spread on the grounds by the ladies of Tuscumbia and Sheffield, after which the party drove over the interesting parts of the park, and then returned to the boat, reaching Tuscumbia at 9:30 P.M.

The presentation of the monument was made by Mrs. J. N. Thompson, President Alabama Division, U. D. C., in most fitting words, to which response was made by Colonel Cadle for the Park Commission in accepting it. Mrs. Henderson made a strong address in commendation of the spirit which had animated the women of Alabama to place this memorial at Shiloh, saying: "There could not be a more appropriate thing than for the Alabama Division to be the first of the U. D. C. to unveil on the battlefield of Shiloh a monument to the soldiers from their State who fell in that great battle, because the 1st Alabama Cavalry opened that battle and the 22d Alabama Infantry went into the battle with seven hundred and nine ready for duty, and on Monday morning, April 7, this regiment was one hundred and forty-three strong. For the battle of Shiloh Alabama furnished about ten infantry regiments, with several companies in the regiments from other States, and one cavalry regiment; while Ketchum's, Gage's, and Robertson's Batteries did such fine work that of the first Gen. Preston Pond said the safety of his whole command was due to Captain Ketchum and his battery; while Generals Withers and Chalmers spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of Gage's Battery, and the gallantry of Robertson's was the subject of general commendation."

In concluding her remarks Mrs. Henderson urged upon the Alabama Daughters the importance of building more enduring monuments in the education of the children of their State through the establishment of scholarships in different institutions of learning and the teaching of history truthfully that the glory of the men who wore the gray may grow with the passing years.

Among those invited to attend the exercises and speak on this significant occasion were the Governors of Alabama and Tennessee, Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander U. C. V., and General Harrison, Commander Alabama U. C. V., but important engagements prevented their attendance. Gen. Basil Duke, of Kentucky, made the chief address, herewith given in full:

"Not only as a Confederate soldier—as one who served under the same banner and for the same cause as did those in whose honor you are here assembled—but as a member of this Commission who represents the Army of Mississippi, so many of whose slain are buried beneath this soil, it affords me peculiar pleasure to assist in the sacred duty you perform.



THE ALABAMA MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

"It has been a matter of regret to my colleagues and myself that monuments to the Confederate dead who lie here have not been more generally erected. With the exception of this one we are now dedicating and one other on which is inscribed the name and service upon this field of the 2d Regiment of Tennessee Confederate Infantry, no appropriate structure or design to commemorate the valor and devotion of the Confederate soldier has been reared here where those qualities were so signally and splendidly illustrated. Save for the efforts of this Commission, which in a matter of this kind must necessarily be imperfect, their last resting places are unmarked. But surely this work ought to be done, not only as a labor of love but as a patriotic obligation, not only in justice to the dead but as a lesson and incentive to the living.

"The South has many such memorials, it is true, which in city and hamlet attest her grateful recollection of those who so freely gave their lives for her sake. In every Southern community perhaps some such testimonial of respect and affection has been rendered. Nevertheless, something more should be done. They should be reared upon the battle grounds where that patriotic blood was shed, where the sacrifice was consummated. They should appear side by side with similar tokens of appreciation bestowed by the people of the Northern States in honor of their fallen comrades. In this way only can the noble purposes to which these parks are dedicated be perfected. Only thus can they be made, as it was intended they should be made, the chosen and fitting places of national Reunion, where the national reconciliation may be evinced by the care with which these heroic ashes are guarded and patriotic duty be inspired by the emblems of its past performance, where citizens of a common and reunited country, all former enmity forgotten, may meet in amity to recall with proud remembrance the deeds of a sad but glorious past and witness equal honors paid to all the dead.

"And in this wise also can a wider knowledge be given your own countrymen and mankind of that which you seek by such means to preserve and wish the world to know. The monument builded and consecrated at his own home to the memory of the soldier who died for that home upon the field of battle is a touching and decorous offering, yet it may be seen only by those who are already familiar with the story and need nothing to remind them of the regard which is due him. But if it be erected at a spot like this, visitors from every part of our great republic, from every quarter of the broad continent, from every country perhaps of the civilized world may gaze upon the shaft, may read the inscription and learn the historic facts you desire to record and commemorate. And in the august presence of these dead, now sleeping together in the silence and peace of the grave, but who in life so nobly demonstrated what American manhood can dare and do, the story will acquire an added and solemn interest. The stranger may marvel at the recital of fraternal strife which wrought such dreadful havoc, but the heart of every true citizen of this mighty land will swell and throb with pride as he reflects how much of reason his country has for hope and how little for fear when men like those who died here are arrayed together in her cause.

"To the thoughtful and conscientious student of history the story of our great Civil War—or, as we of the South prefer to term it, the War between the States—must always be a subject of peculiar interest, and the part taken by the South in her brief but tremendous struggle for separate and independent political existence receive the broadest historical treatment.

"This is scarcely an appropriate occasion on which to attempt a discussion of the causes, much less of the merits, of the controversy. I will only suggest that the impartial historian may pronounce a verdict which shall exonerate both parties to it of any serious blame. He may find much of reason in the contention of each, and discern in the dire strife the latest, if it shall not be the last, assertion of that proud and stubborn spirit of our own race which has ever maintained what it has deemed a right even at the cost of war and bloodshed. When we remember that the free government founded on this continent was itself born in the throes of revolution, and also that questions of tremendous import were left unsettled when that government was established, there is small cause for wonder, although much for regret, that resort was later had to so terrible an arbitrament. The disputants on both sides came of the blood that is 'slower to bless than to ban,' prompter to strike than to parley; and the resort to arms to settle once for all issues which seemed otherwise insoluble—when debate and discussion had been proven fruitless—was only the instinct of that blood manifesting itself along traditional lines.

"But out of all that ordeal we have come a stronger and a wiser people. The recollections of the mighty energies which were called into action, of the valor, the fortitude, and splendid devotion exhibited during that crucial trial, are now a common heritage and give promise of a glorious and beneficent future. I believe that a people disciplined in such a struggle—a struggle in which the contending sections were taught mutual respect and a better understanding each of the other, and which our children may regard with pride unmingled with resentment—I believe that a people informed by such an experience will be able to deal successfully with any problem which shall hereafter confront them. So believing, I would have the history of the great conflict in all of its aspects become familiar knowledge with the coming generations of our countrymen.

"For work like this in which we are engaged to-day—important not only in the way I have endeavored to indicate but as an incentive and aid to historic compilation—the South is largely indebted to her women. To them must be awarded the credit of inaugurating nearly every enterprise of this nature and of conducting it to successful accomplishment.

"The Daughters of the Confederacy are now doing almost as much for the fame of the soldiers of the South as they did during the war for their comfort. Earnest, faithful, tireless, they prosecute their chosen and congenial task with constant interest and unflagging purpose. With a care and solicitude no less tender and affectionate than that with which they once ministered to the wounded and dying, they now cherish and protect the memory of the dead; and not less heroic than the story which they strive to perpetuate is that which shall be told of their own zealous love and labor.

"Could the dead speak, they would join their surviving comrades in proffers of gratitude. The sons of Alabama who fell upon this field, whose heroic spirits passed amid the smoke and thunder of battle, would have asked no greater reward for the service they so bravely rendered, no better recompense for the toil they endured, the danger they dared, and the fate they accepted in behalf of their native land, than the tribute they now receive from its daughters."

In addition to the foregoing there should be special tribute to Dr. Thomas M. Owen for his able services to the Daughters on that occasion and to their service in the Convention ceremonies at Sheffield.

History of the Monument Movement.

From the beginning it has been felt by our Southern women who had fathers or brothers, husbands or sons, sweethearts or friends to lose their precious lives in the never-to-be-forgotten War between the States that their deeds should be commemorated and the resting place of their sacred dust be marked by suitable memorials. Especially have they felt that in those cemeteries where the Federal and Confederate soldiers sleep their last sleep together or those hallowed places where the memories of both are equally recalled the latter should have equal honor with the former. No army, it can be truthfully said, ever responded to a more unselfish call or displayed in the field a nobler type of soldierly character and discipline than that one which marched in the uniform of gray and under the inspiration of the stars and bars in that memorable struggle of 1861-65. That struggle gave a new name to human chivalry and honor. Never in the history of the world have manhood and loyalty and self-sacrifice received a nobler interpretation. And our women have not been willing to see less done for the memory of their beloved dead than has been done for others by loving hearts and hands.

In February, 1899, at the Convention at Selma, Ala., an appeal was made by Mrs. L. G. Dawson to inaugurate a movement to secure sufficient funds to erect a monument on one of the four national battlefields of the country, which she set forth with suitable preamble and resolutions: that as the Federal government has purchased and converted into national parks some of the historic battlefields of the Civil War, that as some of the Northern States have expended large sums of money in erecting suitable monuments in commemoration of their soldiers who were slain on these fields, and that as the Southern soldiery who fell on those battle grounds, giving themselves as a sacrifice to the cause of constitutional right as they saw it, should have some marble shaft erected on each of these battlefields in commemoration of their heroic deeds and their devotion to their country's call—the Daughters of the Confederacy for Alabama appeal to the various Camps of United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans of Alabama to join them in raising funds and erecting such monuments.

They requested Gen. F. S. Ferguson, Commander of the U. C. V. in Alabama, to issue an appeal to the Veterans, setting forth the aims and purposes in view and request their coöperation.

The President of the Alabama Division appointed Mrs. Dawson, chairman of the committee, to promote the important interest suggested, and in the summer of that year a circular letter was issued by Mrs. Dawson to the one hundred and one Confederate Camps then in the State, asking for sympathy and coöperation.

Gen. George P. Harrison. Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., on June 23, 1899, wrote to Mrs. W. A. Gayle, President Alabama State Division, U. D. C.: "I heartily indorse the undertaking set forth by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and indulge the hope that every Veteran will contribute something in aid of this worthy cause."

In 1900 Hon. Frank Pettus presented to the Legislature of Alabama a bill asking for an appropriation for the object proposed, and in 1902 a committee composed of the chairman and other Daughters appeared before the Finance Committee of the House in support of their bill and made an earnest appeal for favorable consideration, and a bill was presented to the House and placed on the calendar, "where it remained." The Daughters, however, went to work in other ways, and labored faithfully for eight years, strengthening their cause at every step, until they secured the sum necessary.

In Eufaula in May, 1901, the Convention selected Shiloh for the site of the monument, because of the famous battle at this place. Alabama, next to Tennessee, contributed the largest number of soldiers.

In July, 1906, the committee selected the plan for a monument, and on the 14th of September visited the battlefield and selected a site. Among the foremost of Alabama's contribution to this battle of the Civil War are:

Alabama General Officers at Shiloh.—Brig. Gen. Jones M. Withers, 2d Division, 2d Army Corps; Brig. Gen. Sterling A. M. Wood, 3d Brigade, 3d Army Corps.

Alabama Cavalry.—General Bragg's Escort Company, Capt. Robert W. Smith; 1st Battalion, Capt. Thomas F. Jenkins; Mississippi and Alabama Battalion, Lieut. Col. Richard H. Brewer; 1st Regiment, Col. James H. Clanton.

Alabama Artillery.—Gage's Battery, Capt. Charles P. Gage; Ketchum's Battery, Capt. William H. Ketchum; Robertson's Battery, Capt. Felix H. Robertson.

Alabama Infantry.—4th Battalion, Maj. James M. Clifton; 16th Regiment, Lieut. Col. John W. Harris; 17th Regiment, Lieut. Col. Robert C. Fariss; 18th Regiment, Col. Eli S. Shorter; 19th Regiment, Col. Joseph Wheeler; 21st Regiment, Lieut. Col. Stewart W. Cayce, Maj. Frederick Stewart; 22d Regiment, Col. Zachariah C. Deas (wounded), Lieut. Col. John C. Marrast; 25th Regiment, Col. John Q. Loomis (wounded), Maj. George D. Johnson; 26th Regiment, Col. John G. Coltart (wounded), Lieut. Col. William D. Chadick; 31st Regiment, Lieut. Col. Montgomery Gilbreath.

The soldiers' reward be theirs, peace to their ashes wherever they lie. Their sacred names are enshrined in every true and loving heart in the land that they loved so well and fought so bravely to defend. Their mounds will ever be bedewed with the tears of the grateful people that they have left behind.

"Each soldier's name
Shall shine untarnished on the roll of fame,
And stand the example of each distant age,
And add new luster to the historic page."

Mrs. L. G. Dawson's Work for the Monument.

The success of the monument movement is cordially credited to Mrs. L. G. Dawson, of Montgomery. Mrs. Dawson has ever been loyal and enthusiastic for the cause. Her father, John G. Harris, of Hale County, Ala., entered the Confederate service in September, 1861, as captain of Company I, 20th Alabama Regiment, and later was promoted to major. He was wounded slightly in the siege of Vicksburg.

Mrs. Dawson was born during the war at the fine old antebellum home of her grandfather, John E. Brown, of Sumter County, Ala. She graduated at Judson College. Marion, Ala., in 1880, took a postgraduate course in 1881, and was married in 1883 to Mr. L. G. Dawson, a planter of Elmore County, Ala. They have lived in Montgomery since 1890. She is a charter member of the first literary club of the city, "No Name," and an active member of both the Sophie Bibb Chapter, U. D. C., and Peter Forney Chapter, D. A. R.

President Elect Alabama Division, U. D. C.

The Alabama Division in its recent annual convention in Sheffield anticipated a spirited contest for President, when one of the two being advocated by their friends arose when

her name had been called with hearty seconds and said in substance: "My mother is very old and feeble; she needs my constant care. My husband is professor in the college at Auburn, and I am deeply interested in those boys. I will work in the ranks as hard as the President, and I know what that means." The splendid presence of the speaker (her name, unhappily, is not remembered, no notes being taken at the time), with those patriotic and loyal words, brought the Convention to its feet, and many glistening tears exhibited the highest ideals of Daughters of the Confederacy.

Concluding, the lovely woman commended the election of Mrs. Charles G. Brown, and soon the vote was cast unanimously for her, and she was declared President elect of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.

Mrs. Annie Southern Tardy so writes of the new President, of her nomination and election:

"When Mrs. Hannon, of Russellville, made the speech which nominated Mrs. Charles G. Brown, of Birmingham, Ala., for President of the Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, she said: 'As Mrs. Virginia C. Clopton stood before us, her beautiful old face, with its halo of silvery hair, aglow with enthusiasm and love, as her gentle eyes looked down on us, and her sweet voice, like a heavenly benediction, spoke to us, I thought: "Where will we find another who will in any way be to the Alabama Daughters what this rare woman has been and is?" When Mrs. Charles G. Brown, of Birmingham, arose to respond to the address of welcome, my question was answered. All that we have waited for, all that we could desire as a President, stood before us.'

"Mrs. Hannon's sentiments were echoed from the hearts of every Daughter, and Mrs. Brown was by unanimous vote declared the President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Brown is well fitted by birth, education, and experience to do full justice to the high position she fills and the honor which has been given her. She is the daughter of Cyrus Billingsley, of Marion, Ala. She attended the Judson Female Institute, of that place, her father being one of the trustees. After graduating there with high honor, she spent some time at school in Kentucky, and later studied at St. Catherine's, near Toronto, Canada.

"In 1876 Miss Billingsley was married in Marion, Ala., to Hon. Charles G. Brown, an eminent lawyer of Birmingham, and afterwards Attorney-General of the State under the administration of Governors Johnston, Samford, and Jelks. Mrs. Brown, while a favorite leader in Birmingham society, has ever held the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy as her most sacred and holy mission. She was a charter member of Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., and has served the Chapter and Division faithfully since its organization. She was Chairman of the Monument Committee of Pelham Chapter, and on Decoration Day two years ago presented the city of Birmingham with the result of three years' work—the beautiful shaft which stands in Capitol Park to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy.

"She is also an honored member of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, which will complete its work with the unveiling in Richmond during the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans. At the time of her election as President of the State Division Mrs. Brown was completing her second term as President of Pelham Chapter, and right nobly has she filled the office. In giving her up to the broader work of the State, we of the Chapter who love her feel that we are honored in the giving, for we know what she has done and what she can and will do for the object so dear to all our hearts.

'She has lived her best;
She has worked her best;
She deserves the best to come.'"

[A note was received since the above was typed from the lady of Auburn—Mrs. Letitia Dowdell (B. B.) Ross—expressing regret that she had no suitable picture for the VETERAN, and adding: "You have always been so courteous to the Alabama Division of Daughters that any failure to send requested data for the VETERAN is a cause of regret."]

JOHN PELHAM PROMOTED AFTER DEATH.

United States Senator C. B. Culberson writes the VETERAN his thanks for copies of the magazine with sketch and picture of John Pelham, the South's honored artillerist, stating: "By the way, while everybody calls Pelham major, the official records show that General Lee wrote a letter to President Davis after Pelham's death, recommending that, notwithstanding his death, he should be made lieutenant colonel, and pursuant to this recommendation President Davis sent his name to the Senate, and he was confirmed as lieutenant colonel of artillery. This, to my mind, under all the circumstances, is the most remarkable honor conferred upon any man during the Civil War."

By reference to the records, it appears that John Pelham was commissioned major of artillery August 16, 1862, to date



LIEUT. COL. JOHN PELHAM.

from August 9, and lieutenant colonel of artillery April 4, 1863, to date from March 2 of that year. He was killed at Kelley's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863. A sketch of Lieutenant Colonel Pelham was published in the VETERAN, page 362, for August, 1898. Other accounts of his marvelous career have appeared in other issues.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Contributors to the VETERAN will please remember that there is the most exacting demand for space all the time. In sending reports for publication please be concise and practical in every way. The formality of "Whereas" and "Resolved," etc., is never desired. Manuscripts should be typewritten where practicable. In "Last Roll" notices it must, upon reflection, be realized that all should be brief. Then when engravings are used somebody ought to pay for them. Lengthy sketches are occasionally sent of men who did not take the VETERAN. Again, faithful patrons for years die and their families fail to give any notice. It is very desirable to have at least brief mention of loyal comrades when they die.

It is impossible often to publish reports of meetings and dedications of monuments as early as expected. Let all friends be considerate in these matters.

A much-regretted error occurred in the May VETERAN by naming Miss Varina Cook as sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., at the Richmond Reunion, as she should have been announced as maid of honor to Miss Lucy White Hayes, sponsor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayes and granddaughter of the beloved President of the Confederacy, whose memory is to be specially honored in the great monument to be dedicated during the Reunion in Richmond. General Cabell took pride in the appointment of Miss Hayes as sponsor for his Department, and the error has been the cause of embarrassment to both families and of deep regret to the editor.

An explanation is therefore made which must satisfy those who have patience with the fellow who said, "Once one is two." The editor thoroughly understood the situation all the way through. He knew that Gen. Stephen D. Lee had selected Miss Hayes as sponsor for the South, and that she most graciously yielded to a recall of the appointment by him in deference to the request of the United Daughters of the Confederacy that no sponsors or maids be appointed for the Richmond Reunion. And he distinctly understood that Miss Hayes had been appointed by General Cabell as sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The error occurred through a letter from Colonel Cook stating that General Cabell invited Miss Cook as sponsor to the New Orleans Reunion in 1906, and that letter had been kept upon the editor's desk for the purpose of making a complimentary notice; for, as much as he appreciated the honor, Colonel Cook had felt that he could not take his daughter from her graduating exercise at Belmont College, Nashville, last year. A fine engraving of Miss Lucy White Hayes and late pictures of other members of the family are to appear in the July VETERAN.

The Guilford Chapter, U. D. C., of Greensboro, N. C., has issued a souvenir postal card representing the banner of the "Kuklux Klan," which is the property of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and now in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va. Mrs. J. G. Brodnax will attend to orders, the net proceeds to be for the charities and patriotic undertakings of the Chapter. Price, 5 cents each, $3 per hundred.

COL. RICHARD OWEN.

BY M. R. TUNNO, SAVANNAH, GA.

Your pleasant reference to Col. Richard Owen in the May VETERAN I have read with very great pleasure. Not having been a prisoner at Camp Morton, I cannot speak of Colonel Owen's kindness to the prisoners there; but as one of his students at the Western Military Institute of Kentucky I know of his kindness to and fatherly care of his boys. He was so considerate, gentle, and just that he received our affection; and now, after the lapse of over a half century, we remember him with love and gratitude.

Except in the sense that as an officer in an army opposed to us on the field of battle, he was no enemy. His great, good heart was full of love for his fellow-man, a fact well known to us in 1850-53. Our love for him was shown at Blue Lick Springs, Ky., when in changing the location of the Western Military Institute to Drennon Springs the Hollidays (who were the proprietors) attacked the professors, Col. Thornton F. Johnson, Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson (then Colonel), Col. Richard Owen (then Major), and Maj. James G. Blaine. In the firing that ensued Col. T. F. Johnson was shot down; and when Colonel Owen attempted to "get at" the Hollidays, the cadets surrounded him to protect him for his patriotism. This act very forcibly evinced our love for him. I admired and loved Colonel Owen.

FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO THE MEMORIAL.

Frank A. Owen writes from Evansville, Ind.:

"Your article in regard to Col. Richard Owen, commander of Fort Donelson prisoners at Camp Morton in the winter and spring of 1862, interests me deeply. I was wounded and captured in that battle and imprisoned at Camp Morton, and soon formed the acquaintance of Colonel Morton and Dr. Madison J. Bray, his surgeon, who removed the excess of lead from my left leg.

"I want to thank you for your noble suggestions, and I desire to be the first to subscribe to this worthy fund. Yet I do not well see how you can fail to include Dr. Bray in this Statehouse bronze tablet. One kind act of the many performed by Dr. Bray entitles him to every old Johnnie's affection. A gallant young soldier from Henderson, Ky. (who has long since answered the last roll call), had every indication of pneumonia when he reached the prison. Dr. Bray, at his own expense, had a cot and mattress, with clean, new, warm bedding, placed in his prison office and nursed the young Confederate back to health.

"I never heard but one man speak disparagingly of Colonel Owen while I was in Camp Morton, and his words were promptly resented, and he was ashamed of it as late as the Nashville Reunion. He has since died.

"I inclose my check for five dollars for the Col. Richard Owen fund, and will send a check for a like sum if you decide to include the great, good surgeon of Colonel Owen's regiment. They have both gone home to glory.

"I knew personally ten or more of the thirteen who made their escape from Camp Morton, and there are but two of them now living. Johnnie Mills, a saddle and harness dealer in Madisonville, Ky., is one, and the writer is the other. I will give you the names of the ten brave fellows if you wish them."

[It is desirable that comrades who were prisoners and all others who are interested in this matter write promptly. Let us act with avidity upon the opportunity to honor Colonel Owen.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND EMPRESS EUGENIE.

BY PROF. H. A. SCOMP.

What is there in common between royalty and republicanism, a court and a cabinet, a palace and a President's manse? Surely joys or sorrows are the special dispensation of neither. Perhaps we should accept it that emotions in high life are the more poignant from the very restraints which such a life imposes, for grief seeks to hide itself from public gaze.

The recent death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis brings to mind a royal contemporary beyond the seas whose life has had so many points of likeness to hers that a Plutarch would find in their biographies abundant material for another pair of "Parallel Lives," though lived under conditions wholly inconceivable to the old Greek author.

The Empress Eugenie was born in Spain May 5, 1826. Almost at the same date was born Varina Howell on a Mississippi plantation, in the circle of the old aristocracy of the South.

Somewhat more than a century ago Eugenie's maternal grandfather, Kirkpatrick, left his native Scotland to settle in sunny Spain as British consul at Malaga. There he married a Spanish lady by whom he became the grandfather of the future Empress. The French wars were then convulsing Europe.

Not far from the time of Kirkpatrick's migration to Spain an Irish gentleman, James Kempe, implicated in Emmett's rebellion, sought an asylum in the New World, and settled in Virginia. By his American wife he became the maternal grandfather of Varina Howell Davis. Later Colonel Kempe removed to the Natchez country, where he became one of the most prominent figures in the military, political, and social life of those stirring times along the lower Mississippi.

A few years later some of the Montijo-Kirkpatrick family migrated from Malaga and settled in the beautiful old Moorish capital, Grenada, where, under the shadow of the Alhambra, the beautiful Eugenie first saw the light. Her education, however, was completed in Madrid, and her young womanhood was largely spent in travel with her mother over many parts of Europe, till in January, 1853, she was called to share the imperial throne of France by virtue of her marriage to the *pervenu* Emperor. A few years before this the American girl, trained by the best culture of the old aristocratic South, had been married to a young army officer, who was already attracting the attention of his countrymen by his military prowess.

While Louis Napoleon, just six weeks older than Jefferson Davis, was still a prisoner, under a life sentence, in the fortress of Ham, Colonel Davis was organizing the Mississippi regiment at the head of which he was to win world renown at Buena Vista. And he was already a member of the American Congress, while his French contemporary was fighting his way to a place in the Constituent Assembly. Within a few weeks after Eugenie de Montijo's accession to the throne of France, Varina Davis, as the wife of President Pierce's Secretary of War, became a leading figure at our national capital.

It is well known that Mr. Davis was the dominant spirit in Pierce's administration, practically controlling its policy both foreign and domestic. During those four years he directed the army organization and the building of national defenses.

These same years saw Louis Napoleon, as one of the allies, engaged in the Crimean, the first of his wars. Retiring from the Cabinet in 1857, Mr. Davis remained in Washington as one of the United States Senators from Mississippi till the beginning of our dreadful quadrennium. During these years, as well as through the great struggle itself, Mrs. Davis was always at her husband's side as his counselor and helper; while Eugenie was probably the strongest support to the new dynasty at the imperial court.

If the Empress dominated the hearts of the French, with certainly no less affection was Mrs. Davis held in the hearts of the South.

But wide asunder as the poles do the histories of these two eminent ladies prove the radical differences between French volatility and Southern constancy.

Our great civil struggle of four years (1861-65) and the Franço-Prussian War of little more than four weeks, in so far as it concerned the Napoleonic dynasty—what national character settings do they afford! Both came as explosions of long-pent-up forces. On the American side two hostile, clashing civilizations were suddenly brought into violent collision by Lincoln's election, the tinder and the match had at last come together, and the fire thus kindled was to burn on till the South was utterly consumed. There was no surrender; indeed, hardly a parley between the combatants.

Yet even in the darkest hours—*e. g.*, after Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the fall of Atlanta, and the year of constant battle up to Appomattox—though in tatters and facing starvation, the people of the South never abated their faith in their leaders, and to the last they would have shielded with their bodies their President and his family. His sufferings in Fortress Monroe but the more endeared him and his wife to their hearts, and they would gladly have shared his burdens. And when at last he emerged from his prison and with his faithful wife once more passed through the quondam Confederate capital, it was to be received by the people with uncovered heads, swelling hearts, and tear-dimmed eyes. And twenty years afterwards, when, broken in health and tottering to the grave, he was brought to Atlanta to be present at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument, where he was chaperoned by the silver-tongued Grady—who of the thousands present that day will ever forget the shouts, the smiles, the tears with which that multitude welcomed the ex-President of a nation that lived only in memory and with no dream of a resurrection?

Such was the South toward that ex-chieftain who was to live in her midst an alien, an unpardoned exile, and who was at last to sleep in her former capital under a monument the freewill offering of her whole people, and in a grave bedewed with their tears. Contrast with this devotion the fickleness of French sentiment.

In a little more than a month after Napoleon III. had marched out of Paris amid the frantic "Vives l'Empereur" of the multitude on his "way to Berlin." Sedan had been fought, the Emperor was a prisoner, and that same giddy populace, whose huzzas for their Emperor and Empress had yet scarce died away, now in mad riot were driving from the throne the Napoleonic dynasty, and were forcing their beautiful Empress to flee secretly and for her life from the gay capital, where for seventeen years her slightest whim had been law unquestioned, and she must spend the remainder of her days in a foreign land among the hereditary enemies of her dynasty.

It is in their days of misfortune that the parallel between the French and the American ladies was the closest. Their husbands, once the men of all men in their respective lands, were now citizens without a country or a nationality; the one lived an exile in a foreign land, the other lived an alien in his own. The former dared not venture into the land of his

birth; the latter must not leave the home of his fathers. Maledictions from his own people followed the ex-emperor; benedictions were invoked upon the ex-President.

Eugenie, as if to drain the wormwood and the gall, must see her only child—the idolized Prince Imperial—brought back from the jungles of Africa a corpse mangled by the Zulu spear, and the beautiful Empress, her dark hair sorrowed into snowy white, was left alone with her dead, hopeless, despairing, a Niobe among women, though not yet petrified against her woe. On this side of the Atlantic the raven wings had long hovered over that other household, where another Rachel was weeping for her children; for Varina Davis, too, was passing under the cloud. Of her children, save one, she was bereft, and left alone in the world. Of those children, the world knows most of the youngest, Miss Winnie, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," born under the "Conquered Banner," now furled forever, the Juliet whose strange romance touched a nation's heart, and whose premature death brought mourning to her Southland.

For a generation the ex-Empress has lived among the ancient enemies of her people, respected and honored for her many feminine virtues. For years Mrs. Davis lived among a people who naturally regarded her as the chiefest of female rebels and an enemy of their government. Yet even among these her many splendid qualities of head and heart won for her a host of friends who have been touched with sympathy for her bereavements and unparalleled sufferings.

Yet in some respects her fate is not paralleled by any misfortunes in the Empress's life, for it was Mrs. Davis's hard lot to carry for nearly two years a woe far heavier than exile. During those long, dreary days her husband was a prisoner in the damp cells of Fortress Monroe, charged with treason, and with the yet more revolting accusation of complicity in Mr. Lincoln's murder. A frenzied public were calling for his blood; suborned witnesses who had never been south of the Potomac, lured by the immense bribe for "evidence to convict," presented themselves to swear away to ignominy and death a life which would have sacrificed itself a thousand times over ere it would have incurred so foul a stain. Yet even in the last decade we have seen that some of our State courts show themselves eager to use the perjury fruits of princely bribes to destroy hated political opponents.

What the proud spirit of Mrs. Davis suffered in those weary years, who can tell? For a year kept away from her husband's prison, forbidden to leave the bounds of Georgia—but we turn from the sad story.

Eugenie, settled in the quiet town of Chiselhurst, could devote herself to the rituals of her faith—for she was a devout Catholic—and to charitable work and to watching beside her dead. Her patrimony was ample for her needs and her charities.

But Mrs. Davis's ample fortune had perished in the war, and pretty Beauvoir, by the Southern sea, was a life tenure gift to Mr. Davis from an admiring friend. After her husband's death, the proud-spirited wife preferred to depend upon her own efforts for a livelihood. Yet few Southerners understood her reasons for leaving her native State to live among a people who could not be counted as her friends. They did not know that organic heart trouble had caused her physicians to advise a change of clime. Furthermore, they did not know that the thousands who were continually flocking to Beauvoir were laying a tribute upon the time, health, and resources of its mistress which she was utterly unable to bear. They forgot that the family income was no longer $40,000 or $50,000 per year, as in the ante-bellum. They forgot that the strain of the endless reception of visitors, most of them strangers, was too heavy for nerves which for years had been stretched to breaking. Mrs. Davis had been reduced from affluence to poverty; but with a true woman's pride she chose to support herself rather than be an object of charity.

Literary work seemed the kind most natural for her, and who among the living could be more familiar with the inner forces—the moving powers—of one side of the greatest civil war since the days of old Rome? But alas! a wasted land and an impoverished people could give but a scant support to their periodical literature. A contribution, paid for by a pittance at home, would command ten times as much in the journalistic market of the North. So necessity, then, rather than choice, sent Mrs. Davis northward.

The ex-Empress, on the contrary, had little need to give time and labor to literary drudgery, though we may be sure that such revelations as she could have given of the inner life of the French court would be intensely interesting both to the general reader and a thesaurus of facts for the future historian. Eugenie lived the first, last, and only Empress of the Second Empire; Mrs. Davis was the first, last, and only "First Lady" of the Southern Confederacy.

Each lived to witness the rise, the glory, and the fall of her people. Each had outlived all the men prominently connected with their respective governments. Each had suffered domestic bereavements of the saddest in our human lot. The Empress lived in affluence, though driven from own land by her own people. Mrs. Davis lived in comparative poverty, but with the love and respect of her people.

The founder of the Second Empire and his beautiful wife must sleep in a foreign land, unmourned by their own nation. The head of the Confederacy and his wife have been laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery, that Machpelah of the Confederacy, their graves bedewed with the tears of a sorrowing people.

Each lady saw her court vanish into the land of shades without hope of restoration. The two might have sympathized with each other; yet had the Confederacy won, there can be no doubt but that almost at once the "Tricolor" and the "Stars and Bars" would have come into a death struggle in the land of the Montezumas, for it was a fixed conviction in the South that French dominion in Mexico should never be tolerated.

History furnishes no other pair of contemporary female characters whose lives have been so strangely alike, and yet so unlike, as those of Eugenie Marie de Guzman and Varina Howell Davis.

Fleming's Life of Jefferson Davis.—A life of Jefferson Davis is being written by Walter L. Fleming, professor of history in West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. He desires the loan of material relating to any period of Mr. Davis's life. He has all the regularly published books by and about Mr. Davis; but desires such material as letters to and by Mr. Davis, diaries and newspaper and magazine articles, pamphlets, privately printed books, anecdotes, and reminiscences; also pictures of Mr. Davis, his homes, places of interest, etc. Those who possess such matter are asked to correspond with Professor Fleming, who will be remembered as the author of "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama," "Documentary History of Reconstruction," etc., and is most eminently fitted for the important work now in hand.

The Veteran is most cordial in commending compliance with Comrade Fleming's request.



REUNION OF THE BLUE AND GRAY AT GETTYSBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 15-17, 1906.

The return of the sword of Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, of the Confederate army, by the Philadelphia Brigade to Pickett's men was an occasion of much interest. The presentation speech was made by Colonel McCarroll, of the Philadelphia Brigade, and the response by Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress, of the 56th Virginia Regiment, for Pickett's men. The ceremonies occurred at the Armistead monument on the spot where he fell in the enemy's lines. There is now marked on the monument: "The high-water mark of American valor."

The picture represents a group of Northern and Southern people after the ceremonies near the California monument on Gettysburg battlefield. Mrs. Pickett is in the center, and grasps with her right hand the sword held by Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress in his left hand. Between them stands her little grandson. Colonel McCarroll is to the right of Capt. Jeffress.

THE "CONSTITUTION" TO BE AT JAMESTOWN.

BY A. S. KELTON, OF THE EXPOSITION.

A report received from the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., states that the famous old sea fighter, the Constitution, is now undergoing repairs, subsequent to a visit to the Jamestown Exposition, to be held on the shores of Hampton Roads. The vessel has been in the Charlestown Navy Yard since October, 1897, where she was towed from Portsmouth, N. H.; and, owing to many years' neglect, it will be almost midsummer before she will be able to join in the grand naval pageantry that will be on display during the period of the Jamestown Exposition. Only structural repairs are now being made on the Constitution; but a movement is on foot to collect the many souvenirs and equipment taken from the vessel at various times, so that she will have as near as possible her original appearance.

The Constitution is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length and forty-two feet in width, with a normal load draught of one thousand nine hundred and seventy tons. No ship of ancient or modern type has had such a glorious career as the Constitution. Such was the uniformity of her success that the British Admiralty ordered that the English frigates should not fight her unless they met her in force. On August 19, 1812, she fought the Guerriere for four hours, leaving the latter a total wreck, which could not even be brought into port as a prize. Under Commodore Bainbridge off the coast of Brazil in December of the same year she captured the British frigate Java after a sharp fight. Again off Cape Verde Islands in a fight of less than an hour the Constitution, under Captain Stewart, captured the frigate Cyane and the sloop Levant, battle ships far superior to the Constitution.

In the midst of the modern war ships of the representative countries of the world Old Ironsides, anchored in historic Hampton Roads, will be one of the most interesting and educational exhibits of the Exposition.

GRAVE OF SERGEANT DAMASCUS WETHERLY.

BY MARY L. JOHNSON, COR. SEC. FITZHUGH LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

It was recently the privilege of the members of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Frederick, Md., to care for the remains of Sergeant Damascus Wetherly, of Homesville, Appling County, Ga. This one of the many brave defenders of the South died in 1862, and was buried at Braddock, Md., The intervening years have so changed this neighborhood that it was found advisable to do away with this country graveyard. Years ago the late Mrs. John H. Williams, a loyal Southern woman, had this lonely grave fittingly marked. The Daughters of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter have had the remains brought to Mount Olivet Cemetery, in Frederick, and placed in line with our other heroes, many of whom have "fallen asleep" in a strange land, far from kindred and hearthstone; but they "sleep well," guarded by our lovely mountains and cared for lovingly by the Daughters of that Southland for which they died. Here under the shadow of the first monument ever erected to the "Unknown Dead Who Wore the Gray" they are to sleep until the final reveille is sounded. Each year these graves are flower-strewn, and many tender thoughts go to those far off who know not where their loved ones lie. And so we will ever cherish and honor the memory of our noble heroes.

FIRST SUPPLY OF CONFEDERATE AMMUNITION.

John Battle Erwin, of South Carolina, tells this story of the manner in which the Confederate government procured the shot and powder with which Fort Sumter was bombarded:

"I got the story direct from Bob Toombs. He was in the first Confederate Cabinet, being Secretary of State. When he resigned and took the field, I was on his staff.

"It was at the beginning of the Wilderness campaign that he said to me one afternoon: 'Come, Erwin, I'm going over to see General Johnston. His wife and some of her young lady relatives are making him a visit, and I'll take you along to entertain them.'

"As we rode along Toombs began to reminisce. He described the many difficulties they had to deal with in forming the government and pointed out some of the mistakes which he thought had been made. The chief of these was, I remember, in not following the advice of Alex Stephens—buying the cotton crop and shipping it abroad before the enemy had time to blockade our ports. From these subjects, which he spoke of with deep regret, his naturally buoyant temperament turned to many little amusing incidents occurring at the time.

"'Did you ever hear how we got the shot and shells that fired the first guns of this war?' he asked, and the recollection evidently amused him. 'Of course the conditions in Charleston Harbor were of the first matters taken up by Mr. Davis and his Cabinet. At the time Montgomery was overrun by unofficial delegates from Virginia and the other wavering States, all of them urging us to strike the first blow, saying: "The moment war actually begins, the waverers will join the seceders. We will rush the issue and force the State out of the Union into the Confederacy."'

"General Toombs continued: 'All the Cabinet were not in favor of our striking the first blow. We wanted Mr. Lincoln to be the aggressor. Finally, however, the bombardment of Fort Sumter was decided on, and Walker, as Secretary of War, was instructed to telegraph General Beauregard to prepare for the attack. Beauregard's reply was short and to the point. "Where is your shot and where is your powder?" he asked. Walker rushed to the President in his consternation. There wasn't time to send abroad, and making ammunition ourselves was out of the question. Davis called a Cabinet meeting, and the conference lasted far into the night. It was decided finally to ask Gov. Joseph E. Brown to turn over to the Confederate government the shot and powder purchased in England for the defense of Georgia before the State joined the Confederacy.

"'The telegram was sent, and we were not kept long waiting for Brown's reply. It was this: "The government of Georgia will turn over to the government of the Confederate States of America the desired munitions of war, provided the government will purchase the other supplies bought at the same time and for the same purpose—ten thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand pairs of blankets, and two little gunboats now stationed at the mouth of the Savannah River—reimbursing the State of Georgia for the whole."

"'The Secretary of War was in a rage. The President was nettled. "Brown deserves to be impeached!" Walker declared. "The idea of the Governor of a State presuming to dictate terms to the President of the Southern Confederacy!" Davis was more calm of speech and attributed the message to Joe Brown's ignorance of the situation. Being a Georgian and knowing Governor Brown personally, it was decided that I should send him a telegram of remonstrance. I was to point out to him the improbability of there being a war. Even if our fire on Sumter was resented by the North, their resistance could not be long. But even in case of war the Confederate government could not possibly make use of the supplies he offered, as our troops were made up of Southern gentlemen, who preferred to furnish their own equipment and would never wear government supplies.

"'Knowing Joe Brown, I was not surprised when his answer to my telegram came. This is what he said: "The Governor of Georgia will turn over to the government of the Confederate States of America the desired munitions of war, provided the said government will purchase the other supplies bought at the same time and for the same purpose—ten thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand pairs of blankets, and two little gunboats now stationed at the mouth of the Savannah River—reimbursing the State of Georgia for the whole."

"'What did we do?' Toombs chuckled. 'The only thing we could do. We bought Joe Brown's munitions of war—ten thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand pairs of blankets, and the two little gunboats stationed at the mouth of the Savannah River. And do you know what Joe Brown did? He made the Confederate government pay the State of Georgia cash, and in gold.'"

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

G. L. Gooch, 1127 North 13th Street, Waco, Tex., is seeking to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and asks that any comrades who remember him in the service will kindly write him. He states that he enlisted in the State service in 1861; and after the battle of Lexington, Mo., came South with General Price, and on arrival at Springfield, Miss., he enlisted in the Confederate service, 1st Confederate Cavalry (Colonel Gates commanding), Little's Brigade. When Price went East, Comrade Gooch was left in the hospital sick, and upon recovery he reported for service at Little Rock, Ark., and became a member of Company F, Hawthorne's Regiment, under Captain Barry, and served thus till the close of the war.

Mrs. B. W. Cook, of Eldorado, Ark., seeks to locate the relatives of Dr. Will H. Harrison, son of Dr. J. S. Harrison, who enlisted from Eldorado in Company E, 3d Arkansas Regiment, in 1861. He died soon after the war, and his father, Mrs. Cook thinks, returned to his former home, in Indianapolis, Ind. Dr. Harrison left a daughter, Mrs. Robertson, who died not long since, and her children are seeking to learn something of their grandfather's family at Indianapolis.

Isaiah Rush, of Hubbard City, Tex., desires to hear from any old comrades of the 10th and 38th Mississippi Regiments. In 1861 he belonged to Captain McKieffer's company of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, then reënlisted in Captain McKay's company of the 38th Mississippi, and lost an arm at Vicksburg. He wants especially to hear from Andy Whitely, who belonged to a Missouri regiment and nursed him while wounded at Vicksburg. "Noble fellow he was," adds Comrade Rush.

Mrs. J. D. Ramsey, of Lawton, Okla., inquires for any comrades of John W. Perry, member of a Missouri regiment (possibly the 15th), who can give her the names of its officers and time of being mustered out. She thinks Comrade Perry enlisted from North Missouri, Davis County.

T. L. May, of Brewton, Ala., wants to locate any comrades that served on the gunboat Arkansas Ram, Mississippi River, or the Chicora at Charleston, S. C. This comrade served on both boats as fireman, and wishes to prove his record.

Rev. J. A. Burgess, of Saginaw, Oregon, inquires for J. H. Burgess, of the 22d Alabama, and hopes some comrade can tell of him.

THE WOMEN OF MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

The great Civil War covered a wide area. Every Confederate State was the scene of battles and skirmishes, and warm, rich Anglo-Saxon blood soaked the Southern soil from the Potomac to the Brazos. Only one distinctively Northern State (Pennsylvania) heard the

"Fitful cymbal's clash
And the growl of the sullen guns."

For ages to come the Southland will be the theme of the historian, the poet, and the novelist. The siege of Troy was the inspiration of geniuses for hundreds of years, and not until this crime-stained earth shall cease to revolve on its axis will the "Iliad" fail to stir the pulse of adolescent youth and cause many a dreamer to "wake to ecstasy the living lyre."

The historian narrates in their order events and facts often painfully monotonous; but the novelist creates his plot, and then gives us the people as they lived and describes the surroundings with absolute fidelity; hence Walter Scott has done more to arouse the national pride of Scotia with his masterly sketches of Lowlander and Highlander than Macaulay with his matchless history of Scotland.

The pen of Albert Bitozius and of Berthold Auerbach has accomplished more to unify Germany into one nation than all the proclamations of kings or the edicts of emperors.

In our own country it is to the pen of Simms that we owe our pride in the achievements of Marion with his "swamp foxes" (as Tarleton called them), partisans who followed Marion and Sumter.

The aboriginal American Indian would be but a myth but for the genius of Cooper; "Leatherstocking" and the men of the frontier will live as long as America lasts.

When a second Walter Scott shall rise to portray the splendid endurance of the Southern people in the early sixties and paint in vivid colors the romance and sentiment of grim-visaged war, he will choose the spot most crowded with incident; and when from histories, books, and old files of newspapers he has caught the very "spirit and body of the times," he will enthrall humanity and charm the world with tales of "Derring do" and prove that the highest type of women was the Southern girl of the sixties.

Now what region would the novelist choose for a historical novel? Many Southern States (the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia. Kentucky, Missouri, and especially Tennessee) would claim the honor; but there is one section in Virginia that presents such preëminent claims that none can dispute her right, and that spot belonged to Mosby's Confederacy. The "debatable land" was the theater where the most stirring and sensational war drama was played. This region comprises the four counties of Fairfax, Prince William, Culpeper, and Fauquier, and within its boundaries occurred the first skirmish, when Captain Marr was killed in the early summer of 1861. The battle of Blackburn Ford took place on July 18, 1861, and the battle of Manassas was fought three days later. Then followed the bloody skirmish at Gainesville.

During the next year Mosby's Confederacy was a place of suffering, wounds, and death. Stonewall Jackson on August 20 burned Manassas Junction with all Pope's supplies, captured Tyler's Federal brigade, fought the battle of Groveston for two days, and held Pope at bay until Longstreet got through Thoroughfare Gap; and on the 31st of August occurred one of the bloodiest and most decisive battles of the war. At the Second Bull Run fully twenty thousand men lay killed and wounded on the field. The next year was fought the well-contested battles of Bristow and Mine Run. In June, 1863, occurred the greatest cavalry combat the world ever witnessed. Stuart was engaged in over a half dozen give-and-take cavalry battles, Mosby had over a score, while detached parties and individual scouts had combats by the hundreds.

Certainly if human blood enriches the soil, Mosby's Confederacy should be the garden spot of the world—a place where the dead far outnumbered the living. Fauquier County, however, was preëminently the "Debatable Land." Its people were put to severer straits, suffered more and endured more for the Confederacy, than any community of civilized people ever did in the annals of mankind. John Esten Cooke, the Southern novelist, and Captain King, the Northern writer, chose this region for their scene of action, and they are but the pioneers of romance.

Fairfax and Prince William Counties were strongly garrisoned by Federal forces, and Culpeper was generally occupied by our forces; but Fauquier was the dark and bloody ground of Virginia, and for three years it was the headquarters of Mosby and his partisans; and the wild forays, the midnight dashes upon the enemy's camps, the sweeps upon the Federal railroads, and the wild, mad charges on the Union wagon trains all had their origin and mostly all happened in old Fauquier. All the Federal plunder and the prisoners gathered in by the partisans were gathered and disposed of within this county.

There was not a house in old Fauquier that did not have its war history; every one of them had its latchstring hanging outside the door for the gray jackets; all of them had been searched by some detachment of some Federal scouting party, and many of the Black Horse men and Mosby's men had made a running fight and dash for liberty as the bluecoats surrounded the place. The whole fruitful county, which in the beginning of the war was gemmed with fine gardens, well-tilled farms, and princely estates, for three long years lay untouched by plow, harrow, or hoe, and abandoned so far as labor and tillage were concerned. The busy hum of industry, the melodious chorus of the blacks in the corn-shucking, the rhythmic music of the cradles as they swung their steel blades on the golden wheat, the cracking of the wagons loaded with grain were heard no more. The region was a desert where the silence of the desert reigned, the once fruitful fields were in parts grown up in their primeval wilds, great stretches of pine coppice were on every side, and these coverts were the favorite lurking places of the scouts. The Yankees never penetrated their depths; and if Rebel scout fleeing for life could strike the pines, he was safe.

The lower part of Fauquier County was nearly always occupied by the Federal troops. The old Orange and Alexandria Railroad was the only source of supply of the Army of the Potomac when advancing; and when they went into winter quarters, their camps were stretched along the railroad from Alexandria to the Rappahannock River.

In the winter the Black Horse, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, which was raised in Fauquier County, was always sent to the Debatable Land to get fresh mounts and to do all the damage they could to the enemy. The Black Horse gained Mosby much of his reputation, and some of his ablest officers were taken from the ranks of this crack company.

The people of Fauquier believed implicitly in Mosby, and his men had unbounded faith in him. When I recall Mosby as I saw him for the first time at the head of his battalion in the little village of Salem, in old Fauquier, in the autumn



MARTIN HOUSE, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA., HEADQUARTERS BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

of 1864 splendidly mounted, his lithe, elegant form attired in a showy, new uniform, slouch hat with gilt cord, and sweeping plume shading his clean-cut cameo face, I thought of the days when "knighthood was in flower;" that he was the knightliest of them all. He was the beau ideal of a "beau sabreur"—a Centaur, Mars, and Apollo all in one.

In many respects Mosby was unique. His power over his men was complete, but they did not love him. He had no magnetism; he was as cold as an iceberg, and to shake hands with him was like having the first symptoms of a congestive chill. He was positive, evidence of a self-centered man, and did not know what human sympathy was. He would have been a Stoic had he lived in Athens in the days of Pericles. The general impression of Mosby is that he was a rough-and-ready, fighting Cracker Jack. On the contrary, he was a literati, a classical scholar, and a thorough student; but he reminded one strongly of Goldsmith,

"Who wrote like an angel,
But talked like poor Poll."

Mosby was fond of reading the old English literature, and he was familiar with Lord Chesterfield's letters, yet withal he had the manners of a Piute Indian. It has often been said of him that he made an enemy every time he shook hands. He was a fascinating character to study; but he was a "stormy petrel," a born soldier, a light cavalryman by instinct, and a partisan who under no orders could accomplish wonders, but in the regular army he would never have been heard of. In the piping days of peace he was as a fifth spoke in a wheel, and steady, plodding work was his abomination. He was of the meteoric type. Yet though cold, indifferent, and utterly selfish, he was the greatest leader of irregular warfare that history or tradition tells us of. Sumter and Marion were no more to be compared to him than Alvarez was to Cortez. Mosby, with his battalion numbering some three hundred fighters, caused more trouble to the Army of the Potomac than any corps in the Confederate army; and they kept over thirty thousand Federals guarding their communications, their railroads, their army posts, their frontier towns, and their depot of supplies, when but for this ubiquitous ranger these forces would have been in active service in the field.

In 1863 I obtained a transfer from the infantry to the Black Horse Cavalry, and spent the winters of 1863, 1864 and 1865 in old Fauquier; and though I recall many stormy scenes, yet the memory of the noblest, truest, most patriotic women that ever lived is what impressed itself most strongly on my mind.

Picture to yourself the scene of those long years. The country seemed to lie under the curse; the country roads covered with grass, weeds, and sprouts; the ditches on each side a bed of briers. No ground was tilled. No sound save the sighing of the wind among the tree tops, no animate creature to be seen anywhere, save perhaps a passing glimpse of a horseman who had disappeared before one could raise his eyes for a second glance. In truth, the Debatable Land was the abomination of desolation. A man traveling through that section was in more danger in those days than a rich burgher in passing through Hounslow Heath when Dick Turpin and Claude Duval held high sway. In truth, a scout traversing Fauquier County carried his life in his hands.

The Federal Secret Service, with unlimited means, had equipped a battalion of picked men, dressed in the Confederate uniform, whose business it was to mix with the people, pass themselves off as Rebel scouts, and gain all the information they could. They were known as the Jesse Scouts; and, though they were fearless, daring men, they ran desperate risks for the high pay. They had forged passes, furloughs, and details, and met with some success at first, as they had full and accurate information as to Mosby's command and the Black Horse; but their manners, their talk, and their accent betrayed them. Many a time, solitary and alone, I have gone to some house for shelter and food, and have been received with cold courtesy; but after undergoing a close examination a wonderful change would take place, and I would be welcomed as one who was near and dear to them. Many of these Jesse Scouts disappeared from the face of the earth; and when one Confederate cavalryman met another, it was with cocked revolver that they faced each other, and explanations were in order. If they were not satisfactory, then and there was a duel to the death.

I came within an ace of losing my life once because the girls of Mrs. Johnson's family mistook me for a Jesse Scout. It was the day after Christmas in 1864. The Federal General Merritt made a grand raid to celebrate the holidays, but it was a water haul. A detachment of the Black Horse hung on his flank and rear, picking up stragglers. When going down a steep hill full speed, my mare fell and cut her knee to the bone. I dismounted and led her to a house about a mile away. All the Black Horse men wore the blue Yankee overcoat; and when the ladies saw me approach, they naturally thought I was a Federal. I tied my mare and went into the house, and was received like a tax collector. I tried to explain the situation to one of them, the rest having left her to entertain me while they were hiding their valuables. In a few moments the three girls (and they were beautiful girls)

burst into the parlor and said: "If you are a Confederate soldier, you had better surrender, for the Yankees are all around the house." I rushed to the porch and saw a squad tying their horses to the palings of the fence. I ran down the hill, intending to reach the woods about a hundred yards away, when the sergeant in charge rode at me full speed and cut me off. He dismounted and threw up his carbine. I had only my army Colt's. The cap of his gun snapped. He had a very fine horse which I rode to the end of the war.

In many houses there were no men; every man capable of bearing arms was in the field. Often a party of us would stop at some lone farmhouse in the dead of night; and after an interval, a light would gleam, and the white faces of a group of women would be seen huddled together for safety. Then, no matter what the hour, they would start a fire and cook us a frugal meal. How those people lived, God only knows. In the lower part of the county there was no poultry, no hogs or meat of any kind; for a Federal raid would sweep the barn, the pens, and the smokehouse clean. In summer they had their gardens and vegetables, but in winter the great articles of diet were cow beans and corn bread.

The close season for three years had filled the country with game, but bird and beast, except the rabbit, were safe. Ah! Those old hares! What a blessing they were to those unfortunate noncombatants cooped up in Mosby's Confederacy! The boys and girls had traps set all around the place, and rabbits roasted, rabbits fried, rabbit hash, and rabbit fricassee were the prevailing diet. The people living near the Federal camps fared better, for in all truth and honor to the soldiers in blue they would give the country people mess pork and hard-tack; and when they broke camp, there would be left quantities of provisions, which the soldiers freely bestowed on those who came flocking from far and wide to share in the spoil. But for these supplies most people along the railroad would actually have died of starvation.

The Muse of history has written on her scroll the gallant deeds and the endurance of the Black Horse Cavalry, but in heroic endurance they cannot compare with the women of old Fauquier. It is impossible for the average American of to-day, as he sits in his own home, with his family and friends around him, with civilization encompassing him, he and his protected by law, to understand or to picture the existence that the delicate, refined women of Mosby's Confederacy led for three years. They were absolutely alone in their dwellings. Every man capable of bearing arms or act in the department was in the service. There was but little visiting among the neighbors except in case of dire necessity. There were no churches open, no entertainments to relieve the somber lives they led. There were no stores where they might purchase clothes or groceries, no social intermingling to shorten the long hours of the winter nights, and just think of it! no fashion to give joy to their feminine hearts. The negroes had long ago left, and these delicate women had to cut wood and carry it home on their shoulders, bring water, and work in their gardens. They cut the hay, and cultivated corn patches in some obscure spot that a scouting party would not be likely to find.

Many women to-day would feel nervous and frightened if they had to remain in a house without a male protector, even though they knew that law and order reigned and that constables and police were watching over their safety with sleepless vigilance. Think, then, what they would feel to-day in a lone country home and in a region between two great armies with a knowledge that there were soldiers constantly passing through the country, deserters and bounty jumpers, vicious, unprincipled, and unmitigated scoundrels from the two armies on their way South or North, as it might happen their army was encamped! Think of sitting huddled around a fire, with no light save that of a guttering tallow dip, listening with fearful ears for the coming of—God knows what! Think, matron and maid, what would be the state of your feelings to be awakened out of a fitful slumber by the noise of some one tapping on the window pane, and then a long silence, or to hear the sudden knocking at the door!

This was often the experience of those women of old Fauquier, who, when the knocking came, would hurriedly light the candle, and with throbbing heart and shaking hands huddle on their clothes, and with lagging feet, almost blind with fear, go to answer the summons, and with horrid fancies rioting through their brain unlock the door, turn the knob, and open it to see—Heaven knows what!

Think, women of this fair land, who imagine you are unhappy, with your petty trials and trivial troubles; think of the suffering, the tribulations that the women of the Debatable Land endured for three long years. Yet not a word of complaint or despair fell from their lips.

These heroic women literally lived from hand to mouth, only too thankful that they had a roof to cover their heads. They existed in a strained state of expectancy, not knowing what one day might bring forth. And this is no fancy sketch, for traveling on horseback through this region after Lee's surrender, from Culpeper C. H. to Fairfax Station, I did not see a dozen houses in a ride of forty miles along the railroad track. As far as the eye could reach, the only signs of human habitation were lone chimneys—war's tombstones marking the spot of what had once been happy homes.

None but a Southern veteran or survivor of the Civil War can comprehend the life the people of Mosby's Confederacy lived. Most of them subsisted on the barest necessities. Setting the table was often a hollow farce, and grace before meat was but a bitter burlesque. In their daily prayers for daily bread they usually added: "And a little meat too, O Lord!" No tea, coffee, sugar, or milk, no preserves or pickles, no bread except the corn pone or hard-tack. If one was taken ill, there was no doctor to drive up in his family gig to bring hope and comfort. There were no medicines except the herbs of the field. The isolation from all humankind, the blind ignorance of the future, the seasons that came and went, the long winter nights, and those lingering summer days so spun out that it seemed as if a modern Joshua had commanded, "Sun, stand thou still!" and the midsummer times of dread; for the women knew that the active campaign was in full swing and that the blue and gray were in mortal combat, that their friends and relatives were in dire danger, and that, cut off from the world as they were, they must pass days, weeks, even months perhaps, hoping, doubting, and fearing as to whether their loved ones were alive or dead, and the brooding care and intense, anxious thought made their very souls sicken. Yet in their darkest hour of despair if you asked them, "If you could, would you end it all by submission?" the flash of the eye, the angry red in the cheek was answer enough. It seemed as if "Brahma" creed was correct and that suffering purifies and eliminates the grosser passions; for these women stood calm and dauntless in every storm, and all the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" hurled at them failed to conquer or break them. Their faith was strong, their hearts were brave, and they smiled through their tears. Yes, they loved their State next to their religion, and to their adored cause they were as

"True as the needle to the pole
Or the dial to the sun."

I have seen the women of Fauquier in war times in many situations, and on life's stage, in the bloody drama of the Civil War, they played many parts. I have seen many a delicately nurtured girl performing the coarsest manual labor; I have seen them staggering through the forest with a heavy bundle of fagots on their backs; I have seen them with blistered hands trying to cut knotty wood with a dull ax, and wished that I was a second Briareus and had a thousand arms to offer them instead of only two; I have seen them cooking food for the soldiers long after midnight, with the drum and bugles of the enemy sounding in their ears; for hours I have watched them sitting under the shade of the trees, knitting socks or plaiting straw for their summer hats, and even making footwear from the tops of the cavalry boots and turning out dresses from antique stuffs that had been heirlooms for I know not how many generations; I have seen these same girls dressed in gowns made from the blue overcoats of the cavalry; I have seen them standing for hours on the roof with spyglass in hand, watching the movements of the foe; I have seen them speeding through brake and brier, forest and fallow, to give the alarm to some neighbor who they knew was entertaining Confederate soldiers; I have watched them in the rôle of veritable picket guards, as they kept watch and ward whilst the tired, overworked soldier slept throughout the livelong night under their roof tree. Many a time I have slipped into some house for shelter and warmth during a bitter winter's night and dropped into peaceful slumber, though the camp of the foe was not a musket shot off, feeling secure and safe, "knowing that the girls were en garde" and would not close their eyes or relax their vigilant watch until the first dawn of day should lighten the distant mountain top. I have watched them with reverent wonder as they bound up the wounds of some soldier, at the same time conquering their sickness of heart over the spurting blood and mangled bones. I have seen them when they received the news of the death of some loved one, their heart's dearest, who gave his life to the cause he loved, and they met the blow as did the Roman matrons who said: "Return with thy shield or upon it." They quivered for a time under the stroke, but never gave way to unrestrained, hopeless grief nor to unavailing despair; they only grew more defiant, more bitter and irreconcilable. I have seen them on their knees praying to Almighty God to give success to the cause they loved better than life.

There were some cowardly, timid men in Fauquier County (we had a half dozen in the Black Horse, and there were a score or more of buttermilk rangers who kept dodging in the bushes, arrant poltroons whose greatest achievement was robbing some Federal deserter); but among the women, high-bred and ill-bred, educated and illiterate, the pampered child of fashion and the cruel sport of fortune high and low, there was the same spirit animating them all, the same vindictiveness and defiance of the foe. I never in all those trying years met a woman in old Fauquier who counseled surrender to the foe. The women for years saw only the sterner, sorrowful side of life; they heard only talk of war and things of war; tales of warlike deeds, of deadly daring, "of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field," of the mêlée, the fighting hand to hand excited their imagination and fired their blood. The small details that go to fill up the average woman's existence were not theirs. Instead, the martial air they breathed, their thoughts, their dreams—all were tinctured with war, and so they learned to love and admire personal bravery in a man beyond and above all else.

Many a happy hour have I spent during the long winter evenings with these matrons and maidens, and the contrast between their firesides and the bivouac of the half-starved, gaunt troopers in camp was to a soldier the difference between Paradise and Purgatory. Yet I noticed one thing: it was no use to try soft dalliance or to play the Claude Melnotte with them; no matter what the subject was, they would invariably bring the conversation back to the war. It was the one absorbing, enthralling topic, and nothing else gained or held their attention. How they flattered, and what homage they paid the soldier who had performed some special act of bravery, and treated him as though it had been done for their own especial benefit! Many a gray-jacketed Othello charmed the ears and won the heart of some Fauquier Desdemona by his tale of deadly daring.

These girls had plenty of proposals. The soldiers did not waste time in their devoirs; they did not know how long they were to live, as lives were cheap in those days; but the women would not listen to such talk. "Drive these people away; and when the war is over, it will be time enough to listen to such things," was the universal reply to the oaths, declarations, and entreaties of their lovers to marry them. These women knew, as did their officers, that a soldier newly wedded was a soldier spoiled, for his heart would not be in his work. By their words and example the scout's soul was elevated, his heart beat stronger, and he became more reckless and more daring.

It was a Fauquier tot of three summers who was sent to visit her aunt in Boston just after the war ended, and just before going to bed on the night of her arrival she knelt down to say her prayers and ask Providence's blessing for General Lee and Jeff Davis. When she was through, her aunt said: "Mollie, the war is over now and we are one people, and you must pray for the Yankees too." Obediently the little, white-clad form sank back to her knees and raised her hands and said: "O Lord, bress the damn Yankees too."

No woman is aware of her own capabilities until she is tested, and there are some who will meet an emergency on the spur of the moment and bravely face the ordeal when they did not dream that they possessed such resolute powers.

There was a young cavalryman (a cousin of mine named Waller), a youth in his teens, who was visiting his fiancée, a tall, stately girl but a year younger than himself. She was a girl of gentle, winning manners, refined and lovely in mind as she was in person. She was the last one family or friends would have selected to play the rôle of heroine or to face a crisis successfully. This was one of the instances where the two extremes met. She was above the medium height; he was below it, and measured only five feet three with his boots off. She was timid; he was the incarnation of recklessness. She was slow and stately in her movements; he was lithe and quick as a wild cat. Even among the plucky cavalrymen Waller was noted for being the rashest among them all; he loved danger for danger's sake. He dashed through a Federal cavalry camp once in broad daylight in full uniform in pure bravado, and before they could recover from their surprise he was out and away. On another occasion he was concealed in a forest as a Federal detachment of cavalry was passing. and just as the rear guard reached the point where he was hiding he spurred his horse and with a mighty bound landed right behind them, discharged every barrel of his six-shooter among them, and dashed into the woods before the astonished men could fire upon him.

On the occasion when his life was saved by his fiancée he was on his way to pay her a visit. With his usual rashness he rode along the road as carelessly as if he were in the midst of Lee's army instead of a side road in Mosby's Confederacy, with the strains of the bugles of the bluecoats echoing from crag to crag of the Blue Ridge. He was riding in the open road close to his destination, when a company of Federal cavalry closed in on him. Waller, though taken by surprise, did not lose his nerve; he turned and shot the captain and then sped straight down the road, with the crack of the pistols of his pursuers sounding loud above the thunder of the beat of the hoof strokes. A high rail fence ran along the highway, and there was nothing for him to do but keep straight on. As he neared the mansion he saw that the gate was closed, but he was well mounted and a light weight and he just cleared it; but his horse lost his balance and fell to his knees, and in an instant Waller was off and ran up the steps into the house.

His sweetheart had seen the whole affair. The Federals had to stop to open the gate, and this gave him time to reach her side before the Federals reached the house. An ordinary woman would have screamed; an extraordinary woman would have turned white to the lips, and would have thrown herself before his bearded foes and thus have given him a chance to fly; but a heroine did neither. She heard the order to the troopers to surround the house, and, worse than all, she heard the clanking of spurred feet hurrying along the gravel walk. There was no time for tears, no time to think, only time to act on an inspiration that saved a human life. To do so was violating every principle of female modesty, every precept of the world, and doing violence to every finer feeling and performing an act which would in the common course of events cause her long and continued shame and regret. She loved her country, she loved its defenders; but she loved most of all the man now being hunted to death. She stood in the passage, her tall form rendered more imposing by the monstrous crinoline skirt, worn during the first two years of the war. She made her lover stoop down and she stood over him, her broad skirts effectually concealing his diminutive figure. As the bluecoats came streaming into the hall, an officer in front, with his cocked Colt's in his hand, demanded to know where the Rebel was. She motioned them to a rear door, and she stood like a statue all the time they were searching the house. When interrogated by the officer, she answered coolly, calmly, and plainly, as if she were discussing a dinner; and her magnificent nerve kept her standing there so naturally that not one of those men had the slightest suspicion that she knew anything of the Rebel fugitive.

After her sublime act, it would seem that Fate would have watched over and have protected her lover; but her heart was broken when a year later tidings came to her that he had fallen in the front of battle line, with a bullet through his heart.

Again in the winter of 1864 occurred an incident which proves the truth of this couplet:

"What will not gentle woman dare
When strong affection stirs her up?"

Shakespeare has made Cordelia the paragon of daughters, but it is doubtful if she would have ventured and dared for good King Lear what plain Mary Pilcher did for her father.

It was a bitter, tempestuous night, with the rain falling spasmodically in torrents, and black as Erebus. Mary's father was an aged man of seventy, and they lived inside Mosby's Confederacy, about three miles from the railroad, which was heavily garrisoned by Federal camps. The Pilcher family consisted of the father, mother, and three girls, Mary, the eldest, being but eighteen, and the other two six and four.

Old Mr. Pilcher was a martyr to neuralgia, and on the night in question was taken with a severe attack which slowly moved toward his heart; his agony was terrible, and there were no medicines in the house except some simple lotions. Mrs. Pilcher did all in her power; but her feeble efforts availed nothing, and she told her daughter that death was certain unless a doctor could be brought to his relief. Then it was that Mary formed a heroic resolution, and, going to her room, she put on her heaviest clothes and told her mother that she was going to the Yankee camp for a surgeon. Her mother, distraught by the dreadful suffering of her husband, made no protest; so in the face of the storm Mary started on her perilous journey. She had to literally feel her way foot by foot. In a short while she was drenched to the skin. As she neared the camp her courage almost failed. She knew that at any moment she might unconsciously come upon a sentinel, who would shoot her down without waiting for any explanation; and this nearly happened, for as she moved cautiously along the sudden sharp challenge of a sentry but a few feet distant was followed by the click of his gunlock. She gave a scream, and the woman's voice saved her life. The darkness had momentarily lightened, and her form was dimly outlined against the sky. The guard kept her covered with his musket and called for the corporal of the guard. When he came with a squad at his heels, the girl demanded to be taken to the colonel.

What a meeting! The tent dimly lighted, the officer half-dressed and only half-awake as he listened to the tale of the maiden, who was wan and white, as if she had been fished out of the bottom of a river! That Federal officer had a heart of gold; he treated her as if she were his own sister. He roused his staff, an ambulance was soon ready, and the regimental surgeon, as fine a gentleman as the earth could produce, accompanied her, and was the means of saving her father's life. He called several times, carrying food and medicine; but never with an armed escort, for he knew his Southern foe, and he knew that he was as safe in the dense thickets and open plains of Mosby's Confederacy, with the Rangers lurking in every covert, as he would be on Broadway or Fifth Avenue.

It is to be regretted that ink was so scarce within Mosby's Confederacy that most of the correspondence between soldiers and maidens was written with lead pencils. What a world of romance would have been saved! How many tales of daring have been lost through the fading of the pencil strokes! Yet if the truth must be told, the love letters were mostly confined to the sterner sex. The girls would write a column about war to one line given for sentiment; then again they could never know into whose hands their letters might fall. The recipient might be captured, wounded, or killed, and curious eyes might glance over their loving words. No! With the girls it was war! War! and the knife to the hilt. The latest news from the army was talked of, rumor speculated upon. The relative merits of every general in the army were discussed, and the next campaign was the absorbing theme. Many of the scouts carried a map of Virginia, and many a fair head was bent over the plan to win a great victory that some Napoleon or Johnny in tatters and rags had outlined. It was a curious study to see them receive some old newspaper that had passed through many hands before reaching theirs, for it goes without saying that there were no post offices or post-

masters in Mosby's Confederacy. A newspaper was a veritable treasure in the isolated homes in that section, and its news was eagerly devoured by the women; but they did not scan the marriage notices or lists of bargain sales or society news. It was the war column and news from the front that was of interest to them.

Warrenton, the county seat of Fauquier, is a village of some eight hundred people and famous in ante-bellum days for its lovely women and its hospitality. It is beautifully situated on a high range of hills. The inhabitants, all well-to-do at the outbreak of the war, grew wretchedly poor before the conflict was half over. Warrenton was called the capital of Mosby's Confederacy, and every Federal raiding party would deflect from its course and dash through its streets. It must have been to the bluecoats like

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

for every door and window was tightly closed and not a soul was visible. Yes, there was one exception: the worthy mayor always met the visiting military with a bow and smile, and offered them the keys and the freedom of the town. This happened so often that "His Honor," like a popular country doctor, was often called up at the most untimely hours of the night.

On one occasion a Federal brigade of cavalry swept into town one day at noon most unexpectedly. It was a dull day in November, with a heavy fog, and it caught the villagers napping. A dozen or more old men were rounded up and taken before the general commanding. "What is your name?" he asked one.

"My name is Rabbitt, sir."

"And yours?" addressing the next one.

"My name is Coon, sir."

"Yours?" he asked of a little Dutchman.

"Lion," was the reply.

"Adjutant," roared the general, "lead all these men to their homes; we have struck a d— menagerie."

Yet these men gave their correct names. It was a curious coincidence that they all should have been together.

It was wonderful how quickly news of the movements of the enemy could be discovered and disseminated and spread abroad by means of the grapevine telegraph. There were some families who were appointed by Gen. Jeb Stuart himself to collect information, and it is safe to say he picked out the loveliest, brainest, most devoted and patriotic among all the fair women in the Confederacy. These ladies received and entertained Federal officers at their homes, and they were ostracized all during the war by the whole community, for their mission was kept a profound secret. These Circes invariably wormed out every military secret from their visitors, and by the time the bluecoats were springing buoyantly to the bugle's blare of "boots and saddles" there were several Paul Reveres of every age and sex speeding through Mosby's Confederacy, and the flying Federal column might sweep through the country without seeing a living thing and return to report that the country was literally a desert, harboring neither man nor beast.

Yet sometimes the Federal raiders would start in the nighttime and steal a march on their vigilant foe. Even Mosby was caught in Mr. Glasscock's house by a detachment of bluecoats, and was badly wounded. In such cases the women showed their nerve and bravery. The Yankees would have given millions of dollars to capture Mosby. After he was shot through the stomach, Mosby took off his coat, rolled it up, and slipped it under the bureau. When the Federal troopers asked Mrs. Glasscock who he was, she told them that he was some soldier belonging to the regular army on a visit. They left him to die, but the ladies hurried him off in an ox cart to a house hidden away in the woods.

The women and scouts had a code of signals—by a motion of a light in the night time and a shawl or some bright color waved from the window. Another way in which these women helped the South: they bent all the energy of their keen wits to obtain firearms. There was a large number of deserters, bounty jumpers, and human ravelings from the Army of the Potomac who made their way northward through the country, and they would give their arms and accouterments for something to eat or for information as to the best way of making their way through the pickets or provost guards. The women would secrete the weapons and later send them to Lee's army when they were sorely needed. One girl secured one dozen Enfield muskets and four revolvers with accouterments, and she in her way aided the cause more than she could have done had she been an average soldier.

In the capital of every Southern State there stands in the public park a figure of heroic size either of granite, bronze, or marble, and it is the people's tribute to the courage and gallantry of the Confederate soldier. All, friend and foe alike, bow in homage to as noble a type of manhood as the Anglo-Saxon race has evolved. But it seems strange that there is not so much as a plain monolith or simple shaft erected to the memory of the Southern maids and matrons of America's great internecine war.

The Greeks gave credit and honor to their women, and the column to the memory of Artemisia will stand a living tribute to the virtues of the loving "daughter of the Greeks" as long as this world shall turn on its axis, and the temple to Diana of Ephesus is one of the seven wonders of the world.

It seems but meet and proper that the South should erect the loftiest shrine ever seen within her borders, commemorative of the virtues and patriotism of the lovely yet dauntless women who lived and labored for their State during the great Civil War.

What an Arkansas Comrade Said for the Veteran.

The following little talk was made for the Veteran at a gathering in Arkansas by a comrade who has given much time and thought in its behalf, and it is given here in the hope of enlisting others in the work: "Confederate Veterans, I wish to ask a favor of every one of you. Every time you go to a public gathering take with you a copy of the Veteran. If you haven't one, send and get it; it will cost you nothing. Then show it to every man you meet and ask him to subscribe. You don't know how easy it is to get a subscriber until you try it. Ask the young men to subscribe; tell them that after six months, if they are dissatisfied with it, you will give them their money back. I made that promise to one young man, and soon after getting his first number he told me there was one article in it that he would not take the price of subscription for. The young men ought to read it, and will if you will show it and ask them to subscribe. We old men can't afford to do without it. We can treble its list of readers if we will try within a year. If you were a good soldier, get up and hustle for the Veteran."

Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., is anxious to procure the first eight numbers of the Veteran (1893), and asks the comrades to look over their copies and write him. He will pay a good price for them in good condition.

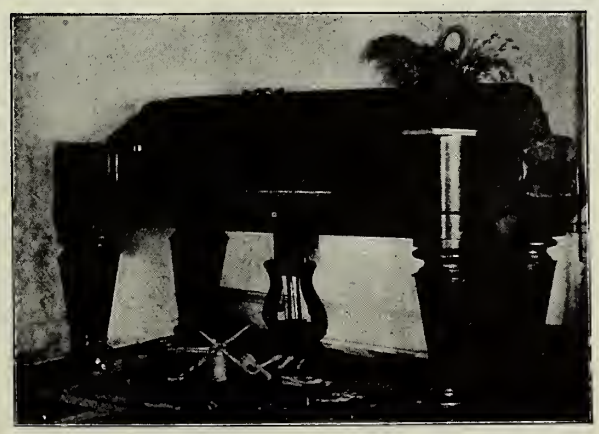
VISIT TO BATTLEFIELD OF MURFREESBORO.

BY GEN C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Recently I had the very great satisfaction of spending a day on the battlefield of Murfreesboro, which I had not seen for forty-four years—not since we marched off in the rain and storm of January, 1863. It was particularly gratifying that the party who accompanied me were near participators in the events of that battle. They were: Capt. B. L. Ridley, of the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart, who then commanded a brigade of Cheatham's Division; Capt. Charles H. King, an officer in Maney's Brigade of the same division; and the editor of the VETERAN. We were driven on the historic ground by Comrade S. G. Hunt, who was familiar with the battlefield. In that battle I was adjutant general of Manigault's Brigade, Withers's Division, which division was supported by that of Cheatham. So all the party fought in the same part of the battlefield except Cunningham, whose regiment was in Mississippi at that time, and each could assist the other in identifying the points of common interest.

We drove right out to the point on the Wilkinson Pike where Manigault's gallant boys captured four guns. Easily fixing this, I could readily trace the line of advance to this point and subsequent advance toward the Nashville Pike. So far as I can learn from reading the "Rebellion Records," the four captured twelve-pound Napoleons were four of the six guns of Battery G, 1st Ohio Volunteer Artillery. On them were subsequently inscribed the names of four distinguished South Carolinians killed in the battle, two each from the 10th and 19th Regiments, which regiments were accorded the chief glory of the capture, and they were sent, under escort of a detachment from the two regiments, commanded by Capt. C. C. White, selected as a mark of honor for distinguished gallantry, to General Beauregard, commanding Department of South Carolina, and turned in for use to Gaillard's Battery.

Of course the face of the country, from clearing and cultivation, is very much changed; but there are many ineffaceable landmarks by which the correct positions could be identified. We drove over to the Harding Home, which at the beginning of the battle of December 30 was just within the enemy's line and in front of Withers's Division. Near this house, before our pickets had been driven back, took place the heroic picket fight of Companies A and C, 10th South Carolina Regiment, when Capt. Charles Carroll White, of Company A, won his promotion for distinguished gallantry. In the house we had the privilege of viewing the piano, shown in the illustration, which was in the Harding Home at the time of the battle.



THE OLD PIANO, STILL WELL PRESERVED.

A lot of Federal wounded were lying on the floor of the room in which was the piano. After the house fell into our hands by the victorious advance of the Confederates, a shot from the enemy's battery—said to be from the battery on the Wilkinson Pike, afterwards captured by Manigault's Brigade—swept into the room, killing five of the wounded Federals and making the shot hole shown in the left-hand back leg of the piano. The Harding house of that date was destroyed by fire some years ago, and the present house is upon the same spot.

While those of us who were in the battle were fighting it over again, Mr. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, called upon the venerable Mrs. Harding, eighty-six years of age, but who sits erect and whose eyes sparkled as if a girl of twenty. She was reared in the vicinity. The fine old piano has been eagerly sought by relic hunters. One man begged them to accept a thousand dollars for it, and another offered to supply the best piano in the Nashville market and to give her three hundred dollars in addition.

Standing on the lawn in front of the house could be seen the cedar thicket in which was Withers's Division, supported by Cheatham's. Well do I remember that thicket. The enemy on December 30, by the advance of their main line, had driven our picket line back to the edge of the cedar thicket, in front of which was an open field. Our effort was to prevent their development of our main line of battle, and at one time half the brigade was on the picket line to prevent this, which was successfully accomplished.

A vast crowd of vivid memories rushed upon me as I stood on this the scene of the first great battle in which I had participated.

For dinner we rode out to the hospitable home of Capt. George Beesley, and met the good old comrade, his charming family, and Maj. R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, his brother-in-law. The company and the dinner matched the enjoyments of that day—real old-time Tennessee fare and welcome.

After dinner we drove over to McFadden's Ford, on Stone's River, where Breckinridge's Division so gallantly endeavored to cross on the afternoon of January 2. We stood on the hill where the Federals had posted fifty-eight guns, and from the sweep they had of all the approaches it is not to be wondered at that the Confederate attack failed.

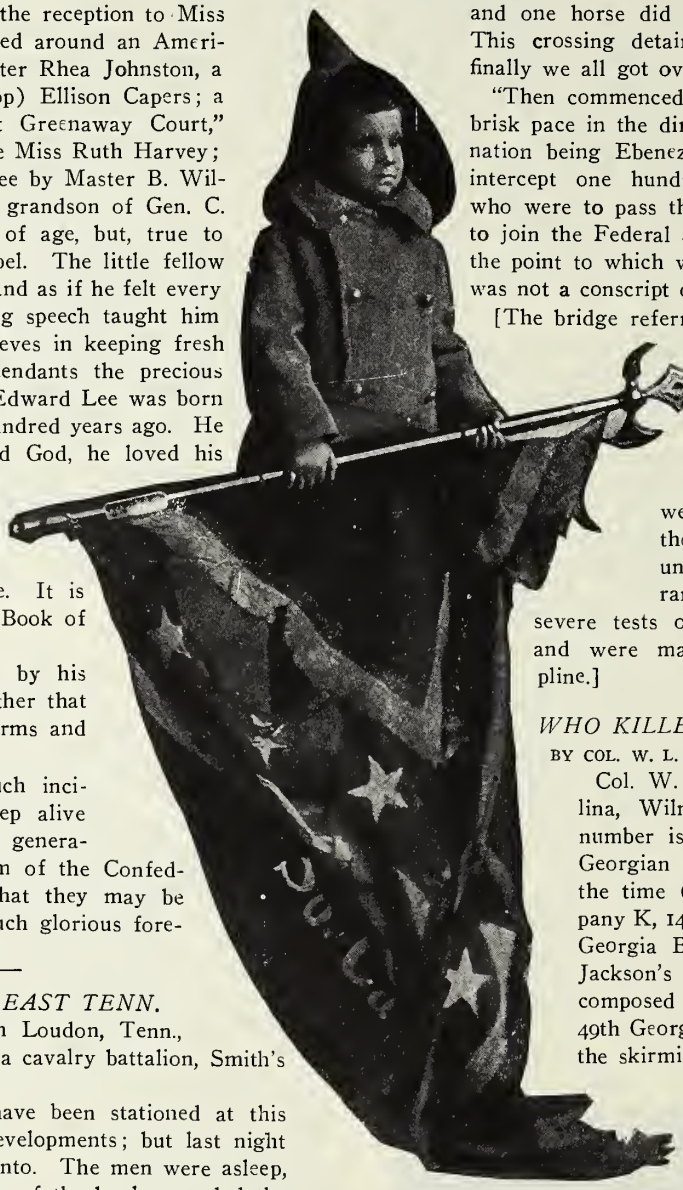
To mark the historic spot, the N., C. & St. L. Railway has erected a very handsome shaft. On the modest tablet on this monument is "Shops N., C. & St. L. Railway," giving credit to the patriotic workers of this great railroad.

The whole day was one of unqualified gratification, and our only regret was that it had not lasted a week. It seemed to me a great pity that the historic points around Murfreesboro could not be fully and clearly marked. Not only was it the scene of the great battle of December 31, 1862, but of two other battles. Heroism is indigenous to the soil of Tennessee, and around Murfreesboro it is manifestly strong.

WATTS'S OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE.—The March number of Watts's Official Railway Guide, Atlanta, Ga., marks the twenty-second year of its publication. Many thousands of miles of railway passenger trains are shown in this issue, the exact mileage, schedules, and connections are clearly shown, with miscellaneous information and hotel directory of the South, making it especially valuable to the traveling public and the business man of the South. Mr. J. R. Watts, by his indomitable energy, has well earned the success of his efforts. The tourist and traveler will find it a valuable handbook of information, well worth its price, only twenty-five cents.

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE AT CHARLESTON.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, the daughter of our beloved Robert E. Lee, recently visited Charleston, S. C., and among the many attentions most deservedly paid her was an entertainment by the Chapter composed of the Children of the American Revolution, of which body Mrs. W. Moultrie Gourdon is the Mother or President. There were several interesting ceremonies, and among them the reception to Miss Lee, the children being grouped around an American flag in the hands of Master Rhea Johnston, a grandson of Gen. (now Bishop) Ellison Capers; a recitation of "Washington at Greenaway Court," most charmingly given by little Miss Ruth Harvey; and a speech on Robert E. Lee by Master B. Wilson Walker. The latter is a grandson of Gen. C. I. Walker, only seven years of age, but, true to his heritage, a loyal little Rebel. The little fellow spoke with great earnestness, and as if he felt every word he uttered, the following speech taught him by his grandmother, who believes in keeping fresh in the memories of her descendants the precious memories of the past: "Gen. Edward Lee was born on the 19th of January, one hundred years ago. He was a grand man. He loved God, he loved his country, he loved all that was good and noble, and I am proud to say he was our Confederate leader. The name of Robert Lee will never die. It is written in history and in the Book of Life, and will live forever."



Miss Lee was so charmed by his manly tribute to her great father that she snatched him up in her arms and kissed him.

Let us forever by just such incidents and such teachings keep alive in the hearts of the uprising generation the lesson of the heroism of the Confederate fathers and mothers, that they may be bettered by the example of such glorious forefathers.

GEORGIA RANGERS IN EAST TENN.

J. K. Valentine wrote from Loudon, Tenn., February 15, 1863 (he was of a cavalry battalion, Smith's Legion):

"For two weeks past we have been stationed at this place, resting and awaiting developments; but last night these conditions were broken into. The men were asleep, when suddenly the shrill notes of the bugle sounded the alarm signal. * * * The voice of the adjutant sounded throughout the camp: 'Turn out squadrons with your whole effective force and be ready to move in ten minutes.'

"Then there was hurry and confusion. Nobody knew what was up. The general impression was that the Yankees were moving to attack and beat us back so as to burn the Loudon bridge. In ten minutes the whole battalion was moving in line of battle by squadrons, and we were soon double-quicked toward Loudon. We entered the town, and raised such a yell as I have never heard. The citizens roused from their beds dreadfully frightened. They thought the Yankees had charged the town; but when they learned who it was, they were somewhat relieved. * * * As soon as ammunition was issued the column was turned toward the bridge, evidently to cross. This was trying to our nerves, for I believe if the men had been offered their choice of crossing that bridge or engaging five hundred Yankees in a fight they would sooner have fought. It was very dark and raining, and the floor of the bridge was full of holes. The crossing was a dangerous feat at any time. We were fearful of accidents, and one horse did fall through in the beginning. This crossing detained us at least an hour, but finally we all got over without further trouble.

"Then commenced the rain. We struck off at a brisk pace in the direction of Knoxville, our destination being Ebenezer Station, and our object to intercept one hundred renegades and conscripts who were to pass there on their way to Kentucky to join the Federal army. At daylight we reached the point to which we had been ordered, but there was not a conscript or renegade to be found."

[The bridge referred to was very long and high across the Tennessee River. It was enough to alarm all who had to cross it. This description will recall many thrilling experiences that were alike severe and perilous, the causes of which were never understood by the men in the ranks. Such experiences were severe tests of the faithfulness of soldiers and were maintained through rigid discipline.]

WHO KILLED GEN. PHIL KEARNEY?

BY COL. W. L. GOLDSMITH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Col. W. L. DeRosset, 3d North Carolina, Wilmington, N. C., in the April number is correct when he says that a Georgian killed Gen. Phil Kearney. At the time (1862) I was captain of Company K, 14th Georgia Regiment, Thomas's Georgia Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps. Thomas's Brigade was composed of the 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments. I had charge of the skirmish line in front of this brigade at Ox Hill in 1862, and it was late in the afternoon in the midst of a rain storm and very dark that we saw some one approaching the skirmish line on horseback a few hundred paces in front of us, and not very far behind the horseman came a line of Federals, who in their blue uniforms coming from the green field were scarcely distinguishable. Our brigade was behind an old-fashioned rail worm fence, thickly screened by sassafras bushes, and my first impulse was to withdraw the skirmish line, so as to ambush this approaching line of battle, passing the order on the right and left to retire; but the skirmish line of the brigade, some of the men seeing the horseman and not understanding the reason for retiring, fired and killed this horseman, who turned out to be Gen. Phil Kearney. I do not remember from which one of the regiments the man came who fired the shot, but think it was the 14th.

As Colonel DeRosset says, this is not a matter of much consequence; but the truth should be told. I remember distinctly that there was great sympathy expressed by every Confederate for this brave Federal general, who had left an arm in Mexico.

General Kearney Killed in Front of 49th Georgia.

Col. G. N. Saussy, of Hawkinsville, Ga., writes to Col. William L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C.:

"Your story of the death of the Federal general, Phil Kearney, and the instance of the Georgia boy who claimed that his bullet rolled the General from his saddle, as noted in the Veteran for April, has much of fact in it. In the gloom of dusk General Kearney, getting beyond his line, rode right up to the front of part of the 49th Georgia, which was resting in the edge of the woods. General Kearney asked in a quiet way: 'What troops are these?' Possibly a half dozen responded: 'The 49th Georgia.' He quietly remarked, 'All right,' and turned his horse in the opposite direction. Some one exclaimed: 'That's a Yankee officer!' Then 'Halt!' rang out from a dozen voices, when the General threw himself forward on his horse, running the spurs into his sides by the same impulse.

"Major Pate, of the 49th, was standing just behind the line. He ordered, 'Shoot him!' and possibly a dozen or more rifles, as one explosion, rang out. More than one bullet cut the General's clothing, several pierced his saddle, and the one that proved fatal, singularly enough, entered from the lower part of the body and possibly pierced his heart as he fell from his horse. When picked up almost immediately, he was found dead. His body was brought near a fire around which some men and officers were gathered. Near by was a wounded Yankee officer, who, raising up and viewing the remains, told the Confederates it was Gen. Phil Kearney.

"These facts can be substantiated by Judge A. C. Pipkin, of this little town, who was a member of the 49th and witnessed the tragedy. He says McCrimmon, of Telfair County, Ga., exclaimed as the shot rang out. 'Boys, I've got him!' supposing his gun was the only one fired; but as the saddle and the General's clothing indicated many bullet marks, McCrimmon's claim is questionable. But the volley from the boys of the 49th Georgia did the work, and a gallant and valuable Federal officer paid the penalty of his misfortune in getting beyond his lines.

"Stonewall Jackson did so, but the bullets that severely wounded 'Old Jack' were those from the guns of his own men. McPherson rode up to the Confederate line near Atlanta by mistake, and paid the penalty of his life in attempting to regain his own troops.

"General Kearney's horse as soon as the General fell wheeled and came into the line of the 49th, and was captured.

"Col. W. L. Grice, lieutenant colonel of the 45th Georgia, also a resident of this town, verifies Judge Pipkin's narrative, and I believe there are other witnesses here who can substantiate the story as above.

"I was not a member of either regiment named, but of the Jeff Davis Legion, Hampton's Brigade, in the same brigade, at the time with Baker's gallant 1st North Carolina Cavalry.

"These incidents are just as related to me by Judge A. C. Pipkin and Colonel Grice."

Seemingly Clear Account of General Kearney's Death.

[Colonel Grice writes J. R. Chiles, of Wayside, Ga.]

It was John McCrimmon, of the 49th Georgia Regiment, who killed Gen. Philip Kearney at the battle of Ox Hill (or Chantilly), September 1, 1862. Darkness had put an end to the conflict; the battle was over and the firing had ceased when General Kearney left his line and rode alone to the front of the 49th Georgia. Evidently he was trying to ascertain whether these men were friends or enemies, as there was some confusion on both sides caused by the growing darkness.

When close to our line, he asked: "What troops are those?" His question was answered by a similar one concerning his own belonging. Some of the men understood his reply to be "We are Confederates," while others thought he said "Federals." Discovering his mistake, he wheeled his horse and started to retreat. Capt. John H. Pate, of the 49th, gave the order to "Fire on him." General Kearney bent low down on the neck of his horse; and as he did so, McCrimmon's bullet entered his body directly from the rear, making no external wound. He fell from his horse, and died in a few minutes. McCrimmon was the only man who fired just at that time.

My regiment and yours (the 45th Georgia) was detailed to hold the field while the others went into bivouac. It had rained that evening while the battle was in progress, and the night air was chilly to men in wet clothes. At the regimental headquarters we built a fire, and to this fire the dead body was brought. We knew by the uniform that it was a Federal officer, but we did not know his name or rank. A Federal captain who had been wounded and captured had been brought to the same fire, as soon as he saw General Kearney with his one arm (the other having been lost in the Mexican War), told us who the dead man was. His body lay by that fire all night, a few hundred yards from where he fell.

Such of these incidents as did not come under my own observation I got from the men that night and afterwards. John McCrimmon died a few years ago at his home, in Telfair County, Ga. He always claimed that it was his shot which killed this distinguished officer, and the men who were standing by him at the time confirmed this claim. Major Rivers, of the 49th, who was wounded in the battle, rode General Kearney's horse off the field to the hospital. The next day General Lee sent the body, under flag of truce, to his own men, and he sent with it the red smoking cap which was found with the body.

It may not be amiss to add that a few weeks afterwards Mrs. Kearney wrote a letter to General Lee, requesting that her husband's sword be sent to her. General Lee sent to General McClellan not only the sword but the horse and saddle of the dead officer, explaining that the bridle had been lost. At the same time he sent a letter in care of General McClellan to Mrs. Kearney. The correspondence between these officers relating to the return of this property was published in the "War Records" by the United States government.

There ought to be no dispute about the time, place, or circumstances of the killing of this officer, as there are yet living witnesses to the foregoing narrative; and yet I have seen from time to time various accounts of his death, no two of which were alike, and no one of which was true. I hope this will settle the dispute you mention over this affair between Captain Rutherford and others.

General Phil Kearney's Sword.

[W. E. Duncan, Company H, 14th Georgia, Dublin, Ga.]

In the April (1907) Veteran, page 168, is an article by Col. W. L. DeRosset referring to an article in the October Veteran, page 498, where it is stated that W. Singleton, of the 9th Louisiana, is the soldier who killed Gen. Phil Kearney.

As stated by Colonel DeRosset, it is not a matter of much importance; but as truth is the object sought for, the record should be correct.

In the battle of Ox Hill, in 1862, Thomas's Brigade, composed of the 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments, went into action at the commencement. The enemy soon gave way, but was rallied after falling back a short distance. Meanwhile our (Thomas) brigade was deployed and thrown forward some distance in advance of the main line, when this officer (who we afterwards learned was Gen. Phil Kearney) rode up within twenty paces of the 49th Georgia Regiment and asked what regiment that was. One soldier (whom Colonel Derosset minutely described) answered: "This is Company G, 49th Georgia."

The General saw his mistake, wheeled his horse, threw himself close upon his horse's back, and put spurs. This soldier, taking in the situation, fired and killed the officer, who proved to be Gen. Phil Kearney.

The soldier who killed Gen. Phil Kearney is Elijah Curl, of Company G, 49th Georgia Regiment, who related it to me about two years ago. He now has General Kearney's sword. It has always been understood here that Lige Curl killed General Kearney and, taking his sword, gave it to his lieutenant colonel, Johnathan Rivers. Colonel Rivers soon afterwards lost a leg and was retired. He took the sword home with him. Colonel Rivers died soon after the war, and the sword being among his effects, the question arose as to who was the rightful owner of it, as no one seemed to care anything about it. Some years after other parties came into possession of the premises, and found the sword, and, knowing something of its history, began the inquiry as to who gave the sword to Colonel Rivers. I heard of the inquiry, and wrote to Mr. Curl, telling him how and where he could get the sword if he cared for it. He proceeded as I wrote him, and got it, so he informed me about two years ago. This is the true history of the killing of Gen. Phil Kearney as related to me immediately after the battle and several times since.

YOUNGEST LIVING CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mr. William F. Hopkins, formerly of York County, Va., now residing at 224 South Pine Street, Richmond, Va., enjoys the distinction of being the youngest living Confederate soldier. His age is fifty-six, and he is hale, hearty, and heavy of body. Mr. Hopkins has been twice married, his first wife being Miss M. J. Davis, a direct descendant of Light-Horse Harry Lee; and two sons, Rev. R. F. Hopkins, of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. C. Fitzhugh Hopkins, of Hampton, Va., survive this union.

Recently the jeweled cross to the youngest living Confederate soldier was awarded to Mr. Hopkins. He was a full-fledged fighter at the age of eleven years and a few months, and fought the whole war through, his career as a soldier ending at Appomattox, when he was just fifteen years of age.

In a letter to the Times-Dispatch of Richmond, Mr. Hopkins says: "I was born November 13, 1849, in York County, eight miles below Yorktown, and entered the Confederate service when I was eleven years, five months, and seventeen days old with York Rangers at the beginning. Afterwards we were Company I, 32d Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, until after the fight at Gettysburg; then in General Corse's brigade. I served during the entire war, and was paroled at Appomattox Courthouse, at which time I was fifteen years old, and weighed over two hundred pounds."

Mr. Hopkins is a member of Magruder Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Newport News, Va., and is rich in reminiscences of the gory days of old when the flower and chivalry of the Old South's manhood went forth and won enduring fame upon many fields of blood. He was painfully wounded at the battle of Chafin's Bluff, and will carry upon his stalwart person to the grave scars of battle.

WAR RECORDS WANTED.

W. H. Bachman, of Magnet, Ark.: "I belonged to Company F, 42d Mississippi Regiment, and while in camp about Richmond, Va., in the summer of 1862 it became a part of our duty to guard the Federal prisoners that were captured in the seven days' fighting about Richmond and at that time stationed on Belle Isle, in the James River. In this work we were assisted by troops known as Montgomery's Battalion, but from what State I do not recall. While thus engaged the officer of the guard was always from the 42d Mississippi, while the officer of the day was from the battalion. One night while carrying out strict orders to have all approaching persons lean over the bayonet to give the countersign, unintentionally my bayonet was run through the clothing of the officer of the day. If that officer is still living, I should be pleased to hear from him, or from any one who belonged to Montgomery's Battalion."

George R. Terry, of Cameron, Tex., seeks to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and would like to hear from any comrades who can testify in his behalf. He enlisted in John Pelham's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1862; afterwards served in James Breathed Battery, then in P. P. Johnston's Battery, and lastly in Dan Shank's Battery—all Stuart's Horse Artillery. He wishes to get a pension by proof of his service.

Mrs. F. G. Catlett, President U. D. C., Pawnee, Okla, wishes to secure the war record of J. W. Perry, who was from Northeast Missouri, and helped raise a company in Shelby, Clark, and Lewis Counties; was with Price and Van Dorn, and both in the infantry and cavalry service during the war. This record is desired to enable his wife and daughters to become members of the U. D. C. and the son a U. S. C. V. Any information will be appreciated.



WHERE PRESIDENT DAVIS WAS IMPRISONED.



THE MONUMENT AT LINDEN, TEX.

John A. Morris writes from Linden, Tex., sending picture of the Confederate monument erected there in 1903, where the "boys in gray" and the Daughters have kept in memory the noble virtues of the patriots of the sixties. The monument stands in the yard of the county courthouse at Linden, and was unveiled on October 29, 1903, with appropriate ceremonies. It is a beautiful marble shaft, and was erected in the most public place that all might be made familiar with the heroism of Southern soldiers and keep in memory their glorious achievements.

This monument movement was successfully carried through by the untiring efforts of Mrs. Gertrude Cartwright, of Cusseta, Tex., and she is the central figure in the group about the monument, holding the flag, with her grandchildren on each side. An only brother died in the Confederate army, and his memory inspired her devotion, which was untiring to the Southern cause.

WHAT A FELLOW IN NEED DID.

BY WALLACE WOOD, NEW ORLEANS.

So many interesting reminiscences are published in the VETERAN that I am tempted to give my experience with the Hotel de Ragsdale, of Meridian, Miss. during 1864 for the fun I enjoyed. While knocking around Pontotoc County, Miss., hunting for some freebooters from Memphis in the shape of Yankee cavalry, I accidentally got too close to one of these freebooters, who killed my horse instead of me. This necessitated a trip to Meridian for a furlough to Canton to get another horse.

With a twenty-dollar Confederate bill in my pocket, I walked around to the Ragsdale House, a well-known hotel in those days, to get a room and breakfast. Some staff officer at Forrest's headquarters had given me supper. Approaching the counter and registering, I asked for a room. The proprietor replied: "Five dollars per bed, and cash in advance." I inquired if that included breakfast also. "No, sir," said Mr. Ragsdale; "breakfast is five dollars more." I did not have courage to back out and sleep on the ground, so I brought out my twenty-dollar bill, said good-by to it, and passed it over to Mr. Ragsdale. In the dim light furnished by a tallow candle—good old days when they were fashionable—he handed me back a one-hundred-dollar bill in place of the ten coming to me. After this interesting little episode took place—and highly interesting was it to me—he called "the boy" to "show the gentleman to No. 28," giving him at the same time a tallow dip and a key to unlock the door. After climbing up to the third floor, I was ushered into a wide hall running the full length of the house, with about one hundred cots strung out and about fifty of them occupied. The shouts of derision which greeted me took away all the courage of the negro, who handed me the candle and key and ran back down the stairs.

On the morrow I soon had my "C" changed into small bills. So intent was my mind on the good things I expected to eat on the morrow that I scarcely slept, and no one in the hall could tell me how many stations were between Meridian and Jackson. I went to sleep guessing whether the number was twenty or fifty. At breakfast next morning I tried to eat five dollars' worth. I left the table feeling fully satisfied. I took a good seat on (not in) the front flat car and watched closely both sides of the track for a lunch stand. I don't remember the name of the station which was the first stop out of Meridian. I invested one dollar in lunch (no such things as sandwiches in those good old days). It was a leg, second joint, and the wing of a tender, juicy chicken, fried crisp and brown, with four biscuits and a glass of milk. We made the run, as near as I can remember, in twelve hours. After I had "hit" about ten lunches, I began to feel generous and liberal, and I commenced treating my companions, who were not so well supplied with money.

We reached Canton about 2 A.M. The lunch counters were closed after dark, or I probably would have eaten my way to Canton. After that trip, I always had a high regard for Mr. Ragsdale, and remembered him with great pleasure. I made a trip over the road recently, but I failed to see many of the stations we passed that day in 1864. It may be that our train ran so slow that the lunch counters may have moved and kept up with our train. I heard of Mr. Ragsdale's death with much regret. One old Confederate had a good time through his liberality.



THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed dead;
Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited;
Forget not the forgotten;
Keep a strain of divine sorrow in sweet undertone
For all the dead who lived and died in vain.
Imperial Future, when the countless train
Of coming generations lead thee to thy throne,
Forget not the forgotten and unknown!

[These lines were furnished by Hon. St. G. T. C. Bryan, Richmond, Va. The author's name is not remembered.]

R. W. McGrew.

The Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 563, U. C. V., pays tribute to the memory of Comrade R. W. McGrew, who departed this life December 22, 1906, in the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That this organization, some of whom have known this brother from our youth, mourn with heartfelt sympathy the loss from our midst of a faithful and patriotic Confederate soldier. He was a member of Company A, 7th Texas Cavalry, Green's Brigade, remaining at his post of honor until the surrender. He bore wounds on his body received at the brilliant capture of Galveston on January 1, 1863. We here extend to his faithful wife and devoted children the deep sympathy of all members of this Camp, of which he was a charter member in good standing."

L. Ballou, W. T. Melton, T. H. Marsden, committee.

Capt. John Postell.

Captain Postell died at his home, in Cartersville, Ga., in May, 1906, after an illness of several months. He was born in 1836 in Beaufort District, S. C. His parents moved to Savannah, Ga., when he was an infant. He received his education in Savannah. Captain Postell was a civil engineer, and he was identified with a number of noted undertakings, both military and civil. His first work as civil engineer was as rodman on the Brunswick and Florida Railroad. He was promoted early, and was soon intrusted with the preliminary survey from Waresboro to Albany. He was afterwards selected to help locate the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and was employed in the construction of that line.

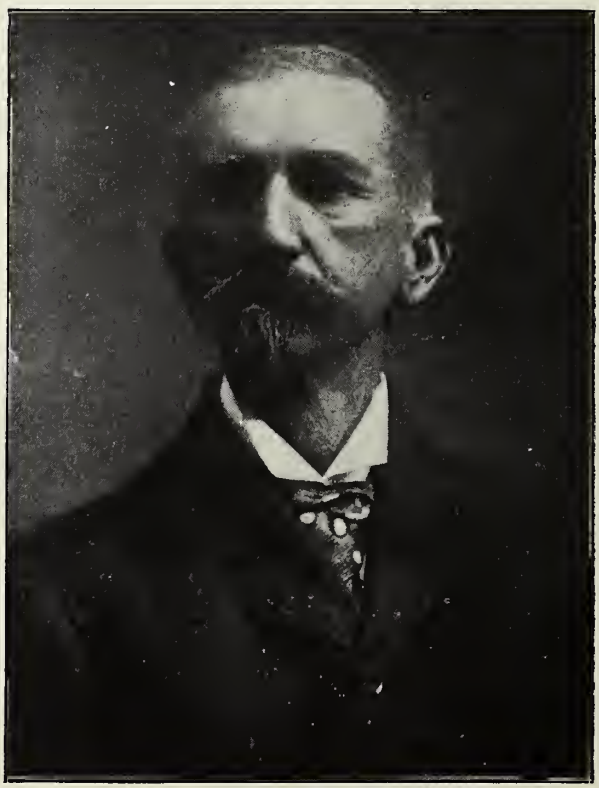
Soon after the opening of the Civil War he was a member of the Savannah Guards Battalion. He was immediately chosen for engineer work in the defenses of Charleston, and during such service he assisted in locating the Port Royal Railroad. He was next assigned to duty under General Beauregard at Charleston, and did some perilous work under heavy and continuous shelling, constructing a columbiad battery and other defense work at Johnson's Island. Next he received an appointment as lieutenant of engineer troops, C. S. A., and on reporting at Richmond he was assigned to work south of the James River. This placed him in the responsible task of mining and countermining about the defenses and fortifications around Petersburg.

Lieutenant Postell was ordered to locate and build a line of defense around Petersburg. The line, begun at night, was not completed when the Federals appeared before it about daylight. They began to build earthworks, and a continuous fire was begun and kept up by both sides for a month until the great Crater explosion. Under Lieutenant Postell the Confederate works were strengthened in every possible way; but it was possible to work only at night, on account of the continuous firing by sharpshooters throughout the day. A deserter finally informed the Confederates of the tunnel the enemy was driving, and Lieutenant Postell was ordered to countermine against the Federal work, and a competent, tried corps of men was placed under his charge. . . .

Lieutenant Postell soon after the work on Petersburg defenses was promoted to the rank of captain in a corps of engineers, being thus transferred from the engineer troops. He subsequently acted as adjutant for Gen. W. H. Stevens, chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia. Just before the fall of Richmond Captain Postell was promoted to the rank of major, and on the retreat from Richmond was assigned to the position of chief engineer for Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson.

After the war, Captain Postell, in company with his ex-chief, General Stevens, went to Mexico, arriving at the City of Mexico about the 1st of June, 1865. Their mission was engineering work on the railroad from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. The revolution which overturned the empire began, and, foreseeing an interruption of the railroad work, Captain Postell returned to his native country. After a time he was selected as engineer for the street and suburban railway in Savannah. After that he went to Macon and built a tram road from the fair grounds through the city. When General McRea was appointed Manager of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, he appointed Captain Postell engineer of the road. After this he took charge of the Cherokee road.

About the year 1888 Captain Postell married Mrs. Kate



CAPT. JOHN POSTELL.

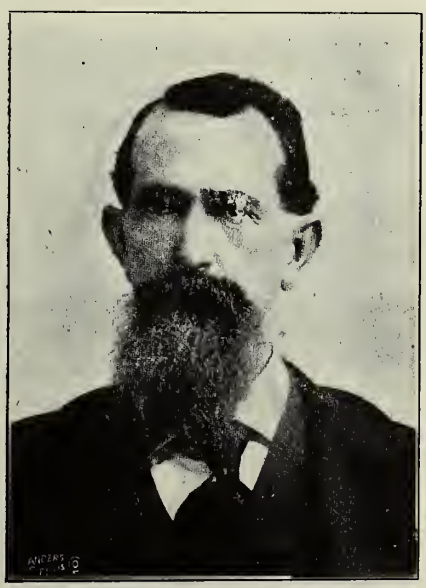
Maxwell, of Mobile, Ala., whom he met while they were both on a visit North. She survives him. Captain Postell had many friends. He was a quiet, dignified gentleman. His remains were carried to Savannah for interment. The Veterans of P. M. B. Young Camp took charge of the funeral arrangements and attended his remains in a body to the train. Rev. W. A. Cleveland officiated in a short but impressive service at the home, Cartersville, Ga., at which place his widow resides.

Capt. William N. James.

At his home, in Hickman, Tenn., January 31, 1907, occurred the death of Capt. W. N. James at the age of seventy-one years. He enlisted in Company G, 55th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, in December, 1861, was soon elected first sergeant of his company, and at the reorganization at Corinth, Miss., he was elected captain of Company C, 44th Infantry Regiment, C. S. A. He went through all the great battles from Shiloh to Petersburg, where he was captured and held at different places. He was one of the "immortal six hundred" placed on a small island in front of Charleston and held there under fire of the two armies for forty days and nights and fed on musty meal and spoiled pickles, nothing else. While in active service he was frequently in command of his regiment as senior captain. He led a very quiet life after returning, scarcely ever referring to the war and never to the part he took in it.

Maj. Sam Sharp.

As the result of a stroke of paralysis while on his way to visit his daughter, Mrs. Leon Sanders, of St. Louis, Mo., death came to Maj. Sam Sharp about a month later, January, 1907, and his body was taken back to Corinth, Miss., for burial under the auspices of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of which he was its worthy commander.



MAJ. SAM SHARP.

Major Sharp was born February 20, 1838, in McNairy County, Tenn. He was an intimate friend of President Jefferson Davis. Entering the army as a second lieutenant, he was attached to Company G, 31st Tennessee Infantry, with which he remained throughout the war with successive promotions until brevetted major by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and served under General Johnston throughout the entire Georgia campaign. Although twice wounded, he served to the surrender of Lee. Major Sharp was one of the most prominent citizens of Corinth, a large landowner, and for the past ten years President of the Corinth Bank and Trust Company, as well as interested in a number of other enterprises.

Major Sharp was married to Miss Idotha Fulghum in Humboldt, Miss., who survives him with two sons and a daughter.

Maj. James H. Bickerstaff.

Maj. James Henry Bickerstaff, one of the most prominent citizens and veterans of Seale, Ala., died at the residence of his son, in Columbus, Ga., May 18, 1906. He had been in ill health for some time, and had gone to Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, for treatment; but the operation there performed did not bring the hoped-for improvement.

James Bickerstaff was born in Russell County, Ala., in 1844. He was among the first to respond to the call of the Southland, and enlisted in the Russell Volunteers, under Capt. Ben Baker, in April, 1861, before he was seventeen years old, and his company was sent to Virginia. He took part in the first battle of Manassas. While in camp there his brother Robert, also a member of the company, died from exposure and measles, and was buried at Manassas. After the term of his first enlistment had expired, he returned to Alabama with several companions and joined the battalion of Maj. James Waddell. However, his father, Capt. U. F. Bickerstaff, having organized a company of Russell County men, James Bickerstaff was transferred to that command, Company I, 34th Alabama Regiment, and was made second lieutenant. The company was stationed at Corinth, Miss., for some time.

In the battle of Murfreesboro Comrade Bickerstaff manifested great courage and determination. In the midst of the battle his father was mortally wounded, and Captain Burch, commanding the company, was also wounded. With tears of grief blinding his eyes, Lieutenant Bickerstaff seized the sword that had fallen from his father's hand, assumed command, rallied the company, and led them on in the battle until himself shot down, seriously wounded in the thigh and slightly in the arm. His father lingered until February 14, and was nursed and cared for by a Mrs. Thompson in her own home, and was buried in her garden. While attending the Reunion at Nashville in 1904 Captain Bickerstaff visited Murfreesboro in the hope of locating his father's grave, but was not successful.

Among other battles in which he took part were Mumfordsville and Perryville, Ky., Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Tenn., Chickamauga, and all the battles from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta. In the battle of East Point, near Atlanta, July 28, 1864, he lost his left arm, a bullet shattering the elbow. After Hood's campaign into Tennessee, Major Bickerstaff again joined his command and accompanied them to South Carolina. Of this later attempt at service he said: "Finding the loss of an arm too much for me, I sorrowfully returned home, took charge of my mother's farm, and helped to care for her and my younger brothers and sisters."

A few years later he was married to Miss Emma Lindsay Harrard, of Columbus, Ga., who, with four sons and three daughters, survives him. His aged mother, heart-broken over his death, joined him in the spirit land a few months later.

For several years Major Bickerstaff served Russell County as tax collector, but at the time of his death was engaged in farming and brick-manufacturing, being successful in both enterprises. He was pension examiner for Russell County and a member of the staff of Gen. George P. Harrison, with the rank of Major, also an officer of Camp Waddell, and was always interested in anything pertaining to the Southland. For forty years he had been a humble follower of Christ. He was tenderly laid to rest by his comrades dressed in his suit of Confederate gray. The casket was of the same gray and

draped with a Confederate flag. Over the grave a prayer was offered, a salute fired, and taps sounded.

Recognizing his true worth and many noble qualities, one of his home papers said of Major Bickerstaff: "Few men have lived and died in Russell County or elsewhere who have left a record of so great faith, hope, and service. He was a gentleman of the old school, courtly, courteous, an upright, honorable citizen of whom Russell County and the State may well be proud, and a true friend whose death we all sincerely mourn and deplore."

W. A. Britton.

A paper by Judge Joseph Bogle on the death of W. A. Britton, of the J. E. Johnston Camp, Dalton, Ga., was adopted:

"Comrade William A. Britton was born in Greeneville, Tenn., August 22, 1815, and removed to Bradley County at the age of eighteen, where he remained until the commencement of the Civil War. He enlisted in Capt. John Kuhn's company, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, and was in the campaigns of Tennessee and Kentucky for about two years. He was wounded at Loudon, Tenn., and as soon as able to return to his command was transferred to Company E, 4th Georgia Cavalry, and served to the close of the war in that fine regiment, which was commanded by the gallant Col. I. W. Avery. He was a member of the Christian (Campbellite) Church, and was faithful to his country, his Church, and his God. He died near Pine Grove Church February 15, 1907, at the advanced age of ninety-two years.

"In the death of Comrade Britton Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., has lost a faithful and valued comrade; and we tender to his relatives and children our sincere sympathy in their loss, which is also a loss to his neighbors and friends as well as to this Camp."

Son of Thomas D. Osborne.

Comrades in Kentucky and largely throughout the South sympathize sincerely with the well-known and generally beloved Thomas D. Osborne in the death of his noble son, Lee Byrd Osborne, who died on the eve of Christmas. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Carter Helm Jones, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Joseph M. Weaver, uncle of the deceased, and the Rev. Joseph T. Watts. The services were held in the Broadway Baptist Church. After the opening prayer by Mr. Watts, Dr. Jones read the selections of consoling scriptures. He briefly mentioned the Christian career of the departed, who had in early boyhood been baptized with his mother in the Broadway Baptist Church, and in whose Sunday school he had been awarded a gold medal for five years' consecutive attendance. The young man's great-great-grandfather, Lieut. Bennet Osborne, served under Washington in the Revolutionary War.

Bishop John C. Granbery.

Another sorrow came recently to the South, and especially to the Methodist Church, in the death at his home, in Virginia, of Bishop Granbery, a devout, faithful servant of his country and his Lord.

His fellow-bishop, C. B. Galloway, said: "Bishop Granbery was noted among us for the serenity and saintliness of his character, the accuracy and variety of his scholarship, the gentleness and beauty of his disposition, and the wisdom and tenderness of his leadership. He was called the St. John of the Southern Methodist Church. A holier human being I never saw, and the transparent beauty of his spiritual character was most appreciated by those who knew him best. His absolute integrity of spirit and life could bear the fiercest search light. It was never my privilege to know a person who, like Bishop Granbery, was so dominated by the principle of Christian love without its emotional elements. He was not a man of impulse, and was never swayed by his feelings. Whatever the occasion, I do not recall ever seeing him yield to his emotions. And yet he had the gentleness of a woman, and the wealth of his sympathies was like the crystal flow of an exhaustless fountain. During the Civil War Dr. Granbery was an army chaplain, and no soldier on the firing line displayed more unawed courage than did this modest man of God. It was while on a battlefield in Virginia, ministering to wounded and dying soldiers, that he received a wound in the eye, from which he suffered to the day of his peaceful death."

Dr. W. F. Tillett, S.T.D., of Vanderbilt University, said: "The noblest public tribute I remember ever to have heard paid by one man to another was that paid by Dr. James A. Duncan, of Virginia, to Dr. John C. Granbery. It was in June, 1875, at the close of the commencement exercises of Randolph-Macon College, of which Dr. Duncan was then the successful and honored President. He said that John C. Granbery was the only person that he had ever known in whom he had never been able to discover a single moral fault."

Many beautiful tributes from high Church officials tend to strengthen his comrades, who will ever be proud of his services as a Confederate chaplain.

Thomas Edward Hambleton.

At a regular meeting of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, held in Baltimore on October 2, 1906, the death on the 21st of September, 1906, of Comrade Thomas Edward Hambleton, a member of that Camp, in his seventy-eighth year, was announced and recorded with deep sorrow. The Confederate cause was indebted to him for services extraordinary and eminently successful; likewise in his death Baltimore City has lost a citizen preëminent for enterprise, capability, and marked success in advancing the public welfare, and withal a man of unsullied honor, with the courage of his convictions.

After enlisting in Company E, 1st Maryland Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, he substituted and equipped in his stead a soldier who served faithfully to the end. The superior talents and capabilities of Mr. Hambleton were availed of by the highest authorities of the Confederate government to penetrate the enemy's lines with dispatches and subsequently to bring supplies from foreign ports, prosecuting this latter service to the bitter end. Two successful trips across the Potomac through the enemy's country, under the authority of the Confederate Secretary of War, in peril of the scaffold, led to his receiving authority from the Confederate government to proceed to Europe, take out cotton, etc., and return with supplies for the government.

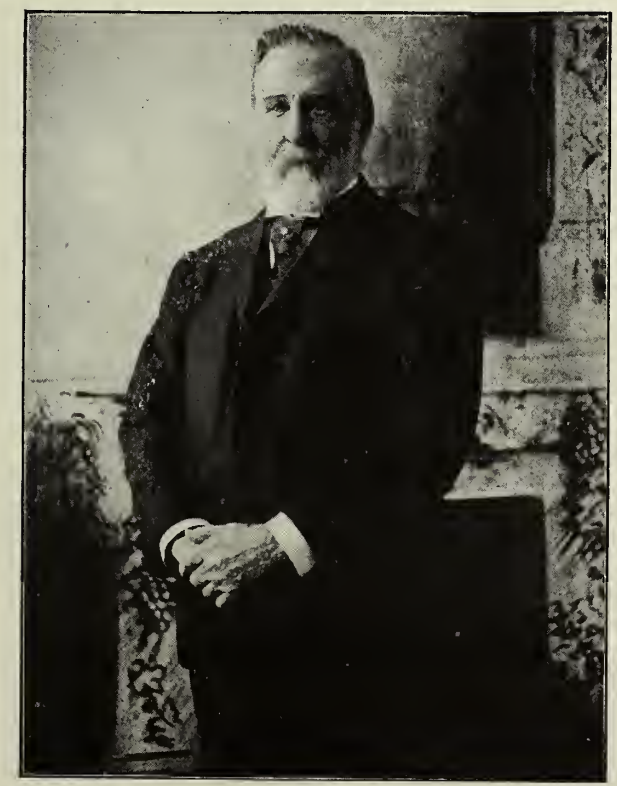
He purchased, sailed in, and was acting commander of the blockade runner, Virginia Dare, which (with himself on board) was wrecked on the sands of Lockwood's Folly, on the South Carolina coast. He then had built in England the steamer Coquette for a blockade runner, which ship continued in the Confederate service until the end of the war.

Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, A.M., LL.D., Editor in Chief of the "History of Baltimore" wrote of Mr. T. Edward Hambleton in 1898: "At the outbreak of the Civil War his sympathies, as well as his vast and varied interests in the South, induced him to cast his fortunes and his life with the Confederacy. Accordingly he moved to Richmond, Va., and became a firm

member of the Importing and Exporting Company of that city. This concern owned and manned several swift steamers which ran in and out of the blockaded harbors of Charleston, Wilmington, and other places South. They often escaped the vigilance of the Federal fleets and carried cotton, stores, munitions of war, etc. These swift 'runners' were not always able to escape, however; but Mr. Hambleton, the man in charge, most frequently was. He made many European voyages or trips in safety; and after the close of the war, he returned to Baltimore and joined his brother, John A. Hambleton, in business. In 1865 they founded their banking house, of which far-famed concern Mr. T. Edward Hambleton was the executive head."

A Marylander to the manner born, animated by the highest patriotic spirit and the impulse to contribute to the cause he loved, his great faculties of enterprise, energy, and invention enlisted in providing the materials necessary to conduct the war, earning the thanks of the Confederate authorities, we have in Captain Hambleton a bold and shining contrast to those engaged in the blockade-running service for mere personal gain.

The marble statue of a Confederate cavalryman which adorns our burial plot in Loudon Park Cemetery, made in Italy by the Baltimore sculptor, Volck, by order of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Baltimore, arrived here in due course; but funds were lacking to pay the import duty (about $125), whereupon Captain Hambleton donated and paid the money, and the statue was unveiled on Memorial Day, June 6, 1874, thus evincing in this substantial manner his loyal devotion to our departed comrades. His fealty to the South was further evidenced by taking his wife and young children with him into the South, and after the war by having his two sons educated at the Virginia Military Institute.



THOMAS E. HAMBLETON.

Modest and unostentatious, Captain Hambleton was far from parading his great services to the Confederacy. On solicitation, he applied for membership in this Camp, was elected May 2, 1905, and was duly awarded a Cross of Honor by the Daughters of the Confederacy. As a tribute of respect to the memory and worth of Comrade T. Edward Hambleton there was entered on the minutes of this Camp the record of his faithful, invaluable, and perilous services to the Confederacy, and it was ordered that a copy thereof be tendered to his family with the sympathies and condolence of the members of this Camp.

The following members of this Camp were appointed to attend his funeral: Commander William L. Ritter, Lieut. Commanders Winfield Peters and Spottswood Bird, Adjutant William H. Brent, Quartermaster M. Warner Hewes, Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, Gen. John Gill, Gen. John M. Hood, Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, Maj. James W. Denny, and Maj. Nicholas S. Hill.

John Mifflin Hood.

The Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025, U. C. V., of Baltimore, paid high tribute to John Mifflin Hood, who died December 17, 1906, in his sixty-fourth year. He was a member of that Camp. The cause of the Confederacy was indebted to him for faithful and distinguished services: First, as a civil engineer constructing a government railway, next as a private in the infantry of the Maryland line, and then as lieutenant of engineer troops.

Seriously and painfully wounded, with protracted illness and prostration, his indomitable spirit yet kept him at the post of duty to the end at Appomattox. The seven wounds he received bore eloquent testimony to his bravery, fortitude, and devotion to duty. At Gettysburg, in the charge on Culp's Hill, he was struck by a bullet and one passed through his cap. And, as related by him, the two men on his right and left, respectively (taller than he), were killed in each of the two assaults on July 2 and 3, 1863.

Born near Sykesville, Howard County, Md., April 5, 1843, he began his active career in an engineer corps in 1859. This was on the Delaware Railroad; next he engaged in the construction of the Eastern Shore Railroad, and for a time had charge of the operations there. Leaving that service, he went to Brazil in August, 1861. Finding the climate to be uncongenial, he returned to Baltimore in January, 1862; and after studying marine engineering, he ran the blockade, and offered his services to the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

The chief engineer of the Confederate States navy directed him to report to Major Meyers, chief engineer of the military railroad in course of construction from Danville, Va., to Greensboro, N. C., by whom he was assigned to the duties of topographical engineer and draughtsman. After this railroad was completed, he declined a commission in the Engineer Corps, C. S. A., and he enlisted in Company C, 2d Maryland Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, on August 25, 1862. As a private, he served with bravery, fidelity, and distinction until the spring of 1864. He then, owing to the scarcity of engineers, accepted a commission as second lieutenant in Company B (Capt. John M. Baldwin), 1st Regiment of Engineer Troops (Col. T. M. R. Talcott), Army of Northern Virginia, and continued in that service until the surrender at Appomattox, where he was paroled April 10, 1865.

During the engagements near Spottsylvania C. H. his left arm was shattered, but was resected, and was saved from amputation only by the skill of Surgeon Russell Murdoch, of Baltimore. In order to consult Dr. Nathan R. Smith, of Bal-

timore, he at great risk crossed the Potomac River under fire, and safely reached Baltimore, where, in seclusion for about two weeks at the home of an aunt, his arm was successfully treated by Dr. N. R. Smith, and a lieutenant's uniform was sent him by Hamilton, Easter & Co. A cousin residing in New York, being informed of all this, raised a sum from Southern sympathizers there, and a handsome sword and sash were sent to Baltimore, which reached him undiscovered. During his hiding in Baltimore he ventured out one night to a barber's near by, and while waiting his turn he noticed a policeman enter the shop. Concealing his face as best he could behind a newspaper, he thought he escaped the notice of the police officer, who was an acquaintance. After the war this good man told Mr. Hood that he had recognized him; but generously kept his secret, and thus saved him from capture and imprisonment and possible death.

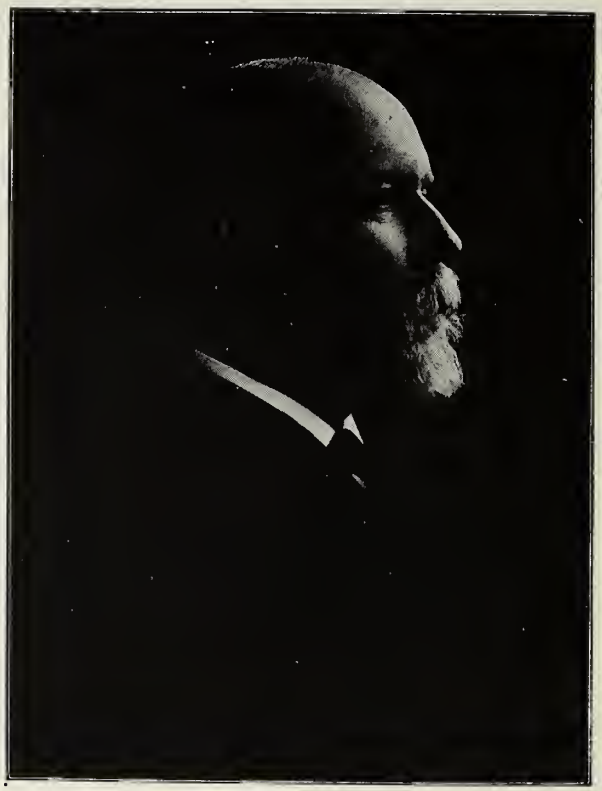
Despite the hazard and peril, he returned to his regiment with his new uniform, sword and sash, and with recruits.

Mrs. Mary Eloise Dick, widow of Judge Robert E. Dick, of Greensboro, N. C., wrote of him: "I love to recall everything connected with Lieutenant Hood. I remember well when my husband went to the hospital here and found him weary, sick, and badly wounded. It was in the sweet month of May, and he insisted on his coming home with him and staying till he was well and strong. He refused at first, but finally consented; and it was fortunate that he did, for with our best care and nursing he was ill for some months. He was one of the most modest and unassuming of men, with a courage and devotion to duty seldom equaled and never surpassed. His noble self-poise was neither disturbed by victory nor defeat. His love for the South was a passion, and for her he would have freely given his lifeblood, and he was so impatient to return to his command that his recovery was retarded, and even before he was able he was 'off for Richmond.' I thought of him when the news of Lee's surrender came, for I knew how his great heart must be filled to the brim with bitter sorrow. Some days afterwards a young officer rode to our door and inquired if Judge Dick lived there. The answer was 'Yes.' 'Then,' he said, 'I have a message to deliver. I was standing by Lieutenant Hood when the surrender came; and when I started for my far Southern home, he said: "Stop in Greensboro and tell my Carolina friends that my heart is broken and I do not care to live."' But his noble, useful life was not to end then. The service he rendered in after years to Maryland and Baltimore that great city can tell, and in her future, for which he planned so much, his will be one of the 'immortal names that were not born to die.' The South never had a more devoted defender nor a more gallant spirit."

After his parole at Appomattox, he was arrested in Richmond by the Federals and sent to Point Lookout, Md., but was shortly released and returned to his home. From September, 1865, to January, 1874, he occupied positions of responsibility, such as chief engineer, superintendent and manager of various railroads in course of construction or operation.

He became Vice President and General Superintendent of the Western Maryland Railroad in January, 1874, and in March of that year President and General Manager. In consequence of the sale of this railroad, he resigned February 27, 1902, yet continued to hold his office until July following. Like the good soldier that he was, he stuck to his post twenty-eight years in the firm faith and effort to build up the Western Maryland Railroad and protect the interests of Baltimore. His labors were unremitting and his recreations were few indeed. On February 27, 1902, he was elected President of the United Railways and Electric Company, and so continued until his death.

His presidency of the Western Maryland Railroad and subsequently of the United Railways and Electric Company,



GEN. JOHN M. HOOD.

taken together with his record in the Confederacy, rendered him a man preëminent for ability, skill, and leadership.

General Hood rendered unrivaled services in behalf of Baltimore for thirty-three years, and they were coextensive with the city's recuperation after the ravages of the four years' war. Credit is due to his master mind and his persistent and indefatigable labors for the building up of a railway system that gave Baltimore a trunk line which was sold for every dollar that it cost and enabled the city with $8,500,000 to speedily recuperate from that most disastrous conflagration of 1904. Likewise as the head of the great unified city passenger railway system of Baltimore his marvelous faculties were displayed in its extensive development up to the period of his untimely demise. As a superior commander of railway forces and a soldier withal, the people promoted him to be General because they could find no higher title.

The delegation from Isaac R. Trimble Camp, U. C. V., to attend the funeral of Gen. John M. Hood was composed of Commander William L. Ritter, Lieutenant Commanders Winfield Peters and Spottswood Bird, Quartermaster M. Warner Hewes, and Maj. Nicholas S. Hill.

Balys E. Gray.

Balys E. Gray was born in Charlotte, N. C., February 3, 1840. His parents moved to Holly Springs, Miss., when he was four years of age. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the 17th Mississippi Regiment, under General Featherstone, and went with the troops to Virginia, where he served until the close of the war, receiving his parole at

Appomattox Courthouse. In 1870 he was married to Miss Anna Davidson, of Holly Springs. He is survived by his wife and three daughters: Mrs. B. B. Jones, of Bristow, Ind. T., and Mrs. C. H. McDowell and Miss Anna Cheatham Gray, of



BALYS E. GRAY.

Nashville. In 1876 Mr. Gray moved to Jackson, Tenn., where he was an upright, honorable citizen, making many friends by his genial disposition. He moved his family to Nashville last June, hoping to improve his health.

Henry Clay Evans.

Henry Clay Evans, of Roswell, N. Mex., died March 4, 1907, in St. Mary's Hospital. For five weeks he had been a patient sufferer through great pain. He was sixty-two years old and had lived a life of usefulness.

The deceased was born October 15, 1844, at Evansville, Ark., which town was named for his father. At the age of eight years the family moved to Gonzales County, Tex. When the Civil War broke out, he was seventeen, and he promptly enlisted in his brother's company, the first to be raised in Gonzales County. He served with honor and bravery the entire four years of the struggle as a member of the Terry Rangers. He was wounded on one occasion so seriously that he was laid up several months, but reëntered the service as soon as practicable.

After the war Mr. Evans engaged in the cattle business, and amassed quite a fortune. Later much of this fortune was swept away by the reverses that often came to the Western cattlemen. Three years ago he went to Roswell, where he made a host of friends.

Besides the widow, the deceased leaves three sisters and one brother, one son, and two daughters. His son, Clarence Evans, lives in Detroit, Mich. The daughters are: Mrs. W. C. Miller, of Medicine Lodge, Kans., and Mrs. Frank Priestly, of Gonzales, Tex.

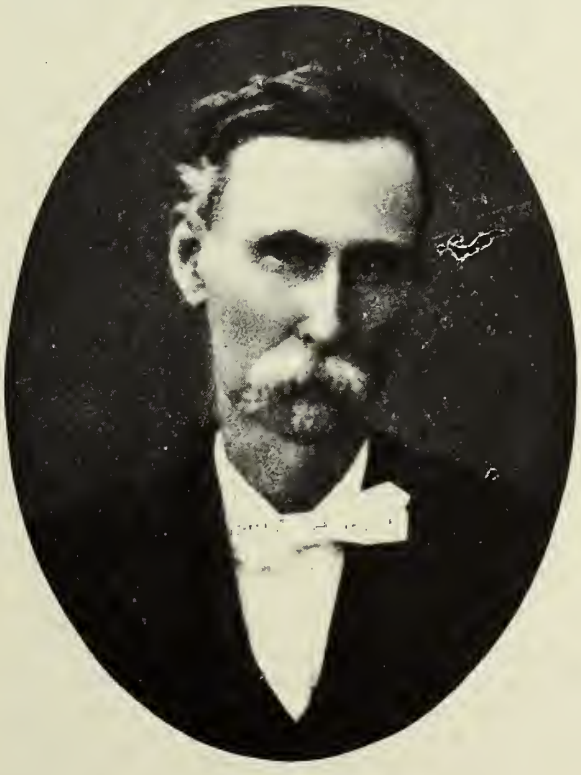
Mr. Evans was a member of the Episcopal Church and of the I. O. O. F. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the Valverde Camp, U. C. V., though not a member. He was a splendid citizen and a good man. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Edwin Emerson Davis, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who delivered a brief address commemorative of the life of the deceased and appealing to the Christian spirit of the large assemblage to look upon death as a transformation to a better life.

J. Tom Brown.

J. T. Brown was born in Williamson County, Tenn., March 1839; and died at his home, in Nashville, on March 1, 1907. His father was Thomas Brown, of Virginia, and his mother, Margarette Bennett, was from North Carolina and a great-niece of Dolly Madison. Comrade Brown was educated at Campbell's School, Franklin, Tenn., and then at Bethany College, West Virginia. Shortly after his return from college he enlisted in April, 1861, in the "Williamson Grays," a company formed by Dr. James P. Hanner, which became Company D. of the 1st Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. As a soldier, Tom Brown seemed to know no fear. He was severely wounded at Perryville, Ky., in the afternoon of October 8, 1862, when the 1st Tennessee made one of the most desperate charges during the war, and captured a section of Loomis's Battery of four Napoleon guns and brought them off the field. This battery was supported successively by five different Federal regiments.

The superb courage and heroism of the "Kid Glove Regiment," as the 1st Tennessee had been styled, was commented upon by Harper's Weekly and by George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, the latter stating that it was "such a pity the magnificence was not displayed in a better cause."

After the battle of Chickamauga, Tom Brown was detached



J. TOM BROWN.

from the Army of Tennessee and ordered to report to Captain Shaw under the assumed name of "Coleman" as a scout for Bragg's headquarters. He and the hero, Sam Davis, were sent out at the same time—Davis for the vicinity of Pulaski,

Tenn., and Brown for that of Nashville. Tom Brown was captured near Nashville and sent to prison at Camp Morton, and in March, 1864, was transferred to Fort Delaware, where he remained until the 27th of February, 1865. He was never exchanged, but was paroled by the Confederate States of America at Richmond in March, 1865, and at the close of the war paroled by the Federals at Greenville, Miss. The privations and trials of army life he endured without a murmur, as he did the most inhuman treatment at Fort Delaware, especially after the prisoners there were set apart in retaliation for the Federal prisoners at Andersonville.

Comrade Brown was married in December, 1865, to Miss Josephine French, who survives him with two daughters and a son, three children having preceded him to the great beyond. To his widow and surviving children he bequeathed the priceless heritage of a Christian character.

Maj. P. H. Morel.

In correction of the notice appearing in the Veteran for February, R. H. Venable, of Louisville, sends the following:

"After a short illness, Maj. P. H. Morel passed away at his home, in Louisville, Ky., aged sixty-two years. He was born in Savannah, Ga., and was a member of the old Georgia Regulars, participating in many battles. Following the close of the war he located in Louisville, and continued to reside here to the date of his death.

"Major Morel was a prominent Mason. Knight Templar, and Shriner, and a member of the George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., and its members followed his body to the grave. He was an employee of the City Health Department for eight years, the last four of which he was registrar of the department. He enjoyed to the fullest the esteem and confidence of the health officer, with the friendship and affection of his office associates. No one knew the 'Old Cap,' as he was familiarly known, but to like him. He was of a jovial, kind, sympathetic disposition, and always ready to assist the worthy poor and unfortunate. His death is mourned by a son and two daughters, the former a resident of Los Angeles, Cal."

Mrs. Caroline Penelope Davis.

Mrs. C. P. Davis was born in Wilson County, Tenn., August 18, 1822; and at the age of twenty-one married John R. Davis, a successful farmer, who was born and reared in the same neighborhood, near LaGuardo. Early in life she became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and remained a consistent and devout Christian until the day of her death, February 24, 1907, which occurred at the residence of Mrs. William J. Baker, Cuero, DeWitt County, Tex. She was a noble mother and devoted wife. Her greatest pride was in being a true helpmate to her husband. Of this union there were born six children: Mrs. Novella D. Marks (wife of Governor Marks), William H., Winfield S., Thomas, Alice, and Samuel W. Davis, of whom William and Alice are the only survivors.

She "was a Christian without hypocrisy and a friend without deceit." Every one who came into her presence realized in her a woman of great force of character. Her motto was: "Never let the sun go down on a duty unaccomplished." If able to sit up, she never allowed a day to pass without reading three to five chapters in her Bible, and never failed to attend divine worship, especially on Sunday, if her health and the elements permitted. She was magnanimous and charitable when occasions demanded, but could not tolerate an impostor. She had no patience with those who were physically able to work and became beggars.

Her husband, Maj. John R. Davis, was a member of the Legislature of Tennessee when the State seceded from the Union. He was originally a Union man; but when he found that his constituency were for secession, he cast his vote for the same, returned home, and raised the first company in his county, which formed a part of Colonel Starne's 4th Tennessee Cavalry. After one year's service commanding Company



MRS. CAROLINE P. DAVIS.

B, of that regiment, he resigned and organized the 4th Tennessee Battalion, which he unflinchingly and gallantly led into the battles of Perryville, Ky., and Murfreesboro, Tenn., besides numerous smaller engagements. Soon after the Murfreesboro fight, where he was wounded by a fragment of a shell, he was seized by a malady that completely unfitted him for service and which eventually caused his death. He resigned, and his and Maj. Baxter Smith's battalions were merged into a regiment, Major Smith being elected colonel and serving as its commander to the end.

Rev. John Johnson, D.D.

[Tribute by Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.]

The most obstinate, prolonged, and gallant defense of the whole war was that of Fort Sumter, in Charleston (S. C.) Harbor. There the first Confederate flag was planted in victory, and there almost the last was lowered in disaster. For two years the vast resources of the United States, its navies and its armies, were in vain expended against the fortress. Shot and shell from the most powerful armaments of that day were thundered against its ramparts; but it never yielded to a front attack, and was abandoned only when Sherman flanked the Confederates out of Charleston. The heroic men who so gallantly held the fortress won an imperishable glory. The man who, by his skill, patience, untiring energy, and superb courage, made possible the prolonged holding of the fort was its chief engineer, Maj. John Johnson. His genius converted the crumbling ruins of Fort Sumter into an impregnable stronghold. So preëminent and well-known were these services that all unite in yielding him the credit.

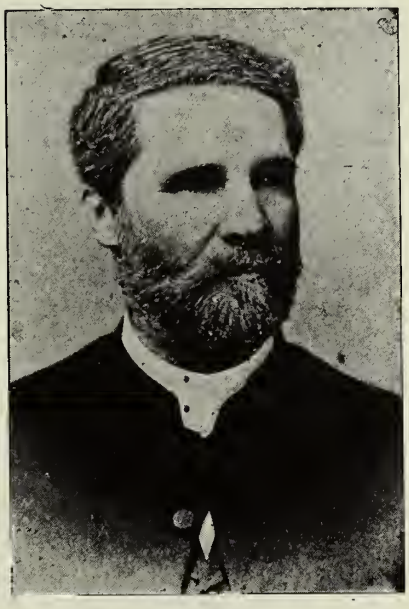
It is fortunate that the defense of Fort Sumter has had an eminently fair, impartial, unimpassioned, and scientific history from both contestants—Gilmore writing as to the attack and

Johnson as to the defense. Major Johnson's most valued historic contribution is remarkable in its entire accuracy, its completeness of detail, and, above all, for the supreme modesty of the author. Forever the name of Maj. John Johnson will be linked with the fame of the heroic defense of Fort Sumter.

After sheathing in honor his Confederate sword, he drew bright and fair the sword of the Lord, and was for many years the beloved rector of St. Philip's Church, Charleston. Brave in the struggle of life, consistent in every action, persistent in every duty, loving and tender to all around him, he was in a long life of peace devoted to all that was pure, lofty, and ennobling, as true as when, amidst war's alarums, facing death, he was coolly and skillfully rebuilding the ramparts of Fort Sumter.

Maj. John Johnson was called to his immortal reward Sunday, April 7, 1907. Ever present in life to cheer and comfort him was the love, esteem, and confidence of all mankind, and in the hour of death those who knew him best have every confidence that the world is better in that he lived.

The father of Dr. Johnson, Joseph Johnson, M.D., was a son of William Johnson, one of the Revolutionary patriots of "Liberty Tree" fame and an exile to St. Augustine, and a nephew of Justice William Johnson, of the United States Supreme Court. General Beauregard said that to the Rev. Dr. Johnson was due the masterly defense of Fort Sumter.



REV. JOHN JOHNSON, D.D.

Dr. Johnson was the youngest son of Joseph Johnson, M.D., and was born in Charleston December 25, 1829. He received an academic education at the school of Mr. C. Coats, and then engaged in professional and active life as a civil engineer. During ten years of such occupation he was employed in the surveys and construction of railroad, waterworks, etc., preparing and publishing under the patronage of the State a large map of South Carolina, considered to be the best of the time (1853) and for many years thereafter.

Mrs. Mary E. Dudley.

Mrs. Mary E. Dudley, aged sixty-three years, died at twelve o'clock Monday, February 18, 1907, at her home, in Nashville, Tenn., after an illness of about two months. Mrs. Dudley was the wife of Maj. R. H. Dudley, former Mayor of Nashville. Mrs. Dudley was a greatly esteemed woman, and her death will come as a great shock to the community.

Mrs. Dudley had been in ill health for some time. She is survived by her husband and mother, Mrs. Susan Beasley, of Rutherford County, who is nearly ninety years of age. Mrs. Dudley came to Nashville soon after her marriage to Maj. R. H. Dudley, April 9, 1868. Mrs. Dudley, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Beasley, was born June 24, 1844, in Rutherford County, near Murfreesboro, where she passed the earlier half of her life. Mrs. Dudley's brothers and sisters are: William, George, Durant, and Charles A. Beasley, Mrs. J. M. Brooks, of Rutherford County, and Mrs. T. H. Williamson and Mrs. G. H. Crockett. Her family were



MRS. MARY E. DUDLEY.

all ardently for the South in the sixties, and her brothers who were old enough served in the Confederate army. She was a prominent member and official in the Woman's Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was amiable, as her face indicates, and yet absolutely firm in maintaining her principles. Her husband, who was advanced from the ranks to the command of a regiment, is a leading business man and a progressive citizen, worthy of the gray that he wore.

Thomas E. Hancock.

After a brief illness, Thomas E. Hancock died at his home, in Sylvan, Lamar County, Tex., March 31, 1907. He was born in Wilson County, Tenn., November 1, 1843. He enlisted in the Confederate army in the early days of 1861 in Company A, Whitfield's Legion, General Ross's Brigade, and served until the close of the war. He participated in many hard-fought battles; and after the four years of hardships and privations, he returned to his Texas home. He was happily married to Miss Mary Skidmore, who, with their two sons and two daughters, survives him.

His chief ambition in life was to be helpful to those around him, and often gave his time to the sick and needy. From 1869 he was a consistent Christian and active member of the Methodist Church. The large attendance of his neighbors and friends at his funeral attested their love for him. He was a member of Camp No. 70, U. C. V., and rarely ever missed an annual Reunion. Thomas Hancock was devoted to the South and to his comrades. At his request, he was laid to rest in his suit of gray, kept and treasured for more than forty years.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.
United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., } Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGEVIN, ADJUTANT, }
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., } Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT, }
J. M. TISDAL, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., } Greenville, Tex.
C. W. GOFF, ADJUTANT, }

(No. 16.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

This will probably be the last contribution of the present Commander in Chief to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The courtesy and kindly helpfulness of the editor will ever be held in pleasant and grateful memory. He has done much for our Confederation. In turn the Sons everywhere should stand by him and his noble work. As a final appeal, I bespeak the hearty support of the VETERAN!

NEW CAMPS.

New Camps since No. 15, May, 1907, have been chartered as follows:

No. 560, Camp James Lynn West, Covington, Ky., May 1, 1907, sixteen members; James P. Tarvin, Commandant; B. A. Frazer, Adjutant.

No. 561, Camp Sparks-Walton, Fort Smith, Ark., May 1, 1907, sixty-nine members; T. P. Winchester, Commandant; Charles M. Cooke, Adjutant.

No. 562, Camp Mace Langston, Clinton. S. C., twenty-eight members; E. Lee Pitts, Commandant; J. D. Bell, Adjutant.

NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Comrade J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Baltimore, Md., was appointed April 30, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 25, to succeed himself.

Comrade Chilton Atkinson, St. Louis, Mo., was appointed April 30, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 26, to succeed himself.

Comrade Charles C. Lewis, Jr., Charleston, W. Va., was appointed May 14, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 27, to succeed himself.

Comrade E. R. MacKethan, Fayetteville, N. C., was appointed May 14, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 28, to succeed himself.

Comrade Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C., was appointed May 14, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 29, Commander District of Columbia Division to succeed Thomas Raleigh Raines, whose term expired.

Comrade H. J. McCallum. Alachua, Fla., was appointed May 18, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 30, to succeed himself.

These Commanders by the terms of their respective appointments serve for the year ending December 31, 1907.

SONS AT DALLAS, TEX., TO ERECT A MEMORIAL TO JOHN H. REAGAN, POSTMASTER GENERAL CONFEDERATE STATES.

The Dallas Times-Herald, April 20, 1907, in a special from Austin, Tex., says:

"There was filed yesterday in the State Department a charter of unusual interest. It was that of Camp John H. Reagan Sons of Confederate Veterans of Dallas, and which, if its provisions are carried out, will serve to perpetuate the memory of the late Judge John H. Reagan. The object of the corporation, as declared in the charter, is 'for the purpose of promoting and building a memorial hall, or monumental edifice, to perpetuate the memory of John H. Reagan and to solicit funds for that purpose; to perpetuate and to preserve the war records of those who bore arms in the cause of the Confederate States of America; to accept, collect, and preserve such public records, relics, and other property as may be committed to the keeping of the Camp by the United Confederate Veterans.'

"The incorporators are all members of the Camp, and all reside at Dallas. They are: W. Lindsay Bibb, Charles S. Swindells, Jennings M. Moore, O. D. Ford, and Jeff D. Reagan."

LEE ANNIVERSARY.

The following is the full text of the General Orders of the U. S. C. V., issued for the purpose of urging the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of the peerless Lee:

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS U. S. C. V.,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., Dec. 27, 1906.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.

"1. It is hereby ordered that Camps of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans observe with formal and fitting ceremonies January 19, 1907, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert Edward Lee. The exercises may be held alone or as a joint exercise with other Confederate organizations. Individual Sons are expected to encourage the observance of the day in the schools of their communities and to coöperate with every effort or movement looking to its observance in other ways. It should be a pleasure to the descendants of the heroic men who followed Lee, as well as of all others who shared in the patriotic struggles of the sixties, to yield ready response and obedience to this order. The name and fame of this gallant soldier and Christian gentleman have grown with the passing years until he is easily recognized as one of the great men of all time.

"2. No special form of exercises will be prescribed, each Camp being expected to prepare and carry out such a programme as will best suit local conditions. It should, however, embrace patriotic songs, the rendition of prose and poetical selections, a brief biographical sketch of Lee, with a formal address by a Veteran or by some member of the Camp. Confederate flags and likenesses of Lee should be used in the decorations.

"3. General headquarters will be glad to advise with Camps in the preparation of programmes or in securing appropriate selections, etc. Newspaper or other accounts of meetings, together with copies of addresses or other printed matter, such as programmes, etc., should be promptly forwarded the Commander in Chief for preservation in the Confederation records.

"By order of THOMAS M. OWEN, *Commander in Chief.*
"Official: ALBERT C. SEXTON, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*"

MINUTES OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION U. S. C. V.

The minutes of the eleventh Annual Reunion of the Confederation, held in New Orleans April 25-27, 1906, in a handsome volume of three hundred and fifty-seven pages, has at last been published. Owing to the length of the volume, being three times the size of previous issues, much difficulty has been experienced in getting it from the press. Again, the character of the materials embraced in the volume was such as to require careful editing, in which much time was consumed. The volume embraces organization and officers for 1905-06, an introduction containing extracts from the New Orleans press for the Reunion period, the journal of the Convention, reports of officers, reports of committees, his-

torical papers by members of the staff, official documents and papers for the preceding year, constitution, and roll of Camps. The whole is carefully indexed. The introduction, containing many personal facts and editorial expressions, is intended to preserve in a permanent way the very spirit and atmosphere of the occasion. The journal is unusually full, and contains every detail of the proceedings. The reports of officers and committees must be examined for an appreciation of the value of the efforts being put forth by the Confederation. The reports of the Relief, Monument, and Historical Committees are fine contributions to the literature of their respective fields, and will serve to indicate the seriousness of the present condition of the work. The Relief Committee reviews pension, Soldiers' Home, and special legislation in behalf of the Confederate soldiers, their widows and orphans. The Monument Committee presents an elaborate review of the entire field by States of monument and memorial effort for the period of the War of Secession. The Historical Committee has brought together a series of valuable summaries, bibliographies, and suggestions, which will prove of the greatest service for future historical activity. These reports place the Confederation on a higher ground than ever before, and the thanks of the Sons are due the chairmen of the committees. Messrs. Stone, Haughton, and Duncan have performed unselfish and excellent service, which will not soon be forgotten. The historical papers by members of the staff form a series of studies in the history of the several departments of the Confederate States government and army. While in no sense complete, they are substantial contributions to these phases of our history. The roll of Camps is quite elaborate, containing number, name, location, date of organization, date of charter, and names of Commandants, Adjutants, and Historians.

While delay in issuing the volume is to be regretted, its great value as a permanent contribution to the literature of the Confederacy will more than compensate for any inconvenience of delay. It was edited by the Commander in Chief.

Amendments to Confederation Constitution.

Four amendments have been proposed to the constitution of the Confederation. The probable fate of the amendments cannot be seen. These affect eligibility, enlarging the present regulations; provide for the appointment of a Historian General, provide a special assessment of five dollars on each member to aid in completing the Women's Memorial, and provide a definite period in which reports are to be made to general headquarters each year. The amendments, as contained in Circular No. 7, February 25, 1907, are as follows:

(1) To amend Section 11, Article IV., so as to read:

"Sec. 11. All male descendants of those who served in the Confederate army or navy to the end of the war, or who died in prison or while in actual service, or who were killed in battle, or who were honorably retired or discharged; all male descendants of women who rendered aid or comfort to the Confederate forces; all nephews and their male descendants of the soldiers or sailors named in the first clause of the above, provided there was a good and honorable reason for their direct male ancestor not having been in the Confederate army or navy; and all male descendants of men who, not having enlisted in the Confederate army or navy, held civil office under the Confederate government, or who were employed by the Confederate government and served it in some other capacity, who were retained out of such service by their respective State or local authorities, and who rendered service to such State or local government which prevented service in the land or naval forces of the Confederate government, shall be eligible to membership in the Camps of this Confederation, provided no member under sixteen years of age shall have the right to vote, and provided no person shall be admitted under twelve years of age, and provided, further, that applicants whose right to membership is not based on lineal descent shall furnish complete and satisfactory resons why their direct ancestors did not enlist."

(2) To amend by adding after Section 14, Article V., the following additional section:

"Sec. ——. There shall also be elected at each Annual Reunion a Historian General for the Confederation, whose duty it shall be to collect, preserve, publish, and otherwise disseminate the truths and facts of the history of the South for the period from 1850 to 1876."

(3) To amend by adding after Section 106, Article XVIII., a new section as follows:

"Sec. ——. To enable the Confederation to more speedily complete the task which it has undertaken of erecting a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, for the years 1907 and 1908 each Camp of the Confederation shall pay, as a special assessment, in addition to its regular annual *per capita* tax, the sum of two and 50-100 dollars *per capita* for each active member upon its rolls, the said sum to be forwarded prior to October 1, in each year respectively, to general headquarters. The moneys received from said special assessment shall be kept by the Quartermaster General in an account separate and distinct from any other accounts kept by him, and at each Reunion shall be turned over to the chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee."

(4) To amend Section 60, Article X., so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 60. The Adjutant General shall send out blank muster rolls to the various Camps at least sixty days before the Annual Reunion. These blanks shall be filled out by the Adjutant of each Camp and certified to as the correct roll of the Camp and returned to the Adjutant General, with the annual *per capita* tax and all arrearages, thirty days preceding the Annual Reunion. Upon this certified roll will be computed the Camp's representation at the Annual Reunion and a certificate issued to the Camp signed by the Adjutant General certifying to the number of votes to which it is entitled if the dues have been paid in full."

Reunion of the Mississippi Division.

Inasmuch as no formal report has been received, only a brief account of the Reunion of the Mississippi Division can be given. It was held September 12, 1906, in Jackson, with only a small attendance. Division Commander W. Calvin Wells, Jr., declined a reëlection, and Brigade Commander E. A. Miller, of Meridian, was chosen to succeed him. Further particulars are not at hand.

Reunion of the Oklahoma Division.

In anticipation of the union of the Indian and Oklahoma Territories, a joint reunion convention of the several Divisions of these Territories was held at Ardmore, Ind. T., July 26-28, 1906. The Veterans held a joint reunion at the same time and place. The business sessions of the two conventions were separately held; but the social features were for Veterans, Daughters, Sons, and visitors alike. All participated in a grand parade on the last day.

At the business session of the convention of the Sons resolutions were adopted, providing for the union or the amalgamation of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Divisions under

the name of the Oklahoma Division, for the new State. Brant H. Kirk, who has from the very beginning of the Confederation taken enthusiastic interest in its promotion and development, was elected the first Commander of the new Division.

Patriotic addresses were made and much enthusiasm prevailed. The Division Commander announced the appointment of Otis B. Weaver, of Ada, Ind. T., as his Division Adjutant. Comrade Weaver had previously served as Commander of the Indian Territory Division.

Fifth Annual Reunion of the Alabama Division.

The fifth Annual Reunion of the Alabama Division was called to order in Temperance Hall, Mobile, Ala., at ten o'clock November 21, 1906, by Commander John L. Moulton, of Camp George E. Dixon. Hon. Max Hamburger, of Camp George E. Dixon, delivered an eloquent and appropriate address of welcome. Following the address of welcome, Commander Moulton introduced Hon. E. M. Robinson, of Camp George E. Dixon, who spoke enthusiastically of the work of the Alabama Division and gave a most cordial second to Comrade Hamburger's address. Comrade C. J. Owens, Commander of the Fifth Brigade, responded to the address of welcome in eloquent and appropriate terms.

Commander Moulton turned the convention over to Commander P. W. Hodges, of the First Brigade, who presented the gavel to Division Commander George W. Duncan. On assuming command of the Convention, Commander Duncan directed William J. Conniff, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, to read extracts from General Orders convening the Reunion convention. Committees were appointed as follows: Credentials, William J. Conniff (Chairman), J. D. Leigh, L. B. Chapman, Paul E. Rapier, and N. B. Stephens; and To Extend Greetings to Veterans, Dr. Thomas M. Owen (Chairman), E. M. Robinson, C. R. Bricken, John H. Wallace, P. W. Hodges, and John L. Moulton.

While waiting for the committees to report, the Convention was entertained by Miss Emma Frances Ives, who read "Tom's Last Forage."

The annual address was delivered by Hon. Robert Tyler Goodwyn, of Camp Holtzclaw. His subject was "The Life and Character of Jefferson Davis." The address was worthy of the occasion and the subject.

After the singing of "Dixie" by the school children, Commander in Chief Thomas M. Owen was introduced to the Convention. He spoke informally, but in eloquent terms, of the Confederacy and its glorious history. At the close of Dr. Owen's address the Convention adjourned to 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon and marched in a body to the Mobile Theater to attend the meeting of the Veterans.

At the afternoon session Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, spoke on the Confederate monument to be erected in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C. At the conclusion of Colonel Herbert's address Comrade E. M. Robinson offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, indorsing most heartily the plan proposed by Colonel Herbert for erecting this monument.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker was introduced to the Convention by Commander Duncan. He spoke of the progress of his work in collecting funds for the erection of a memorial to the Women of the Confederacy. A resolution was introduced by Comrade John H. Wallace, and unanimously passed by the Convention, pledging the Sons of the Alabama Division anew in their approval and support of this great work.

The report of the Committee on Credentials showed the Camps of the Division to be in fine condition, and, with few exceptions, that good delegations were present.

Chairman Thomas M. Owen, of the Committee to Extend Greetings to the Veterans, reported that his committee had performed its duty. The report of the committee was received and the committee discharged.

Commander George W. Duncan read his annual report, giving a full account of the various activities of the Division since the last Annual Reunion, November 15 and 16, 1904. The report showed that many new Camps had been chartered and that the affairs of the Division were in good condition.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Chairman of the Historical Committee, reported at length on the work of his committee. Dr. Owen's report showed that there was much activity among the Sons of the Alabama Division, and that they were taking great interest in historical work by the Confederation.

The report of the Pelham Monument Committee showed that some progress had been made, and that the committee had collected some funds for the erection of this monument.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens was elected by acclamation for the position of Division Commander, there being no other nomination. Col. C. R. Bricken was elected Commander of the First Brigade; P. W. Hodges, of Greenville, was reëlected Commander of the Second Brigade; Eli P. Smith, of Birmingham, was elected Commander of the Third Brigade; John H. Wallace, of Huntsville, Commander of the Fourth Brigade; W. H. McElroy, of Anniston, Commander of the Fifth Brigade.

Appropriate resolutions were passed on the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Resolutions were also passed thanking Camp George E. Dixon, U. S. C. V., the Confederate Veterans of Mobile, the several railroads entering Mobile, the press, and the people of Mobile for the many courtesies extended the visiting Sons during the Reunion.

The visiting Sons and their guests were entertained by Camp George E. Dixon, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the people of Mobile generally with several delightful receptions, balls, and other social affairs. One of the most happy features of the morning session was the singing of "Alabama" by four hundred school children under the leadership of Miss Maude E. Truytt, Director of Music in the Mobile city schools.

The Reunion was pronounced one of the most successful in the history of the Division.

Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick, Ga., makes some corrections of the paragraph giving historic data about Savannah. John Houston's name should be spelled Houstoun; he was twice Governor of Georgia before he became the first Mayor of Savannah; then the delegates to the Continental Congress were Houstoun, Archibald Bulloch, and Dr. Noble Wimberley Jones; and the visit of George Washington to Savannah was in 1781 instead of 1778. This accumulation of errors in one little paragraph in the Morning News, of Savannah, clear, clean, and accurate as that newspaper is, is in a comparative sense excusable.

Dr. W. B. Wall, now of Santa Ana, Cal., in sending a contribution to the Wirz Monument Fund, says: "I trust a monument will be erected to the memory of the Federal prisoners of Andersonville who were allowed to go to Washington to beg and implore the exchange of prisoners, that their comrades might have better food and comfort than was possible for the Confederacy to give, and, failing in their mission, returned to the prison. Such bravery and fidelity should be commemorated, and I wish to contribute a few dollars to that end should a monument be erected."



CITY HALL, CAPITOL SQUARE, WASHINGTON MONUMENT, GOVERNOR'S MANSION, AND CAPITOL, RICHMOND.

STATUE OF POCAHONTAS.

BY ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

It seems a far cry from 1607 to 1907; but nearly two thousand women are engaged in collecting money with which to erect a memorial to another woman who three hundred years ago saved the Jamestown colony from "death, famine, and utter confusion," as set forth by the chief of the settlers in a "Petition to Queen Anne" (wife of James I.) in her behalf and attested in three several narratives by other beneficiaries of her bounty.

The society is known as the "Pocahontas Memorial Association," and is a steadily growing organization whose branches extend north, south, east, and west, and whose obligations are the slightest ever imposed by the demands of a great work undertaken for education, history, and art. Life membership is secured by the payment of one dollar, and there are no dues and no duties except the bringing in of another member by each new recruit.

What has made this simple method of procedure possible is:

1. The generous wisdom of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which furnishes a site and then takes over into its perpetual care the monument, thus relieving the Pocahontas Memorial Association of the expense of purchasing ground and maintaining it with custodians, wages, etc.

2. The great desire the ladies have to spread as widely as possible the membership, so that out of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who learn to realize that the first foothold of our race was secured by the humanity, courage, and generosity of this young Algonquin princess at least ten thousand may be found who will contribute a dollar toward the beautiful golden bronze which will front the James River on the scene of her services. The American sculptor, Mr. William Ordway Partridge, is the artist who has the work in hand, and his exhaustive study of all the material available has resulted in a design of exquisite beauty. The bronze is to be of heroic size (6½ feet), but represents Pocahontas at the age of twelve or fourteen—historically accurate—just budding into womanhood, her slight, young frame almost boyish in its lithe activity. Her fringed doeskin skirt and jacket, her mantle of dressed doeskin, and her wrought moccasins are carefully reproduced and gracefully disposed. Her flowing hair is held by a fillet in which is caught the white eagle's plume, which in her nation was the token of chastity for the maidens and valor for the youths, and which suggests her secret tribal name, "Matoaka," the little Snow Feather.

The moment chosen by the artist is that in which, after running through the forest at night at the risk of her life, she warns Smith and his company of the plan to kill them as they sit at supper and implores them to fly. The grace of restrained speed is in every line, the light of courage and inspiration in her young face, and the gesture is free and fine with which she implores them to seek the safety of their own settlement.

The Association expects to have the statue unveiled during the Exposition; but, being good business women, they pay as they go, and already $2,500 of the necessary $10 000 has been paid in on the contract through the Treasurer, Mr. C. C. Glover, President of the Riggs National Bank, and their legal counsel, Mr. C. C. Calhoun, of Kentucky, and they are working with hearts, heads, and hands to make another such payment, so that the great cast can go to the foundry and yet preserve the time clause should recasting prove necessary.

The money of the Association is raised by membership fees, contributions, the sale of badges, pins, post cards, portrait of Pocahontas, plates, photographs of "the marriage of Pocahontas," the official ribbon, and entertainments.

The national officers in Washington, D. C., are: President, Miss McLain; Honorary President, Miss Matoaca Gay; Vice President, Miss Jane Randolph Codwise; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Desha; Corresponding Secretaries, Miss Louise Harrison and Miss Mary R. Wilcox; Treasurer, Mr. C. C. Glover; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. J. R. Garrison; Legal Counsel, Mr. C. C. Calhoun; Historian, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey; Chairman Membership Committee, Mrs. A. Campbell Pryor; Chairman Appointment Committee, Miss Mary Lee Goddard.

The President, the Vice President, and the Honorary President are descendants of Pocahontas, the latter by a series of intermarriages being of the nearest generation.

Eligibility to membership is not confined to descent from Pocahontas, however (although on the lists the descendants are carefully recorded as such), but every man or woman who wishes to join in paying this debt of gratitude may do so by complying with the simple conditions above stated.

MERRIMAC-MONITOR SCENES AT JAMESTOWN.

The terrible days of March 8 and 9, 1862, are to be described in Hampton Roads at the Jamestown Exposition. It will be represented as the most unique naval engagement in the history of the world—the struggle between the Merrimac and the Monitor—a struggle which spoke the knell of wooden vessels of war and marked the beginning of a new style of naval warfare from which the modern battle ships and cruisers have been developed.

To those who witnessed this famous event, as well as to those millions of visitors from all parts of this and other countries to whom the details of the battle are familiar as matters of history, one feature of the Jamestown Exposition will be of especial interest. This will be the spectacular reproduction of the great engagement, which occurred just off the Exposition grounds.

The Exposition management announces that "the presentation will be given in as realistic a manner as the perfect equipment of the present day will allow." The historical location so near the actual scene of the occurrence lends added interest to the reproduction.

The scene of the battle will be cyclorama, and "will be as grand a sight as the human eye ever beheld." The scene opens the day before the battle between the iron-clads, and shows the sun just setting upon the leaping flames of the burning Congress and the sinking Cumberland, with her cannon booming and her crew cheering as the ship settles beneath the waves and the brave fighters go down to death rather than surrender. The victorious Merrimac is seen slowly steaming away to the shelter of the Confederate shore batteries to await the coming of dawn to complete the work of destruction. This sunset scene will be a revelation of this character of scenic effect. Twilight comes on, and the lurid light of the burning vessel casts its reflection upon the waters, revealing the other vessels of the Federal fleet to which it seems as a forecast of their own doom on the morrow. As the darkness appears, the stars twinkle and the scene becomes tranquil. Then come rolling clouds, forked lightnings, and peals of thunder, and a storm bursts in all its fury. Rain falls in torrents, and the scene has every appearance of reality. After the storm has subsided, the stars again show themselves and the moon appears in all her glory.

After a while the day dawns, the sun peeps over the eastern horizon, and the audience beholds the most beautiful sunrise imaginable. Out on the water the Merrimac steams down upon the Minnesota. The Confederate iron-clad has been repaired after her damages from ramming the Cumberland the evening before, and draws closer and closer to the Federal ship. The Minnesota lies helplessly stranded in shallow water, but suddenly from the rear darts the Monitor. The Merrimac puts on all steam, and soon the battle between iron-clads is on. The cannon is seen in action, and the crack and roar of the guns seems as real as during the great fight. Each gunboat and every movement is in harmony with the most authentic records of the great battle. Just at the climax the curtain is drawn and the audience is left to determine which is victor.

The engagement is such that no exception can be taken by the visitors from any section of the country. Mr. Austin, the great scenic artist, says this is his masterpiece.

The Merrimac and Monitor used in the reproduction will be made of steel, and by the effect of the new appliances of electricity they will appear to the spectators the actual size of the vessels engaged in the famous battle.

VIRGINIA ELECTORAL TICKET.

Election November 6th, 1861.

FOR PRESIDENT,

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

OF MISSISSIPPI.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

ALEX. H. STEPHENS,

OF GEORGIA.

ELECTORS

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE.

JOHN R. EDMUNDS, Halifax.
A. T. CAPERTON, Monroe.

FOR THE DISTRICTS.

1st. JOSEPH CHRISTIAN, Middlesex.
2nd. CINCINNATUS W. NEWTON, Norfolk City.
3rd. R. T. DANIEL, Richmond City.
4th. W. F. THOMPSON, Dinwiddie.
5th. WOOD BOULDIN, Charlotte.
6th. W. L. GOGGIN, Bedford.
7th. B. F. RANDOLPH, Albemarle.
8th. JAMES W. WALKER, Madison.
9th. ASA ROGERS, Loudoun.
10th. SAMUEL C. WILLIAMS, Shenandoah.
11th. SAMUEL McD. REID, Rockbridge.
12th. H. A. EDMUNDSON, Roanoke.
13th. J. W. SHEFFEY, Smyth.
14th. H. J. FISHER, Mason.
15th. JOSEPH JOHNSON, Harrison.
16th. E. H. FITZHUGH, Ohio.

The above election ticket comes from Brig. Gen. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., and is copied as near facsimile as practicable.

THE KISS FROM TENNESSEE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

They found him where the sunshine falls
In grove of oak and pine,
A boy in years, but one who stood
Upon the battle line;
He looked as if he sweetly slept,
His face so young and fair,
And on his wan cheek nestled close
A strand of golden hair.

The growling guns of war were still,
The foe had fled afar,
And floated proudly on the hill
The banner of the star;
The merry bugles of the Gray
For once had silent grown,
The fair young trooper kept his camp
Among the trees alone.

No more would he with Stuart ride
Triumphant through the wood,
No more would "boots and saddles" stir
His eager Southern blood;
The bravest of the brave, in line
He'd stormed his last redoubt,
And 'neath the boughs he lay that day
Forever mustered out.

His fair white hands a letter clasped;
He seemed to read it still;
His loving look had been his last
Upon that quiet hill.
He'd placed it ere the fight began
Beneath his coat of gray—
The missive breathing words of love
From sweetheart far away.

How happy, cheering ran the lines,
The words how full of bliss!
She'd sent the letter with her love
And sealed it with a kiss.
"We'll meet," she wrote, "when war is past
And all again is fair;
You have at morn my endless love,
You have at eve my prayer."

He'd kissed it as the end drew nigh;
His lips had touched her name;
She dreamed not that her soldier slept
Upon the field of fame.
Aye, in the gray he'd not disgraced
Beneath the stately tree
He slept in death, his last thoughts with
The one in Tennessee.

They left him on the little hill;
They left the letter rest
So peaceful and so calmly on
The youthful hero's breast;
And when they brushed the golden hair
Back from his brow that day,
A comrade took a lock for her
Who watched so far away.

The fragile rose is blooming fair
Within Virginia's glade,
Where met the legions long ago
With bayonet and blade;
And where a beauteous river sings
Beneath a hoary tree
There lingers still the last fond kiss
That came from Tennessee.

THE GUNBOAT GEN. TAYLOR FAILED TO GET.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

Can any reader of the VETERAN furnish the details of Gen. Dick Taylor's attempt in 1865 to purchase a Mississippi River gunboat from a captain of the Federal navy? If so, it would make a chapter in the history of the Civil War well worth reading. What I know about the circumstances and how I came to know it follows:

Retired from the Confederate service in February, 1865, and —thanks to a specimen of penmanship that owed its extraordinary wretchedness to a timely hint from Dr. J. C. Jones, the surgeon of the 4th Texas—not assigned to clerical duty, I lost no time in setting out for Texas and home. At the terminus of the Jackson and New Orleans Railroad, in Mississippi, I fell in with Isaac Stein, of Company B, 4th Texas. He lacked an arm and I a foot, so we immediately formed a mutual aid society of which, on account of my nearness to a state of impecuniosity and his presumed opulence—he having been a sutler after the battle of Second Manassas—I secretly elected him the eleemosynary and myself the receiving member.

Subsequent events demonstrated the wisdom of such an alliance. Where wounds and heart-rending tales of woe failed to convince or persuade, Stein's command of funds or mine of cheek invariably succeeded. And there was urgent need in the section of country through which we passed to employ all these resources; for at the terminus, Alexandria, La., we again began the poorly systematized, but none the less gratefully received, paternalism of the Confederate government, the country between the two points being a "debatable land" whose denizens, as well as the travelers across its swamps and morasses, were in a sense bereft of any flag that they could call their own, and therefore permitted their fealty to Union or Confederacy to be controlled largely by expediency.

Indeed, here, instead of in the mountains of Tennessee, might easily have transpired the adventure of the widow who, learning that her son in the Confederate army was short of rations, determined to supplement them with bacon. Putting half a side of the rich meat into each end of a sack, a man's saddle on a horse, and a number four lady's gaiter in each stirrup of the saddle, thus effectually concealing the provisions under the drapery of flowing skirts, she departed cheerily on her mission of love. Its successful issue depended in large measure on prompt adaptation of her own political faith to that of the roving bands of soldiers she would meet; and as these seldom wore a distinctive uniform, a good deal of guessing must necessarily be done. Suddenly she came face to face with a party of troopers, and her struggles began. Plied by the commander of the squad with question after question, she answered or evaded them so adroitly that the inquisitor grew angry, and at last spoke sternly, saying: "Now answer my question truthfully, madam, or I will have you arrested as a spy. Which side are you on?" For a moment the widow despaired, and then womanly cunning came to the

rescue. Blushingly looking down at one side and then the other, she exclaimed: "You — fool, you—can't you see for yourself that I'm on both sides?" She escaped before the disconcerted officer and his laughing comrades regained their composure.

Starting from the terminus on board of a shackly old wagon whose axle broke at the end of the first six miles, Stein and I so manipulated the accident as to secure transportation in a comfortable carriage as far as Duncan's. There, failing to find another conveyance, we ungratefully impressed the borrowed vehicle, team, and driver. Here the exigencies of the Confederate military service put us to our wits' end and compelled a temporary dissolution of the mutual aid society.

Being unable to swim, Stein hesitated to undertake my perilous way of crossing the great river, and decided to wait until he could get a boat. I landed safely on the west bank. Soon an old negro astride of a mule as ancient and weather-beaten as himself came in sight, and I hailed him. "How far to your master's house, uncle?" I asked as he halted before me. "Jess a li'le piece, marster," said the old man, doffing his battered straw hat and sliding off his mule with an agility not warranted by his aged appearance. "Jes git up hyar, suh, on dis here mewel, an' he'll teck yer dar immegitly."

Unwilling to offend by refusal, I climbed upon the beast, and, proceeding to the house, alighted at the gate. A first glimpse gave pleasant assurances, for the mansion was large, commodious, and well-ventilated, and a motherly-looking lady stood at a table on the front piazza, busily engaged in measuring and cutting cloth for negro wear. A glimpse, however, brought the liveliest disquiet into my mind; for near the lady and in Yankee naval uniform from top to bottom sat a man who, the moment he saw me at the gate, sprang to his feet with suspicious alertness and came briskly out to meet and—as I naturally supposed—capture me.

The one Federal betokened the near vicinity of a dozen, and for a moment a child could have knocked me down with a feather. Great heavens alive! After fighting, bleeding, and almost dying for four long years in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Tennessee; after safely concluding the long, arduous journey from Richmond to the Mississippi, and after braving the perilous passage of that great inland water, to be taken prisoner and perhaps shot to death by a parcel of bow-legged Yankee marines!

Resigning myself to the inevitable, I awaited the approach of the Yankee with calm, self-respecting dignity. "How do you do, sir?" he began as he stepped out of the gate and with an engaging smile extended his hand. "My name is Johnson—Captain Johnson, of the Federal navy." "Happy to make your acquaintance, Captain," I rejoined, seizing the proffered hand and, in token of my joy over such an amicable meeting, squeezing it cordially. "My name is Polley—Private Polley, of Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia; but now, sir, retired and on my way to Texas. Can you take care of me for the night?" "I am but a guest myself," he replied; "but I feel sure that you will be kindly received by Mr. ——. The lady on the piazza is his wife; and if you will accompany me to her, I shall take pleasure in making you and your wants known to her."

Half an hour later, so quickly did I adapt myself to circumstances, you would have thought me an old-time friend of the Captain, mine hostess, and her husband, the latter having meantime made his appearance and confirmed the welcome his better half had accorded me; for, sitting in a rocking-chair that was most comfortable and soothing to my tired body, I was relieving them of all embarrassment and solicitude by making myself thoroughly at home. They were burning to hear the news from the seat of war, and I, in the happiest frame of mind, was not at all loth to communicate such items as in my judgment might safely be imparted to a Federal officer.

At supper our party was reënforced by a couple of Confederate officers whose patriotism, not being of the quality that could stand fire out of sight of their own hearthstones, found inspiration and vent for courage in the command of "swamp angels" or "River Guards." The company and fare were too good to be willingly deserted, and the newcomers therefore remained overnight. Next morning I learned from them the little they knew of the Captain.

In January, 1865, Captain Johnson was the honored commanding officer of one of the best armed and equipped gunboats on the Mississippi River. His was an itching palm, though, and it itched most cravingly at the very time Gen. Dick Taylor got an idea in his head that he, the general commanding the Confederate forces along the west bank of the river, must have a gunboat of his own. It took but a little while for the two parties—the one desiring to sell, the other to buy—to get together and agree upon price and terms—the understanding arrived at being that on a certain night the Captain was to run his boat close enough to the shore at a designated point for it to be easily surprised and captured by the Confederates. Somebody, though—presumably the Captain—was indiscreet; for the subordinate officers on the gunboat found reason to suspect the intended treachery, and reported their suspicions to the admiral. Luckily learning of this, Captain Johnson took advantage of the darkness of night to lower himself into a small boat and, cutting loose from the ship, to make his way to *terra firma* occupied by Confederates, and finally to deliver himself, instead of the gunboat, the only thing wanted, to General Taylor. Disappointed, disgusted, and wrathful, the General turned a cold shoulder on the unsuccessful traitor; and, with a price set on his capture by the Federals, the Captain was thus compelled to seek concealment and safety among Southern people who, while detesting his want of principle, were yet unwilling to betray him to their enemies. And certainly no place was better suited for refuge than that at which I made his acquaintance, which was on an island surrounded by the waters of Bruin Lake, a few miles above the town of Bruinsburg, La.

In conclusion, writing of the one gunboat reminds me of an incident on the Mississippi River related to me by my friend, J. C. Myers, of Floresville, Tex., who respectfully refers to Buck Pettus, of Goliad County, Tex., for any corroboration deemed necessary. A gunboat fired a six-pound shell at a party of scouts, among whom was a reckless, daring, and fun-loving Irishman who had not forgotten the game of town ball. Between the scouts and the bank of the river lay a half-drained and miry pond, and into this the shell first landed; then, continuing its course a hundred feet under the mud and water, struck something solid close to the Hibernian. Robbed by this of much of its momentum, the shell went straight up into the air twenty feet and, making a short curve forward, began to descend. Pat saw it as it entered and left the miry pond, and, reckoning it had lost both its heat and its explosive power, sprang forward, caught it in his hands, and, holding it aloft, shouted to the artillerists of the gunboat: "Throw down your paddles, boys, for be Jesus I've caught you out."



CONFEDERATE FLAG IN A MICHIGAN BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENT.

Collier's Weekly, back cover page, for March 9, 1907, contains a conspicuous advertisement by the Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich., imperfectly shown above, as the advertisement was in colors. In December previous a party of men left New York City for Florida on an Oldsmobile "A," and they had finished the trip of fourteen hundred miles to Daytona, Fla., on January 12. The purpose of the advertisement is to show the great power of the machine through muddy roads.

Any favor to the company by this notice is gratuitous, and it is given as the first illustration known by the VETERAN of any Northern concern giving prominence to the Confederate flag. Let it not be the last. That flag is clean enough in its record to be the pride of humanity at the North or elsewhere, as in the South, and it should not be regarded as inappropriate for the families of men who faced it to ornament their homes. It should be the pride of every American, and the tendencies are that way. The time will never come when patriots and Christians can taint the "bonnie blue flag" with dishonor.

TRENTON (TENN.) SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

A Confederate memorial has recently been unveiled by the Russell Hill Chapter, U. D. C., at Trenton, Tenn. The monument is of white bronze and was made by the Monumental Bronze Company, 416 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. The base is seven feet square, and the total height, including the life-size statue, is twenty-two feet and eleven inches. The design is a shaft of beautiful proportions and expression, and Trenton people are justly proud of their monument.

The statue represents the ideal Confederate infantry soldier at "parade rest," and the features were modeled to order in preference to adopting any stock statue. The upper die of the monument contains life-size portrait medallions of Generals Lee and Forrest. The dedicatory inscription reads: "Erected to the memory of our Confederate soldiers by the Russell Hill Chapter, U. D. C." On the front base are the words: "Lest we forget."

All the inscriptions are in bold raised letters, and the emblems, badges, etc., are all in bold relief. Altogether it is a very handsome memorial, and the white bronze material is said to be actually more enduring than the best of granite and to retain its beauty and artistic effect much better. This material is being extensively adopted for soldiers' monuments at the present time.

MONUMENT FOR MORGANTOWN, KY.—This company has also secured an order from Morgantown, Ky., to erect a monument to all soldiers of all wars from Butler County, including for the Civil War both Confederate and Federal. The names of the dead and living will be separated with suitable headings. One Revolutionary soldier's name appears and a number of Spanish-American War veterans. On one of the dies of the monument will be a portrait medallion of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. The front tablet will bear the great seal of the commonwealth of Kentucky, showing the blue and the gray grasping hands, with stacks of arms in the distance.

The State of Tennessee has made provision for the preservation of all flags used by her State troops in the Civil War, and any one having knowledge of any flags of Tennessee commands will please communicate with John P. Hickman, State Capitol, and furnish him with any particulars about it.

The VETERAN office is in need of copies for January and November, 1902, and March, 1907, to fill out some incomplete volumes. Only copies suitable for binding are desired. Write us at the time of sending, so proper credit can be given on subscription.

HISTORICAL INACCURACIES.

Fred L. Robertson, compiler of records of the soldiers of Florida, wrote from Tallahassee sometime since:

"I think it was an old Persian philosopher who said, 'A lie has short legs.' It is very evident that he was unacquainted with the Yankee variety, or he would have made an exception in its favor and added, 'This variety has tremendously long legs and an inexhaustible supply of gall and wind.' I say this because I have just had an irritating example of it.

"In a so-called 'History of the United States,' by one Henry William Elson, published by the Macmillan Company in 1905, page 287, appears the following: 'At Orangeburg a slight battle was fought and another before Columbia, the enemy being led by Gen. Wade Hampton. Columbia surrendered February 17 [1865], Hampton escaping after setting fire to five hundred bales of cotton. The fire soon spread, and a large portion of the town was consumed.'

"In a footnote is the following: 'Mr. J. F. Rhodes, in an article in the American Historical Review, Volume VII., page 485 sq., gives as his opinion that Columbia did not take fire from the burning cotton, but that it was set on fire by drunken soldiers, negroes, and escaped prisoners.'

"At the close of the volume he cites a number of authorities; but he fails to mention General Sherman, who published his 'Memoirs' in 1875. On page 286, Volume II., Sherman says: 'In my official report of the conflagration of Columbia I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and I confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him.' In that same report he says: 'I estimate that the damage to Georgia alone is $100,000,000. Ninety-eight million dollars was simple destruction; two millions have inured to our advantage. Our soldiers have done the work with alacrity and cheerfulness unsurpassed.'

"These long-legged Yankee lies will continue to run until we write our own history and print our own books."

"HALF HOURS IN SOUTHERN HISTORY."

One of the most interesting books of late issue is "Half Hours in Southern History," by John Lesslie Hall, Ph.D., Professor of English and of General History in the College of William and Mary, and recently from the press of B. F. Johnson & Company, Richmond, Va. It gives in brief outline salient features of Southern heroism and achievement as well as the side of the South in the long controversy between the sections. This book will be a revelation to those of the North who have known only one side of the questions at issue, and be an incentive to deeper reading and broader thinking. To the Southern man it will be as a tonic, strengthening his faith and dependence in the principles and convictions which animated those who fought for their rights in the sixties. It is not a book to stir up controversy or ill feeling, but rather conduces to that deeper, quieter thought which leads to "mutual forgiveness and reparation, the open sesame to fraternal union and to the full measure of our national greatness."

Bound in cloth and handsomely illustrated; gilt top, uncut edges. Price, $1.50.

"MILITARY MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE."

The latest addition to Confederate military history comes as a "critical narrative," by Gen. E. P. Alexander, under the title of "Military Memoirs of a Confederate." This book was not written for the purpose of extolling the valor of Confederates in arms nor the skill of Confederate generals, but its object is "to present a criticism of each campaign in so far as the author is able to judge of the good and bad plays on each side. That such a presentation will be of benefit to general history goes without saying, and especially will it be appreciated by military students and officers. As the commander of a brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia, General Alexander was thoroughly conversant with the movements of the army, and therefore should be a competent critic of those movements on which hinged victory or defeat.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth-bound. Price, $4 net. See advertisement in this number.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the press of the Jones Brothers Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, has been issued a new history of the United States by Dr. John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., so well known as a historical writer. This history comes in a set of twelve volumes under the following subjects: "The Era of Discovery," "Discovery and First Colonization," "Middle Colonies and New England," "Colonies to the Struggle with France," "Seven Years' War," "Outbreak of Revolution," "Revolutionary War," "Constitution and Washington's Presidency," "Downfall of the Federalists." "Slavery and the Territories," "The Civil War and Reconstruction," "National Expansion," "The Twentieth Century," Index. These volumes are handsomely bound and illustrated, and would be an attractive as well as valuable acquisition for any library.

A general review of this new history is contemplated for a later number of the Veteran, the above being given now as an introduction of the work.

A NOVEL BY A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

A pathetic story rich in folklore and human interest is "Margaret Ballentine; or, The Fall of the Alamo," written by Mr. Frank Templeton, of Dick Dowling Camp. U. C. V., Houston, Tex., and issued in attractive form by the State Printing Company, of that city.

That the Volunteer State will take just pride in the book goes without saying, as the mother State of the Southwest has recently claimed Texas in legislative resolution, and a Houstonian among the Texas Solons has assented in these words: "'Tennessee is the mother of States; and of her daughters, Texas excels them all."

Mr. Templeton has made it a labor of love to see that the names of those less-known defenders of the Alamo be "not writ in water." Compilers of family histories will thank this painstaking historian, who has made a record of these immortals, giving their place of nativity, former home, and in many instances personal and even physical characteristics.

"Last, but not least," this invaluable contribution to local history has been made by one who, wearing the gray, has himself given much to the cause of constitutional government.—*Kate Kleer.*

[Since the publication of his book, Comrade Templeton has passed into the better land. A sketch of his life will appear in the Veteran later.—Ed.]

Inquiry is made for any information of J. J. Allison, who went out in Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Col. John R. Neil, and was under Ashby, but afterwards transferred to Forrest's command. The last heard of him was the day after the battle of Seven Pines. Response can be sent to the Veteran office.

A STORY OF THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT BEFORE RICHMOND, VA., 1862.

BY JOHNNIE REB.

Come, listen to a story
I am going to relate;
It happened near by Richmond,
In the Old Dominion State.
'Twas a stampede of the Yankees
Down the Chickahominy,
Big Yank, little Yank,
Root Yank or die.

"To Richmond, on to Richmond,"
Had been the Yankees' cry;
They said that they would have it
By the middle of July;
But you see that their predictions
Turned out to be a lie,
For everybody knows we made them
Root Yank or die.

Quite early in the morning,
The thirty-first of May—
I guess you all remember
That memorable day—
When Hill, of Carolina,
Found the Yankee brothers nigh;
He soon made them "double-quick"—
Root Yank or die.

McClellan he was bothered
In regard to our course;
He was also quite uneasy,
For fear we'd reënforce.
O how little was he thinking
That Lee's chicanery
Would soon make him "double-quick"—
Root Yank or die.

Lee and Stonewall Jackson
Together put their wits,
And very shortly afterwards
Threw the Yankees into fits;
Lee put into center
And Jackson on the sly;
Down the river went the Yanks—
Root Yank or die.

Lower down the river
Mac thought he'd make a stand.
But after some hard fighting
Found he couldn't stand his hand.
So onward went McClellan
Down the Chickahominy,
Crying to his hirelings,
"Root Yank or die."

McClellan wrote to Lincoln,
Not far from our lines,
That he fought the Rebel devils
At a place called Seven Pines;
He fixed it all up nicely,
But wound up with a lie,
For everybody knows we made him
Root Yank or die.

General Stonewall Jackson
Is a terror to the Yanks.
He regularly used up Fremont,
Shields, and also Banks.
Go it, Stonewall Jackson,
And make the feathers fly!
Make Yankee doodle, doodle
Root Yank or die.

Now I tell you, Uncle Samuel,
We will have you understand
To get back Cousin Sally
You never, never can.
For she's opposed to union;
So, Uncle Sam, good-by.
Dixie will be Dixie,
Root hog or die.

The Omaha Chapter, U. D. C., was organized some three years ago by Miss



MISS GRACE LENNON CONKLIN.

Grace Lennon Conklin, who has until recently filled the office of President, and upon resigning was made its honorary President. This Chapter is noted for efficient work in the organization and much credit is due to the enthusiasm and interest of its President. Miss Conklin is a graduate of the Department of Expression in the Marden School of Eloquence, and has entered upon a career as a professional reader, in which she has been very successful. Her readings throughout the Southern States under the auspices of Chapters U. D. C. have been favorably received, and her success seems assured. She is a daughter of Comrade E. Conklin, of Omaha, Nebr., who has been a zealous friend of the VETERAN for many years.

P. A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., writes: "On the 14th of August, 1864, I was severely wounded and captured at Deep Bottom, Va., and carried to Fortress Monroe. In the same room at the hospital where I was taken were General Walker, who had lost a leg, Captain Mason, of Major General Field's staff, Lieut. E. W. Ware, of Virginia, and Captain or Lieutenant McEachern. J. Chester Jones, of Baltimore, was then nursing his wounded brother, who was captain of artillery in the Federal army. He was very kind to me in my helpless condition. I should like to hear from all or any of the above-named veterans if living, and should like to shake hands at the Reunion in Richmond."

Mrs. W. E. Carter, of Marietta, Okla., seeks information of the war record of her father, J. B. Guthrie, whose home was at Walnut Grove, Walton County, Ga.: but he died near Cumming, Forsyth County, Ga., in 1887. In the early part of the war he was in Company H, 11th Georgia Regiment, under Captain McDaniell or McDowell; but he served in both the infantry and cavalry during the four years of his service, and she does not know where his later service was. Any information that will help establish her mother's claim to a pension will be appreciated.

Mrs. George N. L. Buyers, 37 North High Street, Columbia, Tenn., writes in the interest of Mrs. I. N. Buyers, widow of Lieutenant Buyers, of the 7th Georgia Regiment, under Col. W. C. Claiborne, who enlisted at Macon, Ga., at the opening of the war for one year in the infantry. When the year was up, he, with Lieut. L. J. Smith, made up a company of cavalry, Company B, Partisan Rangers, under Claiborne. Any information as to the record of Lieutenant Buyers will be appreciated by his widow, who seeks to establish her claim to a pension.

J. C. Bell, of Baldwyn, Miss., writes of a strange occurrence during the war near Okolona, Miss.: "Three captains and a lieutenant took shelter from a storm under a black jack tree, which was struck by lightning and all of them killed except one captain. He was attended by Dr. S. N. Walker and a young physician, and got well. Dr. Walker is anxious to locate his young assistant if still living. He thinks these officers and the young doctor were from Alabama."



SAY, MA, IF I LIVE, WILL I BE AS BIG A GOOSE AS YOU?
YES, MY CHILD. IF YOU DON'T USE

Magic White Soap

Rub Magic on soiled parts, leave in water one hour. No boiling; no washboard; no backache, if you use MAGIC WHITE SOAP; will iron easy as magic; has no rosin like in yellow soap. Get your grocer to order. $4 per box—100 cakes, 5-cent size. Save the wrappers. We pay freight.

MAGIC CHIPS IN BARRELS FOR LAUNDRIES

MAGIC KELLER SOAP WORKS, Ltd.
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WHAT TEXAS IS.

BY G. HERB PALIN.

A man once asked a native
What Texas soil would grow.
Said he: "I'll never tell you,
For really I don't know.

The soil's so rich in this great State,
Remember what I say,
That if I told you everything
I'd not get through to-day.

Just take the products of the earth
From every land and clime,
And Texas soil will equal
The best grown every time.

Why, sir," said he, "if walls were built
Around us ten miles high,
We'd have the best of everything
And wouldn't halfway try.

We have our mines, our countless herds,
And industries galore,
And hands that work and hearts that beat
For Texas evermore.

And women fair, large men and strong,
Our cities rich and great;
I'll tell you, sir, what Texas is:
The world rolled in one State."

E. W. Winkler, State Librarian, Austin, Tex., wants to secure volume for 1893; January, February, March, May, 1894; June, 1895; February, 1896; August, 1901; September, 1904. He has some duplicates that he would like to exchange for these missing numbers. Write him as to what you have.

Mrs. Bettie Taylor, of Springfield, Mo., inquires for one John Coats, who was, she thinks, from Johnson County, Mo., and just before the battle of Jenkins Ferry he stopped at her mother's house for dinner. While there he distinguished himself in resisting capture by a squad of Federals, killing a number of them and then making his escape. If he is still living or any one knows of his whereabouts, she will be glad to hear.

R. D. Almond, of Roosevelt, Idaho, would like to hear from some member of Stanford's Battery of Light Artillery, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee, with which he served. The battery went out from Grenada, Miss.

Thomas Lewis (adjutant 38th Artillery, Pickett's Division) writes from Roanoke, Va., of a Confederate flag in possession of some people in Cincinnati who have made repeated efforts to locate the company to which it belonged. It is a handsome silk flag with "Plout Guard" on it. The lady who wrote of the flag said: "It was pathetic to see the bullet holes in it." It is hoped that this notice will reach some member of the company who will be interested in securing its return.

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Announcement has been made by Joe Johnston Camp, Mexia, No. 94, U. C. V., that their next annual Reunion will occur on July 26 and 27, 1907. These Reunions have become noted as gatherings of much interest, and those who attend one time do not need a pressing invitation to another.

H. D. Pearce, Chairman of Executive Reunion Committee, Robert Lee, Tex., writes that his Camp desires to hold a West Texas Reunion this year of three days in July—24-26—on the Colorado River, two miles above Robert Lee, Coke County, Tex. A cordial welcome is extended to as many of the old soldier comrades as will attend.

Comrade John E. Raller, of Harrisonburg, Va., wishes to procure the following numbers of Trotwood's Monthly in order to complete his file of that publication: October, 1905; July, October, and December, 1906. Write him in advance of sending.

J. A. Dahlgren, of Atlanta, Ga., wishes to hear from any survivors of the 7th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Col. W. H. Bishop, who was killed at Franklin, Tenn. After the war the survivors of this regiment presented their battle flag to Mr. Dahlgren's father, and he is anxious to have the flag inscribed with the number of engagements it went through.

J. F. Dunbar, of Palestine, Tex., would be glad to hear from any of his old friends of Company C, 10th Georgia Infantry.

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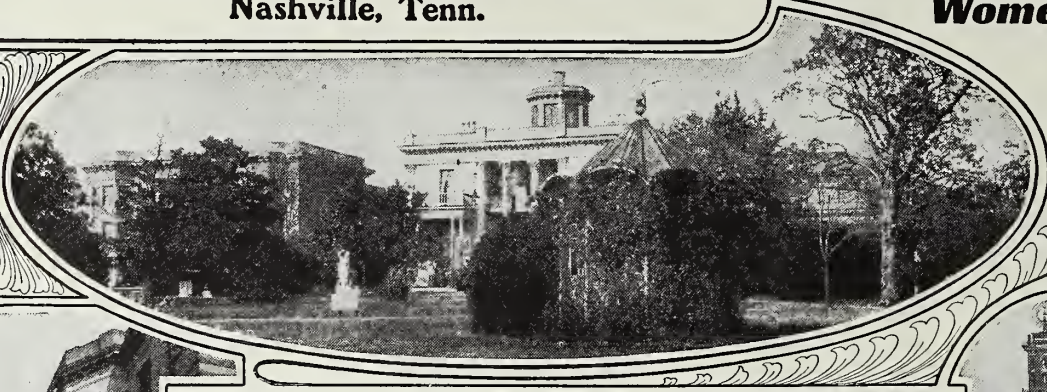


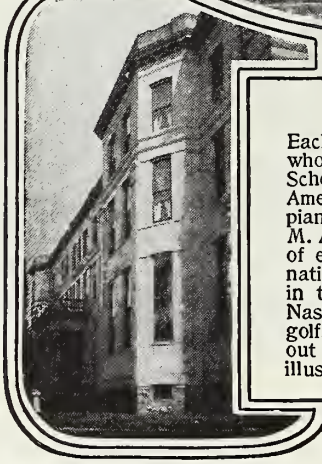
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¶The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia, now on exhibition in the Lee Building on the Warpath, Jamestown Exposition. ¶Agents wanted in every Southern city to sell a beautiful lithographic copy in color of this painting. Write for terms to National Printing and Exhibit Co., Lee Building, Jamestown Exposition.

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An unusual and most interesting feature of the book is that surrounding the recent visit of the author to the scenes of his army career after forty-one years' absence, where he was the guest of Confederate soldiers in Richmond, Columbia, Anderson, and also of the family of the late Capt. J. C. B. Smith, of Columbia, who was Lieut. Johnson's captor at the Battle of the Wilderness, thus bringing about a happy reunion of the Blue and the Gray, and forever cementing the feeling that knows no North, no South, but one United States.

"THE SWORD OF HONOR" contains one hundred and four pages, with twelve full-page illustrations, handsomely bound in blue and gold.

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For Sale by the Author, H. A. JOHNSON, 25 Woodland Street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. William R. Freret, 836 Berlin Street, New Orleans, La., wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband who can give the company and regiment in which he served. Surviving comrades will kindly respond in order to assist her in securing a pension.

Mrs. L. A. Lucas, the widow of W. P. Lucas, who enlisted in 1861 at Simsport, La., in Capt. Dick Boone's company, seeks to establish the record of her husband in order to procure a pension, of which she stands in great need. Write her at Hico, Tex.

J. A. Storey, of Arcadia, La., wants to get a copy of the "History of the 11th Georgia Regiment," written by Kit Warren, of Lee County, Ga., and thinks some members of his company (G) may be able to tell him where it can be procured.

The annual reunion of the Confederate Veterans of Coryell County, Tex., will take place at Gatesville, Tex., July 24-27. The Third Brigade will meet with them this year, and every effort will be made to make this occasion successful in every way.

R. A. Cheatham, of Acworth, Ga., R. F. D. No. 13, writes of a badge found near Acworth, a silver circle, on one side of which is inscribed: "Sergeant Wash Hollon, 8th Ky. V. I." He would like to find the owner or some of the connection.

B. F. Rook, of Sumner, Miss., writes that he is in the Delta far away from where he enlisted; and as a veteran of the 2d Mississippi Infantry, Company G, he would like to hear from any surviving comrades.

C. H. Cleveland, 616 Market Street, San Antonio, Tex., is anxious to get the address of any surviving member of Company I (Ball's company), of the Fairfax Cavalry, Jones's Brigade, Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., with which he served.

Jacob Howell, of Huntsville, Ala., who was a member of Company G, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Jake Biffle, wants to get addresses on any survivors of this company or of the regiment.

Confederate Veteran.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1907. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

THE RICHMOND REUNION.

So widespread and so elaborate have reports of the Reunion of 1907 at Richmond been published that no attempt to make record in the VETERAN is made other than the historic and official features. It is an unhappy error and a blunder to talk about the greatest Reunion ever held in these days when the gray line is thin indeed. True, there were more Veterans at Richmond than it seemed possible ever to muster again, and the health and vigor of the average was amazingly fine. It may be said that the capital of the Confederacy did its best on this occasion. The management through the cold, rainy weather was called upon to supply quarters and a multitude of blankets, and this at a time when resources must have been quite exhausted, but the issues were met promptly. It was doubtless the heaviest tax yet put upon any entertaining city, and it shows that Richmond was resourceful to the great emergency.

Richmond is indeed a strong, large city, with magnificent hotels, and hospitality was without stint. The Jefferson, a block deep, has the unstinted praise of world travelers who have money to enjoy the best in any clime. It was a Mecca on that occasion. Indeed, it was the pride of every Southerner. Such scenes will hardly ever be witnessed again on an occasion of honoring Confederates. It was without doubt the greatest occasion that will come to them this side of that greatest reunion where the secrets of honest, patriotic souls will be recognized and established forever and forever.

The Conventions of the Veterans were well attended, though the hours were shorter than usual. Committees had their work and reports well in hand, and there was no friction manifested at any time. The leading reports will appear herein and in later issues of the VETERAN. The report of the Confederate Memorial Association was read by Gen. Robert White, of West Virginia, who at the conclusion turned to the editor of the VETERAN and said: "I want to shake hands with you, and we want you to help us. You have thought we were against you in the past, but you were mistaken. We were simply trying to hold our own."

Public answer is made in the statement that the VETERAN ever has had sincere esteem for the motives of the men who inaugurated the "Batle Abbey" movement. That which caused its greatest calamity was in their interest and the interest of those who were giving their money to establish it. There never was at any time any other motive in its course. It would not seem just or fair to refer to this except to mention in gratitude the princely donor, Charles Broadway Rouss, and



CONVENTION HALL, RICHMOND, WHERE THE CONFEDERATE REUNION FOR 1907 WAS HELD.

his royal representative, Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, the latter offering on various occasions to give the money necessary to the prolonged litigation. Yes, the VETERAN will rejoice to see the undertaking perfected, and expects it to be one of the chief attractions in the South.

It has been impossible to put in this VETERAN all that was intended, especially in regard to the Reunion and the dedication of monuments. The main reports are given, but much



MISS VIRGINIA STUART WALLER,
Granddaughter who unveiled the J. E. B. Stuart Monument.

that occurred with which it was intended to entertain veterans and other Confederates who were not present is unavoidably omitted. Affliction which usually takes subjects unawares is mentioned in an important sense as explanation.

The dedication of the J. E. B. Stuart monument caused an outpour of people that must have gratified those who were most intimate with the wonderful cavalryman and a man who was so light-hearted and gay, and yet in whose life there were such deep and undying Christian virtues. "Jeb" Stuart will ever be a study in human nature. The unveiling of the monument was by his little granddaughter, whose modest but splendid face is here presented. She was with Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart.

The dedication of the Davis monument was all that could have been imagined. Such a sea of human beings was hardly ever seen in the South, and for a Confederate occasion its like is not expected to appear again. The order of exercises was carried through as perfectly as could have been anticipated. Of course it was not expected that the human voice could be heard by the vast throng, and without seeming impropriety —for it was a gala day rather than mournful—rockets were being sent high above, from which emerged many beautiful figures, conspicuous among which were balloons with magnificent Confederate flags floating, which fell in different parts of the assembly, and a fine band of music and hundreds of girls were singing about the area of the monument. Such a joyous throng of so great magnitude must have rarely ever been witnessed on the earth.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was ably represented by its President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans. She was the only woman official who responded in person before the great assembly gathered to dedicate the monument to President Jefferson Davis. She said:

"In the name of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, composed of the women of the 'sixties,' the contemporaries of the men who wore the gray, I thank you for this hearty welcome. To the loyal and patriotic women of Virginia, and particularly to members of the Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, U. D. C., we extend sincere congratulations and rejoice with them that our labor of love is accomplished. It is not my purpose to deliver a lengthy address or eulogy on the life of Jefferson Davis. This will be portrayed in more eloquent words by the orator of the day. I esteem it a great privilege, however, to stand here as the representative of Memorial Associations, and in the presence of this vast assemblage in a humble way and feeble voice give testimony to the loyalty and devotion of Southern women who proclaim to the world their love and reverence for the only President of the Confederate States of America. Gray-bearded Veterans, silver-haired wives and mothers, patriotic sons and daughters are here to-day to witness the unveiling of this monument, erected by the people of the South and dedicated to the lofty patriotism and sublime courage as exemplified in the character of Jefferson Davis. Kentucky is here to claim him as a son, Mississippi is



THE J. E. B. STUART MONUMENT.

proud of him as the able representative of that State, and the people of the South are here to honor him as the President of the Confederate States of America.

"Mr. Davis possessed in an eminent degree the heroic virtues of fortitude, constancy, and devotion to principle. To him, our resolute leader and the stanch defender of the Constitution, the South owes a debt of gratitude. Our children

and our children's children should be taught to honor and revere his memory. They should assemble on each June 3, the anniversary of his birth, and strew immortelles on his grave and learn from the matchless oratory of the Veterans



SOME DECORATIONS AT JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

the true worth of this great American patriot and Christian soldier. It has been well said that 'to-day his fame is ours; a century hence it will be the world's.' In this historic city the destinies of our short-lived but glorious nation were shaped and guided by his giant intellect, his services being dedicated to his people and to their cause, 'the grandest that ever rose, the purest that ever fell.' He was the vicarious sufferer of the Southern people. No man of the Confederacy was more ruthlessly maligned, more grossly misrepresented, and it devolves upon us to protest against the base calumnies that have been charged against him.

"Having implicit faith in his stainless character, we ask that the search light of impartial history be thrown upon the life and character of Jefferson Davis, believing that his name will shine forth as a bright example of patriotism, statesmanship, and Christian virtue, for he was a man 'faithful to all trusts.' The Women of the Confederacy have come from the farthest ends of the South with garlands of love and affection, which they offer as a tribute of love and reverence to his memory. Come hither, you battle-scarred veterans, loyal remnant of the grandest army ever marshaled in battle, come, honored heroes, as great in peace as you were valiant in war, and with bowed heads and grateful hearts lay your testimonials at the feet of your beloved President. Let all unite in honoring the name of Jefferson Davis, the noble exemplar of truth and justice, who, when the roar of battle ceased, 'withdrew from his exalted charge with the dignity made strong by his faith' and 'gained for himself the love and reverence of his people, who trusted him.'"

In the resolution of thanks to the good people of Richmond the Confederated Memorial Association expressed gratitude to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, to the Hollywood and Oakwood Memorial Associations, to the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., to the Hebrew Memorial Association, and to the Hollywood, Oakwood, and Hebrew Junior Memorial Associations for their invitation and for doing that which made the meeting so successful, for the beautiful reception at the Confederate Museum, and for all the personal courtesies extended during the sessions of the Convention; to the pastor and deacons of the Second Baptist Church for the use of the assembly rooms, which proved such comfortable quarters for the Convention; also to the ladies of the lunch committee for the lunches so daintily served.

Drs. W. R. L. Smith, Landon R. Mason, and J. Powell Smith were gratefully remembered for their assistance in the meetings. Thanks were extended to various other organizations and individuals for kindness to the Association.

The committee was comprised of Mrs. Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman; Miss L. Byrd Mock, Mrs. Nannie Seddon Barney, Mrs. James Dinkins.

In commenting upon the Reunion, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President C. S. M. A., said: "This Reunion can never be excelled nor equaled. Our Convention was the largest in attendance and most enthusiastic of any held since its organization, in Louisville, in 1900. The success of the Reunion and Convention was due largely to the patriotism, zeal, and energy of the patriotic Confederate men and women of Richmond."



SCORES OF THOUSANDS ASSEMBLED FOR DEDICATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In soliciting advertising patronage, the VETERAN is making earnest effort to put before its readers only what can be relied upon as being just what is offered; and should this fail to be the case in any particular, the fact should be reported at once. Much business has been refused because of its apparent unreliability or other objectionable features; and while losers to a large amount by this policy, much more is gained by the protection thus afforded to our patrons. In asking their consideration, therefore, of anything offered through its columns, they can be assured that their interest is sought as well as the help such patronage will afford the VETERAN in enhancing its value as an advertising medium.

OBJECT LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

It is gratifying to observe in the press of Havana, Cuba, the Spanish La Union Espanola spring to the rescue of the Havana Post (English). The Spanish journal says:

"A few days ago we published in these columns the fact that our cultured and distinguished companion, Mr. Leavitt, the editor of the Post, has been indicted as a result of a suit brought against him by Messrs. Reading and Steinhart. The case is one which is clearly within the class known as 'offenses of the press' and within the limits of the daily risk which may befall any companion. And yet, so far as known, the Press Association has not met and adopted any resolution to investigate the case and offer to the distinguished companion its more or less efficient aid.

"We who have always practiced true newspaper unity, which should extinguish all differences existing between companions of the press when one is the object of such persecution, decisively offer to Mr. Leavitt all of our sympathy, our affection, and, if it is possible that it is useful, our modest assistance.

"The cause of this indictment has not been a personal question discussed in the columns of the Post, but a matter of general interest in which the companion may perhaps be mistaken in his criticism, but for which there is no reason to believe him any the less sincere and honorable. We are, we repeat, by the side of our prosecuted companion."

In commenting on the foregoing the Post says: "We are most grateful for the cordial support of our colleague. By its words it shows that it knows what true press companionship is. A libel suit is something that any paper with courage to speak its convictions is always running the risk, and it is for their common good that newspapers stand together, forgetting all other differences on such occasions. La Union furnishes an excellent example of broad-mindedness. Unable to agree with us in our policy of opposing the purchase of Church property by the State, it nevertheless recognizes our right to our opinion and stands by our side when an attempt is apparently made to shut us up by means of libel suits."

There is no periodical in the United States more suited to appreciate the foregoing than the VETERAN. Press organizations ought to organize for practical support to their members in such emergencies.

A subsequent issue of the Post renders sincere thanks to the Cuban press as follows: "The hearty and unlimited support which is being given the Havana Post by almost all of its colleagues in the press on account of the libel suits which have grown out of the Post's opposition to the Church property deal is very gratifying to this paper, and is an edifying spectacle to the world, showing as it does that in Cuba, when a newspaper in the pursuit of what it considers its duty is assailed by powerful forces, its companions in the press know how to forget all differences and rally to its support. We cannot but give our sincere thanks for the hearty support of the comrades of the press."

STRANGE! STRANGE!! STRANGE!!!

The National Tribune of June 13, 1907, says: "Many people will be shocked into incredulity by Murderer Orchard's cold-blooded testimony as to the industry and lack of remorse with which he followed his horrid trade of assassination. It seems unbelievable to them that any man could go about day after day coolly taking away human life with as little compunction as a pig-sticker in the Chicago Stock Yards slays his victims. History, however, tells us that such natures are not at all unusual. We of this generation have seen a Captain Wirz, aided and abetted, specifically ordered by Gen. John H. Winder and Jefferson Davis, conduct a system which every day sent to their graves hundreds of fully as good men as Orchard slew, and accompanied this with cruelties incomparably worse than Orchard visited upon his victims. There are men born so destitute of moral sense and sympathy as to feel absolutely no compunction about taking human life, and Orchard is one of them."

The National Tribune is related to the Grand Army of the Republic quite as is this VETERAN to the Confederates.

Black clots of old bloody shirts seem to have become petrified, and cleansing is evidently hopeless. Good men of the North differ in their views. A handsome patriot at the Richmond Reunion was asked where he served in the sixties, and he replied: "I served in the Union army; but if it were to do over again, I would be a Confederate." He so spoke referring to the principles involved in the war. He believed in the stainless life of Jefferson Davis.



ELIZA BENNETT YOUNG,

Six years of age, as she appeared on her pony "Johnny Dixie" at the head of the Kentucky Division parade, Richmond Reunion.

ADDRESS OF R. E. LEE, JR., TO THE VETERANS.

An event second to no other in interest of the many addresses at the Reunion was that of the grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee. The young gentleman—son of "Rooney" Lee—was presented to the Veterans at the first Nashville Reunion. He was then a mere youth, but is now developed into magnificent manhood. His speech was of much length, but was heard with increased interest throughout. The speaker by his word and manner seemed to realize fully the responsibility of the name he bore. He used no notes, and yet never faltered in word or expression to the end. The nearest he approximated reference to his eminent and beloved ancestor was in an expression about "the anguish of Appomattox."

Mr. Lee discussed the underlying causes of the great struggle of the sixties. The following is from what he said:

"Notwithstanding the fact that we are told upon the best authority that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' yet there are times in the lives of men when that fullness is so ample, the demand so great, that the poor, stammering, stuttering tongue remains silent and palsied at the magnitude and munificence of the task that is set before it. Surely there is such a moment in the life of every true son of the South when he attempts to depict the days of doubt and dread between 1861 and 1865, to describe the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the people of the South, to recite the deeds of unparalleled courage and heroism wrought by her incomparable armies, and to lay memories of sweet immortelles upon the graves of the countless heroes of the Confederacy.

"There never has been a more critical period of American history than that which ushered the year 1860 upon the world's stage of action. The trouble was not of recent origin, it was not the spasmodic outburst of an hour nor the stubborn and senseless resistance of a factious maintenance of groundless opinions, but was the result of the existence of antagonizing forces operating for a long time in the country, the seeds being first sown by the forefathers, some in the fertile valley of the James and some on the rock-bound coast of New England. Sectional differences exhibited themselves long before the adoption of the Federal Constitution.



MISS ELIZABETH W. WASHINGTON AND ROBERT E. LEE, JR.

(Picture made ten years ago. "Bessie" is now Miss Washington, and soon to be married. Mr. Lee was a guest in the family of Hon. J. E. Washington, and was presented to the U. C. V. Convention, Nashville Reunion of 1897.

"For the purposes of this occasion we care not how the African slave first placed his unhallowed foot on Southern soil. Suffice it to say that, although the South had at one time no inconsiderable career of maritime adventure, 'no ship or shipmaster of hers was ever in a single case implicated in the illicit African slave trade.' Her greatest men always maintained slavery to be the most dangerous element in the country. From the beginning the statesmen of the South scented danger in the great race problem with which they were being saddled, and the question that was uppermost in their minds was, What shall be done with the emancipated serf? 'Much as I deplore slavery,' says Patrick Henry, 'I see that prudence forbids its abolition.' Henry Clay asserted that 'the evils of slavery are absolutely nothing in comparison with the far greater evils which would inevitably follow from sudden, general, and indiscriminate emancipation.' And again he says: 'If we were to invoke the greatest blessing on earth which heaven in its mercy could bestow on this nation, it would be the separation of the two most numerous races of its population and their comfortable establishment in distant and distinct countries.' Mr. Mason, of Virginia, went farther in declaring: 'The traffic is infernal. To permit it is against every principle of honor and safety.' Mr. Calhoun was of the opinion that the existing relations between master and servant 'cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness.'

"Virginia in October, 1778, and Georgia in 1798 passed acts prohibiting the importation of slaves. The former act provided for a penalty of one thousand pounds, and also that every slave imported contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act shall upon such importation become free. Thus, to the everlasting credit of the South, upon whose devoted head the vials of holy wrath have been so unjustly and brutally poured out for propagating, nourishing, and harboring slavery, she led the world in an earnest attempt to prevent the very thing of which she is accused.

"During the fight of 1820-21, which resulted in the Missouri Compromise, slavery had hardly become a political question, and as proof that the Southern States had not at that early period banded together in support of the system, the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were earnestly engaged in practical movements for gradual emancipation of their slaves; and this good work continued until it was arrested by the abolitionists, who 'insisted upon convicting as criminals those who were so well disposed to bring about the very result at which they themselves professed to aim.'

"'Promised emancipation refused to submit itself to hateful abolition.' Under the guise of philanthropy and humanity, and notwithstanding the fact that England had liberated four hundred thousand slaves at the cost of twenty million pounds paid to their owners, the abolitionists demanded the uncompensated freeing of the slaves, the great majority of which were in the South. Such a wholesale attack on private property by the State has no parallel in history; the nearest approach to it is the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. and Talleyrand's famous measure for the spoliation of

the Church during the French Revolution under the sophistical plea that it belonged to the nation.

"Finally scheming politicians, 'invincible in peace, invisible in war,' took advantage of the unfortunate state of affairs and adopted slavery for their slogan and a vehicle for their selfish ends.

"Mr. Lunt, of Massachusetts, says: 'Self-seeking and ambitious demagogues, the pest of republics, disturbed the equilibrium, and were able at length to plunge the country into that worst of all public calamities—civil war. The question of morals had as little as possible to do with the result. Philanthropy might have sighed, fanaticism have howled for centuries in vain, but for the hope of office and the desire of public plunder on the part of men who were neither philanthropists nor fanatics.' Thus slavery was the occasion and not the cause of the revolt, 'just as property is the cause of robbery.' Slavery was the South's calamity, and not her crime. Two most significant facts remain in this connection. First, there was incorporated in the organic law of the Southern Confederacy, made wholly by slave States, an absolute prohibition of the foreign slave trade. The final act was the emancipation of the slaves by the votes of the Southern States.

"Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of January, 1863, was legally absolutely void and ineffective. The negroes were freed by the thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution. When this was adopted, the Federal Union was composed of thirty-six States. The fifth article of the Constitution provides that no amendment to the Constitution shall become part thereof until 'ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States.' Therefore it required twenty-seven votes to ratify the amendment. On the 18th of December, 1865, the Secretary of State reported twenty-seven States having so ratified. Sixteen of these were Northern States. Nine of those States refused to vote for the measure, and the remaining eleven required to make up the two-thirds were the Southern States. The much-maligned, slave-tortured South became the liberator of the serf. It is one of the ironies of history that the South, which had done so much to prevent and stamp out the black terror, should be called on to be sacrificed on the altar of the opinions of those who were in a large measure responsible for the existence of the African within her borders.

"The South is charged with a desire to destroy the Union. As fair and impartial a judge as Lord Wolseley falls into this error when he says: 'Few find fault with the men of the North for their manly determination, come what may, to resist every effort of their brothers in the South to break up the Union.

"Secession was not preached for the first time in the South, as is so well pointed out by the Rev. Dr. McKim, of Washington, a gallant Confederate soldier: "It was threatened in the North four times before South Carolina seceded. The first came from Col. Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, a friend of Washington's and a member of his Cabinet, opposing the acquisition of Louisiana; the second from Josiah Quincy, another distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, over the proposed admission of Louisiana as a State in the Union; the third from the Hartford Convention, in which five States were represented, over the dissatisfaction occasioned by the war with Great Britain; and the fourth from the Legislature of Massachusetts, because it was proposed 'to annex Texas to the Federal Union.'

"The steady development of the South, especially territorially, stirred in the North a great 'jealous anxiety,' a fear of a great slave empire and loss of political power. The venerable Quincy pronounced it 'the duty of the North to take possession of the government at any hazard, even at the dissolution of the Union itself.' When Louisiana knocked at the door of the Federal family, it so stirred this distinguished Massachusetts statesman that he boldly declared on the floor of Congress that 'if this bill passes it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it frees the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.' Adams and Giddings were also nerved to such a pitch that they issued an address declaring that the annexation of Texas would be 'so injurious to the interest of the Northern States as not only inevitably to result in dissolution of the Union but to fully justify it.'

"Zachariah Chandler wrote the Governor of Michigan requesting him to send delegates to the Peace Compromise Congress, called by a Southern State, being the only effort made by a State to avert the war. 'Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a curse.' When the Congress failed of its purpose, there sprang from the throats of the radicals this triumphant note: 'We have won the battle, and we mean to have the fruits.'

"It would seem that Mr. Lincoln himself puts at rest all doubt as to the responsibility of the conflict in an interview with Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, as given by Miss Tarbell in her 'Life of Lincoln.' 'Gentlemen,' he is reported as saying, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war to the country. The Northwest opposed the South, as New England opposed the South. It is you, Medill, who is largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until you had it. I have given it to you. What you have asked for, you have had. Now you come begging to be let off from the call for more men, which I have made to carry on the war you demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"When the red curtain of war rolled up on the American stage, it revealed the South in arms, ready and willing to defend all that makes life worth living—the freedom of country, the honor of people, the sanctity of home. There was also exhibited the sublimest and most unique figure the world has ever seen, that of the Confederate soldier, the evolution of a revolution, which history here takes up never again to put him down.

"The courage of the Confederate soldier was like that of Lacedæmonians: he inquired not for the number of his enemy, but for the place where they could be found. 'The available forces scattered over the Confederacy, from Richmond to New Orleans, from the frontier of Arkansas to the everglades of Florida, can hardly have numbered in April, 1861, 150,000—about one-fifth of those of the enemy.' The Confederates amused in the tangled wilderness an enemy three times their number; 51,000 Confederates confronted Grant with his 190,000, attacked him wherever he showed an uncovered front, killed, wounded, and captured more men than the number of the whole Southern army.

"I care not what some may think of the Confederate soldier as an individual; put his cap on his head, button his old gray jacket around him, fill his canteen, put his musket on his shoulder, place him in the war-worn and weather-beaten ranks of his fallen country, and see how he soars above the rest of mankind, how grandly he enters the awful realm of war in which he has become a denizen, unfolding its mysteries and interpreting its strategies, permitting

the military genius of the world to gaze a humble, reverent observer. Let us not, then, be content with the lukewarm and, if you please, molly-coddling expression that the Confederate soldier fought for what he believed to be right. If precedent is a guide, if argument has any convincing force, if approving conscience any solace, if subsequent approbation by those who once disagreed with him any justification, if duty magnificently performed any indication, then we can assert without fear of successful contradiction that the Confederate soldier fought and died for what he knew to be right.

"'I would not give my dead Ossory for any living son of Albion' was the cry of a bereaved English mother. 'Yea, I would not give the memory of my dear dead country and her glorious past for all the living anticipations of the nations of the world' is the true Confederate soldier's proud declaration. Wherever his hallowed bones are buried, earth has the care of one more hero's grave and heaven the custody of an additional soul over which the plaudit of 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' has been pronounced.

"These blessed post-bellum camp fires which you kindle year by year warm into life the shadows of the past and the mighty days from 1861 to 1865 that are dead and gone. Now the polemic heat of the quarrel having passed without 'recrimination or abuse,' without 'throwing faith to the winds,' without 'waving good-by to confidence,' the South proudly points to the actors in that great drama as her rarest jewels and places them in the diadem that crowns the nation's head to shed undying luster to American arms.

'She is not disturbed that people know so much about her, but what wounds and offends her is that they know so much about her that is not so. She still has problems to solve and burdens grievous to be borne. It is recorded that the great Napoleon, walking at St. Helena with an English lady, met in a narrow path a man struggling under a great load. The lady ordered him to get out of the Emperor's way. The 'Little Corporal' stepped aside, turned on her, and with his characteristic fire said: 'Madam, respect the burden.' And this is what the South calls on the nation and the world to do—to respect her burden and to add not to it, and to leave her alone while she bears those burdens which she alone can bear and solves those problems which she alone can solve. Some day generations yet unborn will rise up and call her blessed, for the fight that she has been in, and will ever make, to keep Anglo-Saxon blood untarnished and American citizenship pure and unblemished."

The report of a wicked proceeding comes from Lexington, Ky. It is that a veteran, Frank Tatman, sixty-five years old, had been arrested under the charge that he had been drinking. "He pleaded so hard for mercy that Police Judge Riley told him if he would win a race from a mounted policeman he might go free. Tatman ran three blocks with the officer's horse, and won by three feet. He was immediately released."

"Where shall I send my daughter to school this winter?" —or son, it may be—is a sentiment of concern by parents all over the land, anxiously interested in providing the best in the way of instruction as well as surroundings for their children. Some most attractive school advertisements appear in this number of the VETERAN, and it guarantees that any selection among them will prove satisfactory. Write for their catalogues; and just to help the VETERAN along a bit, mention where you saw their advertisement.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR CARMACK'S ADDRESS.

A more appropriate address could hardly be imagined than that by Hon. E. W. Carmack, of Tennessee, who made the address for Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson (whose father was United States Senator from Mississippi), President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through whom the monument was erected. The selection of Mr. Carmack came through Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Mrs. Henderson had never met Mr. Carmack until he was presented to her on the platform by the monument. A memorable tribute to the address remains in the animated, patriotic face of the U. D. C. President, which glistened through her smiles and tears as he made record for eternity of the great character of Jefferson Davis and the principles for which he stood through the tremendous ordeal of war and reconstruction.

Senator Carmack's address was in substance as follows:

"*Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* It is my privilege to appear in the exercises of this great occasion as the representative of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose noble part it is and has ever been to keep 'fires of chivalry alight in hearts of gold.' Let me add that this monument to the South's great leader is no less a monument to the South's great women, who have wrought into it their devotion to the memory of his heroic services and his stainless life as well as to the cause of which he was alike the foremost champion and the most illustrious victim.

"It is no part of my task to justify this monument. Let me say only that if the unselfish devotion of all the powers of a great mind, if patient self-sacrifice and heroic suffering deserve a grateful remembrance no man ever builded more surely than Jefferson Davis the foundation of his fame. Great in all the years of his active life, he was surpassingly great in those last years in which mistaken malice laid on his devoted head all the supposed sins of his people. With the serenity of a great and unconquered soul he bore the fury of persecution and opposed a mighty and magnanimous contempt to the crawling calumnies of his defamers. These have lived their summer day and died, while the fame of Jefferson Davis gathers new splendor with each passing year.

"Here let me say that there is no Southern soldier pusillanimous enough to accept that lenient judgment sometimes proffered by the charity of his critics that he was the innocent, deluded victim of a wicked leadership. No soldier of the South, however ruined in fortune or broken with wounds, no wife bereft of her husband, no mother bereft of her son, has ever raised an accusing voice against the leaders of the South. The Southern people are not of that coward breed that seeks a vicarious sufferer for its own deeds.

"Let no man mistake us—the South, the whole South, gave both heart and hand to the war of secession; and as history shall judge Jefferson Davis, so let it judge every soldier who fought beneath the flag of the Confederacy. Yea, and so let it judge us of a new generation who ask for ourselves no higher honor and no prouder fate than that by their deeds we may be judged and whose most fervent prayer is that the sons of these heroes may be worthy of their sires. No, my countrymen, it is not as a trembling penitent that the South approaches the judgment bar of history.

"Standing in the presence of this noble and impressive monument, we proudly front the world and proclaim to the present and the coming time: 'This was our hero, and his cause was ours.' Whether for chieftain or for private, we

make no confession of wrong, we plead for no forgiveness of error, we ask no tenderness of the future historian, no charity from the enlightened judgment of mankind. If there are those who are shocked by such sentiments, let me add that this reunited country will not be best defended by conscious criminals begging for mercy at the victor's feet. Thoughtless people have sometimes reproached us for such scenes as this, and have demanded as a pledge of our loyalty to a reunited country that we give the memory of our heroes to oblivion and their graves to the wilderness. They know not what they ask. They would have us prove our loyalty to the Union by proving ourselves recreant to the noblest sentiments that could swell the bosom of an American patriot.

"I say that the valor of our Southern soldiers, the fortitude of our Southern women, the fidelity with which we cherish the memory of their deeds and their sufferings are but the measure of our loyalty to a reunited country and to the flag that floats over it from the lakes to the gulf and from sea to sea. If the Southern people could so soon forget, if they were so fickle and inconstant that they could learn to despise the cause for which they gave the best blood of their veins, if they could be ashamed of a record that is the wonder and admiration of the world, then indeed might they be despised as a degenerate and ignoble race who could not be loyal to any country or faithful to any flag.

"He is foolish, indeed, who holds that the Southerner must surrender not only his arms but his manhood and self-respect before he can become a faithful soldier or a worthy citizen of the republic. No, my countrymen, the world respects us for what we are doing this day. It will despise us if we ever come to despise our own glorious history.

"This monument is also commemorative of the soldiers and the sailors of the South. Whatever else may be said, no man has the hardihood to question the splendid valor and prowess of the South, whether by land or by sea. With a courage so great that her adversaries have loved to stigmatize it as sheer folly and madness, she challenged the power of a great nation vastly superior in numbers, in wealth, in everything that makes ready for war. Without an army, without a navy, without money, without credit, without arms or ammunition of war, and without factories to supply them, she entered upon that fearful struggle. Against the appalling odds of nearly four to one she maintained it for four years, and for a long time the issue of battle hung doubtful in the balance. Nay, more: I assert that there would have been no victory for the Union if the contest had been on land alone.

"It was the fatal weakness of the Confederacy at sea that turned the tide of war. Given men, the organization of an army is a matter of comparatively easy achievement. It is another matter to improvise a navy for instant service. The navy of the United States in 1861 ranked fourth among the navies of the world, and in proportion to its strength was second to none; perhaps superior to any in efficiency. Its merchant marine was the greatest upon the sea. A rich nation with all the appliances for shipbuilding would have been at immense disadvantage. The Confederacy had no such appliances and was poor. Makeshift trading craft constituted the bulk of the Confederate navy. Yet under all these adverse conditions the genius of the South shone with as much brilliancy by sea as by land. Cruisers like the Alabama and the Shenandoah almost swept the merchant ships of the Union from the sea. Ironclads like the Merrimac wrought havoc with the best-equipped war ships of the enemy. To naval warfare the Confederacy bequeathed the torpedo and the ironclad ram as well as some daring and partially successful experiments in submarine navigation. The record of the Confederate navy was in short the story of genius, energy, and fertility of invention baffled by poverty of means and natural resources.

"But, my countrymen, no just tribute to the quality of Southern manhood could be made that did not include the story of its marvelous achievements in the redemption of the South after the war. To my mind there is nothing in all history so magnificent as the indomitable and invincible spirit which enabled a defeated people to rise in determined, victorious resistance to the policy of the conqueror's government. The Southern people could accept what they deemed the legitimate results of the war; they could give up slavery without a sigh; they could live under the Union and under its flag (after all, it was their land and their flag); but to be despoiled of their heritage, to be subjected to the rule of a servile master—against such degradation and dishonor they rose as one man with one spirit.

"Judge Tourgee, author of 'Fool's Errand,' by no means a friendly critic, could not withhold his admiration for the 'indomitable men who, being conquered in war, yet resisted every effort of the conqueror to change their laws or their customs, and this too not only with unyielding stubbornness but with success.' He admits that in all this they showed the 'elements that go to make up a grand and kingly people,' and that their 'triumph was incredibly grand,' that it was the most 'brilliant revolution ever accomplished.'

"And grand it was not for the South alone but for the whole country, for free government could not have long survived under the rule of the worst elements of the North combined with the ignorant negroes of the South. Let it be the proud boast of the North that by the power of the bayonet and the force of numbers it saved the country from disunion; it is the proud boast of the South that with its naked hands it saved it from degradation and destruction.

"Let me say, my countrymen, that such are not the deeds of conscious criminals. They are possible only to men deeply convinced of the justice of their cause. The world has paid its just tribute to the Confederate leaders and the Confederate soldiers. History has placed the statesmen, the military chieftains, and the armies of the South beyond the reach of calumny or detractions. President Roosevelt has written that the Southern soldier was more effective in battle than his Northern adversary. Those who would apply the name of traitor to such men are but teaching the youth of America that treason is a nobler school of manhood than loyalty and that crime can outrival virtue in the greatness of its deeds and the sublimity of the sufferings.

"My countrymen, the doctrine of secession is dead; but because it is dead, because it can never again plague the country or disturb the repose of the nation, we can afford to speak and teach the truth about it. Our children have a right to know that the doctrine of secession from our earliest history under the Constitution was taught by the ablest publicists of the North as well as of the South; that the very first treatise on the Constitution, written by the then leader of the Philadelphia bar, taught the right of a State to secede from the Union; that a standard work on the Constitution at West Point when Jefferson Davis was a student there taught the same doctrine, and that Jefferson Davis learned his lesson of secession from the government of the United States. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, says that the very men who framed the Constitution regarded it as an experiment, and did not

doubt the right of a State peaceably to withdraw from the Union. In fact, the first secession movement in this country had its origin in New England, and only sixteen years before the State of South Carolina actually seceded the State of Massachusetts by act of its Legislature threatened to secede.

"We have a right to teach these things to our children, teaching at the same time that the causes that once threatened to divide us have passed and that henceforth the strength and glory of the South are bound up forever with the strength and glory of the Union. After all, this Union is bound by stronger ties than the phrases of a written Constitution; it is bound by a common interest, a common heritage, and a common hope.

'Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die.'

"All these things are now glorious memories. Proud of her glorious history, proud of every drop of blood that has gushed from the veins of her sons, proud of every grave and every ruin that proclaims the splendor of her deeds while it marks the failure of her hopes, the South turns resolutely from the ashes of the past to the fruits of the future. We may strew



MRS. THEODORE R. FROUDLE,
Matron of Honor, Kentucky Division.

our flowers and let fall our tears upon the hallowed mounds where valor sleeps in his bloody shroud, but the lesson of the lives of our heroes admonishes us to do our duty as bravely as they did theirs.

"We owe love and memory to the past; we owe love and labor to the present and to the future. 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' In the field of commerce and industry the South has already reaped a golden harvest, and she has but thrust her sickle into the grain. The present century is stored with richest blessings for our Southland.

"In the field of statecraft the opportunity is again at hand for the South to assert her old preëminence in the nation's councils. The perils that menace the republic call for courageous leadership. We of the South have a high and noble lineage, and with it a high duty and great responsibility. We are the descendants of a Revolutionary, a colonial ancestry. Elsewhere the blood of the pioneer trickles in a thin and diminishing stream. We are the sons of sires who laid broad and deep the foundations of our government, who hewed the logs of the wilderness to build their rude but imperishable temple and dedicate it to liberty forever and ever. In our veins flows the pure blood of the founders of the republic; and as we have kept the blood, so let us keep the faith."

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. J. W. CLAPP, RECORDING SECRETARY, MEMPHIS.

The largest and probably the most eventful session of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was the eleventh Annual Convention, held at Columbia May 15, 1907.

The growth of the Division is evidenced by the report of the President, showing a gain of about one-third or an increase of more than one thousand members during the year, seventeen new Chapters having been organized since the Convention in May, 1906. The membership now numbers 4,269.

The interest and enthusiasm increase each year, as was exemplified by the large attendance of delegates upon this Convention. The Chapters responded with their usual generous donations for the projected monuments of Sam Davis and Shiloh, also for the care of the soldiers at the Home, and Chapter reports showed a unanimous zeal and unity of purpose in the objects to be accomplished. The marked prosperity of our Division, I am constrained to say, I feel is largely due to the efficient administration of our retiring President, Mrs. Alexander B. White, and cannot but hope and believe that the judicious selection of Mrs. M. B. Pilcher as her successor will result in a continuance of our successful work, as she by her past experience in various branches of the work is well equipped for the responsible duties devolving upon her.

Contributions to the amount of something over three hundred dollars were given to Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, permanent Chairman of the Sam Davis Monument Committee; and the annual pledge of twenty-five dollars to the Shiloh monument, which has not been met owing to a depleted treasury each year, was ordered paid, the amount being seventy-five dollars for the past three years. The financial condition of the Division is most gratifying, as the State Treasurer, Mrs. Denney, reported all obligations met and three hundred dollars in bank.

Enough cannot be said of the hospitality of the citizens of Columbia in their entertainment of this Convention. No effort was left undone for the comfort and pleasure of the delegates by the local Chapters, clubs, courthouse officials, and citizens. The newly elected officers are: Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, President; Mrs. N. B. Dobbins, of Columbia, First Vice President; Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, Cleveland, Second Vice President; Mrs. E. E. Adams, Lebanon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. W. Baird, Humboldt, Recorder of Crosses of Honor. The Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Memphis, the Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Denney, Knoxville, the Registrar, Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, the Historian, Mrs. N. B. Dozier, Franklin, the Custodian of Flags, Mrs. B. J. Baker, McKenzie, and the Poetess, Miss Beatrice Stevens, will hold their office for another year, according to the constitution, which provides for a two years' term of office.

Chattanooga was chosen for the next place of meeting.



VETERANS ON THE WAY TO THE MONUMENT UNVEILING BY DAUGHTERS OF GENERAL GORDON.

STATUE OF GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

The dedication of the statue to Gen. J. B. Gordon occurred on May 25, unhappily in too close proximity to that of the great Reunion at Richmond and the dedications there to secure that general attention from comrades of the South that was due. The veterans, other Confederates, and the people of Georgia, however, were in large attendance. There were so many more thousands in attendance than could possibly hear that Gen. Clement A. Evans, the special orator of the occasion, gave only an epitome of his able oration.

Gordon established a fame for himself and his fellow-Confederates that is more appreciated than is manifest in the part taken in this work to commemorate him in bronze. While the entire South claimed him, his adopted State of Georgia merits more gratitude than is yet manifested for this magnificent equestrian statue.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY IN WASHINGTON.

On Confederate Memorial Day in Washington there was a gratifying programme. Two hundred and sixty-five Confederate graves were decorated. During the day a good portion of the city's population crowded every means of transportation to Arlington. John G. Capers, of South Carolina, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, made the oration, and the Thirteenth Cavalry Band, by direction of Secretary Taft, rendered a number of appropriate selections.

The feature of the proceedings was the Southern cross, composed of eighty young Southern women, forming about a floral offering contributed by one of the local Camps. The Daughters were dressed in pure white with red diagonal sashes and made "a group of beauty." After the speech of Mr. Capers, visitors decorated the graves of the Confederates.

An exchange states: "All the Confederates regret that General Wheeler is not buried in the Confederate section instead of the plot selected by his family in another part of the cemetery. General Wheeler, however, was by no means overlooked.



WILLIAM HAYES DAVIS, GRANDSON OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

TRIBUTE TO THE WORK OF THE VETERAN.

One of the most interesting and manifestly most pleasing actions of the U. C. V. Convention came of a spirited address by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division. He said:

"I am grateful for the courtesy of the floor at this time, and I shall use the moment given to move that the United Confederate Association now indorse the action of the Commander, Department and State Commanders, and a large number of the officers of the Association in approving the great worth of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and commending its support to Confederates and all who sympathize in the splendid vindication which time is giving to those who fought for the independence of the Confederacy.

"It is difficult, Mr. Commander, in view of the marvelous eloquence and genius of the orators of the Southland, to give utterance to anything new on this subject; but in sleep last night a thought passed through my brain, the repetition of which I am sure will create pleasurable thought in the minds of those who are present.

"Fate denied the Confederate States a place in the constellation of nations; but it crowned the efforts and sacrifices of their people with a glorious immortality and wrote the story of their heroic deeds and magnificent courage on the brightest pages of human history.

"Refused nationhood by the stern decree of God, yet as a compensation the Confederacy has been assigned a foremost place in the respect, admiration, and esteem of mankind; and no people whose government lived only so brief a period as four years has ever won more renown or achieved a nobler or grander distinction in the discharge of duty in camp, on the march, on the battlefield, or laid superber offering on the altar of patriotic duty.

"But, comrades, there is another consolation which adds something to the exaltation of those who shared in the struggles of the Southland to be free. Relatively there are more monuments to Confederate valor and to Confederate renown than to any other cause, human or divine, that has ever known struggle or conflict in the past of the world. Voiceless stones become eloquent messengers to reveal to the world how magnificently the men of the South battled for the right, and for ages yet to come will proclaim the grandeur of their courage and the fidelity of their services and the sincerity of their purpose.

"An inexorable destiny adjudged that the men of the South should fail in the mighty conflict they made for the greatest principle known in true liberty—the precious right of local government—but that same destiny has decreed that the fame of the heroes of the Southland shall live forever, and that, whatever may come in the years that are to follow, these hundreds of monuments throughout the States which have been made illustrious by the unsurpassed heroism of their sons shall stand as sentinels to guard the glory of those who died and those who struggled in the great war for liberty and freedom.

"To produce these unparalleled results three great agencies were necessary, and they combined to work out these wonderful conditions:

"1. The magnificent achievements and superb valor and extraordinary patriotism of the soldiers who wore the gray and fought for the Southland, constituting as they did the noblest and grandest army of volunteers that ever aligned under any flag and for any cause.

"2. The splendid heroism and sublime devotion of the women of the South, than whom no grander have ever lived or sacrificed or struggled for any cause. Their calmness in danger, their steadfastness in disaster, their cheerfulness in misfortune, and their loyalty in defeat gave a constancy, a courage, and a chivalry to the men who composed the armies of the South that were simply immeasurably great. These things, united with their undying love and their unfaltering steadfastness to the memories of the great struggle and of the awful sacrifices they and their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers have made for Southern liberty, produced a type of womanhood so exalted and so noble as to win and command the admiration and wonder of the world.

"3. The patience and the labor and the energy and the breadth of the talent and genius of the Southern press and the enormous inspiration that it gave to those who loved the Confederate cause rendered possible and made successful the efforts to build these monuments to Confederate valor and Confederate glory which cover every portion of the Southland, and no agency has been more effective than the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; and its superb management, coupled with the genius of its owner and its editor, has been a strong factor in all that has been done to provide not only those things which make up the comfort, relief, and happiness of infirm and feeble Confederates but in rescuing from oblivion thousands of noble acts of the heroes that wore the gray and in defending the valor of the sons of the Southland on the hundreds of battlefields, where they did all that man could do to maintain and defend the cause to which they had given their allegiance and to which they pledged, if need be, their lives."

The motion, which was to indorse the address of the general officers and others and published in the May and June issues of the VETERAN, was heartily adopted without a dissenting voice, and the editor was presented to the Convention by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

FORT WORTH CAMP IN RICHMOND.

BY B. B. PADDOCK, FORT WORTH, TEX.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the splendid Reunion of the Confederate Veteran Association which culminated in Richmond was a luncheon tendered the Mary Lee Higbee Guards, of Fort Worth, Tex., by Miss Ellen Glassgow, of Richmond. The Mary Lee Higbee Guards are a contingent of Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 158, of Fort Worth, Tex., the largest Camp of the U. C. V. in the South. They were quartered at Belvidere Hall. Nieces of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, under whom many of them served, were present and served at the table. It is not unusual for these amenities to be tendered to the general officers and to those who wear gold lace, but this courtesy to the men in the ranks is an innovation. The Mary Lee Higbee Guards will carry a pleasing story to relate to their Camp. This gracious act by one of the charming daughters of their beloved Southland will be a bright spot in their memories through life.

J. E. Witcher, of Bells, Tex., calls attention to an error made by Comrade Young in his article about Jones's raid in West Virginia, in which he speaks of "Whitcher's" Battalion, which should have been "Witcher." This error should have been detected by the VETERAN. Vinson A. Witcher was major and lieutenant colonel of the 34th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.

John Tart, of Mason, Tex., wants the address of any surviving members of Company B, 16th Louisiana Regiment.

WOMAN'S MONUMENT DESIGN NOT ACCEPTED.

BY GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The committee to award the prize and decide on the best suggestion for the design for the bronze statues to crown the various State monuments to the Women of the Confederacy met at the Jamestown Exposition Wednesday and Thursday. It was composed of Mrs. Rosenberg, of Galveston, Mann, and myself. We gave most careful consideration to all the seventy-five suggestions; but it was with deep regret and much disappointment that we were forced to conclude that none were suitable, so we could not award the prize to any. There were many good suggestions, but none were suitable, from varying causes, for the purpose. There were several very fine designs for monuments, but we asked only for suggestions for the bronze statues to crown the monuments.

The committee will take further steps to secure a proper design to honor those deserving of all honor—the glorious Women of the Confederacy.

As readers of the VETERAN will be anxious to know the results of our conference, I would be glad if you would embody the above in an article and publish as early as you can.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER, RICHMOND.

Born of a people proud and free,
Nurtured in lore of sovereignty
Of Statehood's rights—of manhood's right
To read the meaning, in his sight,
Meant by the fathers writ in words
Of their day's need—

He came in fearless faith to lead
His people at their call, the seed
Of a new nation to implant,
Where pride of race should make no feint
Of closer ties than nature bids
Mankind to make.

Conscious of right, unbent he bore
Defeat and failure, proudly wore
The smile that met the cruel arts
Of dark misfortune, all the darts
That torturing shame and venomed shaft
Could fling and thrust.

Content that coming years would prove
His stainless honor, quenchless love,
That truth impartial does not fail
To make untruth of no avail,
He left to time, whose scales are true,
Its work to do.

. . . . . .

Time's work is done. The world of weight
Has placed him with immortals great.
And to his memory stately stone
To-day is reared that it be shown
His name into eternity
Honored shall be.

Son of the South! Anew we swear
Allegiance to those memories dear,
Which time nor place nor power nor might
Can dim or pale or cower or blight,
And to the world we proudly say:
"All hail this day!"

UNITED CONFEDERATE CHOIRS OF AMERICA.

The uniformed Confederate choirs which attracted so much notice and which were generally pronounced the most beautiful feature of the great Reunion at Richmond organized a federation at the meeting held in the parlors of Murphy's



MRS. J. GRIFF EDWARDS.

Hotel on June 1, 1907, and elected Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va., Commander in Chief of the organization.

The "United Confederate Choirs of America" was the name adopted, with the thrilling motto, "Song Forbids Glorious Deeds to Die." A constitution was adopted; and pursuant thereto, on June 3, the birthday of President Davis, the Commander in Chief issued General Orders No. 1 setting forth the plan of government, which will be furnished on application.

The officers of the "United Confederate Choirs of America" are to be quite on the order of Veteran organizations. The seal shall be the great seal of the Confederate States, with the inscription "United Confederate Choirs of America" with date of organization and motto on the outer rim, and the seal of State or county Divisions shall be the great seal of the State or county with the addition "United Confederate Choirs of America." The badge of the Association shall be the illustration generally used with Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner"—viz., the second national flag of the Confederacy soaring aloft on its staff in a star-studded heaven, with a bank of clouds beneath, all in an oval. The inscription "United Confederate Choirs of America" is in red letters surrounding the oval and the name of the Division beneath in red letters. In colors on white ribbon.

At the Richmond Reunion the Confederate Choir No. 1 complimented the VETERAN by a serenade in the parlors of the Jefferson Hotel, a packed audience enjoying the songs. Col. W. H. Stewart, Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, in an address to the gathering, was very kind to the editor, stating among other things that he has done more than any one who has lived to bring about such results, as were there apparent, to honor the Confederate cause.

HORRORS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

Mr. J. T. Dargan, of Atlanta, Ga., sends a remarkable paper with the following introductory note: "I herewith inclose you a copy of a letter written from Phillips, Va., under date of August 6, 1862, by J. Wood Davidson and addressed to my sister, Mrs. Maclean, who was at that time Miss Clara Dargan, of Columbia, S. C. Mr. Davidson was well known for many years as one of the leading literary characters in the Southern States and a man of profound scholarship. Poor fellow! he died last year in Florida. I simply send you this letter as a thrilling bit of correspondence from the battlefields of Virginia. It was written in August, 1862, while he was in camp. He was at the time attached to a South Carolina regiment. As a curiosity I send you the original, showing that every word was written with punctilious care and without a scratch anywhere. It is certainly remarkable, considering the surroundings he must have been facing at the time."

The following is an exact copy of the letter except the omission of italics:

VIVID DESCRIPTION WRITTEN AT THE TIME.

PHILLIPS, VA., 6 August, 1862.

And you would have "the grandeur and glory of a real battle"—"impressions, incidents, and accidents?"

The magnificence of blood is a theme worthy of a great poem, and all that I have seen written upon it is as nothing to the truth that lies hid—hid to all save the eye that has seen it all—behind those common words. I would not if I could, my young friend, nor could I if I would, produce in your mind the feeling awakened in mine by the tragedies I witnessed; and to approach as near this as possible is the end of the literary artist. Look for no such effort now. A touch here and a touch there, and memory would hurry from those scenes to seek relief in the atmosphere of some treasured past while hope catches a breath of a peaceful future.

I have a brother in the 4th Texas Regiment, under Jackson, and I have not seen that brother in fifteen years. He is an old man—past fifty—and very gray.

Friday's tornado of battle at Cold Harbor, on Gaines's Farm, had swept over our heads. I had sunk down when the signal for rest was given in the line of battle as we were, too weary to unbuckle any of my trappings. With gun in hand I slept the broken sleep of the battlefield, drenched as I was in perspiration, fasting for over a day, and almost covered with mud and dust. Momently came from the plain around us, imperfectly audible in that troubled slumber, the deep groan or piercing pain-wrung cry of some friend or foe or—brother. In various directions over the field passed, passing and recrossing each other, many lights of the infirmary corps and the ambulance corps seeking the wounded. The cautious hail and the low reply barely broke the horrid silence.

Morning came at length with its peculiar train of things to shudder at; but let us pass that, and with broad daylight look over the field of yesterday's agony.

Impelled by a feeling I could not control, though exhausted by such labor as I had undergone and almost utterly prostrated by a chill during the night, I strolled over the field of gore after I had eaten a cracker and a bit of bacon. The area of the field is at least five square miles, partly plain and partly woods. No burials had yet been made. (Here an order to strike tents and march arrested my pen and closed my knapsack upon your letter till this the 14th of August, at which time I resume.) In the shrubbery we found a few of our own men lying here and there stark and still; and as I began to ascend the rising plain. I found our poor men thick and fearfully mangled with cannon shot and shell, being at long range. Next upon the brow lay the blue-vested regulars by the score in lines, as fire after fire from our side had been poured into them during their advance. To the left, over five or six acres, lay the Zouaves—the dead and the mangled—all over the plain. The scenic effect of their blue jackets and red trousers (a la Turque) with the fez, a red skullcap, was rather ornamental. But a wild, deep, new feeling of (maybe it was revenge) anger maddened my eye and stifled my breathing. For hours I walked often alone among them through wood and field and looked upon the faces of many dead enemies and conversed with many of the wounded; looked upon many friendly faces cold in death there and hideous in squalid pallor. I then sought to trace the course of some special troops—the Louisianians and Texans. Both fought well, both died well. You know why I passed along the route of the Texas charge—a charge as fatal as Balaklava. I walked slowly and looked (may God spare all other brothers from such a feeling!) carefully at every gray corpse. Many were shockingly slaughtered. I could see none like him. Hope again came to me, and I returned to our bivouac somehow elated, yet crushed in heart.

You have not yet caught the faintest glimpse of the most disgusting horror of a battlefield—to me. You will smile (as I would have done lang syne) when I till you that horror is the smell—the smell of blood. A mangled corpse is discoverable in this way a distance of many yards. The odor comes gradually yet surely. You sit down to rest, hoping to be out of it for a respite; but the same dead, faughy, penetrating odor steals over you, and you experience the overpowering sense of blood, look around, and there it is in the weeds there just at your feet. One-third of his breast may be shot away; but he stares as you turn upon him, and —!

In the afternoon of the same day I walked partly over the same field. Our dead had been buried, and only our foes lay there and fewer of them.

The severest fire we received was on Monday evening in the fight at Willis's Church. Here I advanced with the regiment as usual in the face of a brisk fire, one that dropped our men every few yards. This subsided for a while and darkness thickened around us. We were ordered to lie down, and remained thus for several minutes; meanwhile the bullets revived. Some Yankee advanced to the front of our regiment inquiring for the colonel and informing Colonel E., who was then on our right in conference with General G., that they wanted him up there "to see about some prisoners." Colonel E. asked, "Who wants me?" and was disregarding the summons and going on to carry out General G.'s instruction. His order was "To your feet, by the right flank"—. Here, just as the order to rise was heard over the field and as the unknown individual had time to get out of range, there came into our faces a fire from the front—such a fire as only a full regiment can pour upon one spot. It came just as we rose—just after—and some lay down again to rise no more. The fire did not have our height perfectly, else certainly half our number had slept forever there. They calculated for our rising and allowed too much, a few inches too much, and that few inches saved a hundred lives. Above us flashed and popped the explosive balls wherever they hit a tree or skull or a bone! These infernal balls explode whenever they hit any hard substance; hence they rarely inflict a slight wound—it is miss or death.

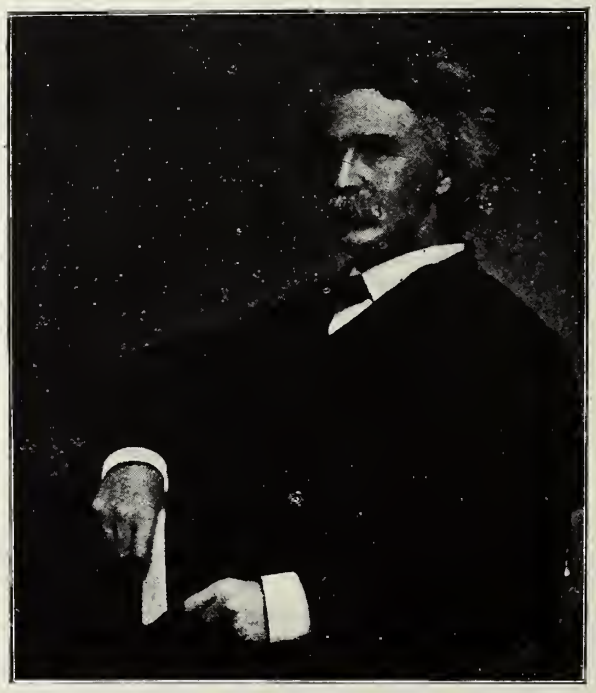
In receiving a fire in that way one thinks of death remotely

in one sense, because there are enough practical things to do that absorb the attention; yet one thinks momently that he may fall next step. This remembrance has nothing to do with bravery; for when a man has made up his mind to advance to do his duty even to death, he never for once dreams of changing his plan—hasn't time. Under that most blasting breath of lead our regiment moved as coolly as the nature of the ground and the darkness would permit. And in the most trying charges of Friday, when universal Death seemed sweeping whole armies before him, our lines were always good. I never saw at any time three men waver in the whole regiment in which I was. They were never confused, and only puzzled when they could not possibly hear the word of command on account of the incessancy of cannon fire overhead, the bursting of shells among them, and the constant zip-zip-zip of the leaden balls at their feet or the low groan of some comrade who sinks upon his face to die, the quick, spasmodic "O!" of the youth or the heavier "O God!" deeply gushing from the soul that feels its lease on life is over that moment. So much of the steadiness of men could hardly be said of all the regiments in our brigade, yet none did less than their duty and none more.

One view more I must give you before I leave these experiences. It too you would scarcely anticipate. It was on Wednesday morning, 30th July, upon the battlefield of Monday, at Willis's Church, or rather near it, at a cottage used for the time as a hospital for the wounded. Wednesday morning in the pelting rain I sought the hospital to get some information for some one. The cottage was jammed with mangled men, armless, legless, and bleeding. The wounded of Tuesday were also just coming in. Around upon the fence, the ground, the garden, the ash hopper boards—everywhere around lay dead men, perhaps thirty (men died since brought in), and outside too were yet many mangled lying in the rain upon the grass, sometimes partly in the water puddles. One corpse nearly stripped lay stark, ghast, and staring with leaden eyes up at me—eyes into which was beating the cold rain, eyes that never winked or wavered in their stony stare right at me in their agony of physical pain, eyes from which the life had fled in such haste that they could not close, from which the soul had fled under the surgeon's knife. His leg had been shot through the knee, and an amputation above, midway the thigh, had killed him. They had left him lying there upon the plank just as he had died, and had dropped the limb at his remaining foot. The whole expression was one of agony and despair: the wrench back of the shoulders, the clinched fingers—all. I was held in amazement by its Gorgon horrors—it stared at me so—and was instinctively bearing away from it when I trod upon the upper extremity of the limb, which was lower than I calculated. Remember, I could not look at the limb or at my feet, for my gaze was absolutely chained by such a stare. I was looking at those dead, imploring eyes into which the pitiless rain was beating incessantly, and they did not wink, but stared—absolutely glared—at me. The limb felt to my foot touch like a piece of pickled pork, hard and yet fleshly. In my intensest moments of feeling I never make any sound, neither a groan nor a cry. Here I only leaped with my full muscular might away, and lighted over in the weeds upon a heap—yes, a pile a foot high—of arms, legs, hands, feet, and fragments of these; all these piled up with a corpse or two, these white and slippery and cold in the grass and puddles of water—some of the water was red. Now I was fully restored from the influence of those eyes, and scrambled from the piled mass of fragments, but not without difficulty, for dead flesh in water is very slippery. And yet I did not quite fall over any of them.

On Tuesday evening, 2d July, we had one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever saw—a great battle at night. We were within range of shot and shell, and the danger (one shell over or among us every half minute maybe) was just enough to keep one's blood up. We did not fire a gun, but were held as reserves that evening, and had full leisure for seeing. As the battle raged, yet fearful and unbroken night stole darkly down upon the scene and wrapped Malvern Hill in a shroud. Every flash of every gun flared up against the sky in secondal succession—nay, ten per second might often be counted! And the shells could be traced by a faint streak overhead; and when they burst, the pyrotechnic splendor was grander than any view of "the lightning's red glare painting hell in the sky." These when near us were somewhat uncomfortable, but grand. And with all this the roar, the din, the thunder of seventy cannon played with electric speed, and a mellower peal of musketry rolling sometimes through minutes so incessant as to seem one unbroken roar. And with all this the moral significance of such work, the life-and-death struggle known and felt to be there, the majesty of will, the contempt of death, the royalty of hate, the infinity of distance between the parties—all these things heightened the special touches of the scene as a material picture. Majestic murder! The shroud on Malvern Hill covered three thousand corpses.

I close this brief note to you, my young friend, in our bivouac, on the main road between Gordonsville and Orange C. H. The battle of Cedar Run last Saturday, 9th August, was within five miles of Culpeper C. H. (Fairfax), beyond the Rapidan (had to strip and wade that river), and was a hearty Stonewall blow dealt upon Pope by Jackson, who then fell back ready for anything else. The enemy lost at least two thousand; we lost less than one thousand. I conversed with many prisoners, saw three hundred and seventy-five unwounded ones, while I was in Orange. We are called Jackson's foot cavalry. Our brigade was not in the battle of Cedar



J. WOOD DAVIDSON.

Run. I see Jackson rarely. Saw some fine specimens of Virginia ladies a few days ago. Dress is ignored among us. We enter fine parlors with the coarsest of clothes, the plainest of shoes, and (O, Chesterfield and O, Brummell) the dirtiest of shirts. We sometimes do not see our baggage for ten days. How else? Such is the camp and such is Jackson's foot cavalry. J. W. D.

Three days ago I received official notice of the death of my brother in the battle of Friday, the 27th of June, on Gaines's Farm. I close the 15th of August, 1862.

ABOUT THE DEATH OF COL. C. D. DREUX.

[Columbus H. Allen, of New Orleans, corrects some errors in reports of the death of Col. Charles D. Dreux, the first officer of note killed in the Civil War. He is one of the survivors, and his account is concurred in by Comrade W. McVicar.]

The battalion commanded by Colonel Dreux was composed of the Shreveport Grays, Grivot Guards, Louisiana Guards, Orleans Cadets, and Crescent Rifles, Company A. Of the latter company my twin brother and myself were members. The command left New Orleans on the 15th of April, 1861, being the first troops called into service by the Confederate government from Louisiana, and enlisted for the term of one year. * * * It was while we were encamped near Young's Mill, Va., that the Colonel formed the plan to surprise a body of Federal soldiers who were reported as making daily incursions from Newport News out into the country and depredating upon the citizens.

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1861, as I sat upon the bank near the old mill, I saw Colonel Dreux riding down the road, where he encountered a farmer driving. The latter halted at Dreux's request, and commenced to tell of the acts of vandalism of the Federal troops. Colonel Dreux asked him a good many questions as to the topography of the land, and sought information in regard to the movements of the enemy.

That evening about dark a detail of twenty men was ordered from each of the companies, reënforced by a detachment from the Richmond Howitzers and a squadron from the Halifax Catawba troops of North Carolina Cavalry, the whole force numbering possibly one hundred men. We left camp after dark, marched the entire night, and shortly before daybreak took position in a thick woods just opposite some abandoned houses on the other side of the main road leading to Newport News. The cavalry was on our right, while the Howitzer boys were on our left. The underbrush and woods concealed us completely, and we had high hopes that the enemy, unaware of our presence, would march into the trap set for them. The strictest discipline had been observed during the march, Colonel Dreux issuing the command that under no circumstances was any man to fire except by his orders. A detail, to act as videttes, was made and sent through the woods, with instructions that when the proper distance had been reached to cover the road upon which the Federals were expected to advance. Unfortunately this detachment in proceeding to their position, while passing through the woods, discovered and killed a rattlesnake. They must have temporarily lost sight of the duty intrusted to them, and it is presumed that the noise of their presence attracted the enemy, who in the meantime had come up. They fired upon our men, killing Steve Hackett, of the Shreveport Grays, and wounding one or two others.

Our main body was in single file, and I, being the last man on the end of the line, with Colonel Dreux standing close by me, observed all that then occurred.

At the firing Colonel Dreux stepped from the woods on to the main road to discover the cause of the firing. He then took up his position, his drawn sword clasped in his hand. Within scarcely a minute two Federal soldiers ran up, and, halting at the point from which Colonel Dreux had disappeared in the woods, one of them peered in as if looking for him, and evidently he caught sight of Dreux and raised a short rifle and fired. I quickly returned his fire. The Federal soldier's comrade also discharged his weapon, the ball plowing up the ground between my brother and myself. Colonel Dreux had been struck; and as he fell, I dropped my gun and caught him and gently laid him upon the ground. The bullet had pierced the center of his body, breaking the crystal of his watch, and his death was instantaneous.

Just then Captain Fiske, second in command, ran down the line to where I was bending over the body of the Colonel. He promptly gave a command, which threw us out of the woods and on to the road, when the Federals fired a heavy volley at us; but we suffered the loss of only one man (Billy Beauford), who was slightly wounded in the head. Captain Fiske gallantly led us—my twin brother, Cicero M. Allen, carrying the colors—and we forced the enemy in hot haste back toward Newport News. During the fighting the horse attached to the howitzer, becoming frightened at the firing, dashed off, carrying the gun, and it was not discovered until the enemy had been driven some distance.

Among the members of the Howitzers' detail I can recall only the names of Buck White and Gordon McCabe.

The expedition failed from unforeseen circumstances that prevented the realization of Colonel Dreux's plans. The surprise intended for the enemy was frustrated by the snake-killing incident, as related. We recovered our dead and started sadly back to camp, Colonel Dreux's body being borne upon a horse, with Bailey P. Vinson sitting on the animal and holding Dreux in his arms, who had been placed in the saddle. My brother and myself, with Comrade McVicar, were a part of the escort. After proceeding about a mile, we secured a wagon, and, placing the body of our dead and wounded within, we reached camp at noon on July 5. The expedition, though a failure, was conducted on strict military lines.

Colonel Dreux was a strict disciplinarian, but when off duty was on intimate terms with many of the battalion, most of whom he had known in a social way in our good old city; and some evenings before I recall a jolly gathering of the boys of the different companies around our camp fire, of which Dreux was the central figure. We sang songs, and little thought that death hovered so near our gallant leader.

Colonel Dreux's body was brought to New Orleans under military escort, and was buried with distinguished honors.

CROSSES TO CONFEDERATES IN SEATTLE.—The birthday of Jefferson Davis was made the occasion for presenting crosses of honor to eight Confederates in Seattle, Wash. Miss Pearl Elizabeth Neagle, Custodian for the Crosses in the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., pinned them on the veterans. Judge John H. Allen, one of the recipients, explained to the public assembly the conditions whereby certain veterans of the Confederate army were entitled to them. D. C. McDowell followed Judge Allen on the same lines. Mrs. Arthur Jordan read a paper on the subject of the war and the part President Davis took in it. "Tenting To-Night on the Old Camp Ground" was sung by the assembly.

BILLY SINGLETON GOT THE FLAG.

BY R. J. HANCOCK, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In my article on William Singleton in the VETERAN for November, 1906, I forgot to mention one of his most daring feats. After the battle of Chancellorsville (1863), General Lee sent General Ewell across the Blue Ridge Mountains to drive Milroy from Winchester, Va. General Ewell arrived at Winchester in due time, and I think he kept Gordon's Brigade in town while General Early with Hays's Louisianians went around to the west of the town. Meanwhile General Rodes was to the east of the town, and kept up an incessant firing. This kept Milroy looking out for Gordon and Rodes while General Early with the Louisianians reached their point of attack on some breastworks that overlooked Milroy's fort, which was immediately north and northwest of the town. Everything worked well. The Louisianians formed a line of battle and marched three-quarters of a mile through an open field and came within thirty yards of the enemy's breastworks before they discovered us, so intent was Milroy in watching Gordon and Rodes. Of course we drove them out of their trenches with a yell. General Early threw out a skirmish line, as it was getting near nightfall. I had command of the skirmishers, and Singleton, as usual, was on the skirmish line on our right, toward Winchester. No one thought that Milroy would give us his fort without a fight; he even left the large United States flag flying uninterrupted.

As I have before stated, Singleton was wide-awake and lucky. He was not more than two hundred yards from the fort. It was about daybreak when he looked toward Winchester, and he saw one of Gordon's men running at full tilt toward the fort. At first Singleton thought the man was deserting. It was singular that I was looking to the right of our line and saw a man start in full run to the fort, and naturally I thought one of our men was deserting. It happened to be Singleton, who outran the Georgian to the fort, hauled down this immense flag, and returned to the skirmish line all covered up with it. It was just at the time in the morning when we expected Milroy to turn loose his big guns on us from the fort, but he had slipped off without our knowing the order of his going. He took the horses from the wagons, and left a long wagon train to fall into our hands. General Rodes struck the rear of his army, and captured twenty-five hundred or three thousand prisoners near Stevenson's Depot, where Jackson the year before captured four thousand men from Banks.

PERILOUS UNDERTAKING OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY W. J. ERVIN, OF HAMILTON, MO.

As I stated in a former communication, because of the retiring delicacy of Jesse McNeill I would write of his early life, knowing his history so well. My father's children and he attended the same old school. In the early summer of 1861, among the many noble men who went from Daviess County, Mo., to battle for the right as they saw it was Capt. John H. McNeill, father of Jesse, and his son, George, who was killed in the battle of Lexington, Mo. The father was wounded and lay in a hospital for months. When able to travel, through the ingenuity of a lady friend he was quietly conveyed South. Soon after arriving in Virginia, at his former home, he organized an independent battalion, asking his son Jesse, then on his farm in Daviess County, Mo., a boy of eighteen or twenty years, to join him. Upon arrival Jesse was made first lieutenant, and upon the wounding and death of his father he became captain. [The history of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly appeared in the VETERAN for September, 1906, pages 410-413.]

And now I will answer some inquiries that I have read during the last thirty years concerning two Confederate soldiers who on the 27th of June, 1864, crossed over the summit of Kennesaw Mountain, bringing into our lines a supply of ammunition. After all had been exhausted, when bayonets, stones, and bludgeons were alone left for the defense of our works, which were situated on the western slope of Kennesaw Mountain midway from base to summit—being played upon by fifty pieces of artillery in the valley below us—on the summit to our rear we had a battery of four to six guns, which were soon disabled and silenced by superior numbers and a concentrated fire. Our ammunition in the trenches was exhausted; a cry went up for a supply from all along the line. Col. James McCowan, then commanding the 3d and 5th Missouri Infantry consolidated (1st Missouri Brigade, Gen. F. M. Cockrell commanding), said: "Gentlemen, I will make no order for a detail to cross the summit of that [Kennesaw] mountain for ammunition, to go where I would not go, but will gladly accept volunteers." Our ordnance department was in a gorge on the eastern slope of the mountain near the base.

In looking over the situation with all of its perils and yet of our needs, I said to our captain: "I will volunteer for one, and if spared will return with some." Then, to my sorrow, my brother, John A. Ervin, said: "I will go." Side by side we climbed the rugged heights of Kennesaw Mountain under fire of small arms and of fifty pieces of artillery. We crossed over the summit and reached with safety the ordnance train, asking for three thousand rounds of Enfield ammunition. We found red tape there. The officer wanted a requisition. We had no time to comply. An old and loaded musket stood

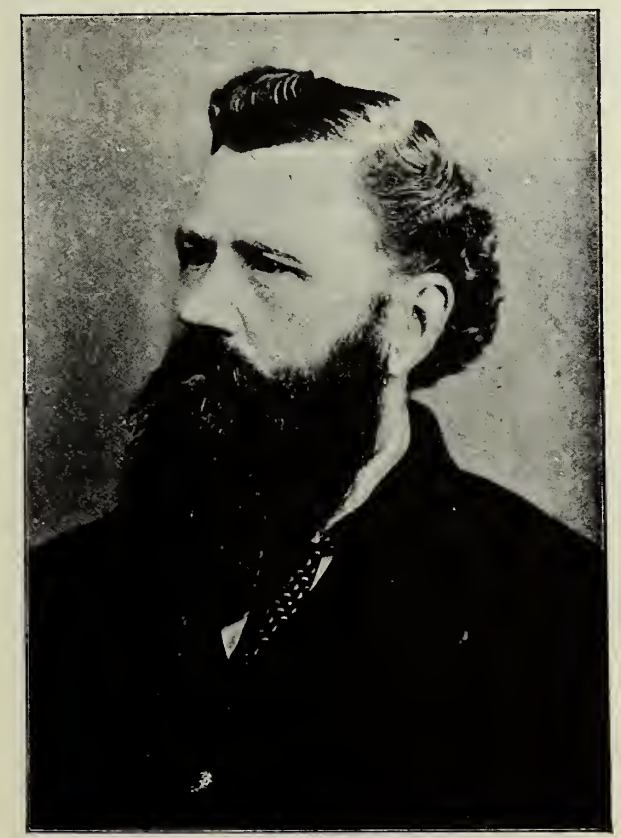


W. J. ERVIN.

near by. I picked up the old and familiar gun, which was loaded and capped, and said: "Here is my requisition. Give us three thousand rounds now, and do it quickly." It was done. We took one box each on our shoulders and one between us. We climbed the rugged heights from the east and began the decent to the west. Two or three hundred feet from the summit a shell from some one of the fifty guns, coming from the front, burst between us (front or rear, I know not which) and scattered us thirty or forty feet apart, the box between causing a lively miniature battle. It all exploded as so many firecrackers in a barrel, but more terrific.

When the shock was over, I asked John if he were hurt, and he answered that he was not. In the midst of bursting shell we gathered each one thousand rounds; and if to-day, at the age of seventy-four, I could move with the celerity I then moved down the rugged and western slope of Kennesaw Mountain, I would feel that the days of Methuselah were promised me. Once in line, ammunition distributed, the orders in front were to fall back. Reënforcement was received. At the hour of eleven that night we brought within our lines a Major Mullin, commanding the 121st Ohio Regiment, if I remember correctly. He had more wounds than any man I ever saw. He died soon after, and was buried on the morning of June 28, 1864, with Masonic honors on the eastern slope of Kennesaw Mountain, where so many of our noble dead lie buried in unknown graves, awaiting the judgment day. Major Mullin will not arise from the tomb with a halter around his neck, because he never burned or desolated the homes of widows and children.

John A. Ervin went into the army early in 1861. He was in the battles of Carthage, Springfield, Lexington, and Pea Ridge with the rest of the troops from Missouri, Arkansas,



JOHN A. ERVIN.

and Texas; a few days late for Shiloh; was at Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Black River; through the siege of Vicksburg to Dalton, Ga.; through the campaign to Jonesboro and Lovejoy's Station; thence north to Allatoona, Franklin, and Nashville; from thence to Mobile or Spanish Fort, where the command surrendered.

After all was over, his life was spent in the West, where he died in Eureka, Nevada, January 6, 1903. He was a man of brilliant intellect, and under other conditions would have figured in the affairs of State and nation. He was a deep thinker, a brilliant writer, and an eloquent speaker. We messed together, fought together from the beginning to Allatoona, Ga. where I received my last and fifth wound, leaving a shriveled and decimated hand and arm. Through all the conflicts John A. Ervin received at Franklin one slight wound.

JOHN B. M'FERRIN, D.D.

BY REV. W. T. BOLLING, D.D., PADUCAH, KY.

Few men held a higher place in the estimation of the Church, and none in the estimation of the people generally, than that assigned to Rev. John B. McFerrin, D.D., the great commoner of the M. E. Church, South. But it is as we saw him during the stirring scenes of the last two years of the Civil War that I write.

I was a member of Company C, 2d (Bate's) Tennessee Infantry, and messed with his son, Jimmie, and his two nephews, Sumner and John P. McFerrin, and therefore saw much of him during all the scenes of war in camp and on the march from Richmond, Ky., to Franklin, Tenn., when he was often with us, taking humble fare with the boys. Dr. McFerrin had both a great brain and a great heart; and, while he was as fearless as Cœur de Lion, he was as tender and sympathetic as a woman, and on the field and at the hospital his presence was a blessing. No other chaplain was too sacred to the boys to be free from being joked; but woe be to the man who was foolish enough to "holler" at Dr. McFerrin!

We all knew Dr. D. C. Kelley as the fighting preacher under General Forrest; but all knew Dr. McFerrin rather as the friend of the boys in the ranks, all of whom loved him and would have done anything for him within their power. Many a time would he come to us when we were worn by the march under Gen. Pat Cleburne and preach an eloquent sermon to us through rations he had gathered up as he rode through the farms and talked with people, who knew and loved him.

It was under his direction that the great revival in the Army of Tennessee was carried on, and many of us were brought face to face with the truth who had no serious thoughts along religious lines previously.

At Chickamauga, when I was going back with a broken arm, I met Dr. McFerrin, who had heard that his son was wounded and was looking for him; and when he heard that Jimmie was only shocked by a piece of shell shattering his gunstock, he took me with him to the division hospital, and the last I knew in the delirium of pain until I woke up a week later at Marietta was his rough but kindly face as he bent over me. From that day on I loved him next to the Master, for he was truly the Master's agent in helping me to surgical aid before mashed muscle, broken bone, and bleeding veins would soon have caused me to fall and die.

John B. McFerrin! name worthy to be written in letters of gold upon the scroll of history. Not a soldier of the Army of Tennessee who knew him but loved him, and his grave should never be forgotten when the tender hands of womanhood and childhood decorate Confederate graves.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF THE MERRIMAC.

[Maj. H. Ashton Ramsay's response to the toast, "The Confederate States Navy," before the Maryland Line of the Army and Navy of the C. S. A., Baltimore, January 19, 1907.]

Comrades: I have been asked by our President to respond to the toast, "The Confederate States Navy," simply because I had the honor to serve under that grand Marylander, Admiral Franklin Buchanan, on board of his flagship (Merrimac), Virginia, during the memorable engagements in Hampton Roads, March 8 and 9, 1862, an event that startled and staggered the maritime nations of the world, relegating, as it did, all their ships to the dockyards as useless hulks.

Yes, comrades, I did have the privilege to walk the deck side by side with that grand old hero, and well do I remember that beautiful, bright March morning when he sent for me and in a few brief words communicated the line of action he had mapped out for the day, which was to proceed at once to Newport News and first attack the Cumberland, as she had rifled guns in her battery, whereas the Congress, although the larger frigate, had only smoothbore guns.

The Merrimac was lying at the Norfolk Navy Yard, an untried ship, never having moved a cable's length by her steam power since her transformation into an ironclad. The Admiral, calling attention this fact, asked if I thought it would be necessary to make a trial trip before going into action. My reply was: "As we have some distance to travel before passing into the Roads, this will be a sufficient trial trip." He replied that his object in mentioning his purpose of ramming the Cumberland was to instruct me to immediately reverse the engines in case of feeling the concussion without waiting for the signal, as he might be incapacitated or the wires become deranged.

Soon after my interview with Admiral Buchanan word was passed for the artificers, who still crowded the ship, and other noncombatants to go ashore. I will mention here that the ship was in an unfinished condition, many things having to be left undone, the most important of which was the port shutters which were left on the dock, as there was no time to adjust them to the gun ports. Our moorings were cast off, and we started slowly down the Elizabeth River.

Passing along the gun deck after the ship was cleared for action, I was particularly struck with the countenances of the guns' crews as they stood motionless at their posts with ramrods and sponges in hand. A ship cleared away for action was not new to me, as even in peace time on board of a man-of-war the crews are exercised at what is called "fighting quarters;" but at such times the sailors wore their usual careless expressions. But these men were pale and determined, standing straight and stiff, showing that their nerves were wrought to a high degree of tension.

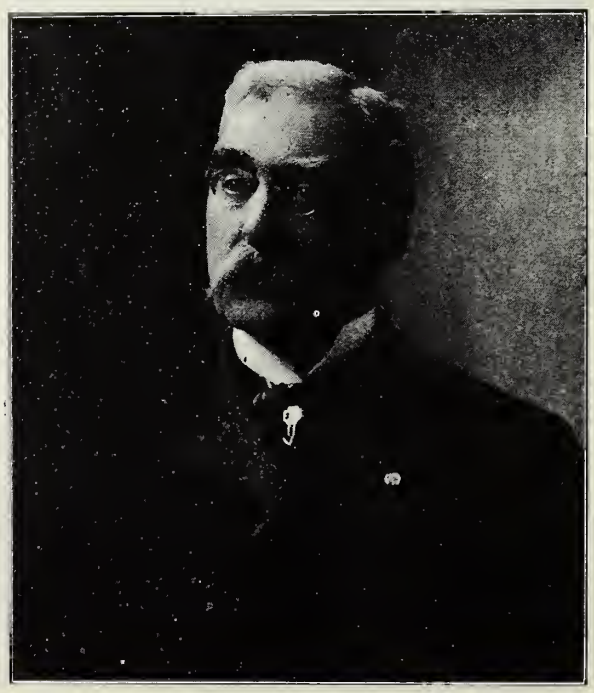
Here we with an untried ship, single-handed, you may say, were about to attack a fleet of the very best material in the United States navy, composed of the frigates Congress, Minnesota, Roanoke, St. Lawrence (each with batteries of fifty guns), and the Cumberland, a razee frigate of twenty-two guns; besides, as we understood, several other war vessels below Old Point—ten guns against three hundred, three hundred men against three thousand. To fight these vessels under cover of the shore fortifications manned by four thousand troops and fifty field guns behind breastworks—this was our hazardous enterprise.

It was not generally known that we were to assume the offensive until we entered Hampton Roads, when Buchanan, summoning the men around him on the gun deck, addressed the ship's company: "Sailors, in a few minutes you will have the long-looked-for opportunity to show your devotion to our cause. Remember, you are about to strike for your country and your homes. The Confederacy expects every man to do his duty. Beat to quarters!"

The day is clear and bright. The surrounding shores for miles and miles are lined with people, the inhabitants of Portsmouth and Norfolk nearly to a man, as we afterwards learned, having left their homes to witness the result of what so many thought an ill-starred enterprise. A more tranquil scene than that presented to the eye as the Virginia came in view of Hampton Roads could not well be imagined. All is still and quiet; but as we enter the Roads, huge volumes of smoke issue from the funnels of the fleet at Old Point. The sailing craft spread their sails and prepare to get out of the way, long lines of small craft and tugs are seen making down close to the far shore. Tugs run alongside the frigates, bright-colored signals are run up and down the masts on all the ships; gunboats run alongside the Congress; her topsails are shaken out; down come the clotheslines on the Cumberland with the sailors' clothes, which had been fluttering in the breeze, and boats are lowered and dropped astern.

The ship's prow is now pointed directly for the Cumberland. The two frigates are running their guns out and preparing to receive us, and the Minnesota, St. Lawrence, and Roanoke are following us. The Cumberland delivers a splendid broadside as we near her; but, relentless as fate, we rush down on her, crushing through her barricade of heavy spars (torpedo fenders), strike her below the starboard fore chains, and crash far into her. We back off with some difficulty. For an instant the weight of the Cumberland hangs on our bow, and water curls up into the bow port from the returning wave. Then we back off, and the Cumberland plunges down bow foremost, with her flag flying and guns firing.

In the brief period she did us more damage than the all-day fight with the Monitor the following day. We are now exposed to perhaps the heaviest fire ever concentrated on one



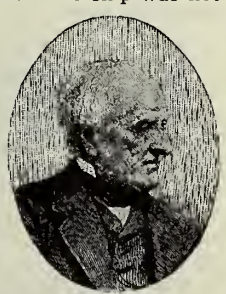
MAJ. H. A. RAMSAY.

ship and at the closest quarters; for, besides having to receive the broadsides of the Cumberland and Congress, the Newport News batteries, only a few cable lengths off, are pouring a deadly fire into us and the sharpshooters picking off every visible man. Our flag was shot down several times, and was finally secured to the rents in the smokestack by Lieutenant Eggleston, who gallantly climbed up and secured it amid a hail of shot.

Arrangements had been made to board the Cumberland in case the ram had been ineffectual, but this was unnecessary. As soon as the Virginia drew away from the sinking vessel, she started for the Congress. Owing to the shallowness of the water, she was obliged to make a detour, which movement the men aboard the Congress interpreted to mean that their adversary had been crippled in her attack on the Cumberland. Their minds were soon disabused of this thought by the Virginia turning and making straight for the Congress. Realizing that her fate would be that of the Cumberland, the Congress hauled down her colors and ran up a white flag. The Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence retreated, but the former vessel ran aground.

We lay to as near as we could to the Congress, she having drifted in shore, while the wounded were being removed. The gunboat Beaufort, in command of Capt. William H. Parker, was signaled to take the dead and wounded off the Congress and fire her; but she turned off from the frigate. Lieutenant Minor, Buchanan's flag lieutenant, was ordered to go in an open boat to the vessel, Buchanan not knowing that the Beaufort had been driven off by sharpshooters from the land batteries. When Minor had made half the distance, the sharpshooters turned their attention to him, and he was shot down with several of his men. Then the Minie balls came whistling around us, notwithstanding our flag of truce. Buchanan was severely wounded in the groin. As he was being taken below he gave orders to Capt. R. Jones, who was now in command, to fire hot shot into the Congress and not to leave her until she was afire. This was done, and soon black volumes of smoke were seen issuing from her. We then turned our attention to the Minnesota, firing several broadsides into her; but it was growing dark, and the pilots insisted on our drawing off into deep water. We anchored in the Roads near Sewell's Point for the night.

The fire from the Cumberland had killed two of our men and wounded seventeen and carried away the muzzles of two guns, which we, however, continued to fire. The ship was not damaged. We had tested our shield, and felt well satisfied with the result, all except the wounding of our intrepid leader, who had shown himself to be as gallant a commander as ever trod a ship's deck.



ADMIRAL BUCHANAN.

Admiral Buchanan, his wounded flag lieutenant, and several other wounded and dead men were taken ashore on the morning of March 9, the day of the fight with the Monitor.

This day's conflict, 9th of March, 1862, was one of the most remarkable in the world's history, as it was the first to take place between mailed ships, and settled forever the inferiority of wooden ships for naval warfare, compelling the change of the navies of every nation on the earth.

It was a glorious Sabbath day; no sound disturbed the serenity of the early morn, save the booming of the sunrise gun at Fortress Monroe, the echoes of which, dying away, appeared to emphasize the extreme quiet. What momentous issues were held suspended on the results of this day's action! Our ship slipped her moorings, and proceeded in the direction of the Minnesota, which was still aground.

Our shot mostly fell short, and the limited size of the portholes prevented the guns being elevated sufficiently to give them a greater range. While we were feeling our way on the edge of the channel, endeavoring to crawl nearer the Minnesota, a strange craft, which we soon satisfied ourselves was the much-talked-of Monitor, made her appearance. She gradually shortened the distance and drew our fire from the Minnesota.

Now commenced the so-called duel between the two types of iron-clads. The combat was kept up for four hours. Once during the fight the Merrimac was plumped ashore by our pilot. Observing this, the Monitor took position where we could not bring a single gun to bear on her. She gradually crawled upon us, testing the strength of our shield most severely. At this juncture we were naturally alarmed for the consequences, as it was a critical period of suspense. Finally we stopped the engines for an interval, lashed down the safety valve, and forced the fires to an unusual degree, and then started up again with a heavy pressure of steam, crawled off the ground, and made for the Monitor.

The captain of the Monitor, seeing by this movement that we were afloat between him and the Minnesota, so that we could fire one broadside at him and one at the Minnesota, quickly turned and almost ran over us in the effort to get between us and the Minnesota. He ran on shallow ground, where we could not follow, so we again turned our attention to the wooden vessel, which was pouring broadsides into us with little effect. A gunboat was alongside our wooden adversary taking off stores, and several cannon had been thrown overboard in order to lighten the ship and run her into shallow water. The order came to blow the gunboat up, and in a moment a shot went hurling into the small craft's boilers, which burst. This brought back the Monitor. She crawled cautiously toward us; but we soon sent her scurrying away, and again turned our attention to the Minnesota. The Monitor cut straight for Old Point Comfort, so we tried to get closer to the Minnesota. The captain, having noticed that many of our shot fell short, suggested to the pilot to place the ship nearer. The pilot said that we were dangerously near the shoal, that the tide was falling, and that we would have to draw farther away instead of going closer.

About this time Captain Jones called for me and said that he proposed hauling off under the guns of Sewell's Point, rest the men for a few hours (it was now 2:30 P.M.), and renew the attack on the Minnesota later in the afternoon on the rise of the tide, when he hoped to get close enough to force the Minnesota to haul down her colors; but after a consultation with some of his lieutenants, he was persuaded that it was best for him to go into dry dock at once, in order to iron the vessel below the knuckle and get on the port shutters. The Monitor had shown herself a formidable adversary, and now she was temporarily disabled (we supposed at the time that she was badly injured by reason of her running away). It was important to take advantage of the time she would require to make repairs to finish our shield. The Minnesota was hopelessly riddled and stranded; and as the Monitor and other vessels had passed out of the Roads, it would be a loss of valuable time to wait any longer. Captain Jones was a clear-headed, cool, and determined man, and his reasoning was

doubtless good; but with my youthful impetuosity I remember feeling as if a wet blanket had been thrown over me. After the success we had already achieved, I felt as if we could accomplish anything; and it seemed to me as if we were abandoning the fruits of our victory to leave the Roads without forcing the Minnesota to haul down her colors.

As the Merrimac passed up the Elizabeth River, trailing the large ensign of the Congress under the stars and bars, she received a great ovation—cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, people yelling themselves hoarse, and hundreds of small boats lining her course.

Going back to the engagement with the Monitor, I omitted to mention that when the Monitor came out the last time we rammed her; but not with much force, as she veered off, and we gave her only a glancing blow. But it was at this moment that Lieut. John Taylor Wood, with his stern gun, delivered a shot directed on the pilot house, which penetrated this structure, carried away the steering gear, and, blinding Captain Worden, incapacitated him for a long time afterwards; hence the withdrawal of the Monitor.

Capt. Van Wyck, of the Minnesota, in his official report, states that the Monitor suddenly withdrew, steering at first wildly and then straight toward Fort Monroe. The Merrimac followed the latter vessel, but afterwards turned and renewed her attack on his ship, which he thought was now indeed doomed; but, determining that she should not fall into the hands of the rebels, he made arrangements to set her afire, when, to his great satisfaction. the Merrimac drew off and proceeded toward Norfolk.

The Virginia, after the replacing of two of her guns, fitting additional strakes of iron below the knuckle, and having port shutters placed on her gun ports, was again ready for work, and a few weeks after her first engagement sallied out into Hampton Roads under command of Commodore Tatnall.

The United States fleet had been reënforced by two additional iron-clad vessels, the Galena and the Naugatuck, besides the Vanderbilt—which had been prepared as a ram purposely to run down the Merrimac—and many other vessels, steam frigates, and gunboats; and as the New York papers had boasted that we were to be blown out of the water if we ever made our appearance again in Hampton Roads, we naturally expected some warm work; but alas for all such expectations!

We proceeded down the Elizabeth River, entered the Roads, and crossed over toward Fort Monroe until we were in range of the guns of the fort; but the fleet was below the fort, and they absolutely refused to accept our challenge.

This was early in April. We then made fast to our moorings in the Roads off Sewell's Point, where we remained for over a month in full sight of our greatly superior foes. We had broken the blockade at Newport News, and took up this position to guard the approaches to Richmond by the way of the James River and to Norfolk by the Elizabeth River.

It was finally determined to evacuate Norfolk, and the Virginia proceeded to the navy yard to take aboard supplies, coal, ammunition, etc. While she was away the United States fleet sallied out into the Roads and commenced bombarding Sewell's Point; but on the reappearance of the Virginia the entire fleet turned about and proceeded down to and beyond Fort Monroe.

I will read you an account of this incident as given in an official report of a British officer, Commander W. N. W. Howlett, V. C. of H. B. M. S. Rinaldo, dated Fortress Monroe, May 10, 1862, forwarded by Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K. C. B., on May 24, 1862: "On May 8, 1862, a Confederate tugboat arrived at Fortress Monroe from Norfolk, having deserted. She reported that the Confederates were preparing to evacuate Norfolk, etc., and that they had sunk the Virginia (Merrimac). On this intelligence becoming known at 12:30 P.M. of the same day, a Federal squadron, consisting of the Decotah and the Oneida (screw sloops, twenty-six guns each), the San Jacinto (screw, eleven guns), the Susquehanna (paddle sloop, fifteen guns), and the Monitor and the Naugatuck (iron-cased batteries), moved up the river toward Sewell's Point and commenced shelling the Confederate battery on that point at very long range. This was the prelude to their intended attack on Norfolk. The Confederates returned a slow fire. I suppose their guns are not of very long range. The Federal squadron continued firing to 2:30 P.M. without intermission. The Monitor at the time was about eighteen hundred yards from Sewell's Point. She was then observed to be coming back again toward the rest of the squadron, which were some four thousand yards from the Point, and in the direction of Newport News. The smoke of a steamer could be seen rising above the trees and moving toward Hampton Roads from the direction of Norfolk. At 3 P.M. the Confederate iron-cased battery Virginia rounded Sewell's Point (should be Lambert's Point), and the whole of the Federal squadron steamed down quickly under the guns of the fortress. As the Virginia alone came within range of their guns and those of Fort Wool or Rip Raps, the Federal frigate Minnesota, accompanied by four large steamers, which are intended to act as rams, proceeded up the bay abreast of Old Point and joined the rest of the squadron. With the exception of a few shots fired from the Rip Raps at the Virginia, the Federals made no attempt to molest her; but, on the contrary, as she approached them they steamed away from her. They left off firing at Sewell's Point immediately on sighting her coming from Norfolk. She would most likely have made her appearance before had the water been sufficiently high. The Virginia, having driven the Federal fleet away, returned and anchored under Sewell's Point, where she now remains."

On the 8th of May the enemy attacked Sewell's Point, the Virginia having gone to Norfolk for supplies. We proceeded down the river as soon as the tide permitted the ship to pass over the bar.

We found six of the enemy's vessels, including the iron-clad steamers Monitor and Naugatuck, shelling the battery. We passed the battery and stood directly for the enemy for the purpose of engaging him, and we thought an action



THE MERRIMAC (VIRGINIA) IN ACTION.

certain, particularly as the Minnesota and Vanderbilt, which were anchored below Fortress Monroe, got under way and stood up to that point, apparently with the intention of joining their squadron in the Roads. Before, however, we got within gunshot the enemy ceased firing and retired with all speed under the protection of the guns of the fortress, followed by the Virginia until the shells from the Rip Raps passed over her.

On the 10th of May Lieut. J. P. Jones was sent to Craney Island, and he there learned that a large force of the enemy had landed on the bay shore and was marching rapidly on Norfolk, that the Sewell's Point battery was abandoned and our troops were retreating. On reaching Norfolk he found that General Huger and all the other officers of the army had left, that the enemy were within half a mile of the city, and that the Mayor was treating for its surrender. On returning to the ship he reported that Craney Island and all other batteries on the river had been abandoned. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and this unexpected information rendered prompt measures necessary for the safety of the Virginia.

Previous to this it had been agreed that the Virginia should remain in the Roads and make no movement toward lightening the ship to ascend the James River until a signal had been given by General Huger forty-eight hours before the fortifications were to be abandoned; but the enemy, having been informed by a deserter that Norfolk was being evacuated, landed his troops on the bay side out of our sight and pressed Huger so hard that he overlooked the understanding he had concerning the signals.

Norfolk was successfully evacuated, and all the troops' valuable stores, ordnance, etc., and even the vessels in course of construction at the navy yard were saved under the protection of the Virginia, all but the Virginia herself, she having to be sacrificed; and this sacrifice might not have been necessary had it not been for the perfidy of one man, Byers by name, who had been instructed to tow up to Norfolk from Sewell's Point the largest gun in the Confederacy. This gun was an eleven-inch Columbiad. Instead of bringing the gun to Norfolk, he deliberately deserted to the enemy. Byers reached Old Point with the gun in tow on a barge before eight o'clock on the 8th inst., as the war records show, and the enemy, also noticing the absence of the Virginia, were emboldened to sally out into the Roads and attack Sewell's Point.

As soon as the darkness of the night permitted, on the 11th of May the crew of the Virginia commenced lightening the ship by throwing her six hundred tons of coal overboard and the kentledge off her submerged ends.

The pilots had previously stated that they could cross Harrison bar, in the James River, if the ship was lightened to a certain draught of water; but after the ship was lightened to this point they declined to take her up the river, declaring that, owing to the prevalence of the wind in a certain direction, "all the water had been driven off the bar."

In our now defenseless condition, not a day's coal in the bunkers and her wooden walls exposed, there was nothing left to do but to blow the ship up. The Virginia was now put under way and proceeded to the right of Craney Island, where she was set afire, her crew escaping to the shore and marching to Suffolk. Within sight of that magnificent fleet we hauled down her drooping colors, her laurels all fresh and green, and with mingled pride and grief we gave her to the flames. Now the lambent fires are roaring around the shotted guns, and

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery."

The slow match—the magazine—and that last deep, low, sullen, mournful boom has rolled to the very sympathizing stars and in muttered thunder told her fate, and it told our people not far away on the march that their gallant ship had passed away.

"So lived, so died she,"

and her renown shall live in song and story until time shall be no more; and as long as love of country, devotion to duty, wisdom in council, and heroism in battle are honored among men, so long shall the gentle fair with thrilling hearts listen to the brave and the true as they tell of the gallant spirits who fought the Confederate States' war ship to immortality, to a glorious, ever-brightening immortality.

HONOR OF GREATER VALUE THAN RICHES.

DALLAS, TEX., June 17, 1907.

My Old Comrades: Being unable from ill health to attend the great Reunion at Richmond of the brave men who followed the flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and laid away, and knowing that I was growing old and feeble, and that I had been honored continuously as the Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department for seventeen years, I deemed it but right and proper that I should return the commission you gave me in 1890 in order that you might elect a younger and more vigorous man to command the Trans-Mississippi Department. But my comrades from all the great States and Territories of the South and West, the greatest country that the sun shines upon, by a unanimous vote have reëlected me. No greater honor, my old comrades, could be conferred upon me. It fills me with love and affection for the old heroes who followed the honored flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and forever laid away. I thank you, my old comrades, from an honest heart for this great honor, of which I feel prouder than if I had been elected President of the United States. I promise you it shall be the effort of my life to keep the camp fires burning during my life, and that I shall continue to do all I can to perpetuate our noble association and to urge the gallant old heroes, "the unpaid soldiers of immortal principle," to keep in touch with each other the few short years left to us here.

Recollect, my old comrades, that the great column of gray, every member of which received his baptism of blood and fire over forty years ago, the echoes of whose guns were heard all over the civilized world, arousing the people to throw off the yoke of tyranny, and to contend for a republican form of government, is fast growing smaller, and that but a few years can intervene until taps will be sounded and all will have crossed over the river to the great beyond to hold our great reunion on that eternal shore. Let us then ask a kind Providence to spread his sheltering wings over us, so that we may meet in reunion these remaining years.

Thanking you again, my old comrades from every part of our great Southland for the great honor you have conferred upon me, I pray a kind and merciful God to continue his blessings upon our noble association and to bless you and all dear to you with good health and all the pleasures and comforts incident to a long and happy life. May God bless you all for many years to come! will be the daily prayer of your old Commander,

W. L. CABELL.

REPORT OF U. C. V. HISTORY COMMITTEE.

BY JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, RICHMOND, VA.

Within the limits prescribed for this paper it is impossible to discuss with any degree of satisfaction the issues involved in the great conflict between the North and the South from 1861 to 1865. These have, however, been so fully discussed by other members of this committee on former occasions, that but little remains to add to those discussions.

In a recent work, with the somewhat arrogant title, "The True History of the Civil War," the writer begins by saying: "The seeds of dissolution between the North and the South were carried to Virginia in the ships commanded by Newport and to Massachusetts in the Mayflower. Each kind fell upon soil well adapted to nourish its characteristics. . . . There was in the beginning an almost imperceptible rift between the people of the North and those of the South. This gradually widened until, notwithstanding the necessity for union, a separation in sentiment, thought, and custom arose. This estrangement developed until it gave to the people of the North and the South the aspect of two races manifesting toward each other all the antipathy of rival and dissimilar nations and in their disagreements rendering impossible either sympathy with each other's standpoint or patient listening to each other's contention."

Without intimating any opinion as to how far all the other statements contained in this work warrant the author in giving it the title selected, a few glances at history will convince the most skeptical that the foregoing statement is well founded.

In 1775, when Washington's army was in front of Boston, that great patriot-soldier issued a stern order threatening severe punishment to any man found guilty of saying or doing anything to aggravate what he termed "the existing sectional feeling." And during the same year when Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, the first President of the Continental Congress, died, his brother-in-law, Benjamin Harrison, also from Virginia, was nominated for that position; but as John Hancock, of Massachusetts. was likewise nominated, it is said that Mr. Harrison, "to avoid any sectional jealousy or unkindness of feeling between the Northern and Southern delegates at so momentous a crisis," had his own name withdrawn and insisted on the election of Mr. Hancock. And so, too, in the Virginia Convention of 1788 Mr. Henry, in opposing the adoption of the Federal Constitution, after pointing out the provisions to which he objected, and in which his almost prophetic ken saw dangers lurking, which have since been realized, said after all that he did not so much object to the form of the instrument as he did to the character and dispositions of those with whom we were forming the compact. And another distinguished Virginian with fervid eloquence exclaimed that our oppressions under the compact would be "worse than British tyranny."

With these early and seemingly innate antipathies, stimulated and developed by growing and conflicting interests, arising out of tariffs, acquisitions of territory, and other causes, the "irrepressible conflict," as Seward termed it, would seem necessarily only a question of time.

As to the real cause or causes which precipitated that conflict, there have been, and still are, differences of opinion. In our view the settlement of this question is secondary, and the vital questions to be determined are:

(*a*) *Which side, if either, was responsible for the existence of the cause or causes? And if slavery was the cause, as some allege, which side was guilty of wrong-doing in dealing with that cause?*

(*b*) *Which was the aggressor in provoking the conflict?*

(*c*) *Which side had the legal right to do what was done?*

(*d*) *Which side conducted itself the better, and according to the rules of civilized warfare, pending the conflict?*

It seems to us that an answer to these questions is pertinent at all times, and at this distance from the conflict they can be discussed dispassionately without engendering sectional bad feeling.

Our quondam enemies, knowing. as it seems to us they must know, that the evidence on every other point is overwhelmingly against them, and relying on the sentiment of the world now existing against slavery, are prone to charge that



MISS LUCY WHITE HAYES,
Sponsor for Trans Mississippi Department, Richmond Reunion.

the South fought for the perpetuation and extension of that institution; or, to put it in the brief and common form, they charge (as some of our younger people in their ignorance seem to believe) that "slavery was the cause of the war."

It would seem to the unprejudiced mind, that the mere statement of the fact (which, we believe, was a fact) that more than eighty per cent of the Confederate soldiers held no slaves, that General Lee, our representative soldier, freed his slaves before the war, whilst General Grant, the representative soldier of the North, held on to his until they were

freed by the results of the war, and the further fact that General Lee said at the beginning of the war, that if he owned all the slaves in the South and could by freeing them save the Union he would do so with the stroke of his pen, ought to furnish a satisfactory refutation of this unjust charge.

But let us admit, for the sake of the argument only, that the charge is true. How, then, does the case stand as to us both on the law and the facts?

It will not be charged by the greatest enemy of the South that it was in any way responsible, either for the existence of slavery or for inaugurating that vilest of traffics—the African slave trade. On the contrary, history attests that slavery was forced upon this country by England against the earnest protests of the South as well as of the North when the States were Colonies under the control of that country; that "the first statute establishing slavery in America is to be found in the famous Code of Fundamentals or Body of the Liberties of the Massachusetts Colony of New England, adopted in December, 1641;" that the "Desire," one of the very first vessels built in Massachusetts, was fitted out for carrying on the slave trade; "that the traffic became so popular that great attention was paid to it by the New England shipowners, and that they practically monopolized it for a number of years." ("The True Civil War," pp. 28. 29, 30.) And history further attests that Virginia was the first State, North or South, to prohibit the slave traffic from Africa, and that Georgia was the first to incorporate that prohibition in her Constitution.

We have no desire to say unkind things about the North. But it is easy to show, that as long as slavery existed there, as it did in all the Colonies when independence was declared, the treatment of slaves by the people of that section was as harsh as, if not more so than, was ever known in any part of the South. Not only is this true, but it is also easy to show that as long as the people of the North were the owners of slaves they regarded and treated and disposed of them as "property," just as the people of England had done since 1713, when slaves were held to be "merchandise" by the twelve judges of that country, with the venerable Holt at their head. We could further show that slavery existed at the North just as long as it was profitable to have it there; that the moral and religious sense of that section was only heard to complain of that institution after it was found to be unprofitable and after the people of that section had for the most part sold their slaves to the people of the South; and that, after Whitney's invention of the cotton gin, which wrought such a revolution in the production of cotton at the South as to cause slave labor greatly to increase in value, and which induced many Northern men to engage in that production, these men almost invariably purchased their slaves for that purpose, and many of these owned them when the war broke out.

The South was then in no sense responsible for the existence of slavery within its borders, but it was brought there against its will; it was clearly recognized and attempted to be controlled and protected by the Constitution—the supreme law of the land—and the people of the South, not believing that any other or better disposition could be made of the slaves than by holding them in bondage, only continued to do this.

In the meantime numerous efforts were made, both by Southern States and by individuals, to abolish the institution, and it is the almost universal belief now that these efforts would have been gradually successful, but for the harsh and unjust criticisms of the Southern people by some of those at the North and the outrageous, illegal, and incendiary interferences by the abolitionists and their emissaries. As early as 1769 the House of Burgesses of Virginia tried to abolish slavery in Virginia, but was prohibited by the veto of George III., then King of England, "in the interests of English commerce." And throughout the period from 1776 to 1832, when the work of the abolitionists first began to be felt, the question of how to accomplish emancipation engaged the thought of some of the most eminent men of Virginia and other Southern States.

Mr. George Lunt, a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts, in his interesting work, entitled "Origin of the Late War," in which he shows that the North was the aggressor and wrongdoer throughout, says: "Slavery, in the popular sense, was the cause of war, just as property is the cause of robbery."

Whilst we do not indorse this statement, looking at the subject from the view-point of a Southerner, yet if it were true, surely there is nothing in it from which the people of the North can take any comfort or credit to themselves.

But so anxious are our former enemies to convince the world that the South did fight for the perpetuation of slavery that some of them have, either wittingly or unwittingly, resorted to misrepresentations or misinterpretations of some of the sayings of our representative men to try to establish this as a fact. A noted instance of this is found in the oft-repeated charge that the late Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, had said in his famous speech, delivered at Savannah in February, 1861, that "slavery was the corner stone of the Confederacy."

We have heard this charge made by one of the most enlightened and liberal men of the North, and yet we have at hand utterances from this same Northerner tantamount to what Mr. Stephens said in that speech. Mr. Stephens was speaking of the Confederacy, just then organized, and contrasting some of the principles on which it was founded with some of those of the Republican party, then coming into power for the first time, and he said: "Our government is founded on exactly the opposite idea (that the two races, black and white, are equal); its foundations are laid; its corner stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not the equal of the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his (the negro's) natural and normal condition."

Now it will be observed in the first place that Mr. Stephens said the "corner stone" of the Confederacy "rests upon the great truth that the negro is not the equal of the white man." And isn't this fact recognized as true to-day in every part of this land?

But hear now the utterances of this liberal and cultured Northerner on the same subject when he says as he does: "The Africans are distinctly an inferior order of being, not only in the South, or slave States, but throughout the North also, not entitled to unrestricted pursuit on equal terms of life, liberty, and happiness."

Is there any difference in principle between these two utterances? If, as this distinguished Northerner asserts, and as every one knows to be true, the negroes are "distinctly an inferior order of being" and "not entitled to the unrestricted pursuit on equal terms [with the whites] of life. liberty, and happiness," does not this make "subordination to the superior race his natural and normal condition," as Mr. Stephens says?

But hear now what Mr. Lincoln, the great demigod of the North, had to say on this subject in a speech delivered at Charleston, Ill., in 1858, when he said: "I will say, then, that I am not now, nor never have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races. I am not now, nor never have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor of intermarriage with white people; and I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. Inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together, there must be a position of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white man."

Again we ask: Is there any difference in principle between what is here said by Mr. Lincoln and what was said by Mr. Stephens in his famous "corner stone" speech?

And, notwithstanding Mr. Lincoln issued his "Emancipation Proclamation" eighteen months later, he said in his first inaugural: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

Could he have used stronger language to show that he believed not only in the legality of the position of the South on the subject of slavery, but that he believed in the propriety of that position as well?

Mr. Toombs said in a speech delivered in Boston in 1856: "The white is the superior and the black the inferior, and that subordination, with or without law, will be the status of the African in this mixed society. Therefore it is to the interest of both, and especially to the black race, that this status should be fixed, controlled, and protected by law." And this is just as true to-day as it was when this statement was made by this great statesman in 1856.

But there is this remarkable fact in connection with slavery and its relations to the war, which we have not seen elsewhere referred to, and which is to our mind a conclusive refutation of the charge that the continuation or the extinction of slavery had any influence whatever on the conduct of the Southern people, and especially that of the Confederate soldier in that war.

The writer belonged to one of the three companies in the army, the personnel of which is so vividly described by the author of "Four Years under Marse Robert," in which there were serving as privates many full graduates of the University of Virginia and other leading colleges both North and South. In these companies a variety of subjects pertaining to the war, religion, politics, philosophy, literature, and what not, were discussed with intelligence and often with animation and ability, and yet neither he nor any of his comrades can recall the fact that they ever heard the subject of slavery or the relations of the slaves to the war, referred to in any way during that period, except that when it was determined to put slaves in our army, a violent protest against doing so went up from the ranks, and the only thing which even partially reconciled our men to this proposed action was the knowledge of the fact that it had the sanction and approval of General Lee. We have inquired of comrades of various other commands about this, and with the like result. Do men fight for a thing or a cause they never speak of or discuss? It seems to us that to ask this question is to furnish the answer.

Not only is the foregoing statement true, but with the exception of the steps taken to send negroes to help erect fortifications, employing them as laborers, etc., but little consideration seems to have been given them or of their status to the war either in the Congress or the Cabinet of the Confederacy. The reasons for this are manifest to those of us who lived in those days, but a word of explanation may be necessary to those who have since come on the stage of life. In the first



JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS,
Grandson of Jefferson Davis, bearing his name.

place slavery, as it existed in the South, was patriarchal in its character; the slaves (servants, as we called them) were regarded and treated as members of the families to which they severally belonged; with rare exceptions, they were treated with kindness and consideration, and frequently the relations between the slave and his owner were those of real affection and confidence. As Mr. Lunt, the Boston writer, from whom we have already quoted, says: "The negroes were perfectly contented with their lot. In general they were not only happy in their condition, but proud of it."

Their owners trusted them with their families, their farms, and their affairs, and this confidence was rarely betrayed—scarcely ever, unless they were forced to violate their trusts by coming in contact with the Federal armies, or were beguiled and betrayed themselves by mean and designing white men. The truth is, both the white and the black people of the South regarded the Confederate cause alike as their cause, and looked to its success with almost, if not quite, equal anxiety

and delight. A most striking illustration of this and of the readiness of the slaves to fight even, if necessary, for the Confederate cause is furnished by the following incident: In February, 1865, when negro troops had been authorized to be enrolled in the Confederate army, there were employed at Jackson Hospital, near Richmond, seventy-two negro men. The surgeon in charge, the late Dr. F. W. Hancock, of Richmond, had these men formed in line; and after asking them "if they would be willing to take up arms to protect their masters' families, homes, and their own from an attacking foe, sixty out of seventy-two responded that they would volunteer to go to the trenches and fight the enemy to the bitter end." ("War Rebellion Records," Series IV., Volume II., p. 1193.)

At the date here referred to we know that the life of the Confederate soldier was one of the greatest hardship and peril, and the fact that five out of every six of these negroes were then ready to volunteer and go to the trenches showed conclusively how truly they regarded the Confederate cause as their cause as well as that of the white people of the South. Indeed, we doubt if a larger per cent of the whites in any part of the country would have volunteered to go to the front at that stage of the war. If, then, it were true, as alleged, that the white people of the South were fighting for slavery, does it not necessarily follow that the slaves themselves were ready and willing to fight for it too? One of these propositions is just as true as the other.

We think we have shown then that even if we admit that slavery was, as falsely charged, the "cause of the war" the South was in no way responsible for the existence of that cause; but it was a condition forced upon it, one recognized by the supreme law of the land, one which the South dealt with legally and justly as contemplated by that law, and history shows that in every respect, and in every instance, the aggressions and violations of the law were committed by the North. Mr. Lunt says: "Of four several compromises between the two sections of country since the Revolutionary War, each has been kept by the South and violated by the North." Indeed, we challenge the North to point out one single instance in which the South violated the Constitution or any of the laws made in pursuance thereof; whilst, on the contrary, fourteen of the Northern States passed acts nullifying the fugitive slave law, passed by Congress in obedience to the Constitution, denounced and defied the decisions of the Supreme Court, and Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, says of the abolitionists: "They applauded John Brown to the echo for a series of the basest murders on record. They did not conceal their hostility to the Federal and State governments nor deny their enmity to all laws which protected white men. The Constitution stood in their way, and they cursed it bitterly. The Bible was quoted against them, and they reviled God the Almighty himself."

(2) *Our next inquiry is: Which was the aggressor in provoking the conflict?*

Mr. Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," states a universally recognized principle when he says: "The aggressor in war—that is, he who begins it—is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary."

We think we have already shown, by Northern authorities, that the North was the aggressor and violator of the Constitution and of the legal rights of the South in reference to what they allege to be the "cause of the war," and it is easy to show, by like authorities, that it was clearly the aggressor in bringing on the war.

On the 7th of April, 1861, President Davis said: "With the Lincoln administration rests the responsibility of precipitating a collision and the fearful evils of the cruel war."

In his reply to Mr. Lincoln's call for Virginia's quota of seventy-five thousand troops to coerce the South, on April 15, 1861, Governor Letcher said: "You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and you can get no troops from Virginia for any such purpose."

But we are not content to rest this question on the statements of these Southern authorities, as high as they are, but will let Northern writers say what they think about this important question.

Mr. Lunt says in reference to Mr. Lincoln sending the fleet to reënforce Sumter in April, 1861: "It was intended to draw the fire of the Confederates, and was a silent aggression with the object of producing an active aggression from the other side."

Mr. Benjamin J. Williams, another Massachusetts writer, says: "The South was invaded and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, was begun by the Federal government against the seceding States in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

But let us hear what Mr. Lincoln himself has to say on this question, and with his testimony we shall regard the question as conclusively settled. In reply to a committee from Chicago sent to intercede with him to be relieved from sending more troops from that city to the Northern armies, Mr. Lincoln said in a tone of bitterness: "Gentlemen, after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South, as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it; you called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves." (See Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," Volume II., p. 149.)

(3) *Which side had the legal right to do what was done?*

On the column of the monument erected to our great civic leader are the words *pro aris et focis,* meaning that the real cause of the South was that we fought in defense of our altars and our firesides. And the man who would not

"Strike for his altars and his fires,
God and his native land"

is a craven and a coward and unworthy even of the name of man. Our country was invaded by armed men intent on coercion and conquest. We met them on the threshold and beat them and drove them back as long as we had anything to eat or strength to fight with. We could do no more, we could do no less, and history, our children, and even many of our former enemies now applaud our conduct.

There were, however, two, and but two, questions really involved in the conflict. We can scarcely do more than state these and cite some of the many Northern authorities to sustain the position that the South was right on both of these. They were: (1) *The right of a State to secede,* and (2) *the right of the Federal government to coerce a seceding State.* As to the first of these questions, the late Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, said what is true: "Secession, like slavery, was first planted in New England. There it grew and flourished and spread its branches far over the land before it was ever dreamed of at the South." And he further says

that John Quincy Adams, in 1839, and Abraham Lincoln, in 1847, made elaborate arguments in favor of the legal right of a State to secede.

Mr. William Rawle, also late of Pennsylvania, in his work on the Constitution, the text-book used at West Point before the war, says: "It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union."

Timothy Pickering, Josiah Quincy, and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, all of Massachusetts, the late Horace Greeley, Goldwin Smith, General Don Piet, of the Federal army, and the Hartford Convention all asserted and affirmed the same doctrine. And we know that had not this right been understood to exist at the time of the adoption of the Constitution it would never have been adopted.

As to the second of these questions—*i. e.,* the right of the Federal government to coerce a seceding State—this question was discussed to some extent in the convention which framed the Constitution. Mr. Madison (called the "Father of the Constitution") said: "The more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice, and the efficiency of it when applied to people collectively and not individually. A union of the States containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction."

And Mr. Hamilton said: "But how can this force be exercised on the States collectively? It is impossible. It amounts to war between the parties. Foreign powers also will not be idle spectators. They will interpose, and a dissolution of the Union will ensue." (5th Mad. Pap. 140 and 200.) And no such right or power can be found anywhere in the Constitution.

The late James C. Carter, of New York (a native of New England), one of the greatest lawyers this country has ever produced, said: "I may hazard the opinion that if the question had been raised, not in 1860, but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Union, as formed by that instrument, could lawfully treat the secession of a State as rebellion and suppress it by force, few of those who participated in forming that instrument would have answered in the affirmative."

In November, 1860, the New York *Herald* said: "Each State is organized as a complete government, holding the purse and wielding the sword, possessing the right to break the tie of confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. . . . Coercion, if it were possible, is out of the question."

The question was maturely considered by Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet at the close of his administration, and it was unanimously determined that no such right existed.

One of the resolutions of the platform of the Chicago Convention, on which Mr. Lincoln was elected, and which he reaffirmed in his first inaugural, was the following:

"*Resolved,* That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, *no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.*"

To show that Mr. Lincoln was fully cognizant of the fact that he was committing this "gravest of crimes" when he caused his armies to invade the Southern States, we will give his own definition of the meaning of the terms "invasion" and "coercion," as contained in his speech delivered at Indianapolis on his journey to Washington to be inaugurated in February, 1861. He asks: "What, then, is 'coercion?' What is 'invasion?' Would the marching of an army into South Carolina without the consent of her people and with hostile intent toward them be 'invasion?' I certainly think it would, and it would be 'coercion' also if South Carolinians were forced to submit."

Is not this exactly what he did to South Carolina and to all the other Southern States? And is it not true that this "gravest of crimes" having been committed by him without the authority of Congress, or any legal right, was the sole cause why the Southern people went to war? We know that such is the fact, and surely no further authorities can be necessary to show that the South was right on both of the only two questions involved in the war; and if it had not resisted and fought under the circumstances in which it was placed, it would have been eternally disgraced.

We can only state and without discussing at all our last inquiry, which is:

(4) *Which side conducted itself the better and according to the rules of civilized warfare pending the conflict?*

With the notoriously infamous records of the conduct of Sheridan, Hunter, and Milroy in the Valley (to say nothing of how far Grant participated in that conduct), of that of Pope and Steinwehr in Piedmont, Va., of that of Butler in Norfolk and New Orleans, and, worse than all, the confessed vandalism of Sherman on his "March to the Sea," together with the burning of Atlanta and Columbia, the last stimulated and encouraged by Halleck, the chief of staff of the armies of the Union, and contrast all this with the humane order of General Lee, on his campaign of invasion into Pennsylvania, and the conduct of his army in that campaign, and there can be but one answer to this inquiry. That answer is that the South did right and that the North did wrong.

"God holds the scales of justice;
He will measure praise and blame;
And the South will stand the verdict,
And will stand it without shame."

Confederate Flag in Unclaimed Baggage.

P. DeArlington, General Delivery, Dayton, Ohio, writes:

"Recently I purchased at an auction sale of unclaimed baggage an old valise, in which was found wrapped in the remnants of an old tattered flag a photograph of a group of C. S. A. officers. On the back was written, yet quite legible:

'Our Mess
Johnson's Island, Jan. 186—.

Capt. Jno. G. Kelly, 1st Mo. Cav.; Capt. Reuben Kay, A. A. G., of Gen. Thompson's staff; Lieut. Harrison M. McClure, 1st Mo. Cav.; Capt. Wm. B. Coy, 9th Mo. Infty.; Capt. Jno. C. Ward, 11th Va. Infty.; Capt. Jno. T. Yates, Q. M. McD's Mo. Cav.; Lieut. Jno. T. Mahan, 1st Mo. Cav.; Lieut. S. R. Price, 1st Mo. Cav.; Brig. Gen. M. Jeff Thompson, Mo.; Lieut. Wm. Etter, 1st Mo. Cav.; Lieut. Wm. A. Bart (or Bast), 3d Mo. Cav.

From a pencil drawing by Wm. B. Coy, Capt. C. S. A.'"

As this was evidently a highly prized picture, Mr. DeArlington is anxious to return it to its owner.

Rev. J. A. Burgess, of Saginaw, Oregon, inquired for J. H. Burgess, of the 22d Alabama, and hopes to hear from some comrade soon.

A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT FOR ST. LOUIS.

Mrs. William G. Moore (86 Vandeventer Place), President of the St. Louis Confederate Monument Association, makes an appeal in which she says: "The Southern women of St. Louis have undertaken the erection of a monument to the Confederate soldier. The world owes the duty to itself and to posterity to commemorate the deeds of its noble and brave. Our country gave the sublimest illustration of courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice when the manhood of the South marched at the call to arms, and counted even their lives of little worth by the side of the cause they loved. Most of them sleep to-day in unmarked and nameless graves throughout the Southland. They need no monuments to do them honor, for their valor and chivalry are the admiration of the world. But our common country owes to itself and to its children the duty of perpetuating, as far as granite and bronze and inscriptions can do it, the courage, valor, and patriotism of the American soldier, the noble qualities and high virtues that have made our country great and that alone will reproduce a race of noble men. There is no stronger inspiration that can be invoked, there is no enthusiasm that can be created or awakened that will lead men so quickly into the ranks around our common flag and hold them so steadily in the face of death as the example of the brave deeds, the patriotic spirit, and loyal devotion of the Confederate soldier. The Confederate soldiers are rapidly passing away, and now is the time to erect a monument in their honor."

TO THE D. O. C., ST. LOUIS.

BY JOHN N. EDWARDS.

In the splendorful, tenderful spirit
Of a sorrowful grave-strewn past
Comes the wonderful love of the women
To cherish their dead to the last.

In the black of the night of surrender,
Mid the crash of the cause tumbled down,
Shone the miracle love of our women—
A halo of grace for a crown.

And the beautiful light in the darkness
Lit the way from the Valley of Tears,
Kindled hope in the breast of the soldiers,
Undimmed by the rust of the years.

Let the heroic hearts of our women
Lift the shafts to our dead to the sky!
Let them grave on the marble the story
Of valor that never can die!

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SHILOH.

Rev. W. D. Dunn, of Shiloh Circuit, Mitchie, Tenn.:

"We are planning to build a 'Memorial Church' at Shiloh, Tenn., on Shiloh battle ground in honor of the Southern dead to cost $8 000 to $10,000, and in order to do so we are dependent largely on advertising through the various papers. So we ask the VETERAN to give us help by this notice.

"The South has two monuments in the park now—General Bate's to the 2d Tennessee Infantry, and one erected by the Alabama Division, U. D. C. We want to build a beautiful church, one that will be more beautiful than any monument. Subscribe now. Will call for the money when needed.

"Committee: D. C. McCullers (Chairman), Dr. H. Abernathy (Secretary), Perry Cantrell, and G. W. Livingston, all of Mitchie, Tenn.; and Rev. G. H. Hurley, Treasurer, Pittsburg Landing, Tenn."

MONUMENT FOR THE SOUTH AT SHILOH.

BY CAPT. J. W. IRWIN, SAVANNAH, TENN.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are doing a noble work in every State by erecting monuments and memorials in honor of the Confederate soldier and in caring for those who are needy. The undertaking begun by the large-hearted, brave little Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, at Savannah, Tenn., to erect a monument on the battlefield of Shiloh in honor of all Confederate soldiers from every State who participated in that battle has been adopted by the General U. D. C. A considerable sum is already in hand at interest. The ladies have taken up the work with that enthusiasm which assures success at no distant day. As every State organization is now enlisted in this enterprise, and as the General U. D. C. has pledged five hundred dollars annually until the monument is completed, they can plan for a more elaborate memorial than could have been expected from a single or even any State organization. May we not now aspire to erect a memorial at Shiloh which shall not be surpassed by any of the one hundred and seven monuments (numbers of which are handsome) erected on this field by the Northern States in honor of their dead?

We hope that the Daughters will set their mark for a thirty-thousand-dollar equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston so designed and inscribed that it shall be a memorial in honor of all Confederate soldiers who participated in this battle. This was the idea and wish of Shiloh Chapter from the beginning.

MEMORIAL TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY CORNELIUS H. FAUNTLEROY.

Undying in faith and love, last at the cross and first at the tomb, it has always been woman's glory to uphold man's faltering footsteps, bind up his wounds, and soothe his aching brow. At no time in her glorious history has this noble mission of woman been better exemplified than in the women of the South during and after the Civil War. In death and desolation and in mental and bodily anguish unspeakable the light of their faith in the Southern soldier and in the Southern cause never went out. The Southern soldier went unfalteringly to his certain death nerved and cheered by the support of the loved women at home.

When all was over, when the soil of the South had drunk in vain the lifeblood of her best and bravest, when darkness unspeakable brooded over the land, and the lamp of hope had gone out, Southern women again took up the crushing burden, soothed the starving, bleeding soldier, and whispered hope for the future into his agonized mind and heart.

The renaissance of the South after the greatest and most pitiless war of history is due to her women. And now, when the clouds have rolled away and the bright sun of peace and prosperity shines over our once-desolated land, it is again the tender, tireless hands of the loving women of the South that decorate each year the graves of our dead heroes, and their voices and pens that keep their memories green in the hearts and minds of the rising generations.

How can we Southern men honor our matchless women? Already we have reared in our hearts a spiritual monument to them even more exquisite than that described by the Rev. Dr. McKim as reared to the Southern soldier. But let us not stop at this. Let us erect at Richmond or some other Southern city a physical monument to the Southern women which shall express in form and feature, beautiful and tender and worthy of the genius of a Phidias or a Praxiteles, that undying love, honor, and reverence which we can never adequately express.



"He is not dead! Such souls can never die;
He breathes already a diviner air,
And those eternal visions, vast and fair,
Already stretch before his wondering eye.

He is not gone! His presence still is nigh,
And lives within our hearts with holiest prayer
And sweetens all our lives like incense rare
That floats like fragrance to the throne on high."

DR. P. W. HALBERT.

Dr. P. W. Halbert died at his home, in Lincoln County, Tenn., on April 4, in his sixty-fourth year. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a member of Captain Ramsey's company of Fayetteville, Tenn., which was a part of Col. Peter Turney's regiment, the first regiment that left Tennessee for the seat of war in Virginia. He was in the battle of Bull Run, and was badly wounded in the lungs at Seven Pines. After recovering from that, he was attached to Company F, 12th Regiment of Cavalry, better known as Nixon's Regiment, Bell's Brigade, under General Forrest. He was wounded again in a skirmish at Campbellsville, Tenn., a Minie ball in his wrist disabling him for a short time, and he was with the army and saw the stars and bars go down at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865. After the war he studied medicine, and practiced his profession until his health failed. He made many friends as a physician and citizen, and always took an active interest in the welfare of his county and State.

SAMUEL HENDERSON BUSTER.

Samuel Henderson Buster was born in Greene County, Tenn., in 1832; and died near Franklin, Nebr., in October, 1906. The family moved to Missouri when he was a small boy, and he entered the Confederate army in December, 1861, as a member of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Elijah Gates, and was afterwards in Shelby's Brigade until the close of the war. After witnessing the dramatic burial of their flag in the Rio Grande, he turned his face homeward and rejoined his family. He went to Nebraska in 1872, and resided in Franklin County until his death, which is the first break in the family, his wife, two sons, and eight daughters surviving.

DR. HARVEY OLIVER MILTON.

After some years of feeble health, Dr. H. O. Milton died suddenly at the home of his son, in Knoxville, Tenn., in November last, having nearly reached his seventy-fourth birthday. He was born in South Carolina; but the family removed to Selma, Ala., and at that place Dr. Milton grew up. He received a good education, and finished in medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, in 1857. He practiced at Selma until the breaking out of war, in which he served as assistant surgeon of the 4th and 15th Alabama Regiments, taking part in the campaigns about Richmond, Second Manassas, and Chickamauga. Toward the close of the war he was promoted and stationed at Macon, Ga., where he was married to Miss Sarah Fort in 1865. He removed to Chattanooga in 1877, and the following year rendered valuable service in that city during the yellow fever epidemic. He retired from active practice fifteen years ago, and in 1897 removed to Knoxville to make his home with his only son. For several years he had been Vice President of the Knoxville Sentinel Company. He made friends wherever he lived.

COL. ROBERT PATTON EBERHARDT.

The death of Col. R. P. Eberhardt in Atlanta, Ga., during January last closed a career that was remarkable in many respects. He was born in Madison County, Ga., in 1834, and received his education in that and Elbert County. He always had a great love of country and for true liberty; and, being fond of an active life, when but little more than twenty-one years of age he enlisted in the expedition under Gen. William Walker to Nicaragua. He faithfully endured the hardships of that service and received an honorable discharge. He returned to Elbert County, and with the opening of the Civil War his patriotic spirit was again aroused, and he enlisted with the "Goshen Blues," which he commanded and which company became a part of the legion organized at Camp Kirkpatrick, between Atlanta and Decatur, this legion being composed of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, to serve three years. The legion was sent to Savannah; and when leaving there for Virginia several changes were made, separating the infantry, which was afterwards known as the 38th Georgia Regiment and which was first in the brigade commanded by Gen. A. R. Lawton under Stonewall Jackson, and later in the famous Gordon Brigade, subsequently commanded by Gen. C. A. Evans.

In 1862 Captain Lawton was promoted to major of his regiment, afterwards to lieutenant colonel, and for a time was in command of his regiment. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, but rejoined his regiment as soon as able, and participated in the many battles engaged in by that famous regiment. The 38th Georgia, with the Evans Brigade, was in the last fight and the last charge of the army, on the morning of April 9, 1865.

He returned to Georgia after the war, and in 1875 located in Athens, where he became a prominent business man. He went to Atlanta in 1884; but retired from active business about fifteen years ago on account of ill health, and had since lived his good life in a quiet way. He was married in September, 1861, to Miss Emma Priscilla Hunt, of Elbert County, who survives him with seven children.

REV. SIMEON U. GRIMSLEY.

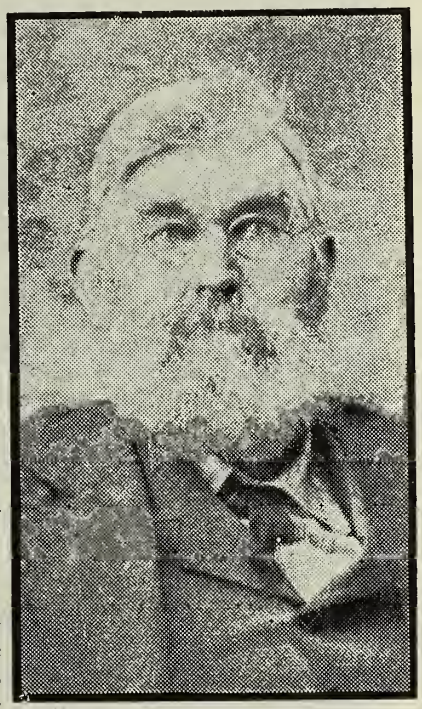
Harmanson-West Camp, of Hallwood, Va., mourns the passing of their beloved Chaplain, Simeon U. Grimsley, whom death released after many weary months of pain and suffering. His service was as a private in Company D, of the 15th Virginia Infantry, from May, 1861, to the end of the war. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1839, ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1879, and died in November, 1906. To his beloved ones he left the heritage of a good name.

FLYNT.—H. A. Flynt was born near Florence, Ala., in 1836, dying in October, 1906, at Mt. Vernon, Tex. He was taken from Alabama to Mississippi when but three years of age, and a few years later to Texas. He enlisted in the 17th Mississippi Regiment, of Barksdale's famous brigade, which fought so gallantly at Fredericksburg. He was badly wounded at Gettysburg.

Maj. A. A. Stephens.

Maj. A. A. Stephens, of Wolfe City, Tex., died at the home of his son, Charles, at Celeste, March 30, 1907. The remains were taken to Wolfe City, escorted by the Masonic lodge of Celeste and many of his old comrades. Arriving at Wolfe City, the funeral party was met by the lodge of that city and a number of Veterans and friends. The services were conducted in the Baptist church by the Major's old-time friend, Rev. J. H. Boyet, who paid a fitting tribute to his noble character, giving him special praise for his unremitting kindness to his indigent comrades and all others in distress or need. The remains were conveyed to Mount Carmel Cemetery, followed by the largest concourse of people that ever attended a funeral at Wolfe City.

Major Stephens was born in Bibb County, Ala., March 24, 1843. At an early age his family moved to Mississippi, where he grew to manhood.



MAJOR STEPHENS.

At the commencement of the Civil War he joined Company K, 1st Mississippi Infantry. He was in the siege of Port Hudson, La., where he was captured and paroled. He served on provost duty, guarding prisoners at Andersonville prison until July, 1863, when he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, under Joseph E. Johnston and J. B. Hood, participating in all the bloody battles of that army.

When the Confederate army was defeated at Nashville and every one was ordered to take care of himself, Private Stephens started out loaded with camp equipage, being among the last leaving the intrenchments. When he found his captain dangerously wounded, he threw down his traps and took the captain on his back and carried him out at the risk of his own life.

He was always on time, if he had to go barefooted. His company was called into line one morning, and, not having time to put on his clothes, he "fell in," for which he received a severe reprimand. A junior lieutenant, Marion Shelton, took up for the boy, who shortly proved to be one of the bravest and most deliberate marksman in our army, always on time, and standing ground where the bullets flew thickest. He was never excited, but always at his post of duty.

In July, 1866, he married Miss Eliza Durrett at Fulton, Miss.; and in 1880 he moved to Hunt County, Tex., where he took a prominent part in everything pertaining to the Confederate Veterans. He was the efficient Adjutant of the Ben McCullough Camp, of Wolfe City, for several years.

In the organization of the First Regiment, Texas Division, U. C. V., he was a leader, and some five years ago was elected Major, and had been reëlected annually.

There survive him his wife, two sons (Charles G. and N. Z., of Celeste), and one daughter (Mrs. J. W. Griffis, of Wolfe City), all of whom are well-to-do, highly respected citizens.

Resolutions were adopted by the First Regiment, Texas Division, on the death of Major Stephens, the first of which states: "In the death of Comrade Stephens we have lost one of our best and truest comrades, the State and county one of her best and most upright citizens, and the family a kind and indulgent husband and parent."

[This sketch was sent by P. G. Carter, Commanding First Regiment, Texas Division, U. C. V.]

Capt. J. M. Crump and Marshall J. Miller.

The Confederate Historical Association of Memphis reports the death of two highly esteemed members who passed over in November, 1906:

Capt. James M. Crump was born in 1843 and reared to manhood at the Greenwood plantation home, Marshall County, Miss., completing his education at Oxford, Miss. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, as a member of Company B, 17th Mississippi Infantry, Capt. John McGuirk commanding his company. He served with the Virginia army, and was severely wounded at Gettysburg. He had risen to the rank of captain by the close of the war. After the war, he made his home at Holly Springs for many years, but had been a resident of Memphis some twenty years. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

Marshall J. Miller had long been a resident of Memphis, and in the fullness of years has passed to his eternal reward. He was honored for his soldierly qualities during the war. For some time he was a pilot, and afterwards commanded the gunboat Grampus, which figured prominently in the waters of the Mississippi before the fall of Memphis, in 1862. He was with this boat at the battle of Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus, Ky., when the Confederates came so near to capturing General Grant. He was subsequently engaged in various capacities during the war, constantly along the line of duty, until the end, in May, 1865.

G. A. McKee.

Died at his home in Mt. Selman, Tex., G. A. McKee on March 25. He was born in Marshall County, Tenn., in 1842. The family removed to Texas in 1846 and settled near the village of Larissa. At the age of nineteen he left Larissa College to join Capt. Frank Taylor's company of cavalry, which was mustered into the Confederate service at Dallas as Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, in which command he served faithfully to the end of the war, cheerfully enduring its privations and bravely facing its dangers.

After the war he engaged in the nursery and fruit business near Mt. Selman, in which he was very successful. He was married in 1865, and leaves four sons, good and upright citizens of the community.

W. M. Dunwoody.—W. M. Dunwoody was born in Greene County, Tenn., December 14, 1844; and at an early age entered the Confederate army and served four years. He was married in 1870, and the following twenty-seven years of his life were spent in Alabama, Western Texas, Indian Territory, and Oklahoma. He died at Shawnee, Okla., in April, 1907, after a year or more of suffering from a cancerous affection. His wife, two sons, and two daughters survive him.

Sidney Virgil Patrick.

Born May 13, 1842, at Cornersville, Tenn., S. V. Patrick, who was a faithful Confederate soldier; died at the home of his mother, in Galveston, Tex., April 23, 1907. He became ill early in December previous, but attended faithfully his duties until a few days previous to his death. He had been United States Inspector of Customs through appointment by President Cleveland during his first administration. The remains were taken by his son, his only surviving child, to Double Bayou, Chambers County, Tex., for interment by the side of his wife.

Comrade Patrick was a nephew of Gen. Preston Smith, who was killed at Chickamauga September 20, 1862. He and his brother (now dead) both served under General Smith. The mother, yet living, is a sister of General Smith, and she has living two daughters (Mrs. W. W. Gregory and Mrs. J. M. Foster) and a son (J. E. Patrick), all natives of Tennessee.

A correspondent of the Galveston News writes of him:

"Virge belonged to Company E, 5th Texas, organized by Col. John D. Rogers. He was one of the first volunteers, was faithful to the last, and laid down his gun only when Lee surrendered. He was one of the best and truest men and one of the most reliable soldiers I ever knew. He never shirked the slightest duty either in camp or on the field. During the four years I was with him in Virginia I don't remember to have ever seen him 'rattled' or excited. He took things as they came, and was apparently indifferent whether the thing was to build a camp fire or charge a battery.

"I give an incident that illustrates his coolness and courage. At Second Manassas, after we had driven all that were left of the New York Zouaves across Bull Run Creek, we were ordered to charge a battery stationed on the hill that was playing the mischief with us. Just about this time there was a bunch of zouaves ahead of us going as rapidly as they could. In crossing the creek their big zouave pants had got full of water, and their legs looked like balloons. We were shooting at them, and one little fellow seemed to receive more than his share of attention, for he got several shots through his pants. He was not crippled, however, for he went up the hill like a rabbit, and at every jump the water squirted like one of those garden fountain hoses. It was a funny sight, but most of us were too scared to see the fun of it just then. Not so with Virge. I looked at him, and he was laughing fit to kill himself. We charged so close to the guns that when they were discharged we could feel the heat from them in our faces.

"In the hottest part of the work I glanced at Virge again, and he was evidently thinking of that zouave and his waterworks, for he was grinning and apparently enjoying the memory of it. After we had taken the battery and had halted for a breathing spell, the first words he said were: 'Say, did you see that Yankee?' He was as cool and free from excitement and enjoyed the funny side of the thing as much as he would have done had the scene taken place in a theater and he had been one of the spectators."

Dr. Paul C. Yates.

Dr. P. C. Yates died at his home, in Neosho, Mo., February 18, 1907, after a lingering illness. The death of this devoted father and husband was a great shock to his family and a loss to his State of a good physician and noble, kindly Christian gentleman, who was ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasure for the good of others.

Dr. Yates was born in Randolph County, Mo., on March 1, 1836, the oldest son of Judge John M. Yates, a native of Virginia. Judge Yates belonged to a prominent family, with Revolutionary ancestors of note, and Chief Justice John Marshall was his great-uncle, for whom he was named. He married Miss Virginia Christian, and went to Missouri in 1822. Dr. Yates studied medicine, graduating at Pope's College, in St. Louis, in 1861, when the country was stirred by the menace of war. He joined one of the first companies going South under Gen. John B. Clark. From the first skirmishing at Boonville and Carthage to the last call to "stack arms" he was always a brave a soldier, a faithful comrade and friend. After the battle of Springfield, he was appointed surgeon, and remained with Price's army till the close of the war, serving with Colonel Shaver's Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers.

An incident of those times is strongly characteristic of his steadfast adherence to duty. After the battle of Elk Horn, Dr. Yates went with his wounded to Van Buren to insure



DR. PAUL YATES AND WIFE.

their safety, the battlefield being in possession of the Federals. Then he hastened to General Price and asked permission to return to his brother, Will, who was wounded too severely to be removed. General Price told him he could not give him a pass, as the Federals were sure to arrest him, and he would probably be shot for a spy. General Price said: "General Davidson's special orders were to bring no doctors, as they consider them spies. Besides, I promised your father to take care of his boys."

But the little man who stood before him was obdurate. "I must take my chances, General. He is only a boy; shot through the lungs, dying perhaps, and calling for me."

The pass was written, and Dr. Yates was stopped on the road by a Major Reynolds, who frowned at his replies to his short questions until he told his name.

"It is the name of my bosom friend, who is now Governor of Illinois," said the Federal.

"Yes, he is my cousin," Dr. Yates replied.

The Major with his carriage carried him into the camp.

"I started into this," Dr. Yates told the writer, "with my trust in Providence, and here my relationship to the genial Republican Governor of Illinois saved me in the very tightest of all tight places I ever found."

He found his brother, nursed him back to life, and Dr. William Yates is practicing medicine to-day at Calao, Mo. He was with the beloved brother during his last illness. A younger brother, Arthur, was killed at Kennesaw Mountain.

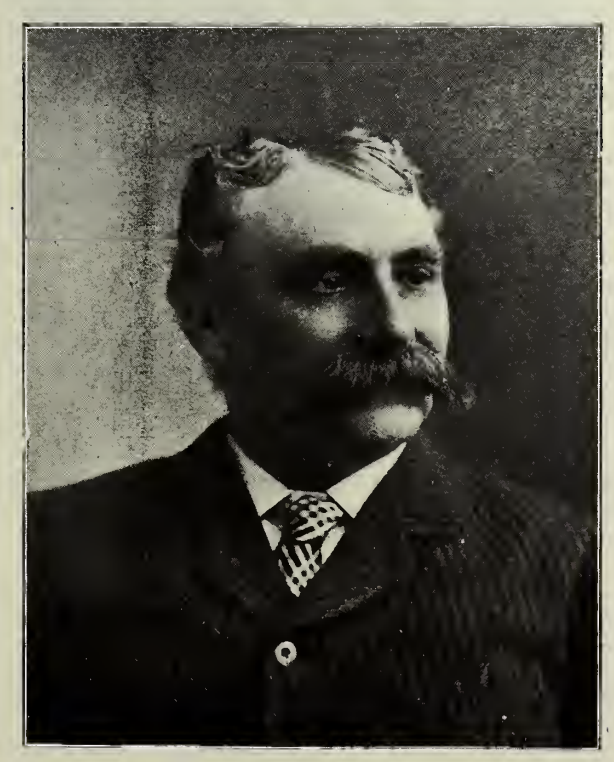
Dr. Yates was married to Miss Alice Levy in Camden, Ark., at the close of the war; but in 1880 returned for his health to South Missouri, where he practiced his profession till his health failed, last year. He leaves a wife and seven children: Mrs. Ruby Lacy, of Portland, Oregon; Misses Levy, Emma, and Mamie Lee, and Jack and Paul, of Portland; and Edward, of Globe, Ariz. In the army, in his lodge (he was a Mason in high standing), in his profession, and in his home he was the same, faithful to every trust and ever zealous in the cause of good.

Dr. Yates worked untiringly in aid of the monument in memory of the Confederate soldiers a few years ago, and it was completed in time for "The Gray Soldier" to stand guard over his resting place in beautiful Neosho.

Robert Edward Garrett.

When the first call for volunteers was sounded through our beloved Southland in the early part of April, 1861, a company was formed in Selma, Ala., known as the Magnolia Cadets Infantry, and among the first names enrolled was that of Robert E. Garrett.

Mr. Garrett was a Virginian by birth; but, residing in Alabama at the beginning of the war, he enlisted under her banner, and on April 23, 1861, his company was ordered from Selma, Ala., to Dalton, Ga., where it was assigned to the 4th Alabama Regiment as Company C, and from this point was ordered to Virginia. Just before leaving Selma Mrs.



ROBERT E. GARRETT.

Clemm White, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, presented to this company a handsome silk flag made of her wedding gown, and it was at the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, when the color bearer, who stood at Mr. Garrett's right, was killed and the flagstaff shattered, that Mr. Garrett took from the hand of his dead comrade the much-prized banner and bore it aloft until he was himself wounded and disabled. In the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, he was again wounded, and a third time in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. Later he was promoted to be regimental ordnance sergeant, and in this capacity served until the close of the war.

He was a member of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025, United Confederate Veterans, Baltimore.

From early manhood Mr. Garrett had been a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and was faithful in the discharge of every obligation in life.

Mr. Garrett died on July 17, 1906, at his residence, on McCulloh Street, Baltimore, Md.

W. R. A. Yarbrough.

The death of Mr. W. R. A. Yarbrough occurred near Nashville June 21, 1907. He had been in failing health for the past ten years, incident to infirmity of age and exposure during the war of 1861-65.

Mr. Yarbrough was born in Charlotte, N. C., October 24, 1828, and was seventy-eight years and eight months old. He located in Montgomery, Ala., when a young man. When the tocsin of war was sounded between the North and the Southern States, he enlisted in the Confederate service in Company K, 22d Alabama Infantry Regiment. He served in the Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. A. S. Johnston, Braxton Bragg, and General Joseph E. Johnston, until the close of the war. He was detailed by General Bragg for special secret service, and made several trips to Nashville and other places [illegible]de Federal lines and procured medicine and surgical inst[illegible]nts, etc., for the Southern army. He often related inte[illegible]ws he had with Federal officers and soldiers while on the hazardous duty. After peace was declared, Mr. Yarbrough entered business in Montgomery, and was a successful coal merchant for twenty years. His health failing, he sought a change of climate in Texas and later in Nashville.

He was a consistent Christian gentleman, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He had been an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' Home for the past three years of his own choice. He is survived by his wife and devoted son, Walter S. Yarbrough, of this city. The body was taken to Montgomery, Ala., attended by the son and widow.

Arch McPherson.—Camp Lyon, at Murray, Ky., reports the loss of a valued member in February—Lieut. Arch McPherson, who enlisted in Company C, King's Battalion, in September, 1861, and was elected second lieutenant. Upon the consolidation of his company with the 1st Confederate Cavalry, in 1862, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He made a brave and gallant soldier. He was married in 1869 to Miss Augusta Erwin, who died some years ago.

Deaths in Hattiesburg, Miss.

The following members of the Camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., have recently passed from time to eternity: J. M. Benson, Co. F, 12th Miss. Cav.; J. B. Easterling, Co. B, 27th Miss. Inf.; W. L. Owen, Co. F, 43d Ala. Inf.; J. B. Beale, Co. E. 8th Ga. Cav.

Capt. I. M. Aiken.

Camp Ward, No. 10, U. C. V., has paid its last tribute to Capt. I. M. Aiken, of Pensacola, Fla. Comrade Aiken was seventy-six years of age, and had been in ill health for some time, yet his death was a sad shock to devoted relatives and friends. The deceased was born at Winnsboro, S. C., on October 16, 1830. When a young man, he moved to Georgia and engaged in sea island cotton planting near Darien. He was among the first to volunteer to Georgia's call for troops, and entered the 47th Volunteer Georgia Infantry, serving with distinction through the war as captain of Company H.

After the war Captain Aiken went on to Pensacola, and had been a resident of that city for many years, holding many positions of trust, one time being President of the Board of Pilot Commissioners. He built up a lucrative business there, and made many friends. He was a member of Camp Ward, No. 10, United Confederate Veterans, and always manifested much interest in its proceedings.

John Mathis McGinnis.

John M. McGinnis was born near Newbern, Dyer County, Tenn., in November, 1838; and died on February 27, 1907, at his home, in Dyersburg, Tenn. He enlisted early in the war, serving in the command of General Strahl, and made a faithful soldier to the end. He took an active part in the removal of General Strahl's remains from Ashwood, near Columbia, to Dyersburg. (See Veteran for April, 1901.) His life since had been marked by strict integrity and steadfast attention to duty, and he was held in high regard by the people of his community.

The death of his older brother, Jim W. McGinnis, at Columbia, La., is also reported as occurring on May 10. He was born in 1837, went through the war as a Confederate soldier, and afterwards made his home in Louisiana. They were at their last Reunion together in New Orleans.

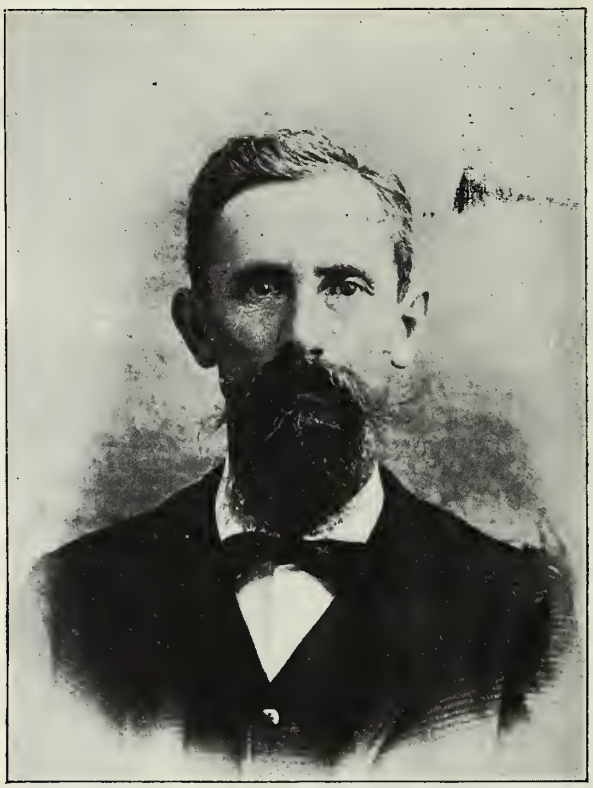
Hon. Frank Templeton.

The death of Hon. Frank Templeton occurred at Houston, Tex., on April 24, 1907, just one day before completing his sixty-fourth year. He was born in Arkansas, and was taken by his parents to Texas when just three years old, and had since been a resident of the State. He had been a citizen of Houston for some twelve years, and was well known as an attorney of the city, and had served one term in the Legislature as a member from Hunt County. He was also a member of Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, he and a brother (J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex.) having served the Confederacy gallantly.

Comrade Templeton had just published a historical novel, "Margaret Ballentine; or, The Fall of the Alamo," the purpose of the writing being to pay a deserved tribute to those who fell there and also to preserve the personality of such men as Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and Bonham. This book should be appreciated, especially by all who are interested in the early history of our country.

Franklin Lafayette Riley.

An his home, in New Hebron, Miss., occurred the death of Franklin L. Riley on February 19, 1907. He was born in Lawrence County, Miss., in February, 1835, and his entire life of usefulness and devotion to the uplifting of his fellowman was spent within a small radius of where he first saw the light of day and in which his high character commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him. He was mustered into service on May 29, 1861, as a member of Company B, 16th Mississippi Regiment, where he served throughout the war with unswerving loyalty. His command was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and there did valiant service. Comrade Riley was wounded in the battle of Antietam, and as soon as able he returned home on furlough. In October, 1862, he was married to Miss Balsorah I. Weathersby. He rejoined his command in December, which was then stationed near Fredericksburg. Previous to being wounded he took part in the battles of Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, and Maryland Heights; and afterwards in Chancellorsville, Second Fredericksburg, and the skirmishes at Falling Water, Md., Brandy Station, and Rapidan. His command was present, but among the reserves, at Gettysburg and Bristow Station; but was engaged at the



FRANKLIN L. RILEY.

Wilderness and in the battles at Spottsylvania C. H., Petersburg, and Weldon Railroad. He was captured at Fort Gregg and sent to Point Lookout in April, 1865, and remained until June 30.

Shortly after the war he engaged in a mercantile business, in which he continued till a short while before his death. His energetic and industrious life was crowned with success. He is survived by his wife and eight children.

Col. A. G. Floyd.

The venerable A. G. Floyd, of Spartanburg, S. C., died from a second stroke of paralysis on June 10, 1907. He was born in Cook County on Christmas day, 1832, and served in Company G, 5th South Carolina Infantry. He was successful in business life and was esteemed by the general public. He is survived by his wife and six children (Mayor John F. Floyd, W. M., Andrew A., Brian, and Mrs. Frank Hodges, of Spartanburg, and Mrs. W. H. Darden, of Gainesville, Ga.).

Capt. D. T. Merrick.

Capt. David T. Merrick, a distinguished son of Louisiana both in war and peace, and prominent in the public life of Point Coupee Parish, died at Merrick on March 14. He was a son of the late Chief Justice Merrick, of one of the noted families of the South; and whether in war or peace, he was always a leader. Born in Clinton, La., in 1841, he was sent to Centenary College at Jackson; and when the war broke out, though but nineteen years of age, he left school and entered the Confederate army. He raised a company of infantry, and commanded it under General Jackson, participating in more than a dozen hard-fought battles. At Gettysburg he had but one man of his company left. He afterwards commanded a company of sharpshooters, and was subsequently placed on the staff of Gen. Leroy Stafford as inspector general of the 2d Louisiana Brigade. He was badly wounded at Payne's Farm, in Virginia, a Minie ball passing through the side of his head over the cavity of the mouth and cutting off the lobe of his left ear. Recovery from such a wound was wonderful in the annals of surgery. Returning to his Point Coupee plantation after the war, he spent the remainder of his life in upbuilding the South for which he had fought. He was a Mason of high rank and prominent in Confederate circles for many years. His wife, a son, and a daughter are left to mourn their loss.

Samuel E. Erwin.

Comrade A. B. Hill, of Memphis, Tenn., sends tribute to Samuel E. Erwin, who died in Hazen, Ark., on April 16, 1907, in his sixty-sixth year, "having suffered every hour of his life from the 10th of September, 1863, when at the battle of Chickamauga he received a Minie ball in the head which he carried there until February, 1904, by which time it had worked its way down to the roof of his mouth and was removed. The wound, however, failed to heal, and gave him much pain. Erysipelas developed, and death ensued. Comrade Erwin was a member of Company G, 51st Tennessee Infantry, and made a brave and gallant soldier. He was born and reared in Tipton County, Tenn., and removed to Arkansas shortly after the war. He was never married."

Dr. James S. Corn.

James S. Corn was born in Winchester, Tenn., in 1849, and died at Nashville, Ark., in April, 1907. His father removed from Winchester to Arkansas in 1857. Young Corn enlisted in the Confederate army before he was fifteen years of age, joining Company A, 47th Arkansas Cavalry, commanded by Col. Lee Crandall, McCrory's Brigade, Fagan's Division, and he went through as hard service as any other soldier. He was in Price's memorable raid through Missouri, and on account of his daring and bravery part of the time was courier for General Price. After the war he studied medicine, graduating from Vanderbilt University, and in the practice of his profession he was the peer of any in Southwest Arkansas. He was married in 1878, and leaves two daughters and a son.

James H. Jernigan.

The Adjutant of Camp R. E. Lee, at Commerce, Tex., reports the death (which occurred last December) of James H. Jernigan, a good member, who was born in Polk County, Ark., in 1840, removing to Texas in 1856. He enlisted in the Confederate army in August, 1862, in Company H, 5th Texas Cavalry, Gano's Brigade, serving in the Indian Territory and Arkansas up to 1864. He was then sent to Bonham, Tex., as scout under General McCulloch, and subsequently assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, under General Gano, and in all these campaigns performed his duty bravely and gallantly. Comrade Jernigan was made first sergeant at the organization of his company. He was afterwards elected third lieutenant. He surrendered at Greenville, Tex., June 15, 1865. After the war he was a successful merchant and stock dealer in Commerce, where he was known and respected for his sterling worth.

Thomas L. Feamster.

Thomas L. Feamster, of Greenbrier, W. Va., passed into the great beyond with the passing of the year 1906. He was born in 1829, and had spent his entire life, save when in the army, in his native county. He was among the first to volunteer in defense of his State, joining Company A, afterwards of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, of which his brother-in-law, Moorman White, was captain, himself first lieutenant, and his brother, S. W. N. Feamster, second lieutenant. The 14th belonged to McCausland's Brigade, and was a part of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's famous cavalry. Lieutenant Feamster served through the four years, and made a record of which he was always justly proud. He was married shortly after the war to Miss Louise Cary, who survives him with four sons and three daughters. As a citizen, he took an active interest in public affairs, and was loved and respected in his community.

John Laux.

On May 27, 1907, John Laux, an old and respected citizen of Boone County, Mo., fell asleep at his home, near Riggs, Mo. He was born in Germany August 2, 1837. At about the age of fourteen he came to America with his parents, landing at New York City. Deceased went from there to Wisconsin, where he lived for some time, coming from there to Boone County, Mo., and had been a resident of said county for fifty years.

At the beginning of the Civil War he linked his cause with the Southern Confederacy, enlisting as a soldier in Company I, of General Cockrell's Regiment, and remained with it until he was captured in the battle on Kennesaw Mountain. He was sent as a prisoner to Camp Douglas, Chicago. At the close of the war he returned to Boone County, Mo., and on November 3, 1870, was married to Esther Frances Melvin, who preceded him to the great beyond five years ago.

Capt. William Hunter.

The end of an eventful life came with the passing of Capt. William Hunter, on the 25th of March. He was a native of Texas, born in the old Hunter homestead, near the head waters of Oyster Creek, in July, 1830, and was therefore nearly seventy-seven years old. This old homestead stands to-day, and should be famous as the headquarters of Santa Anna just before the battle of San Jacinto, and from its bountiful storehouse he fed his pillaging host.

Captain Hunter was the son of Dr. Johnson Hunter, of Missouri, and the last survivor of the family. His elder brother was the first white child born in Texas or in the Austin colony. In 1852 William Hunter sought the gold fields of California, where he remained for some years. Returning to Texas, he was married in 1860 to Miss Mary Barrett Allen, of Kentucky, and to them were born two sons and three daughters.

Early in 1862 he enlisted in the 15th Texas Infantry, and served his country to the end. Upon returning from the war he again sought rural shades, in which his soul delighted.

In 1883 he moved to Houston, where he was married the second time to Miss Evelyn McGaw, who survives him with his five children. He had been a faithful, earnest member of Dick Dowling Camp, and from his deathbed sent his deathless love to comrades of the Camp. He had been flag bearer for the Camp for fifteen years, and was so attached to his old flag that it was buried with him.

Resolutions were passed by the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., in his honor as one who had never failed to respond to any call from the Chapter and who would be missed for his gracious, kindly coöperation in all good deeds.

Capt. Daniel Coleman.

Capt. Daniel Coleman, a prominent citizen, an accomplished scholar, a Christian gentleman, and a brave Confederate soldier, after brief, intense suffering, "Crossed the Bar" at his home, in Huntsville, Ala., June 29, 1906.

Captain Coleman was born September 7, 1838, and was reared in Athens, Ala. He was the son of Judge Daniel Coleman, of the State Supreme Court. He attended the male academy in Athens and the Hanover Academy, Virginia—a high school preparatory to the University of Virginia, conducted by his cousin, the lamented and distinguished Lieut. Col. Lewis Minor Coleman, of General Lee's artillery, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg. He attended the Wesleyan University, at Florence, Ala., where he graduated in 1857. He graduated in the Law Department of the University of Virginia. In addition to his practice of law, he and his brother, John Coleman, bought the Athens Herald, and edited that paper until the Confederate war began.

He advocated the election of Breckinridge and Lane. When Alabama seceded, he joined the Madison Rifles of Huntsville, and they proceeded to Pensacola, Fla. Soon after leaving home some of his Alabama friends who had supported Bell and Everett in the late presidential campaign made fun of and jeered at him. The stars and stripes were floating in the breeze from the tops of several business houses in Athens on that eventful day. In a few months, however, the very men who had ridiculed Daniel Coleman for "rushing off to go to war" had enlisted in the same great patriotic cause that had inspired him.

Captain Coleman lost his health at Pensacola, and through the influence of friends he was transferred to the "Limestone Troopers," organized by the lamented and talented Maj. Thomas Macklin Hobbs, who while gallantly leading his company fell mortally wounded in the battle of Seven Pines.

Captain Coleman sometime after the first battle of Manassas was transferred to the staff of Gen. Philips St. George Cocke, of Virginia. General Cocke died in January, 1862, and Captain Coleman was then transferred to the Army of Tennessee as inspector general on the staff of Gen. S. A. M. Wood, Cleburne's Division. In the battle of Shiloh, while carrying an order upon the field, his horse was killed under him.

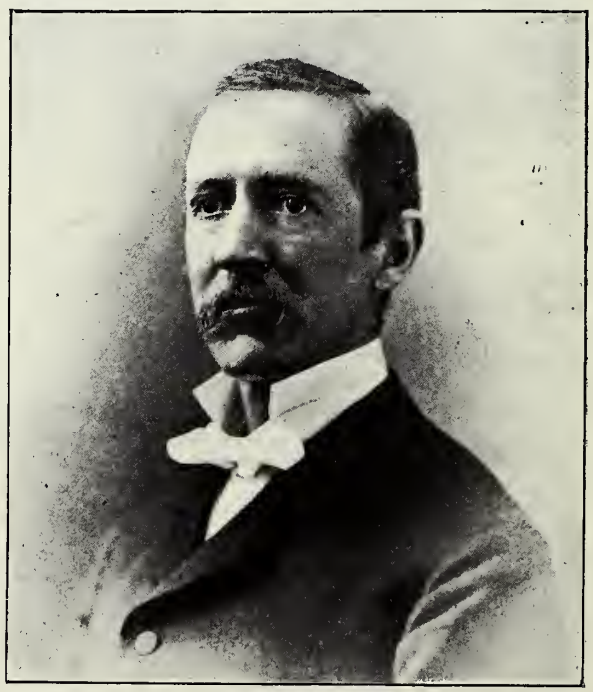
In the battle of Murfreesboro his brother, Capt. John Heartwell Coleman, was mortally wounded while leading his company of sharpshooters in a terrific charge fifty yards in advance of the main line of the brigade. After taking the remains of his noble brother home for interment in the family graveyard, General Wood assigned him to the command of that same company of sharpshooters. He commanded that company in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, where his brother, Lieut. Richard Vassar Coleman, in his nineteenth year, was killed, pierced by a dozen balls, while leading his command in a desperate charge upon Thomas's breastworks. He fell within thirty yards of the enemy. His company and his brother's company constituted a battalion of sharpshooters.

Captain Coleman, through the influence of his dear mother and without his knowledge, was transferred by General Bragg to General Roddy's Division of Cavalry, in the Tennessee Valley of North Alabama. In this command a month or two later a boy brother, Ruffin Coleman, enlisted in the escort company of General Roddy just after the Federals banished him, his sister Martha, and his little brother, Frank, not thirteen years old, from their mother's home, which they pillaged and confiscated.

Captain Coleman served with marked distinction and gallantry to the close of the war. In a dashing charge upon a Federal ambuscade he had the second horse killed under him. He was never wounded; but in one battle he had his canteen shot off him, and in another several holes were shot through his clothes. He was never a prisoner. In whatever command he served he was popular with the men. His superiors had implicit confidence in him. With General Roddy's command he was surrendered at Pond Spring (now Wheeler), Ala., in May, 1865.

After the war Captain Coleman immediately resumed the practice of his profession in Athens, Ala. In June, 1874, he married the accomplished Miss Claude LeVert, only daughter of Mr. Francis and Mrs. Eliza Withers LeVert. Mr. LeVert was a son of Dr. LeVert, who came as a surgeon on Lafayette's staff in the War of the American Revolution. Captain Coleman was himself of a very prominent family. The brilliant and beloved Mrs. Clay-Clopton said of him to one of his sons upon meeting for the first time, her hand resting graciously on his head: "Here is a son of the man who could have had anything within the gift of the people of Alabama, and he would not have it."

Captain Coleman left two children, a son and a daughter. The son, LeVert Coleman, graduated at West Point in 1899, seventh in a class of seventy-two. He is now a captain in the regular artillery, stationed at San Francisco. The daugh-



CAPT. DANIEL COLEMAN.

ter, Verdot, highly educated, a brilliant musician, is very popular and lives now with her widowed mother at the old LeVert homestead, in Huntsville, Ala. Captain Coleman's love of home and his devotion to his family were beautiful. He was never happier than when he was in his old-fashioned ideal Southern home surrounded by his family. He and his son were more like brothers than father and son. They were "as chummy as two college boys."

Captain Coleman was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was for years the senior warden of the vestry of the Church of the Nativity at Huntsville. He was a bright Mason and a Knight Templar. He was an honor graduate of the Wesleyan University, and served in the State Senate. He held a consular appointment in France from President Cleveland. He was a devoted Confederate and had commanded the Egbert Jones Camp at Huntsville, and at the time of his death he was Judge-Advocate General upon the staff of Gen. George Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V. He and his brother Frank furnished a room in the Moore Cottage of the Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., as a memorial to their hero brothers, John and Richard.

"Go, soldier, to thy honored rest,
Thy truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

As may be seen, four Coleman brothers at the trumpet call to duty went to the front in defense of the South; and when the war was over, only two of them returned, and now only one of the four who followed the flag of the Confederacy remains on this side of the "Bar."

Hopkins.—John Houston Hopkins was born in Spencer County, Ky.; and died at Argenta, Ark., on April 2. He grew to manhood at Owensboro, Ky., and was among the first to espouse the Southern cause, joining a company under Capt. John P. Thompson. The company was sent first to Nashville, Tenn., and then to Harper's Ferry, Va., and was sworn into service as a part of the regiment under Col. Thomas F. Taylor and Lieut. Col. William Preston Johnston. At the expiration of their year of service the regiment was reduced to about two hundred men, and they were disbanded and allowed to join any commands they chose. Houston Hopkins, with about forty others, joined Morgan's command at Chattanooga, and remained with it to the end, being identified especially with Quirk's Scouts. Comrade Hopkins was a grand-nephew of Gen. Sam Houston.

John J. Rine.—The sudden death of John J. Rine at his home, in Keyser, W. Va., May 19 removed a substantial and upright citizen of the community. He had just passed into his sixty-eighth year. He served the South as a member of Company F, 7th Virginia, and was one of the bravest of that famous regiment. He faithfully filled the duties of life, and by hard work and strict economy had accumulated a comfortable fortune, and in living a consistent Christian life also laid up treasures above. He is survived by four daughters.

Whitt.—John V. Whitt was born in May, 1837. He volunteered in Company D, Hampton's Legion, in 1861, and was continually with his command for duty until the surrender at Appomattox. He died on the night of December 24, death coming suddenly and quietly. His wife and three children survive him.

Grigsby.—After a good and useful life, Miles G. Grigsby died in Napa, Cal., at the age of sixty-two years. He was a native of Tennessee, and in 1861 enlisted for the Confederacy as a member of the 3d Tennessee, known as the "Brown Tigers," commanded by Harvey Walker, and served faithfully through the many trying experiences of a soldier's life. He was wounded at Chickamauga and again at Resaca, which ended his life as a soldier. He went to California some twenty years ago and settled at Redlands, and was visiting among friends and relatives at the time of his death. He was never married. He leaves four brothers and one sister.

Allen.—J. G. Allen died in Plain Dealing, La., in September, 1906, in his seventy-second year. He joined the Confederate army at Monroe, La., in April, 1861, as private in Company B, 1st Louisiana Squadron of Cavalry, went direct to Corinth, Miss., and was promoted to second sergeant just after a battle at Denmark, Tenn. He served in Forrest's Cavalry until the latter part of 1864, when he was transferred to west of the Mississippi River, was promoted to first lieutenant in Company D, of the 1st Louisiana Cavalry, and surrendered at Shreveport May 25, 1865. His life, both military and civil, was characterized by religious fidelity.

John E. Bohon.—On April 19, 1907, John E. Bohon died at his home, in Covington, Ky., aged seventy years. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, in the 30th Virginia Regiment, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and participated in the battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded in the shoulder; at Gettysburg, where he was wounded in the hip; also at Harper's Ferry, battle of Five Forks, Fairfax C. H. He was wounded in the head and sent to Richmond, rejoined his regiment, and was transferred to North Carolina, serving under Stonewall Jackson. He was paroled at Richmond in April, 1865.

Metcalf.—George W. Metcalf died at his home, in Lexington, Ky., in February, 1907, aged sixty-eight years. In September of 1862 he enlisted in Company F, 5th Kentucky Infantry, with which he served till the close of the war, surdering at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865. He was appointed corporal in May, 1863, and promoted to sergeant in 1864. He participated in all the battles of his regiment with the famous "Orphan Brigade," and was wounded at Chickamauga and Dallas, Ga. He was married in 1878 to Miss Mary Eastland, of Boyle County, who, with their five children, survives him.

Middleton.—John W. Middleton died at Limestone, Tenn., in March, in his seventy-second year. He was born near Harrisonburg, Va., in 1835, and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 27th Virginia, Stonewall Brigade, serving under Jackson till his death. He was captured at Gettysburg and imprisoned near Baltimore. He returned to Lexington, Va., at his liberation from prison, married, and reared a family of eleven children. He removed with his family to Tennessee in 1897.

Henry Dennis.—Henry Dennis, born in Howard County, Mo., in 1836, died at Midway, Mo., in March, 1907. He was married to Miss Elizabeth McGhee in 1857, and a son and a daughter survive. Comrade Dennis enlisted in the Confederate army in August, 1861, serving continuously until the battle of Franklin, where he was wounded and captured. He was in all the hard-fought battles from Lexington, Mo., to Franklin, and did his full duty as a soldier in every way.

Eight Venerable Veterans of Anderson, S. C.

The Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., at Anderson, S. C., reports the passing of eight veterans in that section as follows:

Col. B. F. Crayton, the oldest citizen of Anderson, died on the night of February 5. He was born in Greenville in July, 1820 in 1838 going to Anderson, where he had continuously lived with the exception of the war period. He closed out his business at the beginning of the war and joined Orr's Regiment of Rifles, of which he was appointed quartermaster; but had to resign later on account of his health. He was then placed by Mr. Davis in charge of the Confederate States depository at Anderson, and handled for the government large amounts of money and bonds. He was elected to the Legislature in 1862, reëlected in 1864 and also reëlected under the provisional government of South Carolina, when Orr was made Governor, serving two years. He was elected to the Senate in 1878, and served four years, representing that body at the Yorktown Centennial. Colonel Crayton's boyhood years were spent upon a farm where he imbibed a love for agriculture that continued through life, and he was a leading spirit in anything tending to the improvement of farming methods and stock. He leaves a son and daughter.



COL. B. F. CRAYTON.

Joe B. McGee died on February 20, aged about seventy-five years. When the war began, he joined the Palmetto Riflemen, 4th Regiment; but was wounded and forced to return home, and after a short while was elected sheriff of his county and served faithfully during the rest of the war; he also served one term after the war, and in later years became a merchant in Anderson. His wife and six children survive him.

H. W. Shaw died near Mosely, S. C., in January, aged seventy-three years. He served in Company E, 20th South Carolina Regiment, during the war faithfully to the end. He was twice married, and of the second union sixteen children were born, twelve of whom, with their mother, survive.

George W. Belcher died at his home, near Iva, S. C., January 15. He served through the war as a member of the 4th South Carolina Regiment. He was twice married, his second wife and a large family of sons and daughters surviving him.

R. H. Y. Lowry, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Seneca, S. C., died on March 6. He was orderly sergeant of Company C, Orr's Regiment, enlisting at Sandy Springs July 20, 1861, when the regiment was formed, and his record was of the best. He was a successful business man of Seneca. He leaves a wife, two sons, and two daughters.

James Robert Burns was born in 1843 in Oconee County, S. C.; and died at Anderson in November, 1906. In his nineteenth year he volunteered in Company F, Orr's Regiment of Rifles, and for his courage and high character was made a sharpshooter in McGowan's Brigade in the fall of 1864 under Capt. W. S. Dunlap. He was captured in April, 1865, carried to New York and imprisoned on Hart's Island, and kept there until July, 1865. Comrade Burns was of Revolutionary ancestry, his great-grandfather, John Burns, of Laurens, being a noted soldier of the Revolutionary War.

Capt. Julius L. Franklin died at his home, near Richland, S. C., in December, having reached the ripe age of eighty years. His record as a Confederate soldier is fine; he was a senior captain, and at times acted as brigadier general. He was a graduate of the University of South Carolina and of Virginia, and had represented the counties of Anderson and Oconee in the Legislature in both Houses.

Wash W. Erskine, an aged veteran of the community, is another death reported. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Anderson County, and served through the war, making a record surpassed by none. After the war he settled in Oconee County, and made one of its best citizens. He was eighty-two years old.

Hon. J. W. McGinnis.

A faithful friend and zealous friend of the Veteran was lost in the death of J. W. McGinnis, which occurred at his home, in Columbia, La., in May of heart failure. He was the honored Mayor of the town, and had filled the position for many years. He was born in Obion County, Tenn., about seventy years ago, and enlisted in the Confederate army in a company from that section of the State, serving throughout the war. Mayor McGinnis was a zealous Odd Fellow, also a member of the Knights of Pythias, and was buried by these two orders. (See page 324.)

Rev. Henry Whitney Cleveland.

As soldier, minister, lawyer, and author, Rev. Henry Whitney Cleveland held a high place in the life of Kentucky, and especially in that of his home city, Louisville. Though born in the North, at Akron, Ohio, in 1836, most of his boyhood was spent in Georgia, and he was an ardent champion of Southern rights. At the outset he was a colonel on the staff of Gov. Joseph E. Brown. He assisted in the taking of Fort Pulaski, and was also instrumental in the capture of the Augusta arsenal, by which twenty-eight thousand arms and much ammunition were won for the Confederacy. Later in regular field service he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company G, 1st Georgia Regulars. He served as chaplain of his regiment. He was afterwards transferred, and held an administrative office directly under President Jefferson Davis. At different times during the war he was inspector of troops of Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. He was in the secret service and in active command of the 54th Georgia Regiment. He was captured at Vicksburg, and for many months held as prisoner of war.

Comrade Cleveland was ordained a minister when very young, and when but twenty years of age was admitted to the Georgia bar. After the close of the war, his time was devoted to the ministry and writing. He was a close friend of Alexander H. Stephens, and assisted him in writing his "War between the States," and he is the author of a "Life of Alexander Hamilton Stephens." He was called to the Asbury Methdist Church, of Louisville, in 1884, and since then that city had been his home. Though connected with that Church but one year, his time was actively devoted to Church and educational work, and his contributions were published in leading papers and magazines of the country. He is survived by his wife and three children.

STATE OFFICERS U. D. C.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenwood, Miss., writes on May 25 that she had been notified of the election of the following lists of officers in the Divisions named:

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

President, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, Brandon.
Vice President, Mrs. Sarah E. Wilson, Sardis.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Blanch M. Fresenius, Gulfport.
Cor. Secretary, Mrs. Jennie M. Berry, Port Gibson.
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MRS. HENDERSON ENTERTAINED IN NEW YORK.

[Reported by Mrs. Cowles Myles Collier, Historian.]

On the afternoon of June 17 in the parlors of Hotel Astor the New York Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy met in honor of the President General, Mrs. Henderson, to welcome her in their midst. Our President, Mrs. James Henry Parker, prepared a most interesting programme in which musical talent and bright speakers gave zest to the occasion in fitting song and story.

Mrs. Henderson replied in a womanly address breathing of true patriotism and inspiring to higher ideals. These words were received in the spirit sent, and full appreciation was expressed in the applause which followed.

The invitation from the President to adjourn to the adjoining room and join her in a "cup of tea" before separating was in fact a sumptuous feast spread with brilliant table decorations embodying the Confederate colors and appropriate souvenirs for each guest. The hour soon passed in discussion of pleasant memories.

There were present as guests of honor to meet Mrs. Henderson: Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, President General Daughters of Revolution; Mrs. William Garry Slade, President General Daughters of 1812; Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpoel, Regent Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. William C. Story, Regent Manhattan Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. Katherine Eagan, of Florida, ex-Vice President D. A. R.; Mrs. J. Heron Crosman, New York Regent Pocahontas Memorial Association.

DAUGHTERS' BUILDING AT JAMESTOWN.

With the determination never to lose an opportunity to do honor to the cause they represent, the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Virginia Division erected at the Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, a replica of Beauvoir, the Mississippi home of their beloved President, Jefferson Davis. This is the first time any Confederate organization has been represented at an exposition except by a few relics in some building or a day set aside by the exposition managers. It is a big undertaking for one Division, and they ask individual support from all interested in the work of their organization. The building was opened on April 26, but money had to be borrowed to make the last payment. The house is one of the most attractive on the grounds, with its wide porches and lovely view of the water, a hostess to welcome guests and bid them rest awhile, a place where members can check parcels free.

In connection with our building and in order to meet our running expenses is a dining room, where most attractive meals are served at as reasonable rate as possible and Southern dishes made a speciality.

Membership is asked of all individuals interested in our house. It is not necessary to belong to a Confederate organization. The Daughters of the Revolution wearing their badges are our invited guests. We have not State, county, or city to give us an appropriation. Send your contribution or write for membership card for fifty cents to Mrs. C. B. Tate, Draper, Va., or to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Ways and Means, Richmond, Va.

No worthier appeal was ever made in the VETERAN. Gallant Confederates, loyal Daughters, and friends of the South could do no better or more fitting service than to send for membership as indicated above. This regardless of going to the Exposition.

DALLAS CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL.—The John H. Reagan Camp of U. S. C. V. have taken out a charter to build a memorial hall in Dallas, Tex. It is "for the purpose of promoting and building a memorial hall, or monumental edifice, to perpetuate the memory of John H. Reagan and to solicit funds for that purpose; to perpetuate and to preserve the war records of those who bore arms in the cause of the Confederate States of America; to accept, collect, and preserve such public records, relics, and other property as may be committed to the keeping of the Camp by the United Confederate Veterans." The incorporators are W. Lindsay Bibb, Charles S. Swindells, Jennings M. Moore, O. D. Ford, and Jeff D. Reagan. This is a new Camp, with W. L. Bibb as Commander and Charles S. Swindells as Secretary.

FINE LIKENESS OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

The large steel engraving published by the John A. Lowell Bank Note Company, of Boston, has been pronounced by the Lee family and others who were associated with and under him as the most perfectly satisfactory likeness of the great leader extant. There were three cabinet photographs made of the General at his home three days after the surrender. To make his design, Mr. Lowell decided to use the particular one of these believed to be the best and the one the family preferred, for which he searched through several of the Southern cities, locating it at last in the library of Dr. William Thompson, of Philadelphia, who loaned it to Mr. Lowell for that purpose. From this picture Mr. Lowell had an enlarged photograph made for dimensions only, and his artist then made his etching, keeping the likeness before him in the small photograph, thus preserving every feature. Much has appeared in the Southern press in praise of this great work of art.

The engraving is 16½x21¾ inches in size, and is made in four grades at the following prices:

Signed artist proofs on vellum, each	$50 00
Signed artist proofs on India paper, each	25 00
India prints, each	10 00
Plain prints, each	5 00

Testimonials from High Sources.

Miss Mary Custis Lee is quoted as saying of the picture: "It is a beautiful piece of engraving and the most thoroughly satisfactory likeness of my father that I have ever seen."

In ordering a copy of the engraving, Andrew R. Blakely, of New Orleans, proprietor of St. Charles Hotel, wrote the firm: "I think your portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee a great work of art and the best likeness of its kind of the great leader I have ever seen."

Capt. G. W. Booth, of Baltimore, wrote of it: "By all true lovers of their country, men who are proud of one of the greatest of its sons, the possession of this likeness of Gen. R. E. Lee will be prized as a most valuable contribution to history; it will carry the old Confederate to the days when in rags he followed him in battle, through danger and privations, and when the last sad day came shed but a tear when their great captain said the word to cease the struggle, with the unshaken conviction that if 'Marse Robert' said so 'it is all right.'"

Model of Great Gun at Jamestown.—In the exhibits by the United States government there is a model of the largest cannon ever made. Its length is forty-nine feet three inches, its weight two hundred and nine-one thousand pounds, and six hundred and forty pounds of smokeless powder is required for a discharge. The distance carried by the shot is twenty-one miles. Only four shots have been fired, and the cost of each was $1,500.

Model of a West Point Academy Building at Jamestown.—One of the most pleasing exhibitions in the Jamestown Exposition is the model of entrance to one of the West Point buildings. This entrance comprises pictures of six ante-bellum graduates of the academy. They are Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, Federal; R. E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Albert Sidney Johnston, Confederate. So far the government has never been quite so liberal as in dividing equally the distinction of eminent West Point graduates.

MAGNIFICENT CONFEDERATE WAR PAINTINGS.

The Most Successful and Most Important Artistic Attempt in the History of the South.

Wide interest has been created recently through announcements that a series of masterpieces of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, has been painted for the Southern Art Publishing Company. It was the purpose of this company to perpetuate in color the spirit and life of the great struggle between the States. The organizers of the company determined to strive to secure the finest art work possible in every phase of the enterprise, so they engaged the eminent painter, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, to do the work. The President of the National Academy of Design in New York describes Mr. Gaul as "the best-qualified man to do this work in America," and critics who have seen his canvases say that no finer productions dealing with American war subjects have been made.

Having the masterpieces, it was determined to have reproductions in the most exquisite fashion known to art. With this purpose the paintings are made by the finest color process, 21x26 inches, and they are now about ready for delivery. The company is delighted with the cordial reception given to their project. The Confederate Veteran commends the movement, and old soldiers to whom the pictures especially appeal are securing sets, as are Camps, Chapters, and organizations interested in Confederate work.

The set of these reproductions comprises seven paintings. The first, "Leaving Home," shows the parting of the father with his son in the interior of a typical Southern home; the second, "Holding the Line at All Hazards," is as its name implies and the noble stand being made by the Confederate forces upon a battlefield; the third, "Waiting for Dawn," is a moonlight camping scene in the snow; the fourth is a "Picket" on duty in the forest; the fifth a "Forager" returning to camp; in the sixth the boys in blue and gray have forgotten hostilities and are playing seven-up for coffee and tobacco "Between the Lines;" in the seventh, "Tidings," a beautiful Southern girl is reading a letter from the front upon an old Southern veranda. The whole makes a very complete picture of the courage, devotion, daring, camp life, and home life of the Southern soldier during the war.

The paintings are very pleasing, and every Southern home that can afford them should be supplied. They are to be sold in portfolio form, bound in leather "Confederate Gray," and with every set there will be descriptive pages telling the story of each picture and exhibiting its motif. They are in turn to be illustrated by catchy pen sketches. Elsewhere in this Veteran there is an advertisement of the work. Aside from the value of this series of pictures as accurate historic souvenirs, preserving the details and illustrating the spirit of the Confederate days, there is not among the series a single painting but would, from an art standpoint alone, grace the most elegant drawing-room or art gallery.

This Southern company deserves the hearty commendation of every one who loves the true value of the Old South, and the Veteran does not hesitate to state that every home which secures a set of these pictures will be the happier for it.

The Daughters of Columbia, Tenn., on occasion of the State Convention U. D. C. did themselves great credit and have the gratitude of all the members for their hospitality. The luncheons were worthy State occasions, and will long be remembered. All the people of that fair city entered into the spirit of making the occasion one of highest credit to all concerned.

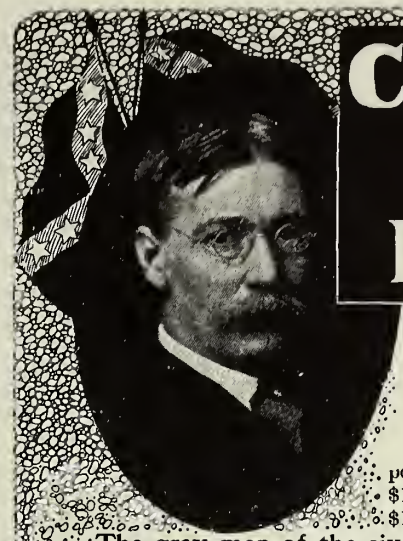
C. B. Patterson, of Henrietta, Tex., makes inquiry for two brothers, Newton W. and Charles E. Patterson, lost in the Confederate service, and asks that any comrades who remember them will write him. Comrade Patterson was himself a member of the 16th Missouri Regiment, while N. W. Patterson belonged to some Arkansas regiment, and thinks he was its adjutant. Charles was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy in 1861, went to Richmond, and was sent to Mississippi, and was killed or wounded in the battle of Shiloh, though no reliable information of either brother has ever been secured.

Houston Haynie, of Kemp, Tex., writes of an old comrade in that community who is needy and worthy, and he wishes to locate some of his comrades to testify as to his war record. This comrade is William Henry Thornberry, of Company I (Captain Crannel), 8th Louisiana Infantry, and he served in the Virginia Army. Those who remember him will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Haynie in his behalf.

Attention has been called to error in name of one of the brigadier generals whose names were published in the VETERAN for May. The name of Philip S. Cooke, Powhatan County, Va., should have been Philip St. George Cocke, of Powhatan County, Va. This correction comes from Leander Walker, of Tulia, Tex., who writes that he was in General Cocke's brigade at the battle of Manassas, and sometime after that General Cocke went home sick and his death followed.

Miss Isabel Smith, who is in the library of the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., makes inquiry for three brothers of her father who were in Tennessee before the war—James Dryden Smith, David Smith, and Lafayette Smith. She also mentions that one of her uncles went to Mississippi, and was a law partner of Joe Davis, a brother of President Davis. She will be glad to hear from any one who remembers these relatives or anything in connection with the family.

V. C. Allen, of Dayton, Tenn., wants to know when and where the 3d Confederate Cavalry Regiment was organized and who commanded it.



Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,
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With Introductory Sketches by
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The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

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An interesting visitor to the Reunion was Will Miller Sutton, who went from his home, in Arcadia, La., to attend the Reunion before he was three months old. He is a grandson of two veterans of the 12th Louisiana Infantry, Mr. George R. Sutton and Maj. Will Miller, who is now a member of the staff of General Prudhomme, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V. Will Miller Sutton is a remarkably bright little fellow for his age, and was the recipient of many attentions and compliments from the veterans and other visitors to the Reunion.

Capt. W. S. Ray, of DeQueen, Ark., asks that surviving comrades of R. W. Fisher, who served in Company G, 29th Texas Cavalry (Tom Littlejohn's company), organized in Paris, Tex., will kindly testify as to his service in order that he may procure a pension, of which he stands in sore need. Prompt responses to this notice will be appreciated. Address Captain Ray.

W. E. Clinkinbeard, 703 L Street, Sacramento, Cal., who was a member of Captain Langorne's Rebel Grays of Col. Sam Garland's 11th Virginia Regiment, and the last two years with John Morgan, writes that he would like to hear from any old friends or comrades. He is a Kentuckian, and was reared and lived most of his life in Covington.

J. W. Robinson, of Baird, Tex., who served in Company H, 52d North Carolina Regiment, says he would like to hear from any member of that company or regiment who was captured with him shortly before the surrender of Lee, five miles below Petersburg, Va., and sent to prison at Point Lookout, Md., for two months and seventeen days.

A. P. Sparkman, of Magnolia, Miss., wishes to locate a Dr. Harrell, who was in charge of a ward at Delevan Hospital, Charlottesville, Va., in June, 1862. He was a refugee from South Carolina, an Episcopal minister, and a prominent physician.

For Sale.—At bargain prices, a very fine library of rare out-of-print Confederate books, Confederate autographs, stamps, life-size bust crayons of Confederate generals, etc. A rare chance.

W. P. Agee, *Hope, Ark.*



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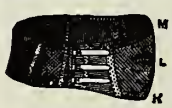
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Charles Giles, formerly a member of "Sot" Perry's company (F) of "Doc" Perry's 2d Alabama Regiment, Ferguson's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, is now, and has been for some years, a paralytic, and is seeking to enter the Confederate Home at Austin. Any of his former comrades will confer a favor by communicating with P. S. Hagy, 377 North Street, Dallas, Tex. Comrade Giles, with others from Alabama, joined the command at Jackson, Miss., in 1862.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., asks that inquiry be made for any who remember Private Shadrack M. A. Smith, of Company D, 60th Alabama. He is a worthy veteran, now seventy-eight years old, not able to work much; and if he can prove his service, he can get in the Confederate Home in Texas. His captain's name was Lockhart. Anything done for him will be appreciated.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., writes of having secured some copies of the VETERAN for her file through notice in the VETERAN, but still needs copies of February, March, April, May, June, July, September, and October, 1893; October, 1894; and March, May, July, 1895. She wants copies in condition for binding. Write her at 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans.

J. L. Dickson, of Sherman, Tex., makes inquiry for William Buckner, whose home, as he remembers, during the war was within thirty miles of Culpeper C. H., Va., and hopes to hear from him or any of his family; also wants to hear from John Cato, of Martinsburg, Va., with whom he was in the ordnance department under J. E. B. Stuart.

Miss Addie H. Lowe, 220 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to procure the war record of her uncle, Dr. James Lowe, who was surgeon in Maxey's Texas Regiment, and will appreciate any information on the subject.

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Mrs. A. B. Sparks, 412 May Avenue, Fort Smith, Ark., wishes to complete her collection of Confederate money, and will send some thousand-dollar bonds in exchange for one or more five-hundred-dollar bills and also the denomination of fifty dollars and twenty-five cents. Write her before sending.

The VETERAN office is in need of copies for January and November, 1902, and March, 1907, to fill out some incomplete volumes. Only copies suitable for binding are desired. Write us at the time of sending, so proper credit can be given on subscription.

Mrs. Ida M. Bennett, 115 State Street, Helena, Mont., wishes to hear from any one who served with her husband, John Y. Bennett, in the 21st Tennessee Regiment. She wishes to get proof of his service, as she is a widow with small children dependent upon her.

D. Eldredge, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.: "About the 5th of July, 1863, the press reported the capture of a party of women at or near Winchester, Va., and stated that they were taken to Richmond. Will some reader of the VETERAN tell who these women were, how captured, where imprisoned, and when and how released?

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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James A. Phillips, of Hughes Springs, Tex., is anxious to hear from any surviving comrades of the 1st South Carolina Artillery who were at Fort Sumter. He served in Company F, King's Battery; is now old and poor, and needs assistance in proving his record, so as to secure a pension.

Thomas Gamble, Jr., editor of the Times-Recorder, Americus, Ga., is desirous of ascertaining what company John T. Kilpatrick was connected with during the war. He enlisted either at Macon, near which place he was born, or at Columbus, where he had relatives, in the cavalry, and served through the war as a cavalryman and scout. Some reader of the Veteran may be able to give this information.

R. A. Miller, of West Point, Miss., who was lieutenant of Company B, 24th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers. has a sword that he captured at the battle of Murfreesboro, December, 1862. On the scabbard is the name "I. Abernathy, Lt. 37th Reg. Ind. Vol." Comrade Miller was wounded shortly after making this capture, and goes on crutches still from that wound.

Mrs. Rachel B. Allen, of Kingsland, Ark., wishes to hear from any surviving members of Company D, 20th Tennessee Volunteers, to which command her husband belonged. He died some years ago, leaving a family of small children, and his wife will try to get a pension.

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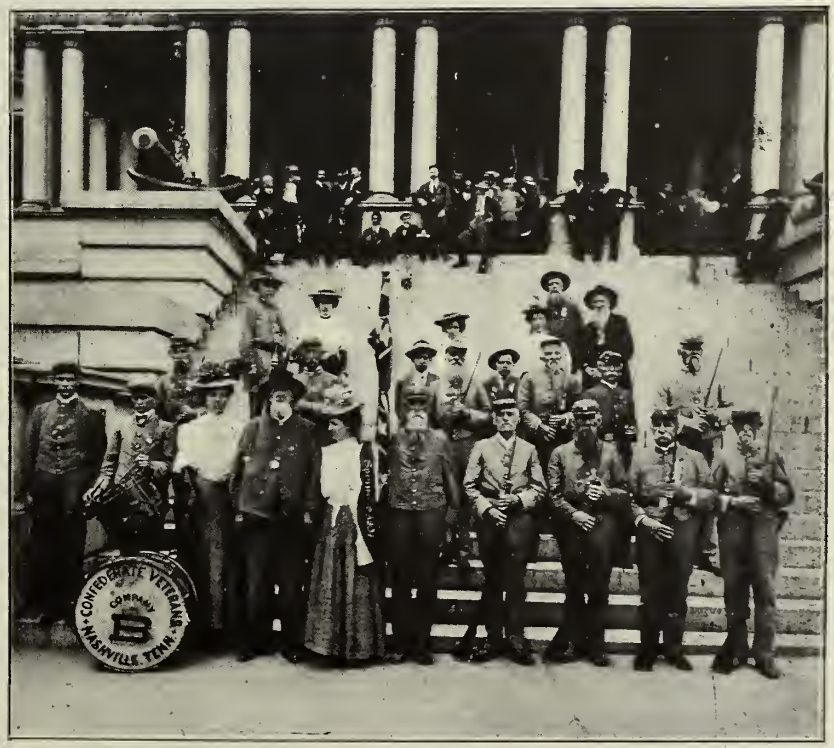
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NASHVILLE, TENN. HOUSTON, TEXAS

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV. AUGUST, 1907. NO. 8.



GROUP OF CONFEDERATES IN WASHINGTON CITY

Picture made in front of Army and Navy Building on occasion of visit after Richmond Reunion

"BUFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN"

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Confederate Soldiers' Monument at Trenton, Tenn.

A White Bronze soldiers' monument was erected recently by Russell-Hill Chapter, U. D. C., Trenton, Tenn. The Jackson (Tenn.) *Daily Sun* of June 2 says of it:

The monument, which is entirely of White Bronze, including the life-size statue of a Confederate soldier, is one of the most beautiful products of the sculptor's art, and by far the handsomest soldiers' monument that has been erected in the State in many years. Its color is a silvery gray, making it doubly suitable for a Confederate monument.

If interested either in public or private monuments, markers, grave covers, etc., write for our

FREE DESIGNS AND INFORMATION

State about what expense.

The Monumental Bronze Co., 416 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

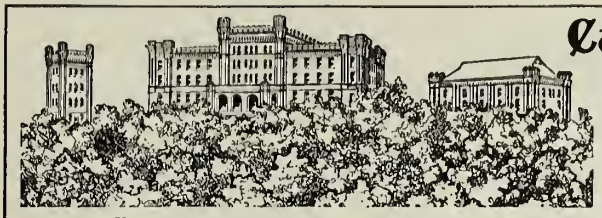
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It is a work that reflects great credit upon the author and composer.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



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TO THE

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VIA THE

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Convenient Schedules **Excellent Service**

For the occasion of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, Norfolk, Va., April 26 to November 30, 1907, the Southern Railway will sell round-trip tickets at exceedingly low rates. These tickets will possess many excellent features, which will be made known on application to any Agent of the Southern Railway, or by writing to J. E. Shipley, District Passenger Agent, 204 Fourth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn.



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MISS KATE EDGAR, Prop. and Mgr.

Prompt and efficient in placing Heads of Schools and Colleges in communication with suitable teachers. Send for circulars.

N. A. Hood, of Ashville, Ala., writes: "While I think that all the old Confederates should read the VETERAN, yet in my opinion the thing to do at this time is to induce the sons and daughters of the old soldiers to take and read it. We should be unwilling for our deeds to be forgotten by our children. I was only seventeen years old when I enlisted, deprived of an education, was severely wounded, and returned home to see my father almost broken up, yet I am proud of the fact that I was a Confederate soldier."

Miss A. E. Caruthers, 701 Twiggs Street, Tampa, Fla., "the daughter of a Confederate veteran," asks that any officer or member of the 7th Virginia Regiment Infantry belonging to A. P. Hill's Division will kindly communicate with her at once, for which she will be very grateful.

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The Forty-Third Year Begins September 26. Early Application Is Advised.

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Non-sectarian, stands only on its merits. Best religious influence. High curriculum, excellent faculty, thorough work. Forty free Scholarships for tuition given. Patrons say Safest College for Girls in the land. Free catalogue. 525 students from 30 States.

J. W. BEESON, Pres., Meridian, Miss.

Mrs. F. O. Fuller, of Cold Springs, Tex., wishes to procure the war record of her uncle, David Bullock, and asks that any of his comrades will write her. He was born and reared in San Augustine or Sabine County, Tex., but she does not know what State he enlisted from. Some fifteen years since he was living at Logansport, La. He was in the battle of Mansfield, La., and she thinks he was wounded in that battle, as her recollection of him is of being crippled from a wound.

Mrs. M. A. Robertson, R. F. D. No. 5, Box 30, Fort Worth, Tex., is trying to secure a pension, and needs to hear from some comrade of her husband who can substantiate her claim. Her husband was Nat P. Robertson, and he enlisted from Marietta, Cobb County, Ga., in Phillips's Legion, 39th Georgia Regiment, company not known. She will appreciate hearing from any one who recalls this comrade.

The fifth annual Reunion of the S. W. Arkansas Confederate Veteran Association was held at its "camping ground," near McNeil, Ark., July 17-19. Dr. C. N. Norwood made the address of welcome, and other addresses were made during the Reunion by prominent veterans of that section. From two to five thousand people were in daily attendance, and as a whole the Reunion was considered the most successful ever held in Arkansas.

Mr. E. W. Winkler, State Librarian, Austin, Tex., is anxious to secure the following numbers of the VETERAN to fill out the file for the State Library. Any who can furnish these copies or a few of them will kindly write to him, stating price asked. Only copies in good order wanted: All numbers of Volume I. wanted; 1894, January, February, March, May; 1895, June; 1896, February.

W. H. Bachman, of Magnet, Ark., asks if Dr. Wall, who belonged to Harris's Mississippi Brigade and had charge of Ward 1 in Howard Grove Hospital, Richmond, Va., in August, 1864, is living; and if so, he would be pleased to hear from him. He thinks he lived in Wilkerson County, Miss.

Alexander Kennon, of Lakenon, Hill County, Tex., wishes to hear from any surviving member of Company H, Capt. John Peck, 3d Louisiana Cavalry.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1907. | No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

REPORT OF ADJUTANT GENERAL MICKLE.

In his official report dated New Orleans, La., May 23, 1907, Gen. W. E. Mickle says to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans:

"*General:* In presenting my report for the year ending December 31, 1905, I expressed the pleasure I felt in chronicling the best state of affairs that had ever been noted in the history of our Federation. I felt convinced that no future showing would be so satisfactory, for the reason that the rapidly diminishing sources from which the revenue of the order is drawn must necessarily produce reduced income. I am able, however, to state that the present report, covering the year 1906, as far surpasses 1905 as that year had all others.

"I submitted to the Convention held in New Orleans last year a list of four hundred and twelve Camps which had contributed nothing toward the support of the order for many years, and I suggested that action be taken looking to the dropping of them from the roster. The Convention realized the injustice of carrying as a part of the order a lot of dead Camps, and passed a resolution directing the Adjutant General to drop all Camps in arrears for five years or more. I immediately addressed the Commanders or Adjutants of these derelict Camps, and urged that the debts be paid, saying among other things: 'I cannot think, my dear comrade, that you and your associates have failed to pay these dues from inability or lack of interest in our beloved cause, but solely from inattention; and I sincerely trust that this simple notice will serve to remind you of your failure, and that I may hear from you at once. I am ready to make an equitable compromise if the Camp cannot pay in full.' I am gratified to be able to state that twenty-two Camps made favorable response; but I was compelled most reluctantly to erase from the roster the names of the other three hundred and ninety.

"During the year which has passed since our last meeting there have been added to our 'social, literary, historical, and benevolent' organization forty-one new Camps.

"Camps on the present roster: Texas, 251; Georgia, 112; South Carolina, 97; Mississippi, 90; Alabama, 86; Arkansas, 78; Tennessee, 72; North Carolina, 69; Virginia, 68; Kentucky, 67; Louisiana, 61; Missouri, 48; Florida, 44; Indian Territory, 36; Oklahoma, 22; West Virginia, 19; Northwest, 15; Pacific, 14; Maryland, 8; District of Columbia, 2; Massachusetts, —; total number of Camps since organization, 1,649.

"The collections from the Camps, now greatly reduced in number, with membership depleted by death, are far in excess of any former year. This showing is as remarkable as it is gratifying. The officers too have displayed a keener interest in the association, not only in the matter of settling promptly and cheerfully their dues but in calling for commissions, more of these having been issued during the past twelve months than for a very long period. A fair idea of the financial condition of the order will be seen from the following summary of receipts and disbursements for the twelve months ending December 31, 1906: Receipts from officers, $1,356.50; Camp dues, $4,736.35; commissions, $43; donations, $322.85; total, $6,458.70. Expenditures—Salaries (including amounts paid for extra help at and immediately preceding the Reunion), $3,120; printing, $1,418.50; postage, $375.22; rent, $660; miscellaneous, $279.41; total, $5,853.13."

With the foregoing comes a note from General Mickle in which he states: "I hand you herewith a copy of the report made by me to the Commanding General during the recent Reunion in the city of Richmond. It presents in condensed form a summary of matters connected with my office for the past year, and has an interest not for the Confederate Veterans alone, but for the public at large as well."

A BRITISHER ABOUT THE SOUTH.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, "whom nothing in English literature escapes," after reading Dr. Thomas Cary Johnston's two great books, the "Life and Letters of Dr. Robert L. Dabney" and the "Life and Letters of Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer," writes:

"I have read with intense interest the two large volumes; I doubt whether any one else in England has read them, but they are eminently worth reading. For years I have read with eagerness everything I could find about the American Civil War, but with especial eagerness the books that defended and illustrated the cause of the South.

"Nothing is more certain than that many of the Confederates were both Christians and wise, and that to the end considered they were right and saw nothing to regret, but something to be proud of, in their life-and-death struggle.

"Again, there is, to my mind, something peculiarly interesting in people who have gone through revolutions, who have been stripped of everything in ripe years and forced to begin the world again. Most people, if they live long enough, pass

through great changes—perhaps revolutionary changes—but these take place within the soul. There are but few who see the overturn of everything they believed in and the loss of everything they possessed. The more I read about the Confederates, the more I feel that there is hardly any parallel in history to the complete ruin which overtook them. They were Americans, however, and the recuperative power of Americans is marvelous. And still I doubt whether the losses were quite made good, whether the wounds of the soul ever quite ceased to bleed."

Records of Confederates in Washington.

Veterans who wish to obtain their war records so as to secure pensions and admission to Confederate Homes should write to the Chief of Records and Pensions, War Department, Washington, D. C., giving the letter of company and number of regiment in which they served. Information will be given them immediately, as the records of all Confederate soldiers are in that department. This may be beneficial to some of the old veterans, and save them time and trouble in hunting up members of their commands.

The foregoing is from G. W. Turnell, who was first lieutenant of Company D, 5th Virginia Cavalry; but he is mistaken in stating that the complete records are there. Still, much assistance in proving claim might be secured in this way.

MARRIAGE OF MRS. KATIE CABELL CURRIE.

It is to be "Katie Cabell Currie" no more. The fascinating and beautiful daughter of Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, has become the wife of Judge J. C. Muse. While the United Daughters of the Confederacy preserve a history of their organization, and especially while the older members live, there will be a charming memory of Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, who served two terms as President, and whose administrations were a credit to the great cause this organization of Southern women was created to perpetuate.

Zealous for principles, Mrs. Currie was conspicuously impartial in her rulings; and when trouble brewed, she was so tactful as to bring smiles to delegations instead of frowns and angry words. Since her active official relations with the U. D. C., she has been diligent in looking after the comfort of her venerable father, and many a veteran will cherish the fond interest she has ever displayed in "Daddy" at Confederate Reunions.

A Dallas paper in giving account of the wedding, which took place at the residence of General Cabell, states: "Before the ceremony Mrs. Henry Hymes sang 'Call Me Thine Own,' and Mr. Farris played the wedding march. Gen. R. M. Gaino, the venerable Chaplain of Camp Sterling Price, officiated, General Cabell giving the bride away. The house was radiantly embowered in flowers. The Confederate colors, white and red, predominated in the decorations, and formed an attractive floral background for a profusion of bride roses and white carnations. Four hundred names were inscribed in the 'guest book.' The Sons of Confederate Veterans, Camp W. L. Cabell (of which Judge Muse is a member), and Camp John H. Reagan were well represented, and with them came a bright bouquet of pretty girls. The universal esteem in which Judge Muse and his bride are held was eloquently attested by a glittering array of costly bridal presents. Mrs. Muse is a gracious, attractive woman, whose wit, poise, and intellectual charm bespeak the culture and refinement of Southern ancestry, education, and environment. Judge Muse is a courtly and accomplished gentleman, a brilliant and successful lawyer. The Cabell home has long been the 'Liberty Hall' of the old Confederacy. Rarely does so close and admirable a tie bind father and daughter. Ever tenderly solicitous for his health and interest, proud of his record as a soldier and commander as well as a civilian, Mrs. Muse has been an ideal example of filial devotion. He has enshrined her in his heart, and cherishes with pride all the noble work she has accomplished for the Confederate cause and the veterans."



MRS. KATIE CABELL MUSE.

ON THE MARCH—1861-65-1907.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, COMPANY B, 15TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

See that long line of soldiers in sober gray,
Strolling along in their own lazy way,
Hear the booming of guns and rattling shot?
Forward men; close up there; trot, trot, trot
In the heat of the day
To the front of the fray,
Where our comrades are holding a thin gray line,
Feeling and hoping we will be there in time.
In due time they come, that long line of gray,
Right to the front, then the blue fades away.
Our bugle sounds rest, sweet rest, for the gray—
A long, long rest for the blue in that fray.

The years of the past are counting two-score;
No longer in haste they rush to the fore,
For that long gray line is done marching past;
All, save the stragglers, are resting at last.

To-day the long gray line is thinner still;
See it marching by with laggard gait?
Our weakening ranks no more will fill
The foe with fear; now we only wait
A few brief years, and nature's laws
Rounding our fame with world's applause.

VIRGINIA GRAND CAMP TO MEET IN NORFOLK.

The Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans will assemble in great number at Norfolk, October 16-18, on the occasion of their annual reunion. Col. William H. Stewart, Commander of the Grand Camp, has issued an order to the different Commanders in the Division, and he expects that this reunion will bring the largest attendance to the Jamestown Exposition that any single organization has yet done. He has appointed Mrs. Theodore F. Garnett, of Norfolk, sponsor and Miss Adelaide Louise Neimeyer, of Portsmouth, maid of honor for the State at large.

REUNION IN RETROSPECT.—In an article to the Charleston News and Courier concerning the Richmond Reunion James R. Randell states: "The daily papers of the North and the West devoted considerable space to the patriotic and praiseworthy proceedings; and when editorial mention was made of the tribute to Jefferson Davis in these influential and able journals, it was temperate in tone and free from partisan prejudice. The cheers of the veterans as they marched through the beautiful streets of Richmond echo in the ear, the warm clasp of the manly hand continues to send a thrill through the breast, and the faces and forms of comrades are mirrored in the mind."

EDISON'S ADVICE ABOUT FOOD AND SLEEP.

Since his "retirement" Thomas A. Edison has devoted a good deal of attention to the investigation of dietetic reform, and has arrived at the conclusion that we eat and sleep altogether too much. Quite recently he said:

"Let me impress one all-important thing upon your mind —that is, that you observe most rigidly the rule of hygiene regarding careful and moderate eating. Fully eighty per cent of the illness of mankind comes from eating improper food or too much food. I have always been a light eater, and I fully appreciate the fact that the sole purpose of food is to preserve the chemical energies and keep the human machine going.

"Where there is no drain on the system, the minimum amount of food will do. Even the Italian laborers are able to preserve their muscular tissue on a small amount of bread and cheese, and they certainly work hard. Then why is it necessary for the business man to eat great quantities of food when there is no drain on his system? Elaborate dinners are a curse. Many business men clog up their boilers by excessive eating, and will live to regret it.

"Another important rule to observe is to get out of bed as soon as you open your eyes in the morning. Don't lie in bed and wait to see if you cannot go to sleep again. That is a foolish thing to do. Jump out of bed and do something, anything. Be active and alert, get your blood in circulation, leap right into the activities of life the first thing, and you will soon see that your brain works better. . . . Sleep dulls the intellect. If people would not sleep so long, we would develop into a stronger and more intellectual race. It is well known that the ant, one of the most intelligent of insects, does not sleep.

"There is proof in what I say by the experience of my wife. She was in the habit of sleeping from eight to nine hours every day. I told her she could get along with five or six hours' sleep just as well and that she would benefit by the change. She protested that she could not do with less sleep, but consented to try my plan. She now sleeps only five and a half hours, is healthier, and her mind is more active.

"People say they need eight hours' sleep, but they don't. It is not the quantity of sleep you get that counts, but the quality. I go to sleep as soon as I get in bed, and I have never dreamed in my life. As soon as my eyes are open in the morning I spring out of bed and get dressed, for I know that I have had sufficient sleep."

Mr. C. Y. Loomis, who reported the above, adds:

"And he practices what he preaches. Every morning he rises at 5:30, reads until breakfast time, and is at work in his laboratory at 8. There he remains until 7 in the evening. After his dinner, he reads or studies until midnight. Like the late Russell Sage, he is not a believer in summer vacations; but he admits that he is a victim, which is attested by the fact that he spends a few weeks in the early spring of each year in Florida. But it is really no vacation at all, for he works as hard as ever when he is there.

"Mr. Edison still adheres to his intention to remain aloof from commercialism and to devote his remaining years to discoveries that are for the world's benefit alone. This is the way he puts it: 'In my forty-five years' work as an inventor I have run across many queer things that seemed to lead off into undiscovered worlds of thought. Now I am going back to pick up the threads that I left on the way and see where they will take me. There is no end of possibilities for the man who starts out on this road and who is entirely indifferent to the monetary value of his work. I calculate that we know one-seventh-billionth of one per cent about anything, so I have given myself a good margin to work on. I am going to give nature a show; and if I don't strike something new, it won't be my fault. There is a great difference between discovery and invention. The latter is generally attained by a process of pure cold reasoning from ascertained laws of science. A discovery, on the other hand, is often the result of pure accident. . . . I have taken out, I suppose, about a thousand patents, representing various inventions, during my career as an inventor. I don't expect to take out another patent in this new field of discovery that I have chosen, but it may be that I will find things that will bring the necessity of patents to many an inventor who comes after me.'"

The VETERAN gladly gives place to the wisdom and grace manifested in the foregoing. The world has advanced more under the genius and diligence of Edison than any other man of any period. Since he is able to fear no wolf about his door, he has that feeling of fellowship for his brethren that beckons him on and on for the good of others. The philosophy of the physical man in the foregoing is commended ardently. Comrades of the great war may not as a body be greatly benefited by his counsel on eating and sleeping, as their days are far spent, yet it will do even the old good. Appeal, however, is made to the younger generation to ponder well what he says and to act upon it every day and every night. This editor once fancied that there might be exception to the rule of growing old and becoming infirm to an extraordinary degree in his own case, but the inexorable rule is becoming apparent; and as a last benediction to young men and young women, he would plead for diligence every day to follow such rules of living as will prolong life in its best conditions. Let the plea of parent, of friend, and of fellow-man be to the thoughtless, impressing them that "old age is honorable" indeed, and that the music and the sunshine of life sent forth by the individual is like the best bread cast upon the waters and that it will return a blessing to the soul and an honor to God, who enables us to bestow it.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The picture on the front page of this VETERAN is destined to become historic in representing a group of the only armed Confederates who ever marched the streets of Washington City. They went there from the Richmond Reunion. The picture represents members of Company B, of Nashville, Tenn., on the steps of the Army and Navy Building. It is known that these Confederates called upon President Roosevelt at the White House, and that he received them most cordially. They were commanded by Capt. P. M. Griffin, who served in the famous 10th Tennessee (Irish) Infantry. He stands on the steps above, nearest the cannon in the picture, and his three daughters are about on a line with him.

MILITARY TITLES FOR WOMEN OBJECTIONABLE.

Action has been taken by many Camps U. C. V. and other Confederate bodies adverse to the appointment of women to staff positions with military rank. The Confederate choirs, an organization heartily commended, have adopted rules of naming young women as generals, colonels, etc. It is well to be conservative where there is diversity of opinion among good men and women patriots, and therefore but little has been published on the subject. The VETERAN has never had sympathy with any distinction given women in military rank. It rejoices in tributes to women in frills and laces, and the more queens the greater joy; but it ever has revolted in the masculinity of women. That they desire such notoriety is strange, and that Southern men inaugurate such methods is stranger still.

Marvelous things have been achieved by women as detectives and even spies. All honor to them in what they have achieved! But the Southern idea of chivalry does not comport with masculine rank and title to women. Consistent gallantry toward women is balked when they appear in regimentals and are called general, colonel, and on down to captain. A tired man feels clumsy in offering his seat in a public conveyance to a military officer whose sword dangles by *her* side.

Do let us maintain gallantry to women in dresses after the fashion of our mothers and old-time sweethearts.

It is bad enough to have women engage in the practice of law and other like professions; but in occupations purely of honor the more retiring and modest is woman, the more elevating in his own conscience does man become—the more gallant to women.

CONFEDERATE SHAFT AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY

Capt. John M. Hickey writes from Washington, D. C.: "Your friends in Washington, the old veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, are so much interested in the erection of a grand monument in the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery that we want the entire country to know that Thomas F. Ryan has sent us a donation of ten thousand dollars for the monument, and we hope and feel that this is just the beginning of donations to our monument fund. The Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have all officially indorsed the plan of having erected to the memory of the Confederate soldier in Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, a shaft that will tower high and stand out as a beacon light to the honor, credit, and valor of the Confederate soldier. We now have donated over $15,000 for this patriotic undertaking, and it is the devout hope and desire that every Camp of Confederate Veterans, every Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in all the land will in the near future send in a contribution to our glorious work. Many patriotic citizens who were not in the war, both North and South, will contribute to this shaft that will represent the valor of the Confederate soldier. Our prospect for raising a large amount of money for this monument is very good."

The Washington Herald says in regard to it: "Subscriptions to the fund are coming in steadily from all parts of the country. The fund for this purpose had already exceeded $5,000 when Thomas F. Ryan's contribution of $10,000 was received. The entire sum to be raised is $50,000, and at the rate that subscriptions are being received prospects are good for an early erection of the shaft. The work is being undertaken by the Southern Memorial Association. The subcommittee on finance, which has the raising of the fund in hand, consists of Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy; Gen. Francis M. Cockrell, former United States Senator and member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Hon. Charles Faulkner, former United States Senator from West Virginia; Gen. Frank C. Armstrong; Capt. John M. Hickey; and Rev. Randolph H. McKim, Treasurer."

CONCERNING CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

Dr. J. J. Scott, of Shreveport, La., Chairman of the Committee on Monuments and Graves, submitted his report to the Convention at Richmond; but being of much length, it was accepted on the verbal statement of the Doctor as to its salient features. In making his statement Dr. Scott commended and encouraged all the efforts to erect monuments to the soldiers of the South. He said in connection with it:

"Thus lofty and inspiring is the work of preserving from the fingers of decay the names of the immortal dead and rearing lofty monuments to their unparalleled deeds of bravery and heroism that they may never perish from the earth. This has been and is still a work of deep and enduring love, a soul offering to memory's most sacred treasures by sons, daughters, and grandchildren to be transmitted as a precious heirloom to their descendants down the unborn centuries; and these monuments shall stand the silent yet eloquent tribute of devotion of this Southland's most faithful, heroic, and enthusiastic women, a memorial signboard along the highway of time to the men in gray, to endure after the last survivor has answered the roll call and is tenting on the camp ground of the 'great beyond.'

"There is always a world of pathos in these gatherings of the American Titans of the nineteenth century. As time sets its seal on their constantly thinning ranks there is a closer entwining of their descendants around their aged forms. Song and story have immortalized them, impassioned oratory has crowned them with laurel wreaths of praise, beauty pays tribute to their daring and their valor with sweetest smile and the touch of her soft hands. The same self-conscious, self-radiant spirit that animated the veteran in the bivouac, on the march, amid the battle's storm, and amid the throes of death's carnage has remained with him amid the pursuits of peace."

PHILANTHROPY OF W. W. CORCORAN.

BY KATE M. DABNEY, 148 A ST., N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.

To reach those who revere and wish to honor the memory of "the great in soul" who gave their services and lives for the principles of the Confederacy, I know no better way than through a letter in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Those who have visited the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., will no doubt recall the superb portraits of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson that hang on either side of the door facing the main entrance of the portrait section. These portraits are pronounced admirable likenesses, especially that of General Lee. The old veterans who knew him personally say it is the best in existence. They are the most conspicuous pictures in the room, and testify the admiration and sympathy of Mr. Corcoran, who had them painted by the noted artist, Elder, and placed in the gallery.

This great philanthropist, whose heart was with the South in its struggle and suffering, should be remembered by the South with love and gratitude; for when the tenderly reared women of that prostrate and destitute people were suffering dire affliction in mind and body, Mr. Corcoran established for



MISS ROSE BENNETT,
Sponsor for Arkansas Division, Richmond Reunion.

their benefit an elegant and comfortable home in Washington, "The Louise Home"—named in honor of his wife—and there over fifty Southern ladies "who were impoverished by the Civil War" are entertained in affluence. During his life no mark of respect or consideration for them was omitted by him, and his delicate attentions will always be a source of sweet recollection to the recipients. His first call on New Year's day was devoted to them, and on their side they invited him to dine with them on his birthdays.

Many of those invited by him personally to make their home in this haven of rest have joined the great majority, but others have taken their places as honored guests of one of the noblest men of his generation. This Louise Home for Southern gentlewomen was founded in one of the most beautiful locations in Washington at a time when it required moral courage and greatness of soul to espouse the principles of those who had lost or even to show sympathy with its sufferers.

The institution which bears his name—the Corcoran Gallery of Art—he presented to the nation, and thus the refining and beneficent influence of this truly great man has been a blessing to the whole country. Here during the past spring was held the most notable exhibit of current American art ever seen in this country, the first attempt to establish an American salon similar to that of Paris, where the best work of American artists will be exhibited every two years. It was a marked success both in the quality of the paintings and in the interest manifested, the daily attendance being several thousand.

Mr. Corcoran also endowed a school of art which is conducted under the auspices of the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The average attendance is two hundred and fifty students, and under the instruction of five efficient teachers first-rate training is given free to all who desire it.

The writer began her art education here, and is now copying as a labor of love the two magnificent portraits of Lee and Jackson mentioned above. They would be most suitable and handsome for any Confederate Camps named for those gallant and incomparable leaders.

As the daughter of a soldier who fought in the ranks through the whole war, as a relation of those two brave men, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and Gen. Jubal A. Early, and of many who fell in the strife, my heart is in my work of portraying the immortal leaders whose names will go sounding down the ages as the exponents of all that is loved and honored by the true of heart and enlightened of mind through all ages.

The VETERAN never omits an opportunity to pay tribute to Mr. Corcoran. It would take pages to mention succinctly his acts of public benevolence. In this connection are recalled his long and expensive labors in having brought back to this country the body of John Howard Payne and the pathetic story of the remains lying in state in the City Hall, New York, with not a flower to decorate the casket, of its arrival in Washington, and the venerable man being the only guard of honor in its conveyance to the Georgetown (?) Cemetery, where he erected a monument.

Mr. Corcoran, with his great wealth, when he could have luxuriated in all lands under the sun, it is said spent every summer for fifty years at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

G. B. Scoggin, of Winfield, Tex., wants all the information possible concerning William H. Scoggin, who was lieutenant in Company E, 15th Alabama Regiment. He was put in charge of the sick squad after the evacuation of Maryland, was captured and taken to Point Lookout, and from there to Camp Chase. He was sick the last letter he wrote home, and information of his sickness and death is desired.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

ITS WORK FOR THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society was chartered in Richmond May 31, 1890; its preliminary work was begun by Hollywood Memorial Association in February, 1890. Mrs. Joseph Bryan, as President of that Association in February, 1890, headed the movement. The Confederate Museum, established in the "White House of the Confederacy" (which was the home of President Davis from 1861 to 1865), is under the management of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. It has restored the mansion to the appearance and condition in which President Davis left it, except that it is now fireproof and steam-heated.

The ordinance conveying the building to the society was passed January 5, 1891. On June 3, 1894, the building was formally turned over to the ladies by Col. John B. Cary, Chairman of the School Committee, and it was accepted by Mr. Joseph Bryan, of that board, on behalf of the society.

The rooms in the museum are apportioned to the different States, each bearing the name and coat-of-arms of the State to which it belongs. A regent, resident in each State, secures relics and funds to properly equip the room. A vice regent, residing in Richmond, has charge of its room and contents.

The officers of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society are: Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President; Mrs. Alfred Gray, Mrs. C. W. P. Brock, and Mrs. J. R. Werth, Vice Presidents; Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. H. T. Ellyson, Treasurer.

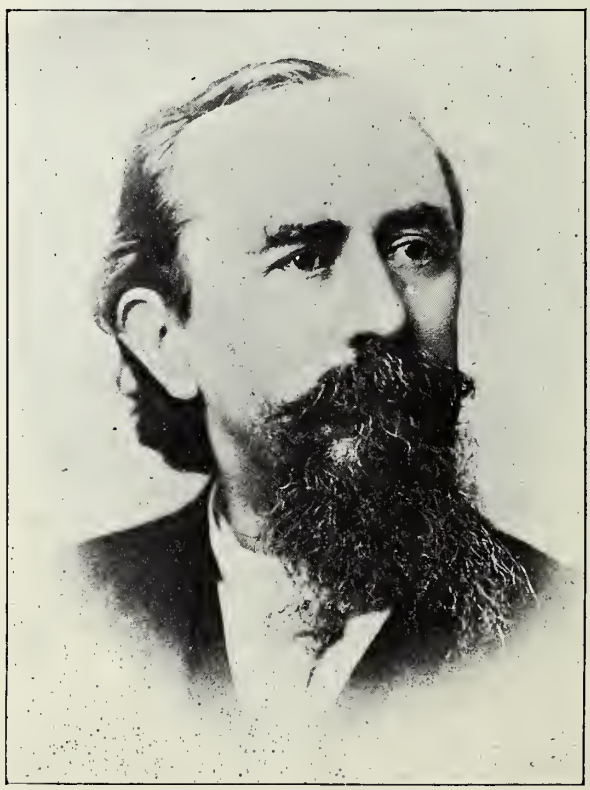
WORKS OF BISHOP QUINTARD FOLLOW HIM.

Dr. J. H. Kirkland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, at the fiftieth anniversary of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., June 27, 1907, paid the following beautiful and worthy tribute to Confederate Chaplain-Bishop Quintard: "In the history of this institution there are two occasions that appeal to me strongly—two records that ought to be emphasized to-day. One is the record of endurance; the other, of achievement. One the story of life under pressure barely surviving; the other the story of life expanding, progressing swiftly and beautifully. The darkest period of Southern history was just after the close of the Civil War. All wealth had been swept away; desolation was on every side; death had left its shadow in every home. Property values were constantly decreasing; there was no outlook for the future. The Southern people had no song on their lips, no joy in their hearts. The plans of this institution were shattered. There was nothing left but its charter. Subscriptions made could not be collected. The lands acquired were about to be forfeited. Schools and colleges already in existence were closed or closing, and Sewanee seemed dead in the very hour of its birth. To my mind, Sewanee's problem in 1867 was more serious, more embarrassing than in 1857. If the first hour demanded the vision of the seer, the last hour demanded also the faith and consecration of the martyr. It was well that in that hour one was found whose spirit rose to meet the emergency, whose heart was sustained by an unfaltering trust, by a mighty faith. His work abides, crowned with glorious success. Whatever may be the services of other friends in other years, however great the merits of her own sons, her officers, or her benefactors, no one can ever occupy the same relation as he who in that darkest hour consecrated his life to her service. Sewanee will cherish many names and tell the story of repeated acts of self-sacrifice; but no record will be quite so unique as the story of the saving of this institution through the heroic services of Bishop Charles Todd Quintard."

The other "record" to which Chancellor Kirkland referred is that of the son-in-law of Bishop Quintard: "Another period in your history stands out to me conspicuous and important. That is when the affairs of the institution were turned over to a practical layman—a man of splendid scholarship, yet a man of rare business ability, sympathizing with the history of the past, yet freed from the littleness of hampering traditions; broad in views, catholic in spirit, wise to seize all new currents of life and utilize all new forces of to-day. Under his guidance new friends have been formed, new buildings erected, new departments created, higher standards of work have been adopted, large increase in numbers brought about, and a wider outlook given to the whole institution. In a world too slow to recognize epoch-making service till the laborer has ceased and his service has ended, too scant in its praises till praises fall on ears unheeding, too sparing of sweet flowers till their fragrance is shed around an open grave, let me pay this tribute of respect and affection to one who has writ his name large in the history of Sewanee—to the playmate of my youth, the friend and colaborer of my manhood, the able and successful administrator, the much-loved Vice Chancellor of the University of the South—Benjamin Lawton Wiggins."

GEN. LEVIN M. LEWIS.

T. W. Cassell, of Independence, Mo., answering an inquiry for some information about Gen. Levin M. Lewis, states that he was a native of Maryland and moved to Clay County, Mo.,



GEN. L. M. LEWIS.

in the late fifties. He was elected colonel of the 3d Missouri Cavalry at the call of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson in April, 1861; and after finishing the term of enlistment (twelve

months), the regiment was mustered out of service. He then reënlisted for the war in Company A, 7th (afterwards 16th Missouri) Infantry, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, at Maysville, Ark., in June, 1862, and was elected captain of the company. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 16th Regiment about December, 1862, at Camp Mazard, nine miles below Fort Smith, Ark., and was promoted in January to colonel of the same regiment.

Colonel Lewis was disabled by a piece of shell in the battle of Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863, after capturing the middle fort on graveyard hill, and, falling into the hands of the enemy, was taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner of war until released by special exchange. He returned to Richmond in September or October, 1864, rejoined his command at Camden, Ark., in November with a brigadier's commission from President Davis, and was assigned to the command of Parson's Brigade, Price's Division, which position he held until our surrender at Shreveport, May 23, 1865.

General Lewis died in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1887 while there temporarily for his health. His home was in Dallas, Tex., where he was pastor of the First Methodist Church. No more gallant officer ever led men to battle. I assisted him in preparing a history of the 16th Missouri Infantry.



MRS. THEODORE R. TROENDLE,
Matron of Honor, Kentucky Division.

The VETERAN apologizes for the error in Mrs. Troendle's name in the July issue. Yet the error was from inferior manuscript rather than carelessness. Another error in the same issue was inexcusable, however. It is that of the younger grandson of Jefferson Davis. It is generally known that the elder, named for the Confederate President, was by law changed from Jefferson Davis Hayes to Jefferson Hayes Davis; but to change that of the other son was never thought of. (See error on page 302.)

AN "OLD REB" AT RICHMOND.

BY CAPT. FRANK BATTLE, OF TENNESSEE.

Early in the spring of 1865 I passed through Richmond on exchange, having lain in a Northern prison for a year, where I was held as a hostage in irons for eight months. Imagine my delight in walking those streets a free man after this long confinement. I reported to the Secretary of War, Gen. John C. Breckenridge, who had been a lifelong friend of my father's and who had been importuned in my behalf by our Tennessee Congressmen, notably A. S. Colyar, Dr. Menees, J. D. C. Atkins, and John Maury. These good men saved my life. Capt. S. T. Harris, a Federal prisoner, had been tried as a spy and found guilty and the day set for his execution. Just at that time I was captured and immediately placed in irons, and was held as a hostage for Captain Harris. President Davis held out a long time, but finally yielded to the Secretary of War, and I was exchanged.

I will never forget the impression made upon me as I passed the lines of the two armies. I couldn't hold back the tears when I saw those "Rebs." I could have thrown my arms around them and hugged the last one of them. I got into Richmond about dark, and had quite a time getting a place to sleep, but finally got into good quarters. There seemed to be a gloom over the city, so many lives had been sacrificed, and almost every family had lost a member. In some all the males were gone.

I had an audience with Secretary Breckenridge, and he gave me a commission, transferring me from General Wheeler to General Forrest. I had been in service with General Forrest before, and was anxious to get back to him. I surrendered with him at Gainesville, Ala., and still have my parole of honor, which I prize very highly. I was allowed my horse and side arms, and took up my route home in company with Col. D. C. Kelley and D. C. Scales, of Nashville, Tenn. All were glad to see me when I got home. Even the negroes who had been raised up with me, who had hunted rabbits and fought yellow jackets with me in childhood days, seemed to be as glad over my return as my own dear family. God bless the old family negroes! I shall always love them.

Well, after forty-two years, I have been to Richmond again as one of the great throng attending the Confederate Reunion. How different the scenes which greeted my eyes from that former occasion! With bands playing "Dixie," ladies waving their handkerchiefs, men cheering and throwing up their hats—O it was a time long to be remembered!

Richmond saw that her guests were properly cared for; and when the long-continued rain made it unpleasant for the boys in tents, her citizens came out in wagons and moved them into their own homes. The parade was a success. Tennessee had more men in line than any other State except Virginia. This was one of the happiest events of my life.

VETERAN FOUR SCORE AND FOUR.

A. M. Jones, of Trenton, Tenn., is doubtless the oldest soldier in Gibson County, if not in West Tennessee, having celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in December last. Though growing quite feeble, he is cheerful and full of song. He belonged to the 4th Brigade, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, under D. C. Kelley, Forrest, and Hood. Committing his wife and several small children to the care of his Heavenly Father, as well as to that of his earthly father, Rev. John W. Jones, he joined the Confederate army, and was ever a faithful soldier, whose veracity and efficiency were never questioned. The hardships he endured were borne patiently.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

As I told you, I did not have the leisure to get my July article written. But I have so many things to tell you this time that I hope you will feel repaid, and so will readily excuse me, in your hearts.

Unveiling of the Stuart Monument.

Leaving home on May 28, I arrived in Richmond on the 30th, and was made aware of the great care Mr. Frye, his clerks, and every employee of the Jefferson have for the comfort and pleasure of their guests by being shown immediately to the beautiful room engaged several months before by the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, whose guest I was. I have been in most of the best hotels in this country, and I have never met with such care for the comfort and pleasure of every guest as is exercised by every employee of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond. Its spacious lobby, halls, corridors, writing and dining rooms, parlors, drawing-rooms, and libraries will accommodate more people comfortably than any hotel I have ever seen. And the perfect cleanliness and the fresh air all through every place made it an ideal place for the immense crowd which was there for a week.

Having lost twelve hours on my way there, I did not witness the very impressive ceremonies of the unveiling of the monument to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, which was on the morning of the 30th. I heard General Lee say that there were as many as two hundred and fifty thousand people out that day. The monument is a handsome equestrian statue of him as his old soldiers loved to see him—leading his soldiers into the thick of the fight. His wife and daughter were in Richmond all through the Reunion, thus adding to the pleasure of us all, for what Southern man and woman is there among us all who is not proud of the record of "Jeb" Stuart? The weather was beautiful, and everything passed off as his cavalry corps must have wished.

I feel sure that those who have been in the habit of attending the Reunions will agree that the Richmond Reunion of 1907 was the grandest ever held. I suppose there never was one at which there were present so many of the families of the great Confederate leaders. First, there were Mr. and Mrs. J. Addison Hayes. Mrs. Hayes is the only surviving child of President Davis. Mr. Hayes is himself a Confederate veteran. For a few months ago Mrs. Davis wrote to me that Mr. Hayes ran away and joined the Confederate army when he was so little that he could not carry a musket, so they allowed him to carry water to the other soldiers.

Their oldest son, Jefferson Hayes Davis, on whom we Mississippians were very glad to bestow his grandfather's name by an act of our Legislature, and who gives promise now of making us still gladder that we did it, was there. I believe he knows what it means to bear the name of Jefferson Davis. He is yet young—twenty-two, I think—but I thought I saw in his general bearing that he realized that the man who bore the name of Jefferson Davis must be upright, honorable, true, and generous; must think of his country and the preservation of her rights before he does of any good which might come to himself; that he must be great in power and success, must be unselfish in his country's service, and must be greater still should misfortune and maligning attend his latter days. And, being all this, he may, as his illustrious grandfather did, rest in his old age in the love and confidence of the people, who cherish the memory of his grandfather.

The young daughter, Lucy White Hayes, though brought up in the Far West, is just as sweet and just as modest and just as altogether attractive as any Southern girl you ever saw. The youngest son, William Howell Davis Hayes, is an upright, frank-mannered boy of seventeen, and bids fair to make us all glad of the Davis in his name. Mr. Hayes is a gentleman of the old school in his beautiful demeanor toward all with whom he comes in contact. And, to my mind, and as far as I could hear, it seemed to be the opinion of all who met her that Mrs. Hayes is just the dignified, courteous, and altogether attractive Southern gentlewoman we would all wish for her to be.

Miss Mary Lee, the daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, was there, and I was introduced to her too, but did not have an opportunity of seeing or talking to her afterwards, the veterans surrounded her so.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her granddaughter, Julia Jackson Christian, were there. I had the good fortune to be seated next to Mrs. Jackson one day at dinner, and Miss Christian was just opposite me. You know we U. D. C.'s feel that Mrs. Jackson belongs to us, as she is the President of one of our Chapters and is one of the Honorary Presidents of the U. D. C. She is as lovely and sweet and gentle and womanly as you rarely in life find a woman. Her granddaughter is what you would expect her to be with such a grandmother.

Mrs. A. P. Hill and her daughter, Mrs. Magill, were there. Mrs. Hill, one can see on a very short acquaintance, is a big-hearted, whole-souled, hospitable Southern lady, and is Confederate to the least part of her. And her daughter is a handsome woman of about my own age (the only safe thing to do when you speak of a woman's age is to liken it to your own) who knows how to make those who are not Virginians feel at home in Virginia.

Miss Hampton, the daughter of General Hampton, was there, and just as handsome and attractive as she was when I knew her when we were both young ladies in Washington.

Mrs. Mahone, a dear, sweet, motherly little woman who wins your heart as soon as you meet her, was there.

I only met Mrs. Stuart and her daughter, but one could see at a glance that they were typical Southern ladies.

And now I come to one whom I fell in love with, and I do believe it was natural, so I am claiming her as a friend always hereafter—Mrs. W. H. Fitzhugh Lee. Virginians love to call her Mrs. "Rooney" Lee. I knew her slightly when I was a girl in Washington. She was regal-looking then; but her face is more lovely now, softened by her sorrow and advancing years. Such a pure, beautiful soul looks at you through her eyes, that you feel the better for knowing her. You know the world must be better to hold such as she is; so true and so illustrative of the real meaning of *noblesse oblige* that you like to be near her, and always leave her with an inspiration to make the world better because of your life. And you are not surprised that her son, with such a mother and his inheritance on his father's side, is fast becoming the most popular man in Virginia, and that he has such sentiments and expresses them so beautifully that he made the "Rebel Yell" almost take the roof off the building when he spoke to the Confederates in Convention assembled. We Daughters who met him and who heard of the record he is making are expecting one day to see Robert E. Lee, Jr., the President of these United States.

Every man and woman in Richmond strove to make the Reunion one which could not be forgotten, and all who were there know that they succeeded. The Governor of Virginia and his charming wife gave each and every one of us just the

welcome you would expect from a Governor of Virginia, the mother of States. In fact, they were so kind and so cordial that if the Virginians see them as we saw them there will be no rotation in office when it comes to the Governor in that State.

The Confederates were entertained in tents near the Soldiers' Home, and their meals were cooked and served right on the tenting grounds; and although it rained most of the time, they were so comfortable that when one of the pastors, whose church was near the tents, had the fire built in the church and sent carriages to bring those there who wanted to leave the tents, they would not go, saying they were comfortable enough. It is very queer, but I was wishing for that very thing for them in discussing the Reunion with my husband last fall. Nothing can be so comfortable or so nice for them as tents, and I hope Birmingham will "follow suit" next year. It seems that there were no accidents and very little sickness among the veterans.

The horse show building, where the great ball was, was finely arranged for it, and the girls in their pretty dresses and the men in their uniforms were a very pretty sight. The reception given at the Museum to Richmond's guests, the Confederate veterans, was crowded, despite the fact that a steady downpour continued throughout the whole afternoon. The citizens of Richmond gave so many entertainments that it was impossible for one to be present at all, with only twenty hours in each day to do it in, for none of us thought of giving more than four hours out of each twenty-four to sleep. The memorial services were very inspiring, conducted jointly by the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A. It made us glad to be there; for, although the men whom the orators spoke of and the times which they led us to contemplate in retrospect are with us no more, we lifted our heads higher and our hearts beat quicker when we heard of the great leaders and the great deeds of the men from whom we are proud to have sprung!

The Unveiling of the Davis Monument.

There came at last the long-looked-for day, June 3, when we were to see the unveiling of the monument to President Jefferson Davis! It was as beautiful a day as could have been wished for. A perfect temperature and enough sunshine to make us glad we were living, and yet not enough to make us fear for our veterans as they marched with a glad, quick step that long distance from the Jefferson to the monument. We passed through so many people on each side of the street that, remembering that I was to try to tell my Daughters all about it, I asked General Evans, who rode in the carriage with Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Behan, and myself, to tell me how many there were (you know military men are accustomed to estimating crowds at sight), and he said 75,000, and General Lee said there were 125,000 at the monument. I thought there were at the monument "Morna million," as the little boys say, for as far as I could see in every direction as I stood on the platform there were heads and heads and heads, and so on *ad infinitum*. I never saw but one other such crowd, and that was when Grover Cleveland was first inaugurated President.

The speeches were all so fine that I shall speak only of the one which I, as your representative, should have made; but, feeling that a great speech should be made for the U. D. C. on this our great occasion, I asked Mr. Carmack to speak in my place. And so well did he fill our wishes and expectations that those who had thought I was wrong came to me afterwards and thanked me for asking him to do it. I would not take the unveiling of the Davis monument out of my life for anything! It was the most inspiring thing I ever saw, and I never expect to see anything like it again. The wind came to us right over the monument as we stood facing it; and as the veil dropped, it caught the folds of the two Confederate battle flags on each side of President Davis's statue, and kept them flying almost straight out all through the ceremonies. Just as the veil dropped, the first of the twenty-one guns of the President's salute was fired, sending into the air above and just back of the monument a bomb which exploded, and out of it came a white balloon to which was attached a Confederate battle flag which floated gracefully over the monument and finally settled somewhere in the immense crowd which stood between the speakers' platform and the monument. If wishes had had any power, that flag would have settled right in the lap of the President General, so that she might have taken it to Norfolk and presented it to her dear Daughters. As each of the guns of the President's salute was fired it sent a bomb over the audience; and when it exploded, out came a battle flag to settle near some one whom it would make happy.

The monument itself is very satisfactory. The more you see it, the better you like it. The floral offerings from all parts of the country were the most magnificent I ever saw, that from his own State, Mississippi, being the coat of arms of the State made of immortelles and with immense American beauty roses standing just over it. The one sent by your President in your name was a perfect representation of our badge in flowers and with American beauty roses standing over it. These two were, as they should have been, the handsomest ones there.

As I sat there in the midst of this great occasion there came before my mind's eye a picture of the birth, amidst the clanging of bells and hurrahs from the throats of patriots, of a great nation. Anglo-Saxons, with their inherent belief in their right to self-government, representing their sovereign States, come together and bind themselves into a Confederacy to protect that God-given right. And so there was born into the nations of the world the Southern Confederacy. For more than two years this nation marched to victory after victory won by its army and navy, fought with ever-diminishing ranks against a foe whose recruiting stations drew from the world with that magic charm, gold; while the Confederacy drew only from its own people, their only reward a hoped-for independence and the knowledge of having served with one mind and heart the States they loved. In that great crisis fathers cheerfully shouldered their muskets and bade their fifteen- and sixteen-year old sons shoulder theirs and go with them to their State's defense of her rights. Mothers, smilingly, bravely, packed those boys' grips and said: "Go, my son; your State needs you, and no ancestor of yours ever failed his country." Confident in the justice of their cause, there was no thought of anything but victory at last, even though it be at the cost of many lives.

Then Vicksburg and Gettysburg came, and the star of the Southern Confederacy began to fade. Gaunt poverty stalked abroad in the land, sickening the heart of the soldier as he thought of the wife and little ones at home deprived of everything but the bare necessities of life, the mother at home sending all possible to spare from the little ones to keep her country's soldiers and sailors from starving and freezing. Great men and great women! Can we ever do enough to show our gratitude to them for leaving to us, their children, such a heritage?

Then there came before me a second picture: This nation, born amidst such enthusiasm and joy, done to its death; its

soldiers and sailors and statesmen returning home to fields —that backbone of the industry of their country—devastated; bare chimneys, where had once been comfortable homes; the whole face of the country they loved so well one vast picture of desolation and ruin, the only star of hope being the brave hearts of "the girls they left behind them;" fields laid waste and laborers demoralized by their newly gotten freedom. What but the consciousness of a brave fight bravely made could have given them the courage to meet and overcome by infinite patience and care that yet more horrible condition than any they had ever dreamed of—the reconstruction period of the South? With that dreadful specter downed at last, the rebuilding of the South began. And when comfort once more began to take a daily seat in the homes of the South, the eyes of her patriot heroes began to turn with tear-dimmed vision to that one lone figure who stood as the target for all "the slings and arrows" which hate hurled at the South; and as he stood, brave and unmoved, amidst them all, his old followers resolved that the South for whom he had done so much should erect a monument to show to their descendants and to the world what this great man had done for his country. And so the work was started. But because there could be no monument to the President of the Confederacy which was not also a monument to the army and navy of the Confederacy, their modesty tied their tongues and their hands, and they paused in this beautiful work. And the United Confederate Veterans, I hope, know that it will always be a great source of pride to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that then they turned to us and said: "Finish this work for us."

And from all this past of high hopes and brave endeavor there came that great day when those veterans who were left saw the finishing of the work which they gave us to do. We all looked with pride on that great monument, and our hopes mounted high again as, "after the sighing and the weeping, after the sowing and the reaping," we looked at Mrs. Holmes and her coworkers on the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, those of our ranks who have labored so faithfully and so beautifully for these nearly eight years for that fruition of our hopes, and I thought: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York, and all the clouds that lowered upon our house in the deep bosom of the ocean lie buried. Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths, our bruised arms hung up for monuments, our stern alarums changed to merry meetings, our dreadful marches to delightful measures."

The great Davis monument is finished, and we must turn our attention to yet others.

Visit to Washington and New York.

I went from Richmond to Washington, and found there among all Confederates and all Confederate sympathizers the great desire to be that we have a monument of which we and those who come after us may be proud in the center of Confederate Section in Arlington. That you sympathize with this desire you showed very conclusively last fall, and I hope we will all work for it year in and year out until we see it unveiled.

It is a very nice thing to have Daughters all over the United States, as your President found when she met those in Washington and New York. And because it was done for your President and not for any individual, I am going to tell you about it at the risk of seeming egotistical.

I was never a belle before, and I found it very delightful, and so it was the nicest trip I ever had. I had not been in Washington more than three hours before flowers began to come to me from some of my Daughters, and everything had been planned for my pleasure. I was a guest in the beautiful and delightful home of one of my Daughters who belongs to a Mississippi Chapter—Mrs. Fannie J. Ricks, formerly of Yazoo City, Miss. She has not forgotten her old-time Mississippi Delta hospitality which greets you with a face beaming with welcome and never tires of doing things for your pleasure. The Division had made arrangements for Mrs. Walsh, its President, and Mrs. Ricks to take me to call on the President the next day. Well, we went, and were received with all the cordiality which the President inherits from his Georgia mother and with the respect with which his Confederate uncles have inspired him for all things Confederate. Then on Friday evening the Division gave in my honor a most beautiful and delightful—because entirely without ceremony—reception in the beautiful ballrooms of the Arlington. We ended the evening with the Virginia reel, and your President danced for the first time in nearly twenty years. She danced with the most charming Confederate veteran too, and felt honored that another veteran wanted to dance with her.

On Saturday the Children's Auxiliary gave me a charming luncheon, at which I made them a talk on the inheritance which they possess in being descendants of Confederates. They were charming hosts, and one of the boys in a most graceful little speech presented to me from his comrades a magnificent bouquet of pink carnations. That afternoon Mrs. Ricks threw open her beautiful apartments for the U. D. C. of the District to call on me. I will always remember it as an occasion when I met many charming members of the U. D. C.

On Monday the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, in Alexandria, Va., which is only about seven or eight miles from Washington, sent over the private car of the President of the Washington and Alexandria Street Railroad and carried several of us over to their beautiful Chapter house for a most delightful evening. All the Confederates of Alexandria, including the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, whose President presented me with a beautiful bouquet of red and white roses, were there. And the Camp of Veterans, whose headquarters is in the Chapter house, got out Gen. R. E. Lee's camp chair for me to sit in. But your President, feeling herself or anybody else she knew unworthy to sit in the chair, did not sit in it. I don't believe the Veterans will ever know how much I appreciated their getting it out and asking me to occupy it, for I was too full to say how I felt. But I did and do appreciate it very much. The next day I went to New York, and first made a visit to our friend, Mrs. Livingston R. Schuyler, in her delightful suburban home at Scarsdale. She gave me a tea, and I met many fine people of the North as well as some of my Daughters whom I had not met before.

On Monday afternoon the New York Chapter met in special meeting, and I was asked to make them a talk, which I did with fear and trembling. A most entertaining programme was added to this, and we had a delightful reception afterwards at which I met some of my Daughters from almost every State in the Confederacy. With such a Chapter and such a President as it has we need never be surprised at the splendid reports it sends every year to our conventions.

I came home with my head in the air, and told my husband that if he did not rejoice with me over such Daughters I would be like the old negro he is fond of telling about, who,

when his wife refused to rejoice at his prayer in meeting, said: "And dat ar Lissa didn't no mo' 'joice dan nothin'. An' you know a woman ought.r 'joice at her own husband's prar. An' I say: 'Lissa, whyn't you 'joice at my prar, nigger?' An' she 'spon': 'Go way fum here, Sam, who gwine 'joice at your prar? You drunk.' An' wid dat I riz, an' I riz wid one ob dem binch laigs in meh han'; an', Gord bless your soul! I made 'er 'joice." So I said I would have to get me a "binch laig" and make him "'joice" if he could not "'joice" at such Daughters as I found everywhere I went.

THE SOUTHERN MOTHERS' SCHOLARSHIP.

BY SADA FOUTE RICHMOND, 1102 ELMWOOD AVENUE, MEMPHIS.

When Jacob slept upon his pillow of stones in 1750 B.C. and saw the ladder reaching up to heaven, indicative of how man might raise his character, though based upon earth, until its height should be lost in the mists of heaven, he was prompted to erect a monument of stone to mark the spot. Again when he was parting from Laban, whom he thoroughly distrusted, and feeling that he had reached the limit of his own ability to protect himself, he erected another heap or monument of stones to be a Mizpah, or watch tower, between himself and his dreaded father-in-law.

As time passed on we find the primitive nations erecting these monuments to mark any important epoch in their history; and as civilization advanced, instead of the rough natural stones, they began to hew and carve the beautiful granite columns and to engrave inscriptions upon them. Thus was displayed the effort of primitive and aboriginal minds to commemorate and make lasting the history of their nations and times.

But now, nineteen hundred years after Christ, are we to stand still in the steps of ancient Jacob? Have we no higher idea of commemorating great deeds or noble people than to continue building monuments of stone which, however artistic and costly we may make them, are still only cold, insensate marble, telling but a meager tale to future generations? I claim it is evidence of stagnation. We are not progressing if in this twentieth century we still hold to the old ideas of three thousand years ago.

Look around us to-day and see who are they that are building the most lasting monuments! Where is there a marble shaft that will in any degree compare with the Carnegie libraries that now dot the country over and are a blessing to so many people and a household word in every city? Who has ever erected a monument equal in widespread blessing to that of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship? The world at large knew nothing of Cecil Rhodes while he lived, but now his memory is fragrant with blessing and his name upon every tongue. A new incentive is before the American boy. He can now not only aspire to be President, but he can work for a Cecil Rhodes scholarship also.

And now I come to the point of my argument: If we build a monument to our Southern mothers—those women who endured the sorrows and sacrifices of the days of 1861-65—let it not be a "heap of stones," in repetition of aboriginal ideas, but an endowed scholarship in each Southern State to be called "The Southern Mothers' Scholarship." Let the conditions be such that only Southern girls of true Southern parentage and ancestry could win them and the mental requirements not so rigid as to exclude any ambitious girl from trying for them.

Only a short time before their deaths I talked upon this subject to two noble old Southern mothers, and they both said: "Don't build any monuments, but endow scholarships in our name that will bless the living while they commemorate the dead." I long to see the time when this shall be accomplished! The Southern mother well deserves a monument to her memory. 'Tis true, of course, that Southern women were not the first women called upon to endure the anguish of civil war; but if Southern posterity is the first to realize this fact and to offer honor to its heroic women, that will only prove that Southern chivalry has still the lead in civilization. The gratitude of posterity, the appreciation of history, is surely but a meager return to those who took food from their own mouths and clothing from their own households that the soldiers might be sustained in their fearful struggle. The Southern soldier has made a record never before read into history, and the reason of it is that he had such women to encourage him!

That a monument should be built to the mothers and grandmothers of the Confederacy is unquestioned, and this is the generation to do it. For as little children we stood at their knees and saw their faces blanch as the roar of cannon reverberated over the distant hills of Chickamauga or heard the smothered cry of agony as the letter was read, telling of a loved one slain at Chancellorsville or the Wilderness, and saw the tears fall day by day over the fate of a son or brother wounded and languishing in some improvised hospital without comforts or nursing. And then the long weeks of suspense when no news came at all until the heart was sick with fear and the brain crazed with anguish. Yes, we who remember these things, whose earliest recollections were the heroic fortitude and suppressed anxiety of our Southern mothers, must see to it that they are not forgotten. But let it not be a monument of insensate stone or pulseless clay, but one that will be a continual blessing to all Southern womanhood and that will place an incentive in the way of higher education before the Southern girls of the future.

Will not our leaders among the Confederate Veterans appoint a committee to make plans to this end at once? It seems to me that a small sum from every true-hearted Southerner would soon swell the fund to the desired amount.

With all a Southern woman's devotion, with all a teacher's zeal, with all a philanthropist's desire to benefit his fellowmen, and, above all, with a keen remembrance of how the Southern girl's chances for education were curtailed and handicapped by the sad results of the Civil War, I urge this step upon our Veterans, our Memorial Associations, and our Daughters of the Confederacy!

OUR SOUTHERN WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Hon. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky., took for his theme in an address at his home on the last Confederate Memorial Day the work of our women during and since the war. In his address Captain Ellis said in substance:

"I declare to you that future generations ought not to forget to honor the women of the South. During the four years in which the South struggled to establish its independence the women by their virtue, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and loyalty to the cause of the Southern Confederacy did more to make that cause a success than all the armies, glorious as they were, which the South ever set on fields of battle.

"There was no situation too distressing, no condition too adverse, no disaster too severe for those loyal women of the South. By their unabated fidelity to a cause which all the world now concedes was right they succeeded in inspiring the armies of the Confederacy with a patience, a loyalty, fidelity, and bravery for the cause they defended to the extent that

they made it possible for the Confederacy as an organized government to struggle for four continuous years in an unequal contest to establish its independence. But for these women of the South the Confederacy could not have survived for a single year. Inspired by their example, their constancy, self-sacrifice, and patriotism, the South was able to maintain its organized armies in the field for four of the bloodiest years that mark the highway of ancient or modern history. If Confederate soldiers won renown on fields of battle, which they did, and if they shook a continent by their heroic endeavors and filled the whole world with the glory of their achievements, the credit for their performance is primarily due to the women of the South. No man could wear a Confederate uniform and not be a good soldier under the influences which the women of the South brought directly to bear upon him. Therefore whatever glory clusters about the performances of the men who made up the Confederate army should be set down in the first instance to the credit of Southern women.

"At the breaking out of the war the women of the South were the most highly cultivated, the most accomplished, the most patriotic, and the most beautiful women in the world. They devoutly believed in the justice of the Southern cause, and with their accomplishments, their patriotism, their loyalty, their virtue, and their beauty they made the armies of the South the most formidable array of warriors that ever marched under martial banners in all the tide of time.

"The shattered ranks of Confederate veterans ought to gather about them to-day their children and their grandchildren, and inspire them with the example of these glorious women of the Old South. It only remains for Confederate soldiers to do a few more important things. They ought to see to it that their descendants erect monuments to the memory of the women of the South, so that future generations can never forget their glorious example. From the fall of Fort Sumter to that memorable day when General Lee had his last conference with General Grant at Appomattox the women of the South never abated their devotion, their ardor, and their loyalty to the homes which the armies of the South were marshaled to defend. The very ceremonies we are here observing to-day had their conception and origin in the loyal hearts of accomplished and devout Southern women.

"When the South quit its struggles in those dreary days of April, 1865, there was not a ray of sunshine in any home in the old Confederacy. Red-handed war had made a veritable waste of every State embraced within its boundaries. Homes had been destroyed, fortunes had been wrecked, and millions of property had been destroyed by the invaders of the South. Every condition bore the cruel marks of adverse fortune. In this disastrous situation, when the last hope of the Old South had perished, its women, true to their convictions, their purpose, and their devotion to their homes, went afield, with no blare of trumpets, with no sound of victorious bands to cheer them on, and gathered a few wild flowers that survived the wreck of war, and with tender hands and affectionate hearts and tears placed them upon the graves in which their dead hopes and dead heroes were buried. That performance challenged the admiration of every other civilized land, and to-day the custom of annually decorating soldiers' graves, without regard to the armies in which they served or the flag under which they fought, is due alone to the women of the South. From this simple ceremony, originally performed by our Southern women when no sunshine was over their devoted heads and no star of hope dawned upon them, has grown up a custom which is to-day annually observed by more than eighty millions of people in these reunited States. All this honor is due to the women of the South. Let us teach their descendants that their fathers and grandfathers were not traitors, but that they died in defense of a constitutional principle which was recognized by our ancestors when they wrote the Declaration of Independence, a principle which was formally established in our national law when our forefathers achieved our independence at Yorktown.

"While I yield to no one in my admiration of and loyalty to Confederate soldiers, no matter from what State they come, I cannot omit to mention to you that the Kentuckian who served in the Confederate army occupied a most unique position. His State had not withdrawn from the Union, and when he entered the Confederate army he was an exile. His home, his kindred, and the companions of his youth were behind him, and a wall of fire raged between him and all that he loved and honored in his boyhood; but, believing that the cause of the South was just, he did not hesitate to align himself with his brethren of the South in the defense of a just cause and struggled to the last to vindicate the altar which the South had dedicated to liberty. Through four years of war every possible means of communication between him and his native home was barred to him, but this did not abate his ardor for the cause of the South. It is of record that the very best soldiers in the Confederate army came from the State of Kentucky.

"Without hope of reward except a consciousness of duty well done, Kentuckians adhered to the principles for which the South contended until the last star of its hope went down to rise no more forever. Kentuckians were the escort of President Davis when the Confederate capital had been surrendered; they were the pallbearers at the burial of the Confederacy's last hope. The conduct of these young men who served in the Confederate army will continue to form a chapter in the history of this glorious commonwealth which will be honorable to them and creditable to their native State as long as 'Old Kentucky' retains its place in this republic of American States."

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

BY AMY PEARL COZBY.

There's a story my father has oftentimes told
Of a brave little nation that rose,
Baptized with the blood of her patriots bold,
To stand for an hour 'midst her foes.
He tells how she struggled for liberty's light,
Then sank into eternal night.

There's a flag—I have seen it—worn, tattered by shells,
And stained with the blood of the brave;
It speaks ever sadly of silent farewells,
Of hopes that were hushed in the grave.
I know how it rose in its glory and pride,
Then drooped o'er the nation that died.

O, sad is the story my father has told
Of death and disaster and gloom;
Yet marked with such courage, such deeds daring, bold,
As I kneel at the young nation's tomb,
I am glad that from out her storm cradle she rose
To stand for an hour 'midst her foes.

HISTORY OF THE PRINCE WILLIAM CAVALRY.

BY MRS. M. R. BARLOW, MANASSAS, VA.

Who that is now falling into the sere and yellow leaf of even middle life does not distinctly remember the spring of 1861? Not for the beauty of the season, though that was as lovely as smiling skies, balmy winds, and odorous flower cups could make it, but for the cloud at first that seemed scarcely larger than a man's hand which began to loom up in the political horizon and the distant mutterings of the storm so soon to burst upon our land.

Disunion, heedless of future evils, walked abroad, a new scheme of government was proposed, a new Confederacy arose, and seemingly a new member was added to the list of nations. Then came the call for troops, and soon the earth resounded with the tramp of armed men. Who was sane enough in those days of excessive excitements to think of the "battle, murder, and sudden death," the trio of evils from which we had been taught to pray to be delivered, that might lurk behind all this? There was glory and enthusiasm about the new order of things in the waving banners, the glittering uniforms, and nodding plumes that led captive the imagination and silenced reason. In every town where troops were quartered the young ladies were affected with "button upon the brain," and seemed to think that life was made only to be spent walking, riding, and flirting with the soldiers. Youth and gayety were everywhere uppermost, unappalled by the spectacle of national distraction, and even the soberest looked upon the most astounding events with an equanimity bordering upon apathy.

Of the many companies then mustered into service, few entered with brighter prospects than the Prince William Cavalry, the company whose history I have been requested to write. It had been organized in the winter of 1858 and 1859, during the John Brown excitement. It had seen no active service then, but had continued under the militia law to drill once a month at the county seat, Brentville. In the summer of 1859 at a picnic in Hart's woods, near Bristoe, they were presented by the ladies of the county with a beautiful silk flag. This flag was gotten up by two ladies of the county, Misses Emma and Somer Williams, cousins, the white portions of the flag being made from an evening dress of the latter, who is still living as Mrs. Lion, of Manassas, Va. The other lady, afterwards Mrs. Captain Davis, suffered the indignity of being the only lady of her county arrested by the Federal forces. She was carried to Alexandria, where, in spite of the very serious illness produced by such unusual exposure and fatigue in being taken from one provost office to another, she was detained for several weeks, though she was never charged with anything more serious than holding communication with the enemy, the said enemy being her own husband, who from a hiding place had been compelled to witness the arrest of his wife, knowing himself helpless to assist her. She was at length released from captivity by the kind offices of Mrs. Holland, who, having British protection, was allowed to trade through the lines, and succeeded in getting her sick friend out and to Prince William, where she was met by her brother, J. Taylor Williams, and carried to a place of safety within the Southern lines. This flag has survived not only the war but nearly every one who was connected with its presentation, and is now in possession of B. D. Merchant, of Manassas.

In 1860, during the presidential campaign, the company undertook their first active operations. During that summer John Underwood, with a following of about twenty Republicans, had raised a handsome pole and flag in the interest of their candidate, Abraham Lincoln, in Occoquan, Va., and the company had threatened to cut it down. Underwood had sent word to Governor Letcher that Prince William Cavalry was coming to Occoquan to destroy private proverty, and the Governor had ordered General Hunton, who then commanded the militia of the county, to send the Prince William Cavalry on a certain day to Occoquan to protect private property. Thus you will perceive the position of the cavalry to have been rather peculiar. They accepted, however, and marched down, accompanied by a good many citizens from different parts of the county. At John Payne's store, one mile from Occoquan, the citizens and a few of the company in citizens' clothes—among them Vivian Towels, the son of an Episcopal minister of the county—formed themselves into a citizens' meeting and elected Milton Fitzhugh as captain and Mr. Jackson, of Ellsworth notoriety, then of Fairfax C. H., as axman. The pole was cut down by this committee, cut into convenient lengths to be carried back to Payne's store, and there divided. Most of it was made into walking sticks.

The cavalry was ordered into service on April 17, 1861, and was a fine and soldierly-looking lot of men, numbering some sixty to seventy members. It was uniformed with gray cloth made at Kelly's Mills, in Culpeper County. The uniform consisted of a frock coat with one row of buttons up the front and one on each side, connecting at the top with a gold lace V. Pants with yellow stripes, black hats with black plumes on the left side held up with crossed sabers, and a shield with the letters "P. W. C." in front—a plain but neat uniform in which the most insignificant must look his best; and as they trotted off by fours with the fine-looking, genial captain and his kinsmen at their head, there were none but admiring eyes and but few dry ones in the old town which had known and loved most of them from childhood to manhood.

The company was officered in starting out as follows: Captain, W. W. Thornton; Lieutenants, P. D. Williams, J. M. Barbee, and Demetious Rowe; Orderly Sergeant, Thomas Thornton; Corporals, Robert Towles and J. Taylor Williams.

The first camp of the cavalry after it was ordered out was on a farm called Saffolds, near Occoquan. From thence it was sent to the northern neck of Virginia for several weeks, executing orders under General Ruggles, who complimented the company highly for promptitude and efficiency while under his command in transferring it to Major Terry.

May 15 found the cavalry back at Brentsville with orders to march to Occoquan. May 20, still at Occoquan watching landings on the Potomac and guarding roads in constant expectation of an attack from the Federal forces which had landed in Alexandria. On May 24 the cavalry was ordered to burn the bridge over the Occoquan and report at Manassas, arriving there on Saturday, and ordered back on same day to Bacon Race Church. On Monday it was ordered again to Manassas at full speed, and, arriving there, found General Bonham and staff already mounted, and were detailed to act as escort to Centerville, where a fight was expected; but it was a false alarm. Late in the evening the cavalry was ordered to Fairfax C. H.

The following is an account written on the 29th of May of the state of affairs at Fairfax County and on the 5th of June of the fight at Fairfax C. H. by one of the lieutenants; and as the writer does not shirk his own share in the letter, it may be regarded as strictly authentic:

"This county is in a perfect fever of excitement, and consequently filled with absurd rumors. Almost every night we are snatched from our blankets and thrown into our saddles

by false alarms. We are here almost in the enemy's country and are keeping a sharp lookout for them, and don't intend to be trapped if such a thing can possibly be avoided.

"On the morning of the 1st inst. at 2:30 o'clock the two advanced guards on the 'Little Falls Church' road came in at full speed and reported that they had been fired upon by the enemy, who were rapidly advancing upon this place. Our company was immediately called out, and with great alacrity were preparing to meet them; but in less than five minutes after the first alarm was given and the company about half ready, not more than half of the men being mounted, it was borne down upon by from eighty to one hundred well-armed and well-mounted Federal dragoons. Our company, being cut off from their officers (neither the captain nor I being with them), could in their confused state do nothing but retreat, and that they did with the greatest possible speed. When the alarm was given, I got up, went to the stable, got my horse, and returned to the barracks for the purpose of arousing several members who were dilatory about getting out. I tied my horse in front of the barracks about twenty steps from the door and went into the building to bring out the men, not dreaming that the enemy was so near at hand. Upon my giving the two men notice, they immediately got up, and we were about midway the building on our way to the door when the enemy opened heavy fire upon our troop. When we got to the door, our troop was passing under full retreat and the enemy firing at every jump. I rushed out to get my horse, but found that the enemy was within fifty feet of him, and that if I attempted to mount I would certainly be taken as well as my horse; so I halted about halfway between the door and the horse, hesitating what was best to be done. In this position I was immediately discovered by them and fired upon about six times. At this juncture, cut off from the company and directly under the eye of the enemy, you know I very readily decided to make my escape on foot, which I did with the least possible delay, leaving my horse to be taken by the rogues—an opportunity they did not lose, for I was hardly out of sight of the house before some twelve of them dismounted, entered the house, captured Henry Lynn, who was too slow about getting out, and took him and my horse off with them.

"The enemy pursued our company about three-quarters of a mile, firing at every step. They then halted and returned to the town, to be received by about forty-five of the Warrenton Riflemen, who had been aroused by the firing upon our men. When they were within sixty yards of the Warrenton Rifles, a brisk fire was opened on them, which was promptly returned. In the first round the Warrenton Rifles lost their captain, John Q. Marr. The enemy retreated, rallied, and charged twice more upon the Warrenton Rifles, in which they suffered serious injury. Our loss was one killed (Captain Marr) and four taken prisoners (W. T. Washington, Henry Lynn, Thomas Marders, and Charles Dunnington). The enemy's loss was three taken prisoners and twenty-four killed and disabled."

After this incident the cavalry were camped at various places in the vicinity of Fairfax C. H. On July 9, 1861, it was at Camp Scott, near the Occoquan, associated with the Albemarle Troop, under the command of Capt. John Scott, formerly of the Black Horse, and their duty was to guard the Potomac between Occoquan and Dumfries, which was then considered such an important point that they were supported by a regiment of infantry, and in all numbered some one thousand men, all eager to have a brush with the enemy and wipe out the remembrance of the surprise at Fairfax C. H. The Yankees, however, seemed to have been satisfied with their reception at that place, and remained on their side of the river until ready for their advance for the first battle of Manassas. During that battle the cavalry were left on the extreme right of our army, with the commands of Colonels Early and Hill, whose forces by some strange mistake in the transmission of orders were left inactive throughout the day, and the cavalry were held in reserve until the enemy began to give way, when they joined in the short pursuit of the fleeing foe, which did not extend farther than Centerville, though we know now that it might have been kept up to Washington City itself without damage to our forces.

The remainder of the year of 1861 was spent by the cavalry at various places in Fairfax and lower Prince William. It wintered at a place called Round Top, in the latter county, and the following is a description of their life there written by one who was afterwards a member of the company and who paid them a visit before joining: "The merry fellows that I found in camp at Round Top are merry fellows indeed. They have not yet felt the pinch of hunger, and but few of the other ills consequent upon the life of the soldier. Within an easy distance of their own homes, with plentiful rations for man and beast, they spend their days in hard riding and scouting, their nights in games and revelry, and doubtless think it is a fine thing. But they will waken ere long to its stern realities, I very much fear."

That the stern reality came only too soon we may judge from another extract dated only two years later, which reads as follows: "It was broad daylight when we reached the edge of the woods and paused to take a view of what was beyond. There was an open space, the enemy's line stretching along the opposite wood; while an occasional picket ensconced behind a log pen and protected by an India rubber cloth converted into a temporary tent were evidently taking matters as easily and comfortably as if we had been a hundred miles away. Still farther to the rear we would catch occasional glimpses of bodies of cavalry and infantry posted along the rising ground; the former with their sleek, well-fed horses picketed to tree or fence, pawing the ground in their impatience, while their riders reclined upon warm blankets and India rubber tents, sleeping away the dreary hours or perchance watching the cooks as they moved about the fires in their waterproof overcoats, evidently preparing for their comrades a warm breakfast from the well-filled stores of the Yankee commissariat. I could not but contrast their position with that of our own brave men, many of whom had been reared in luxury, while few among them had ever known a real want, now without blankets, without overcoats, many barefooted and half-naked, cowering down behind trees or stumps for shelter against chilling storms, and only too happy if they chanced to possess a slice of bacon or beef, a single hard cracker, a handful of hay or corn to assuage the hunger of themselves or their half-starved horses."

In September, 1861, while the cavalry were camped at Sangster's Crossroads, in Fairfax County, it was chosen by Col. Beverly H. Robertson to constitute a portion of his regiment of cavalry just organizing and became a portion of the 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, ranking as Company A, and with the Governor's Guards formed a squadron. It continued to act with this company until after the seven days' fight around Richmond, when it was put with the Hanover Troop Captain Newton commanding, thus forming the second squadron, and so acted the remainder of the war.

After the army fell back from Manassas, in 1862, the Prince William Cavalry were camped for a short time at Stafford C. H., and it was there that a reorganization of the company took place under an act of the Virginia Legislature, allowing all volunteer companies the privilege of electing their own officers. An election took place, resulting as follows: Captain, P. D. Williams; Lieutenants, L. A. Davis, B. D. Merchant, and George Colvin; Orderly Sergeant, P. T. Weedon; other Sergeants, J. Taylor Williams and Robert Towles.

Soon after this George Colvin died, and each one of the officers under him was advanced a step and some others elected, among them Absalom Lynn and Vivian Towles, as noncommissioned officers. The next year J. Taylor Williams was made sergeant major of the regiment by Colonel Wickham, and served in that capacity through the Gettysburg campaign and until the old sergeant major, who had been captured at Stevensburg June 9, 1863, was released from prison. Captain Thornton was made major in the commissary department of Ewell's forces, and acted in that capacity until the close of the war.

The cavalry went from Stafford C. H. to the peninsula. It took part in the battle of Williamsburg, where Colonel Wickham and the major of their regiment, W. H. Payne, were badly wounded. From that time to the close of the fighting around Richmond it formed a part of Stuart's Cavalry force in the immediate front of the enemy. An extract from a letter says: "My company did nobly all through the fights. It captured one day one hundred and ten prisoners. One man, W. Scott George, captured eighteen or twenty of them by himself. I was slightly wounded on the left hand and arm the second day of the fight by pieces of shell which have deprived me of the use of them ever since; but now I am rapidly recovering, and will soon be fit for duty again."

The wounds mentioned were received in the battle of Cold Harbor on June 27, 1862, while the company was supporting Capt. John Pelham's Battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, and the same shell had just killed Corporal Warwick, of the Governor's Guard, of the same squadron, by striking his saber and cutting him in two, one of the fragments striking Capt. P. D. Williams on the hand, inflicting a painful but not serious wound. He was the only man in the company injured. Four months later he was killed in the Mine Run campaign.

The following is the account written by his brother, J. Taylor Williams, a few days later: "Our brigade of cavalry commenced the advance by way of Raccoon Ford, Culpeper County, on Sunday morning, the 11th of October. We found the enemy there in strong force, and soon after crossing the river we were attacked by a large body of cavalry. We fought them some time, when our regiment (the 4th) was ordered to charge a body of sharpshooters. The regiment was commanded by Captain Newton, of the Hanover Troop, and our squadron by my brother, P. D. Williams, and his squadron being in front, of course had to bear the brunt of the fight. Captain Newton was killed instantly, and my brother fell mortally wounded. He received a ball in his left arm just below the shoulder which shattered the bone and entered the breast. His horse was killed and fell upon him; but it had been removed by the enemy before his friends reached him, as another charge had to be made before the Yankees were put to flight. He was taken to Mr. Stringfellow's, in the neighborhood, and died a short time afterwards in my arms while I was in the act of giving him some brandy which had been sent in by the chief surgeon."

Thus passed away in the prime of life (he had barely reached his twenty-fifth birthday) one who in the words of a fellow-soldier "was as brave a soldier as ever drew a saber or fired a gun." With all due kindly deference to the soldiers of to-day, we don't think they rank with Capts. P. D. Williams and Newton.

The 4th Regiment of Cavalry was in most of the battles and raids which made Stuart's Cavalry so famous during the war, and the Prince William Cavalry fully sustained the reputation which had made it Company A of the regiment. Its hardest campaign was that with Stuart at Gettysburg, when it was for fifteen days between Meade's army and Washington, traveling day and night and scarcely taking time to eat their meals, and toward the close the men were so worn out by the loss of sleep and rest that they would frequently go to sleep while riding and fall off their horses. During the retreat from Petersburg it protected the rear of the army, and had to fight day and night for a week. "On the morning of the 9th of April," says a correspondent, "our brigade was ordered to report to General Lee at the front, and by him ordered to go around Sheridan's command and get possession of the Lynchburg road. Our squadron (the 2d) dismounted and was fighting on foot when the flag of truce came through the lines at 9:30 o'clock with the news of the surrender. General Munford, who was in command, sent word back to know upon what terms the cavalry were to surrender; and after waiting some time and no answer coming, he took the brigade, except our squadron, which was still on the firing line, back to Lynchburg. Our squadron remained until night, and then joined the regiment at Lynchburg. The next morning, April 10, the whole command was disbanded."

Reference to the list of the dead given with this will show that the cavalry did not escape losses either in battle or by disease. Thirty names are recorded there, a large proportion to the number enlisted, which never exceeded one hundred, and several of these served only one year. Of the number now living, but one man bears the visible sight of that mighty struggle—in the crutch instead of the saber. Private John W. Fewell, now of Meridian, Miss., lost a leg in the battle of Five Forks the day before Richmond fell, and we think was the only one of the company maimed. He spent several months in a Federal hospital in Petersburg, where he was most kindly treated. B. D. Merchant and several others had long experience in Federal prisons, where they did not fare so well. Thomas S. Shirley, William Stone, and J. P. Monroe died there, the latter quite early in the war at Mount Lookout. Sam Davis and John Arundel were murdered in Dumfries by two negroes they had captured near Alexandria and were taking back to Richmond. They were sleeping in an old house, and the supposition is that whoever was on guard went to sleep, and the negroes knocked them in the head with an ax they had to cut wood for a fire. The negroes took their arms and made their escape to Washington, where they were made heroes of; and it was reported that Congress voted them a medal for the deed.

In giving the place and date of deaths of Confederate brigadier generals in the VETERAN for May, it was stated that Gen. Lloyd Tilgman was killed at Battle Creek, Mo., and it should have been Baker's Creek, Miss.

In his "Perils of Escape from Prison," Col. H. G. Damon states that Mrs. Kate E. Perl.. Mosher, the prisoners' friend, was a sister of Mrs. Charles Buford; but they were only friends, Mrs. Mosher states, and not related at all.

IN THE GLOAMING.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Out of the years that long ago vanished
Back from a youth that has flitted doth come,
Mingled with laughter and burdened with sorrow,
The stirring tattoo of an old army drum;
And dimly I see where a river is flowing
The glimmer of lights, forming long, ghastly lines,
And an army in gray amid silence is marching
Under the crests of the far-away pines.

Hark! 'twas a bugle; I certainly heard it,
'Twas a call for a charge through the copse on the foe,
And yonder a flag in the starlight is waving
The blessed old bars of the long, long ago;
The legions of gray in the valley are forming,
The guns are at work on the crest of the hill,
A comrade goes down with a prayer for his mother;
The roar of the fight not a moment is still.

Nay, 'tis but a dream of the days that are over;
The crutch at my side is a token, I say,
Of a youth that was splendid, a boyhood enhallowed,
When proudly I sported a jacket of gray,
When shoulder to shoulder we marched on to glory
And charged in our youth to the cannon's red mouth,
When victory perched on our beautiful banner
And Fame wove a wreath for the chivalrous South.

There's gray in my hair as I sit in the gloaming;
'Twas gold when we stood on the battle lines,
And I think of the lock that I sent to a sweetheart
Who waited for me in the shade of the pines.
And so by the brink of the mystical river
That wanders away to the uttermost sea
I dream of my comrades of march and of battle,
I dream of the beautiful banner of Lee.

We furled it, the ages will crown it with glory;
We lost, but the halo of fame is our own—
No stain on the swords that we drew for the Southland,
And not a regret where our bayonets shone.
I hear a sweet voice that is constantly calling
With love in its tones from a land far away,
And I yearn as I sit in the mystical shadows
For the heavenly camp of the comrades in gray.

GENERAL KIRBY-SMITH'S NAME IS HONORED.

[The Sewanee Purple, Sewanee, Tenn.]

On May 7, 1907, a bill was introduced by Senator Beard, and subsequently passed, in the Florida Legislature directing that a statue of Gen. Edmund Kirby-Smith be placed in the National Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. Under the provisions of the Act of Congress, July 2, 1864, Florida was entitled to furnish two statues for this hall, which the State has never done; and as General Kirby-Smith was the most famous Floridian in military life, it is fitting that his memory be so commemorated.

General Kirby-Smith was born in St. Augustine, Fla., in the year 1824. After the Civil War, he was for many years professor of mathematics at the University of the South. He was a strength and support to the university in those early days of her existence, and was closely associated with every phase of Sewanee life. He was loved and respected by all, and ever since then his name has been linked with Sewanee's. He died just after the opening of the Lent term, 1893, at his home here in Sewanee. Bishop Gailor, who was then Vice Chancellor, in his report to the Board of Trustees in the same year, pays this fine tribute to his character: "No name in the records of the internal administration of the university shall shine with a purer luster than his. He had the love and respect of every student and professor. He was ever the loyal, unselfish friend of Sewanee, an efficient officer, a devoted Churchman, a noble, high-minded Christian gentleman."

General Kirby-Smith's life is worthy of emulation. A true, brave son of the South—a patriot and a gentleman—he deserves to live always in the hearts of his countrymen. A memorial volume of the life and letters of General Kirby-Smith is in course of publication at the University Press, Sewanee, Tenn.

WHY SO MANY BRIGADIERS AND COLONELS?—Gen. H. W. Wood, G. A. R., Madison, Wis., writes: "When we read a story of the South in which there is a soldier or a dozen of them, the page is set full of capital 'G's' and 'C's' and 'M's,' meaning 'Generals,' 'Colonels,' or 'Majors.'" And then he wonders just why that is so! Dr. D. H. Grant, son of a Confederate, at Palestine, Tex., replies: "All the home Southern people have such love and respect and veneration for their old heroes, and they feel now that so few of them are left to tell the true story, that they by virtue of their valor and true heroism ought to be generals, colonels, and majors. If not for that reason, we all think that they are now entitled to promotion by reason of succession to the titles."

ABOUT THAT STAR FROM GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON'S COAT.—The VETERAN for May contained an article clipped from a Mississippi paper, giving a letter from H. A. Langworthy, of Traverse City, Mich., to R. W. Durfy, of Vicksburg, written last September, in which he made the statement that he had cut a star from the coat of Gen. J. E. Johnston. This statement is ridiculed by W. J. Brown, of Jackson, Miss., who was of Company F, Wood's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Comrade Brown says it "will do very well as a work of fiction," etc., and he makes a good point in referring to "Lieutenant General" Johnston and "General" Pemberton commanding Confederate States forces at Vicksburg. Joseph E. Johnston never was a lieutenant general, nor was Pemberton ever a full general. The VETERAN should have detected these inconsistencies.

The St. Louis Confederate Monument Association issued an address on May 29, 1907, in which it states that within the last twenty years the Southern societies of St. Louis have donated in actual money more than fifty thousand dollars to monuments and benevolent purposes in Missouri and other States. The proposed St. Louis monument is designed to represent the whole State, and it is to be erected to commemorate the valor of every soldier and sailor of the Confederacy, however great or humble the service he rendered. It is proposed to raise about thirty-five thousand dollars for this monument. A prominent place in Forest Park will be accorded it, and the ladies who have the matter in hand have every confidence that Missouri, the fifth State in the Union, "will come to the front" and erect a monument that will be a credit to the State, an ornament to St. Louis, and a fitting memorial to those who gave their lives to duty.

Any who feel inclined to contribute to this cause, however small the amount, will please forward it to the Treasurer, Mrs. Philomen Chew, 4033 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

FIGHT AT BEVERLY, W. VA.

BY THOMAS H. NEILSON (CO. D, 62D VA. REGT., C. S. ARMY),
302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

The writer, a Virginian, a youth of nineteen, had already seen three and a half years of active service in the Confederate army when, early in November, 1864, he joined a foolhardy expedition of three hundred and eighty men to capture the town of Beverly, in Randolph County, W. Va., held by an Ohio cavalry regiment (the 8th, I understood), eight hundred strong. Our battalion (composed of men from different companies and regiments of Gen. John D. Imboden's Brigade, recently ordered to Highland County to recruit our horses, broken down in Early's raid on Washington City and the active campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, lately ended) was led by Capt. Hannibal Hill, of the 62d Virginia, a young West Virginia mountaineer of reckless daring.

Owing to disparity in numbers, our only hope of success lay in a "surprise;" and as a large portion of the denizens of West Virginia were stanch Unionists, we were forced to abandon the public roads and make the journey through the mountains. The afternoon of November 8 found us some six miles from our destination. We had supper and rested till dark, when, with injunctions of strict silence, we resumed our march, flanked the enemy's pickets, and took a position on the river bank less than a mile distant from the town, where we lay on our arms, intending to attack at dawn while the enemy slept. Despite our precautions, the enemy, apprised of our approach, had posted a chain guard over a half mile from their camp, and nearly an hour before dawn their bugle sounded "reveille."

We sprang to our feet at the sound and formed in line. Undaunted at the miscarriage of his plans, and though outnumbered nearly three to one (having lost a hundred men by straggling the previous night), our intrepid leader determined on an instant attack, and passed the order down the line, "Forward."

We had advanced but a few hundred yards when "Who comes there?" "Halt!" bang! bang! greeted us.

"Charge, boys!" shouted Hill, and the Rebel yell awoke the echoes of the mountains as we dashed up the river bank and swept at double-quick on their line, they firing at us by our "yell" and we on them by the flash of their carbines. As we neared their line they broke and retreated toward their quarters, one-story log huts built on a hollow square. We cut off and captured several hundred prisoners, who subsequently escaped, as we could spare few men to guard them.

We thought "the red field won" and pressed on to their quarters, yelling "Surrender, surrender!" Many of our men fell at the doors of the various cabins, shot dead by the inmates, who could distinguish their forms in the dim light, while within all was dark. After discharging our muskets at close range, we clubbed them and battled hand to hand. Captain Hill, Lieutenant Gamble, and every officer in command went down in the "shock of battle;" and dawn revealing the paucity of our numbers, the enemy rallied and attacked us with renewed fury. Without leaders and scattered in this pellmell fight in the dark, our men were driven back and began to retreat in all directions.

Had I realized that we were whipped, I could have mounted eight or ten men, as the enemy's horses stood in the stables fully equipped, captured their picket, and escaped. But I attempted in vain to rally our men until I found myself nearly alone, when I retreated, waded the river (holding my gun and cartridge box above my head, as the water came up to my neck), and succeeded in reaching a wooded swamp near by with five of my comrades, where we were soon surrounded and forced to surrender to a scouting party sent out to cut off our retreat to the mountains.

Ninety of us were captured in small squads and huddled together in what had once been an old frame church, now utilized as a guardhouse. The stone foundations, four feet high, with the upright beams supporting the roof, still stood; but the sides, flooring, and other woodwork had been ripped off and devoted to camp fire duty. With its floor of earth and open sides it afforded little protection from the wintry blasts that swept from the surrounding mountains.

My loved mother had sent me, disguised as a skirt and worn by a Virginia relative through the lines, some gray cloth from Philadelphia, Pa., which I had had made into a uniform resembling, as I subsequently learned, those worn by "Jesse Scouts," Federal soldiers. When I was brought into camp, one of the Yanks remarked: "Johnny, you look very much like a fellow that used to scout for General Averill." Deeming it only a casual remark, I replied simply, "Do I?" and gave no further heed to his remark. About three o'clock that afternoon I was summoned and escorted by two guards before a drumhead court-martial (composed of five regimental officers), held in a large room on the first floor of a dwelling used as army headquarters, and charged with desertion and joining the enemy, conviction of which meant death.

I had braved the "grim monster" on many fields; but now at the thought of being led out and "shot down like a dog" on a false accusation death inspired disgust rather than terror. Friendless and exhausted by the long tramp through the mountains, the charge and fight of the early morn, I sank into a chair and gazed at the stern faces about me; no pity shone in their eyes, not even in those of a young lieutenant whom I had captured that morning and to whom I had given a blanket, remarking that it would be very cold going back through the mountains and that he would need it.

When this officer came into the room, I said pleasantly: "Lieutenant, they have me up on very serious charges." He replied coldly: "Well, I guess they are true." I said no more. The court was called to order, silence reigned, and the judge advocate proceeded to read "the charges," which alleged that a few months prior I had been attached to General Averill's command as a scout; had deserted, joined the enemy, and had that day been captured with arms in my hands. I was ordered to plead. I entered an emphatic and indignant "not guilty." I was first questioned on my personal history and told the court briefly that I was a native of Richmond, Va.; that I had left college at the outbreak of the war and enlisted as a private in Company A, 52d Virginia, under Capt. James H. Skinner and Col. John B. Baldwin; that at the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862 I had joined Company D, of the 62d Virginia, and that I was color bearer of my regiment.

The court then asked our intentions by the raid. I replied that when the Valley campaign closed some six hundred of us with broken-down horses had been sent to Highland County to recruit them; that a gentleman who had come through the lines had reported that there was a Federal cavalry regiment at Beverly, handsomely mounted; and that, being in need of horses, some three hundred and eighty of us had volunteered to come over and "give them a brush," hoping to surprise, capture, and parole the garrison and go back mounted, but that they had "turned the tables on us."

Lieut. Robert Gamble, acting adjutant, had been killed in

the fight with the muster roll of our little command on his person. I was questioned fifteen or twenty minutes on this roll, and, having answered all questions put to me, said to the court: "Gentlemen, had I been a deserter from your army for the past two or three months, as the man for whom I am taken is reported to be, it would be impossible for me to place to their companies and regiments men from twenty-six or twenty-eight different companies from three or four different regiments." The court gave no consideration to this remark. I told them that the ninety prisoners in the guardhouse would testify that I had never served a day in the Federal army, and requested that they be called as witnesses in my behalf; but that was refused. I then told them that I could prove my innocence by an uncle, a rabid Unionist, in the North, a resident of Philadelphia, Pa., who would like to see the Southern army exterminated; but they would listen to nothing that I would advance nor accede to any of my requests.

Two men were now called by the judge advocate and asked if I was the man who had scouted for General Averill in the Valley last summer. They scrutinized me closely and replied: "Yes." "Are you certain of it?" asked the court. They again eyed me closely and answered: "Yes." The judge advocate then reached for a Bible to swear them. Unable longer to restrain myself, I sprang to my feet and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, it is in your power to swear away my life; but, remember, in so doing you murder an innocent man." Then, turning to the court, I said: "And, gentlemen, I wish you to understand that shooting down prisoners is 'a game that two can play at,' and this farce of a trial will not avail you. You will also have to murder the ninety men in the guardhouse, or they will carry to General Imboden my request to hang ten Yankees for me. This is all I have to say."

That was a phase of the case they had not considered, and my remarks perhaps recalled the hanging of six of their men by Colonel Mosby the previous summer in retaliation for the murder of six of his at Front Royal. The proceedings were instantly checked. The members of the court arose and went to the farther end of the room, when, after a whispered consultation, they returned and resumed their seats, and the president announced that the court had decided to send me for trial to General Averill. "Thank you, gentlemen," I said; "that is all I ask. If General Averill will say that I ever scouted an hour for him (I fought him repeatedly in the Valley last summer), he is at liberty to shoot, hang, or quarter me." I was then sent back to the guardhouse and rejoined my comrades. The two witnesses against me then seemed to take a fancy to me, gave me a blanket and something to eat, and vied with each other in kindly attention.

I had no faith in the court or its announced intention. They had refused my request of the morning to allow me to go out under guard to view our killed and wounded, so we could report their fate. I would have attempted to escape had I had the free use of my legs, although there would not have been one chance in a hundred of success, as I had sprained my left ankle badly in the charge of the early morn by stepping on a rolling stone. I wrote a farewell letter to my now sainted mother and one to my commanding general, reciting briefly the facts and requesting retaliation. These I gave to one of my comrades for delivery; and, being utterly exhausted by fatigue and the excitement of the day, I rolled myself in my blanket and slept soundly all night. The next morning we arose early, as we were to be sent to the rear. Shortly before the line formed the two witnesses called on me and said: "Johnny, let us look at your teeth." On my complying with their request, they exclaimed: "We know now that we were mistaken and that you are not the man we took you for, as that fellow had lost his front teeth." I replied: "You came near making that discovery after I was underground."

Upon reporting their error to their colonel, I was sent off with my comrades. We were marched some six miles over the mountains without a halt, our guard being mounted. By this time my ankle had become so painful and swollen that my boot had to be cut from my foot, and I was unable to walk farther and indignantly refused to do so, telling the guard that they could shoot me, but that I could not and would not walk another step. They then put me in a wagon, and I rode until we went into camp at sundown.

The next day we were turned over to the 5th Virginia Federal Cavalry, grim old veterans, with hearts like women, who treated us royally. I rode one of their horses, and we chatted pleasantly over army experiences and sampled together some army "poteen" with which they seemed to be liberally supplied. We struck the railroad at Parkersburg, went from there to Wheeling, and thence to our destination at Camp Chase, from which I was liberated a month later on parole by the martyr President, the gentle, kindly Lincoln, and rejoined my mother and sisters, whom I had not seen for four years, in Philadelphia, Pa.

There was no exchange of prisoners after December, 1864; and when our flag was furled at Appomattox, I took the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Over forty-two years have since passed, but the memory of that drumhead court-martial will be to my dying day a vivid and frightful memory. I have never since met any of the actors in that drama. Should this meet their eyes, they will doubtless recall the November day in 1864 when they came so near convicting and shooting an innocent prisoner as a deserter from their army. I will be glad to hear from any of the old boys on either side.

. . . . . .

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Veteran to learn how I got my parole, as paroles were rarely granted. My mother, through the kindly offices of Gen. Frank Blair, secured an interview with Mr. Lincoln and pleaded for the release of her only son. Mr. Lincoln promised to give the matter consideration; and when she called the next day, he informed her that he had ordered my discharge upon taking the oath of allegiance. My mother told him that she knew I would not take the oath, so that his kind order was valueless, and she again requested my release on parole. The President said that gave a new phase to the matter. She replied that she knew it did, but that she would answer with her life for my keeping honorably any promise I might make; and so the parole was granted. She had sent me a new suit, some toilet articles, a box of cigars, etc., but had never hinted in her letters that she was making an effort for my release.

Imagine my surprise when, one morning early in December, a Yankee sergeant came into our barracks and called loudly my name, company, and regiment. I came forward and announced myself as the soldier wanted, whereupon Mr. Yank asked: "Johnny, what would you give to get out of here?" "What do you mean," said I, "foot loose and in Dixie? I would give a good deal for that." Yank replied: "No, by taking the oath." I said: "Nary oath." After some discussion I told him that I did not understand the matter, as it was news to me; that I had made no application for the oath, and could not take it; but that I would go with him to see the commandant and try to solve the mystery. He took

me to the commanding officer, who informed me that he had an order from the War Department to release me upon taking the oath. I answered that I had followed and carried the Southern cross through too many hard-fought battles to desert it, and that I could not conscientiously take the oath. So I was returned to prison.

A half hour later the same sergeant called and asked how I would like to get out on parole. I pondered, being wholly ignorant of what it meant. I wondered if I was to be again court-martialed or transferred to some other prison. I knew that I could hardly get into a worse one, for we were in "hard lines" at Camp Chase on quarter rations, and rats were luxuries, commanding fifty cents apiece. The prospect of a few days of freedom with plenty to eat was so alluring that I announced that I would accept a parole. I tidied up, put on my new suit, giving my old one to one of my comrades, and went with the sergeant. At headquarters I was shown two orders from the War Department, and saw at a glance that the dates had been changed, the parole being made the earlier and the oath the later order; so after failure to get me to take the oath they had to release me on parole.

After treating the Yanks to cigars and thanking them, I took the coach to Columbus, four miles distant, where I got the first "square meal" I had eaten in months at the old Eagle Hotel. I paid fifty cents for my dinner beforehand. Had I settled later, I think the proprietor would have charged me five dollars, as, being half starved, I ate ten men's share, and in consequence nearly died with colic that night. This was my first experience of Northern freedom and customs. The head waiter was a "big buck negro" as black as coal, the waiter girls being white. He stood at one end of the dining room yelling "Mary," "Sal," "Fanny" to the white girls and pointing to the various guests needing attention. It was difficult for me to maintain silence and refrain from violence; but, deeming this only one phase of Northern civilization, I thought it best under present circumstances not to attempt its reformation.

After dinner I took the first train from Columbus to Pittsburg, thence to Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., where, by the terms of my parole, I reported to Gen. Samuel M. Bowman, commanding that department, who ordered me to rejoin my family in Philadelphia, to pay no visits, to receive no callers, to go to no places of public amusement, and to report to him daily by letter. A month later he ordered me to report weekly. This continued up to the time of Lee's surrender, when I took the oath, thereby becoming a full-fledged American citizen and ending my career as a Johnny Reb.

An Attorney of President Jefferson Davis.—A Montclair (N. J.) special to the New York Times on June 16 states: "Col. Charles Edward Hooker, of the Confederate army and until recently a member of Congress from Mississippi, is visiting Col. and Mrs. Selden Allen Day, U. S. A., in Montclair. The men met during the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis. One was an officer in the Confederate and the other in the Union army. Colonel Hooker was the lawyer who defended Mr. Davis after the war against the charge of treason, and Colonel Day was a lieutenant assigned to guard the captive while he was in prison at Fort Monroe. Colonel Hooker often chatted freely with Lieutenant Day, even giving him advice and friendly counsel. Mrs. Day is a Virginian, and is known to the public as an author, writing over the signature of Helen H. Gardener."

CAREER OF MAJ. JAMES A. RHEA.

James A. Rhea, first lieutenant of Company G, 19th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, April 7, 1862, while commanding his company. He was brought on a cot from the battlefield to his home, at Blountville, Tenn., about the 1st of May. He was taken off the train at Zollicoffer, now Bluff City, the nearest point to his home on the railroad, at which place was camped a company of Confederates. As soon as it was known among these soldiers that Lieutenant Rhea wished to be conveyed to his home, forthwith the entire company volunteered to carry him. Twelve stalwart men were selected for this, and he was gently borne on their shoulders a distance of six and a half miles over rough hills and valleys to his home and friends.

After his recovery he was no longer able for infantry service, and in September, 1862, after having raised another company in his native county of Sullivan, he was mustered into the 60th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, Gen. John C. Vaughan's brigade, and he was made major of the regiment. Vaughan's Brigade was in the siege of Vicksburg, Miss.; and after the surrender, Major Rhea reassembled for duty the remnant of Vaughan's Brigade who had escaped the surrender—he having been at home on account of the death of his father at the time—and formed a small battalion, which was under Gen. William E. Jones, who commanded the forces in Upper Tennessee and Southwest Virginia in the summer of 1864.

On June 5, 1864, Major Rhea led his band of brave men into the battle of Piedmont, Va., and in this battle General Jones was killed. Major Rhea was left on the field numbered among the dead, but later news came to his mourning family that he was wounded and in the hands of the enemy. He was taken to the hospital; and after his wound had been dressed, he went among the Federal wounded and helped to dress their wounds, and treated them as if they were his comrades and friends, for which he received their grateful thanks and praise, and one of them presented him a rubber poncho as a token of gratitude for his kind treatment. In this battle Major Rhea lost his sword.

After the war Major Rhea read law under Ex-Governor Watts, of Alabama, having located at Montgomery in the fall of 1865. He practiced law until his death, which occurred December 31, 1871, and he sleeps in the cemetery at Montgomery. His brother, Robert M. Rhea, belonged to the 63d Tennessee Infantry, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He died at Knoxville, Tenn., August 13, 1903. Another brother, Joseph Brainerd Rhea, was a member of Major Rhea's regiment; died at Marion, Va., July 5, 1902.

A surviving brother, William L. Rhea, 622 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn., makes inquiry as to what company was camped at Zollicoffer at the time mentioned and who remembers how Major Rhea was carried to his home. He would also like to hear from any comrades who were with him when wounded and a prisoner and who can explain why Major Rhea was able to return home without parole. He also makes inquiry for the Federal who gave him the rubber poncho. He will appreciate hearing from any one who can give him information.

Southern people who visit the Jamestown Exposition should not fail to call at Beauvoir, the U. D. C. building erected by the Virginia women. Mrs. Eustace Williams, of Kentucky, an officer of the U. D. C., is in charge, and at very reasonable prices luncheons are served on the order of old-time Southern cooking. This is not a "paid notice," but complimentary.

STRANGE AND FATAL FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

BY E. H. ROBINSON, DELTA, FLA.

In the VETERAN for June Comrade J. C. Bell, of Mississippi, notes a tragedy of the war occurring near Okolona, Miss. I, having been in the midst of it, make some corrections of his statement and give the facts as they occurred.

A detachment of some one hundred and fifty of the 2d Alabama Cavalry had been on an extended scout within the enemy's lines, then about Corinth. We were returning to Camp at Okolona when overtaken by a severe thunderstorm. A party of us took refuge in an oak grove under a heavy-topped black-jack. In this group were Capt. Bill Allen, Captain (or Major) Carpenter, Captain McCreary, Captain Peguese, and First Lieutenant Lovell. Lieutenant Lovell had just pulled down a limb of heavy foliage to screen his face from the rain when the crash came. Lightning struck the tree, the current supposedly following this limb. Lieutenant Lovell, a gallant young officer, was killed instantly, and the others were all severely shocked, Captains Allen and Peguese remaining unconscious for some time. All recovered without permanent injury except Captain Peguese, who lost entirely the sight of one eye, and was off duty for some time.

Six of the seven horses in this squad were killed instantly except that of Captain McCreary, who had just reined his horse back a few paces in the nick of time. All were fine horses, that of Captain Peguese being a beautiful and splendid charger, a present to him from the ladies of Tuscaloosa, Ala. Only a few yards distant sat in line, close order with knees touching, three men—J. J. Hodges, now of Lott City, Tex., on the right, old man Harp in the center, and I to the left. The bolt struck Mr. Harp's mount, a fine black mare. Hodges's horse sprang away to the right, running crazily for some distance. Both horse and rider were severely shocked. My horse fell also, but recovered at once uninjured, and faced the music as though he expected a charge. I think the surgeon present was Dr. Hill, of the regiment.

A recent law enacted in Florida gives all Confederates of sixty years a pension of one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I am just within the age limit, am sixty-one; but have never yet asked for relief, though I stopped two blue whistlers and left a leg in Georgia, and am so presumptuous as to deem myself worthy of a share of this benefaction, and expect to make application.

ABOUT ENLISTMENTS FOR THE WAR.

BY A. H. PLECKER, LYNCHBURG, VA.

I notice in the VETERAN for May, page 211, P. E. Hockersmith's paper concerning the first reënlistment at Dalton for the war and to the effect that Douglas's Texas Battery was the first to lead off. This was on January 18, 1864. He closes his communication with an "authentic history, which settles forever the question as to which Confederate command first reënlisted for the entire period of the war!"

My! My! This is news to me, as I thought that every command that was fighting under the stars and bars at that late date was in for the war. Company H, of the 28th Virginia Regiment, of which the writer was a member, reënlisted for the war in November, 1861, while out on advanced picket line, and was given a battery of six guns which was known as Anderson's Virginia Battery and later on Botetourt Artillery. It was attached to General Stevenson's Division in the spring of 1862 in Tennessee, and followed him through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Mississippi, and fought at Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and during the forty-seven days' siege at Vicksburg, after which it was transferred back to the Army of Northern Virginia; and three days after General Lee's surrender on top of the Alleghany Mountains in Southwest Virginia spiked their guns and destroyed the battery, as we had every reason to believe the war for which we had reenlisted nearly three and a half years before had closed.

FIRST RE-ENLISTMENTS FOR THE WAR.

Col. W. L. DeRosset, who commanded the 3d North Carolina Infantry, C. S. A., writes reply to P. E. Hockersmith: "On page 211 of your May number a correspondent relates certain data, calling it 'authentic history,' with reference to the reënlistment of Douglas's Texas Battery in January, 1864, at Dalton, Ga. Permit me to state that North Carolinians are jealous of their rights when such matters are stated as 'authentic history.' The first ten regiments raised by law in North Carolina were designated as State troops, every man of which was enlisted for the war—this in 1861. Calls were then made for volunteers, and regiment after regiment enlisted for twelve months, at the expiration of which enlistment they were called upon to reënlist with certain privileges. In May, 1862, many, if not most, of these regiments began to reënlist; this continued, and other regiments were organized. The reënlistment was for the war. This claim is authentic, it being found amongst the records of the State."

FIRST DECORATION OF GRAVES.

BY MRS. J. E. HOPKINS, NEW MARKET, VA.

In looking over some back numbers of the VETERAN, I notice the question asked, "In what year did you first decorate graves?" My answer is, May 15, 1866, being the anniversary of the battle of Newmarket, which took place in 1864. This battle is distinguished from all others as being the one in which the Virginia Military Institute cadets rendered such marked service. New Market is in the valley of the Shenandoah, the section that the Federal General Hunter devastated with his torch and tried to make a barren waste according to Grant's order, so that "a crow flying over that country will be compelled to carry his rations with him."

A brief history may interest your readers. During the war we had an "Aid Society" for the benefit of the soldiers that might be in need of such things as we could supply. That formed the nucleus of our present society, known as the "Woman's Memorial Society." We are still doing effective work. Only a few are living who belonged to the original organization; but they left it to us as a loving heritage, and we received it as a benediction and are faithful. Thus up to the present time we have kept the altar fires burning; and should you see us on Memorial Day, you would be moved to say we were worthy sons and daughters of noble sires.

Ours is an unchartered organization. To tell what we have done may seem insignificant to some. It has been our work to erect a handsome granite shaft with the names of all who fell in this battle and died from wounds received in it, and in addition each grave has a modest stone with name, company, regiment, and where from. This we have done in the fullness of our hearts.

We claim to be the oldest society in the South. If there is an older, please let us hear from it. We have also a fine Camp and an organization of Sons of Veterans. Our neighboring town has an interesting Chapter of U. D. C., to which many of us belong; but the great day of the year is our veterans' picnic, when we all keep open house and hearts and

baskets; and if you want to see what old Virginia hospitality is, come and see.

As a little girl, interested in anything curious, I went with some ladies in the year 1862 to carry wearing apparel to a battalion of Maryland soldiers. These ladies were the President and Vice President of the above-mentioned Aid Society. Now I am a veteran's wife and daughter and mother of daughters.

DAYS AND NIGHTS CUT OFF IN SWAMPS.

BY W. H. OGILVIE, ALLISONA, TENN.

[The experiences of about eighty men of Brown's Brigade, commanded by Gen. J. C. Palmer, in the battle at Bentonville, N. C., has been reported through the VETERAN at different times, but this is a more extensive account. The story recalls the successful experience of the late Col. John H. Anderson, who so far advanced in a charge during the battle of Murfreesboro as to pass beyond the enemy's line, and yet with these eighty men made his way around to the Confederate army.]

In the Bentonville battle General Palmer's command consisted of the 3d, 18th, 26th, 32d, and 45th Tennessee, the 58th and 60th North Carolina, and 54th Virginia Regiments. They were near the center of the Confederate forces. There was some hard fighting, in which the brigade drove the enemy from his works and advanced a half mile or more. The enemy disappearing in front, it wheeled to the left and attacked the right of the enemy in the rear, the color bearer of the 26th Tennessee with his flag being conspicuously in the lead. Who can tell his name? After fighting about an hour from the enemy's third or rear line of works, a force of the enemy came up in its rear, putting the command in great peril. General Palmer and the greater part of his men made their escape. His horse was shot and, he supposed, killed; but, to his surprise, the animal was soon on its feet and followed him.

The eighty of us who were the last to leave the works were cut off from the only avenue of escape. Finding the enemy all about us in the bushes, we kept dodging them, picking up prisoners three or four at a time until we had twelve to take care of. We marched out to the east with our prisoners, literally surrounded by the enemy and not even hoping to escape. We moved to the right end of their works, and continued in that direction through the swamps nearly knee-deep, passing near their ordnance trains. During the night a lieutenant of the 3d Tennessee, who was wounded severely, walked between two of his comrades until coming to a dry place where some bark had been stripped from the tree, when the gallant fellow asked his supporters to leave him, feeling that he was a burden and that we could not escape with him. Seeing a light in the distance, his comrades carried him to it and left him. When they returned, we pursued the march till midnight, not knowing where we were going. Although the enemy's fires were still in front of us, we passed the remainder of the night and the next day on a dry place in the swamp. We could hear the Federals riding about us and talking during the day.

A map of the country taken from the enemy was perused closely, and a plan of action adopted by our officers, Col. Anderson Searcy and Lieut. Col. Alexander Hall, of the 45th Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel Gurley, of an Alabama Regiment, and Maj. W. H. Joiner, of the 18th Tennessee, besides several company officers. Lieutenant McFadden, of the 45th, and Captain Rhea, of the 3d, with others, took charge of the prisoners. We continued east until we got beyond the enemy, thence south two or three nights' march, thence west, crossing the Alamanche River, and thence north to Raleigh.

About nine o'clock one night a scout reported that we could pass through the enemy's line of fires at a certain point; but when we reached it, we found it impracticable. With bated breath we lay down until another point of escape was reported, which we found not much better, so again we lay down and waited. Our next move was to double-quick down a road between the enemy's fires. On one side we could have greeted them, but didn't regard it an opportune time for exchange of courtesies. On the other side the pine woods were on fire. Our prisoners could have had us captured, but we assured them that the two governments had recently agreed upon an exchange of prisoners and that they would be immediately exchanged; besides, we had also intimated that it would not be safe for them to make known our presence. About midnight, while in a large open field, with a swollen creek in front of us and the enemy's fires beyond, our strategic colonel, Searcy, nearly despaired of escape. However, we succeeded in crossing the creek and again crossing the road single file in double-quick between camp fires of the enemy. We stopped in a dry, secluded place about daybreak. During the day the enemy drove cattle within one hundred and fifty yards of us. We did not molest them, being content to conceal ourselves and our prisoners behind logs while they passed. Being in need of food, Captain Rhea volunteered to scout for some supplies, and returned with a red "razor-back" North Carolina hog, which he and a comrade had hemmed in a fence corner and cut its throat, being afraid to shoot it. The hog was skinned, divided into ninety-two equal parts, the skin likewise divided, and we devoured all greedily after singeing the hair from the skin.

The next night we moved again in single file, one man behind each prisoner, through swamps more than half of the time and bushes so thick that we would frequently get hung up, occasionally crossing a road. A number of the boys parted with the soles of their shoes. While crossing swollen streams on logs and otherwise some of us occasionally fell in chin-deep.

About the third or fourth morning near daybreak we found a buggy full of meat in the pine woods, which we took charge of and carried to the edge of the swamp, where we put up for the day. Our noble-hearted colonel requested us to take only a pound to the man, saying some good Rebel had hidden it from the Yanks. In returning the meat we found its owner out looking for it, and took him in charge. He claimed to be the best Union man in the country, saying he had hidden out twelve months from the Rebels. He changed front after ascertaining who we were, and informed us that we were on the bank of the Alamanche River right at a crossing place, there being no other nearer than seven miles. It seemed that Providence had guided us. Our captive, though anxious to tell his family good-by, was retained as guide. We passed over the river before sunset on a log way. Beyond the river we observed wagons passing along the road rapidly, which we supposed to be Yankee wagons, but we did not molest them. Our captive was released after guiding us a night and day, gladly returning to his home.

About the fifth or sixth day out we found a barrel of peas in an old schoolhouse, which we appropriated. Borrowing kettles (about the only thing the community had left, it being along the line of Sherman's march to the sea), we cooked the peas, seasoned with an old goat that was given us, and had a delightful repast. About the 25th or 26th we were delighted

by finding an old mill, which we put into use, and, repairing to a beautiful clear spring near the house, cooked and had a greater feast than kings ever enjoyed. The miller was at church, but heard of the depredation and considered forming a posse of fellow-Churchmen and firing upon us; but after investigating the case, he approved our conduct and quieted the "old woman," from whom we had received a severe tongue-lashing. After ascertaining that Lieutenant Colonel Gurley, of Alabama, was a relative, she devoted herself to cooking good things for us. But that dinner—that corn bread dinner! Were I a poet, I would sing its praises. It was a never-to-be-forgotten dinner.

A day or so afterwards we arrived in the vicinity of Raleigh, drew rations, and awaited transportation to our command at Smithfield. At Raleigh we turned over our prisoners, who were loath to leave us. We gave them letters to send to our wives and sweethearts when they should be exchanged, and took the cars, arriving at Smithfield about sundown. The brigade turned out to greet us. General Palmer made a speech in which he declared it to be the greatest feat of the war. Gen. John C. Brown, our former brigade commander, at the time commanding a division, hearing of our safe return, came over to see us and made a speech, in which he compared our actions to Napoleon crossing the Alps and other historical campaigns. Our generals were glad to see us, and under the enthusiasm of the moment spoke too highly of the remarkable expedition. All honor is due to our beloved Colonel Searcy, of the 45th Tennessee, and his counselors, who planned and executed the escape. The private soldiers were intelligent, prudent, and obedient. The prisoners deported themselves well. The North Carolina troops did not go over the enemy's works, though a lieutenant in the 60th North Carolina wrote up the affair in a Raleigh paper, giving too much credit to North Carolina troops. There were only two Alabamians, Lieutenant Colonel Gurley and a private. I have tried in vain to learn the whereabouts of the former. The latter had an article published in the VETERAN a few years ago claiming that the company was composed of Alabamians except a few Tennessee officers. He was in New Mexico.

THE DEATH OF STUART.

Veterans who followed the gallant "Jeb" Stuart will read with interest the following account of his death written in 1882 by the wife of Gen. L. L. Lomax for the Philadelphia Times:

"It has been said that Lee was the brain of the Confederate army, Jackson was its arm, but Stuart was its soul. The great cavalry leader was part of the history of an age that dazzled the world for a space, going out in darkness. The carriage of a noble person, the manners of a kind heart awakened interest, enthusiasm, wherever he was seen. His deeds, his exploits illuminated the gloomy scenes of war—all that was chivalric gleamed as light about the name of J. E. B. Stuart. In the saddle he was the picture of the warrior; out of the saddle the man in him was devout at times, full of prayer; at other times gay with laughter, light of heart, full of song, full of music, which was a passion with him.

"Stuart fell in a skirmish near Yellow Tavern in 1864. . . . At Ashland they were led to believe that Sheridan was moving on Richmond. General Stuart divided and placed his cavalry on three roads leading to Richmond, with directions to watch the movements of the enemy and engage him at all hazards, in order to prevent his entrance into the city, and with the understanding that the Confederate cavalry should reunite at Yellow Tavern. Stuart accompanied the march of the brigade. Upon reaching the vicinity of Yellow Tavern he found a strong picket of the enemy in front, which he succeeded in driving before him. He shortly encountered two brigades of Federal cavalry drawn up in line to support the picket. This was morning, and the fighting continued incessantly with varied success until high noon. It could be seen by the Confederates that the enemy had been reënforced. From high noon till three o'clock the fighting, which had been severe, seemed to stop by common consent. Field hospitals were established and the men rested. At three o'clock it was announced that the enemy was advancing in stronger numbers, a larger force than had hitherto been seen. The artillery was immediately placed upon an eminence by General Stuart's order for the purpose of commanding the approach of the Federals. The cavalry was hurriedly mounted and moved to the support of the artillery.

"Upon that eminence many brave men were lost, and the star of a great and glorious leader went down. As soon as the artillery opened fire the enemy could be distinguished by the naked eye preparing to charge in full force. Every effort was made by the little brigade to meet this charge gallantly, but it was thrown back again and again by overwhelming numbers.

"Stuart held his position by the artillery, never leaving his post except to rally the men or lead them back to the charge with flaming sword. Nothing could have surpassed the supreme courage displayed by him. He was cool and clear as his command went forth clear and determined. Stuart fought without respect to numbers until a shot cut him down where he stood battling for the guns. Crash on crash pealed forth. One malignant shell touched the 'bravest and the tenderest.' The first intimation the men received of the truth was to see him dismount from his iron-gray horse, hold it by the reins, his black plume tilting to one side as he staggered and fell down among the ranks of the enemy. The enemy seemed unconscious of the presence of the cavalry hero, who had been a target for their bullets and who had met them with such daring on so many contested fields.

"In the meantime another brigade of the division moved to the support of the little brigade, when it was made known for the first time along the line that General Stuart had been shot and was perhaps dead in the hands of the enemy. The effect of these tidings upon a body of men already overpowered by continuous hard fighting can hardly be imagined. Deep grief, despair was pictured upon the face of every living man. The command was rallied and formed to make a final charge for the recovery of General Stuart's body, alive or dead. Captain Dorsey, commanding a company of Maryland cavalry, requested that he might have the honor of leading the charge. This was granted. The charge was made amidst a fierce storm of bullets.

"General Stuart was found lying by the side of the iron-gray prostrate, rational, but completely disabled by a gunshot wound through the center of his body. Every eye moistened as it fell upon the graceful form outstretched, the golden hair blood-stained, the long plume, which had never been lowered by danger or despair, trailing beside him. All entreaties to induce him to leave the field were useless. He begged to be allowed to die where he had fallen within hearing of the guns. He was first in the hearts of his followers. They would not leave him. His men lifted him gently, laid him across the saddle, and bore him sorrowfully away from the scene of terrible conflict."

EXECUTION OF TWO CONFEDERATES.

BY J. L. KIRBY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The sad fate of Col. Lawrence Williams (alias Colonel Orton) and Lieut. W. G. Peter (alias Major Dunlap), who were hanged as spies by the Federals at Franklin, Tenn., in June, 1863, aroused deep sympathy throughout the South. In the Confederate homes and army of our own State, however, this tragic event—the first of its kind, I believe, to occur in Tennessee—came with especially crushing force. There was something in the detection and swift doom of these brave men even more awesome than the tidings of slaughter in battle. The depressing influence alike upon friend and humane foe was second only to that produced five months later by the lamented but superbly heroic death of the young Tennesseean, Sam Davis, within the same enemy's lines.

The Federal account of this grievous episode, written at the time from the headquarters of the post in Franklin, is evidently correct in every detail, and the story is told "more in sorrow than in anger." From this report—the only one extant, so far as I know—I take the facts here given. A restatement of them, after the lapse of so many eventful years, will doubtless be of mournful interest to those who at the time were cognizant of the tragedy, and will prove hardly less interesting to all who love and honor true sons of valor.

About sundown of June 9, 1863, two strangers rode into camp at Franklin and called at the headquarters of Colonel Baird, commander of the post. The men presented unusual appearances. They had on citizens' overcoats, Federal regulation trousers and caps, the caps covered with white flannel havelocks. They wore side arms and showed high intelligence. One claimed to be a colonel in the United States army and called himself Colonel Austin; the other called himself Major Dunlap, and both represented themselves as inspectors general of the United States army. They stated that they were now out on an expedition in this department inspecting the outposts and defenses, and that the day before they had been overhauled by the enemy and lost their coats and purses. They exhibited official papers from General Rosecrans and also from the War Department at Washington confirming their rank and business. These seemed all right to Colonel Baird, and at first satisfied him of the honesty of the men. They asked the Colonel to lend them fifty dollars, as they had no coats and no money with which to buy them. Colonel Baird lent them the money, and took Colonel Austin's note for it.

Just at dark the two officers took their departure, saying they were going to Nashville, and rode that way. So soon as their horses' heads were turned the thought of their being spies struck Colonel Baird, he said, like a thunderbolt; and he ordered Colonel Watkins, of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, who was standing by, to arrest them immediately. But they were going at lightning speed. Colonel Watkins had no time to call a guard, and only with his orderly he set out on the chase. He told the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when the men were halted, they showed any suspicious motions to fire on them without waiting for an order.

They were overtaken about one-third of a mile from Franklin. Colonel Watkins told them that Colonel Baird wanted to make some further inquiries of them and asked them to return. This they politely consented to do, after some remonstrance on account of the lateness of the hour and the distance they had to travel; and Colonel Watkins led them to his tent, where he placed a strong guard over them. It was not until one of them attempted to pass the guard at the door that they even suspected they were prisoners.

Colonel Watkins promptly took them to Colonel Baird, and they feigned great indignation at being thus treated. The Colonel frankly told them that he had his suspicions of their true character and that they should, if loyal, object to no necessary caution. They were very hard to satisfy, and were in a great hurry to get off. Colonel Baird told them they were under arrest, and he should hold them prisoners until he was fully satisfied that they were what they claimed to be. He telegraphed to General Rosecrans, and received the answer that he knew nothing of such men; that there were no such men in his service or had his pass.

After this dispatch came to hand, which it did about twelve o'clock (midnight), a search of the prisoners' persons was ordered. To this the Major consented without opposition, but the Colonel protested against it, and even put his hand threateningly to his sword. But resistance was useless and both submitted. When the Major's sword was drawn from the scabbard, there were found etched upon it these words: "Lt. W. G. Peter, C. S. A." At this discovery Colonel Baird remarked: "Gentlemen, you have played this very well." "Yes," said Lieutenant Peter, "and it came near being a perfect success." They then confessed the whole matter, and upon further search various papers showing them to be spies were found upon their persons. Lieutenant Peter had on a Confederate cap, secreted by the white flannel havelock.

Colonel Baird immediately telegraphed the facts to General Rosecrans, and asked what he should do, and in a short time received an order "to try them by drumhead court-martial, and, if found guilty, hang them immediately." The court was convened, and before daylight the case was decided, and the prisoners informed that they must prepare for immediate death by hanging. They did not want their punishment delayed; but, well knowing the consequences of their acts, even before their trial, asked to have the sentence, be it hanging or shooting, quickly decided and executed. But they deprecated the idea of death by hanging, and asked for a commutation of the sentence to shooting. This request could not be granted.

At daylight men were detailed to make a scaffold. The prisoners were visited by the chaplain of the 78th Illinois Regiment, and upon their request he administered the sacrament to them. They also wrote some letters to their friends and deposited their jewelry, silver cups, and other valuables for transmission to their homes.

The gallows was constructed near a wild cherry tree not far from the railroad depot, and in a very public place. Two ropes hung dangling from the beam within eight feet of the ground. A little after 9 A.M. the whole garrison was marshaled around the place of execution in solemn sadness. Two poplar coffins were lying a few feet away. At twenty minutes past nine the guards conducted the prisoners to the scaffold. They walked firmly and steadily, as if unmindful of the doom that awaited them. The guards did them the honor to march with arms reversed.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."

Arrived at the place of execution, the condemned officers stepped upon the platform of the cart and took their respective places. The provost marshal, Captain Alexander, then tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each, and adjusted the ropes. They then asked the privilege of bidding a last farewell; and permission being given, they tenderly embraced each other. This over, the cart moved from under them, and they hung in the air. In twenty minutes all signs of life had ceased. The bodies were cut down in thirty minutes and encoffined in

full dress. Colonel Orton was buried with a gold locket and chain on his neck. The locket contained the portrait and a braid of hair of his intended wife; her portrait was also in his vest pocket. These were buried with him, at his request. Both men were interred in the same grave.

The elder and leader of these unfortunate men was Lawrence Williams, of Georgetown, D. C. He was a fine-looking man, about six feet high, and perhaps thirty years old. He was a son of Captain Williams, who was killed at the battle of Monterey, and a first cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was a member of the regular army, with the rank of captain of cavalry, when the Civil War broke out, and at the time was aid-de-camp and private secretary to Gen. Winfield Scott. Soon after the war began he informed General Scott that all his sympathies were with the South, as his friends and interests were there, and that he could not fight against them. As he was privy to all of General Scott's plans for the campaign, it was not thought proper to turn him loose; hence he was sent to Governor's Island, where he remained three months. After the first Bull Run battle he was allowed to go South, where he joined the Confederate army. He was for a while on General Bragg's staff as Chief of Artillery, but at the time of his death was inspector general. When he joined the Confederate army, he altered his name, and signed it thus: "Lawrence W. Orton, Col. Cav., P. A., C. S. A." (Provisional Army, Confederate States of America). Sometimes he wrote his name "Orton," and sometimes "Austin," according to the object he had in view. This was learned from the papers found on him. These facts in relation to the personal history of Colonel Orton were gathered from the Colonel himself and from Colonel Watkins, who knew him well, they having belonged to the same regiment of the regular army, the 2d United States Cavalry. However, Colonel Watkins did not recognize Colonel Orton until after he had made himself known, and sincerely mourned his tragic fate. Colonel Orton, who recognized Colonel Watkins as soon as he saw him, told him that he barely saved his life when the arrest was made; that he had his hand on his pistol to kill him and escape; and that had it been any one else there he would have done so. He delivered his sword and pistols to Colonel Watkins, and told him to keep and wear them. He also presented him his horse, valued at five thousand dollars, and asked him to treat it kindly for his sake.

The other victim of this daring exploit was Walter G. Peter, a lieutenant in the Confederate army and Colonel Orton's adjutant. He was a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-five years, who gave many signs of education and refinement. He played but a secondary part. Colonel Orton was the leader, and did all the talking and managing.

There is hardly a parallel to this side drama of the great war in the character and standing of the actors, the boldness of their enterprise, and the swiftness of their detection and punishment. They went all through the Federal camp, and minutely inspected its position, works, and forces with a portion of their Confederate insignia upon them, and the boldness of their conduct made their hazardous mission almost successful.

The Federal writer, whose facts I have used, in closing his narrative, said: "We are all sad over this event. There is gloom upon every face. Although we are satisfied that the mission of these men was to plan our destruction, and that even they recognized their punishment as just, according to the accepted rules of war among all nations, still to see them suffer such a penalty has filled our garrison with sadness."

LOUDON PARK CEMETERY.

The officers of the Maryland Line Confederate soldiers have published a list of the dead Confederates in that cemetery, Baltimore. It is here abbreviated, the name, letter of company, figure of regiment, and date of burial only being used:

Virginia.—Geo. H. Givens, —, 25th, buried May 18, 62. Thos. Brinston, —, 16th, Sept. —, 62. Geo. W. Light, H, 14th, July 10, 63. D. W. Bauler, G, 34th, July 20, 63. W. T. Lancaster, F, 3d, Aug. 11, 63; age, 30 years. H. L. Raber, A, 8th, Aug. 14, 63. Willis M. Vesh, C, 57th, Aug. 19, 63; age, 21 years. H. T. Gibson, H, 56th, Aug. 20, 63; age, 27 years. Thos. Church, C, 30th, Oct. 29, 63. M. G. Austin, B, 21st, Dec. 3, 63; age, 24 years. J. R. Rice, H, 38th, Jan. 14, 64; age, 39 years. Hugh Price, —, May 11, 64. Archibald Edward, E, 21st, Aug. 1, 64; age, 14 years. Thos. Cox, A, 21st, Aug. 15, 64; age, 33 years. R. P. Shinning, B, 14th, Oct. 14, 64. John Gilpin, F, 22d, Oct. 15, 64. W. T. Bellington, I, 42d, Oct. 16, 64. G. A. Allen, G, 22d, Oct. 18, 64. G. S. Lewis, H, 4th, Oct. 18, 64. C. M. Lawson, K, 50th, Oct. 19, 64. James A. Lively, H, 26th, Oct. 21, 64. Richard Beasley, K, 15th, Oct. 21, 64. Robert A. Huckeby, I, 53d, Oct. 27, 64. Franklin Oliver, C, 26th, Oct. 27, 64. John Hasley, C, 21st, Oct. 28, 64. J. M. Johnston, K, 44th, Nov. 1, 64. T. C. Rice, C, 58th, Nov. 3, 64. George N. Matherly, F, 42d, Nov. 6, 64. T. R. Nelson, K, 50th, Nov. 10, 64. H. G. Kelly, K, 49th, Nov. —, 64. John Brackley, E, 5th, Dec. 18, 64. T. J. Scott, B, 54th, Dec. —, 64. B. F. Walker, B, 59th, Feb. 4, 65. Eugene Kennedy, E, 13th, Feb. 18, 65. J. G. Wood, K, 42d, March 2, 65.

North Carolina.—Tobias M. Manning, —, 5th, May 17, 62. John Hubbard, I, 5th, May 13, 62. Jas. Tomlinson, —, 5th, May 17, 62. Blake B. Adams, —, 5th, May 20, 62. Thos. J. Jones, H, 5th, May 22, 62. Aaron Moore, A, 5th, May 24, 62. Patrick Haggerty, E, 5th, May 23, 62. Jonathan J. Lestre, —, 5th, ——. Elijah Atkinson, C, 5th, May 28, 62. Whitmill Clark, —, 5th, June 11, 62. B. Warner, H, 15th, Sept. —, 62; age, 35 years. Stephen Bevan, —, 15th, ——. F. S. Bevans, —, 4th, April —, 63. Hews T. Rowe, K, 5th, July 10, 63. J. W. White, F, 11th, July 10, 63. David Ingalls, D, 13th, July 20, 63. David J. Smith, I, 11th, July 20, 63. J. W. Daniel, H, 3d, July 23, 63; age, 22 years. J. E. Morbray, G, 52d, July 27, 63. H. Carpenter, I, 11th, July 31, 63; age, 40 years. A. R. Edwards, R, 26th, Aug. 3, 63; age, 23 years. John Williams, —, 47th, Aug. 7, 63. Daniel McCaskill, H, 26th, Nov. 20, 63; age, 24 years. M. Skipper, D, 46th, Oct. 13, 64. C. R. Heffner, F, 38th, Oct. 14, 64. Benjamin Caunet, K, 8th, Oct. 14, 64. John A. Shaw, D, 51st, Oct. 14, 64. B. Howard, H, 52d, Oct. 15, 64. Chas. Taylor, F, 66th, Oct. 21, 64. W. W. Caldwell, C, 37th, Oct. 22, 64. M. H. Holmes, C, 1st, Oct. 22, 64. Lorenzo Colly, G, 25th, Oct. 25, 64. D. J. Bradshaw, B, 51st, Oct. 27, 64. R. P. Weathers, E, 12th, Oct. 27, 64. Caleb M. Fronton, B, 5th, Oct. 28, 64. S. J. Woolen, E, 45th, Nov. 1, 64. Wm. W. Holland, I, 26th, Nov. 9, 64. Jas. M. Pritchard, K, 6th, Nov. 11, 64. Zelos H. Hames, H, 6th, Nov. 12, 64. F. H. Matthews, I, 12th, Nov. 15, 64. Doggett Newton, B, 12th, Nov. 19, 64. Noah Camp, G, 5th, Nov. 20, 64. John Frazer, K, 6th, Dec. 7, 64. Z. R. Robinson, G, 30th, Dec. 16, 64. W. H. Lothrop, E, 28th, Dec. 20, 64. N. Camp, C, 5th, Dec. —, 64. W. W. Copes, —, —, Dec. —, 64. G. T. Boyett, B, 2d, Jan. 2, 65. Jas. S. Low, G, 24th, Feb. 24, 65.

Alabama.—Dualey Dean, H, 1st, June 7, 63. John H. Craig, —, 5th, July 29, 63; age, 26 years. T. W. Shaw, H, 11th, March 3, 64; age, 25 years. H. D. Hancock, G, 12th, Oct. 16, 64. J. M. Tyes, G, 1st, Oct. 26, 64. Henry H. Smith, F, 61st, Nov. 2, 64. W. A. Tanier, D, 5th, Nov. 18, 64. E. B. Garden,

J, 47th, Dec. —, 64. J. W. Carlisle, E, 5th, Jan. 8, 65. John Pully, E, 1st, Feb. 28, 65.

South Carolina.—John A. Boyd, D, 13th, July 20, 63. M. B. Russell, F, 12th, July 31, 63; age, 25 years. J. D. Frick, C, 1st, Sept. 1, 63; age, 19 years. D. E. Pope, I (Holcombe), Oct. 14, 64. Daniel Dandy, C (Holcombe), Oct. 14, 64. W. B. Garrett, D, 18th, Oct. 15, 64. R. W. Gibson, I, 21st, Oct. 17, 64. E. M. Mungo, H, 1st, Oct. 23, 64. N. N. Ranch, C, 20th, Nov. 6, 64. W. B. Smith, M, 8th, Nov. 6, 64. C. Hudgens, C, 3d, Nov. 9, 64. John N. Rowland, I, 1st, Nov. 10, 64. H. Z. Chapman, F, 20th, Nov. 10, 64. Wm. E. Wilson, C, 22d, Nov. 12, 64. M. R. Sullivan, D, 4th, Nov. 20, 64. H. W. Gardner, C, 1st, Nov. —, 64. T. S. Warren, I, 11th, Dec. 11, 64. W. N. Scurgs, K (Watkins), March 2, 65.

Florida.—Jas. A. Ross, A, 8th, July 18, 63. J. S. Cochran, D, 5th, Nov. 29, 63; age, 26 years. Benj. Phillips, E, 5th, Oct. 14, 64. J. P. Ray, E, 8th, Oct. 15, 64.

Louisiana.—J. W. Osbourne, A, 14th, July 25, 63. E. J. Thompson, G, 8th, Aug. 29, 64; age, 32 years. W. A. Burnam, G, 8th, Nov. 15, 64.

Georgia.—Wm. Frederick, —, 3d, Dec. 23, 62. A. J. Cochrane, E, 41st, Dec. —, 62. Frank Goodwin, —, 8th, July 21, 63; age, 19 years. S. Lawson, E, 22d, Sept. 6, 63; age, 41 years. B. F. Ogletree, I, 13th, Aug. 15, 64; age, 37 years. Thos. E. Hodges, B, 7th, Oct. 15, 64. H. P. Taylor, E, 7th, Oct. 15, 64. W. B. Smith, A, 7th, Oct. 16, 64. H. J. Orliff, D, 11th, Oct. 15, 64. Chas. Walker, K, 49th, Oct. 17, 64. A. B. Foster, K, 54th, Oct. 19, 64. W. H. Wingett, G, 7th, Oct. 23, 64. L. D. Pierson, F, 28th, Oct. 21, 64. Daniel Teems, G, 38th, Oct. 30, 64. E. Carpenter, B, 64th, Nov. 1, 64. L. D. Watts, C, 21st, Nov. 3, 64. John Clemens, G, 24th, Nov. 5, 64. G. R. Elliott, D, 53d, Nov. 5, 64. F. H. Jarroll, I, 13th, Nov. 7, 64. J. N. Reeves, G, 31st, Nov. 27, 64. C. J. Walton, —, —, Nov. —, 64. J. C. Gotter, C, 92d, Nov. —, 64. J. C. Bryant, B, 18th, Nov. —, 64. W. Fredericks, —, 3d, Nov. —, 64. J. B. Weller, —, —, Feb. —, 65. N. Waites, A, 38th, March 12, 65.

Mississippi.—Wm. J. Clark, —, Dec. —, 62. David Ashbur, H, 24th, April 24, 63. Jas. E. Jones, C, 8th, April 27, 63. W. O. Clark, —, March —, 63. R. W. Goodwin, A, 11th, Dec. 30, 63. John K. Mins, E, 11th, March 13, 64; age, 24 years. J. P. Owen, —, April 21, 64. T. E. Steiger, —, April 21, 64. M. M. Jones, E, 13th, Oct. 29, 64. B. J. Downs, D, 17th, Nov. 2, 64. T. J. Ashburn, —, 30th, Nov. —, 64.

Texas.—J. M. Lee, —, Feb. —, 63. S. N. Stevenson, H, 5th, Aug. 7, 63. J. E. Love, A, 5th, Aug. 23, 63; age, 31 years.

Tennessee.—T. J. Hubbard, B, 7th, Aug. 3, 63. J. B. Crabtree, D, 44th, Oct. 23, 64. B. H. Hardway, A, 1st, Nov. —, 64. A. Stark (drummer), —, 4th, Dec. —, 64. H. H. Wiseman, B, 1st, Feb. 17, 65. Lewis Horton, K (Hawkins), March 3, 65.

Unknown.—John Scott, May 11, 62. —— Graham, May 11, 62. John Nomey, May 14, 62. Theodore Spier, May 15, 62. Dennis L. Godwin, May 15, 62. James C. Weller, May 15, 62. J. R. Crawford, Dec. —, 62. P. Wanzer, Jan. —, 63. Hyatt Hank, April 10, 63. John B. Tilly, June 20, 63. Unknown, received from Martinsburg, Oct. —, 64. W. J. Simons, Oct. 31, 64. H. H. Patten, Jeff. Davis's Art., Nov. —, 64. R. F. Mackintoff, D (Thos. Legion), Nov. —, 64. Michall, Nov. —, 64. E. B. Gentree, Dec. —, 64. C. Irons, Dec. —, 64. G. P. Blunt, K, Dec. —, 64. J. B. Bass, Philips's Legion, Jan. 15, 65. Three unknown, Feb. 4, 65. Five unknown, Feb. 23, 65. Jas. O. Morgan, Feb. 24, 65. Jas. W. Brown, K (Col. Kitchen), Feb. 25, 65. J. M. Nolan, Jeff. Davis's Art., Feb. 21, 65. J. A. Hagen, Feb. —, 65. Five unknown, March 4, 65. C. B. Ruckman, July 7, 65. —— Gibbins, Dec. 30, 63. Robt. H. Perkinson, B (Hood's Battalion), Oct. 14, 64. R. M. Daniels, Archer's Battery, Dec. 23, 64.

Arkansas.—Wm. Appling, —, 19th, April 10, 63.

It will be seen that not a man from Maryland is in the list.

The State of Maryland has erected a handsome monument (a white marble shaft) at Point Lookout in honor of three thousand and four Confederate prisoners who died there from March 1, 1864, to June 30, 1865. They were from States as follows: Virginia, 640; North Carolina, 962; South Carolina, 248; Georgia, 249; Alabama, 75; Tennessee, 63; Louisiana, 38; Mississippi, 42; Florida, 31; Kentucky, 18; Texas, 6; Maryland, 6; Arkansas and Missouri, 4 each. Then there were six hundred and eighteen whose States are not designated. The above list represents those who died after March 1, while many had died there previously.

HEROISM OF WALTHALL'S MISSISSIPPIANS.

BY J. E. REYNOLDS, 30TH MISS. REGT., CAMERON, IND. T.

I feel it due to those whose acts of devotion and daring gallantry should live forever that I send to you for publication an account of a stand taken by a little band of men belonging to Walthall's Mississippi Brigade on the occasion of the surrender of the brigade on November 24, 1863, while on picket by the railway under the heights of Lookout Mountain.

We had hardly gotten located on duty, if my memory serves me right, before we saw the Federal army maneuvering in and around Chattanooga, evidently preparing to attack and dislodge us. But a short time elapsed until their command crossed the creek and bore down on us in such numbers that it was folly to resist, so the brigade was compelled to capitulate. None but those who chose death to capture dared to take life in hand and run the gantlet in attempting to escape. We were under Lookout Heights, and to avoid surrendering were compelled to go back over our own abattis work under heavy cannonading, which was playing on the mountain side to cut off our retreat. Four of my comrades—Henry C. Latham, Buck Humphries, Steve and Jo Hughes—and I unhesitatingly chose the latter alternative; and we made the break for liberty, the rest surrendering—at least, we saw no others escaping. My four comrades knew of a crevice in the mountain, which they made for, and were soon safe from the rattle of musketry and exploding of shells like hail about us.

Bearing as much as possible toward the top of the hill and next to the mountain, I took up my line of retreat. While falling back toward the point of Lookout, and after being disabled from a wound in my breast, my attention was called to frequent confusion in the enemy's ranks, the colors in their advance line frequently falling back on their massed columns as they pushed forward. I was facing the enemy in my retreat, and turned around to my right to see what caused the commotion and disorder, when, to my astonishment, I beheld one hundred and forty-eight of our men, who had been on picket duty the previous night, returning to their command. On discovering the situation they had formed in line of battle, and were contesting every inch of ground that the enemy, numbering twenty-five to one, were taking. I forgot all about the rattle of bullets and cannon balls plowing the ground under me, and my eyes filled with tears when I saw them mashed to the ground. I saw them plainly using the butts of their guns and bayonets as they were being crushed underfoot, and not a Confederate's back did I see turned to the enemy. I would enjoy very much hearing from any participant.

WHEN MR. DAVIS HEARD OF LINCOLN'S DEATH.

A most interesting article from Norfolk by Joseph G. Fiveash is given in the Richmond Times-Dispatch concerning the circumstances attending President Davis in his movements from Richmond when the news of President Lincoln's death was received. This comrade reports his first visit to Charlotte, N. C., since the war period:

"The desire to revisit the old spot where Mr. Davis delivered his last speech was the chief cause of the visit; and when the Bates house was sought, from the front door of which Mr. Davis addressed the citizens, refugees, and soldiers who had assembled late that April afternoon to hear him, it was found to have been replaced by an imposing building, the lower floor being occupied by the Southern Express Company. A few feet in front of it, fastened in the sidewalk, was a brass tablet containing an inscription to this effect: 'On this spot Jefferson Davis heard of Lincoln's death, April 15, 1865.'

"Had the date April 18 been substituted for the 15th, it would have been entirely accurate. The news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was communicated to Mr. Davis just as the latter was about to commence his speech. On Tuesday, April 18, however, word was passed from one to another of the citizens that Jefferson Davis would arrive in the town during the day. Late that afternoon Mr. Davis reached Charlotte with several members of his Cabinet and others. Escorted by a detachment of Vaughan's Cavalry command, he proceeded to the residence of Lewis F. Bates, on Tryon Street, where a crowd composed of citizens, refugees, and soldiers (mostly cavalrymen) had assembled to greet him. Mr. Bates was the Superintendent of the Southern Express Company, and resided but a short distance from his office. There was a lane or alley, now known as Fourth Street, between his premises and the residence of Col. William Johnston. The lot on the corner of the lane was inclosed by a high fence, and the Bates residence immediately adjoined it. Bates was a Northern man who had located in Charlotte a few years before the war by reason of his connection with the Express Company. When Mr. Davis and party arrived at the Bates house, there was a delay of some kind, the impatient crowd waiting several minutes before the front door was opened. Mr. Davis stood immediately in the doorway, not more than three feet from the sidewalk. On his left stood Col. William Johnston, President of the South Carolina Railroad. Immediately in front, on the sidewalk, were citizens and refugees, and in the street, beyond the sidewalk, were a number of cavalrymen sitting on their horses. They were members of the commands of Generals Vaughan and Duke, and possibly some from Ferguson's command. The time was late in the afternoon; darkness was coming when the crowd dispersed.

"Mr. Davis, upon taking his position in the door, was just about to commence to speak when he was interrupted by Mr. J. C. Courtney, manager of the telegraph office, who handed him a telegram, which he opened and read and handed to Col. William Johnston, who was standing by his side. There were cries from the crowd, 'Read!' 'Read!' whereupon Colonel Johnston read the telegram, which was from Secretary of War John C. Breckinridge, announcing that he had learned through Sherman's headquarters that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated on the night of Good Friday, the 14th, and that Secretary Seward had been wounded.

"Mr. Davis then, without making any mention of the dispatch that had just been read, proceeded to address the assemblage and outlined his views as to the policy to be pursued. He stated that there were armies still in existence (Johnston had not then surrendered), and that the conflict could be continued beyond the Mississippi River until such time as satisfactory terms of peace could be secured. The entire burden of his speech was that the war was not necessarily ended; that much could be accomplished by armies still in the field.

"After the end had come, Bates, who entertained Mr. Davis, was summoned before a committee at Washington that was endeavoring to connect the Confederate President with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and testified that Mr. Davis, when he received the news, made a quotation from 'Macbeth,' showing his sympathy with the deed. The publication of this testimony caused intense indignation in Charlotte, where its falsity was well known, and the writer is of the impression that Bates did not return to the town. A few years ago a press dispatch from Boston announced the death in some town in Massachusetts in extreme poverty of Lewis F. Bates, the man who had entertained Jefferson Davis in Charlotte when the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination was received by Mr. Davis.

"The writer of this received a letter from Colonel Johnston, dated Charlotte, December 18, 1889, in which that gentleman said: 'Would be pleased to have your recollections of what occurred. Charlotte was then crowded with refugees from Wilmington, Charleston, Columbia, and other places. Bates asked of Major Echols the privilege to entertain Mr. Davis, and it was regarded as fortunate, as Bates had greater facilities to entertain than any other citizen.'

"Mr. Davis remained in Charlotte several days, when he started South, and was captured in Georgia."

The foregoing is given with the greater interest, as it so well illustrates that great man in emergencies. He could not have acted, it seems, with finer discretion.



NEWPORT NEWS RESIDENCE AT REUNION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION.

THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTH.

Review of Race Relationship and Conditions.

BY E. H. HINTON, ATLANTA, GA.

(Letter held over from the *Indianapolis News*.)

In one of your recent issues, commenting on the Atlanta riot of September 22—an unfortunate incident which no good Southerner defends—you used this language: "How does it happen that the blacks who took care of the helpless women and children during the war cannot now be trusted to live in the same town?"

I have not seen this question answered directly by any Southern journal. And yet it goes to the very foundation of all our race troubles. It might be answered briefly by the statement that the negro has changed since 1865, and that in many important particulars he has changed decidedly for the worse. This fact is perfectly patent to intelligent observers in this territory, but it is due you that I particularize.

In order that you may understand that I am fitted by personal experience and observation to write on this subject, at least from our view point, it is proper for me to tell you that I am the son of a former large slaveholder of Mississippi who had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred slaves. Though a small boy when the war began, I was thoroughly familiar with plantation life. I lived on the plantation during the war and during the dark days of reconstruction. Prior to and during the war and after it I was thrown in daily contact with the negroes on our own plantation and others.

I cheerfully admit that during the war there was scarcely a plantation in the South where the mistress and her children were not left alone at the mercy of the slaves a great part of the time, and that the record shows unswerving loyalty on their part. This happy condition was the result of years of training until it had become an inherited tendency. No thought of social equality, and the vile thought inevitably incident thereto, ever entered the heads of the negroes. The discipline of the plantation was firm but kind, and the relation between the owner and owned took on a paternalistic character, the owner feeling as he might toward a lot of children and the slaves looking up to him as a superior whom they held in highest respect. There naturally grew up an affection, a bond of sympathy, and a mutual feeling of interest that was as beautiful as a poem, whatever may be said about the institution of slavery as a whole. (And I wish to say just here that none of the old slaveholders nor any of their descendants would restore the institution if they could.)

The end of the war came in the spring of 1865. Immediately a lot of adventurers, most of them unscrupulous, came into the South from the North, not for legitimate enterprises nor honest investments, but for plunder. They immediately began by precept and example to instill into the minds of the negroes the doctrine that they were in every way the equals of the whites, that they were entitled to every privilege, social or otherwise, which their former masters had enjoyed, and that the United States government had spent millions to guarantee this to them.

From the very first of this infamous propaganda there was created between the two races a strong propulsive force to drive them apart, placing on the defensive the white, with all his pride of race and every instinct of self-preservation, and on the part of the inferior black arousing an envy and hatred inevitably born of a feeling that in being debarred from social equality by the native whites he was being deprived of something to which he was entitled by right.

As strongly supporting the attitude of the "carpetbaggers," the people of the North recognized the negro as an equal by admitting him into all public places, such as theaters, Pullman cars, and hotels; and these facts, coupled with the intemperate utterances of the Republican politicians of the period in Congress and out of it, made it appear to the negro that the proud aloofness of the white people of the South was the stubborn unreasonableness of race prejudice, and therefore unjust to him; and all our race troubles date from the baleful dissemination of this idea.

It is but a step from the nursing of a supposed wrong to thoughts of righting it, and there gradually grew into the negro's mind a suggestion, if not a well-defined determination, to take by force this coveted privilege. I say gradually, for with the older negroes the instinct of deference and respect for the white race was too firmly planted by the growth of years to be easily supplanted by a contrary teaching; but in the young men and with the youth as they grew to manhood their new-found counselors from the North had receptive listeners until in the early seventies the question of social equality was frequently adverted to in public speeches by the negro politicians and preachers and by the white scoundrels and adventurers associated with them.

At that time the negroes were more than the political equal of the whites. Backed by Federal bayonets, they had voted themselves into practically every office in the State, and had elected as Governor an adventurer from Massachusetts, a miscreant whose offensive misrule is a malodorous memory in the State to this day. The Legislature was known as the "Black and Tan" Legislature on account of the great number of negroes and mulattoes that constituted it. It is safe to say that there was scarcely a self-respecting white man in the State holding office.

I reluctantly revive these unhappy recollections of experiences that linger in my memory as a hideous nightmare, but it is necessary to do so in order to emphasize a pivotal point in this discussion—to wit: That as far as political equality went, the negroes certainly ought to have been more than satisfied at that time. But they were not. There was a constantly growing unrest and turbulence among them, and why? Simply because the Southern whites sternly and proudly refused to recognize them as in any way their social equals.

In 1875 this turbulence culminated in a number of riots in different parts of the State. These riots all occurred about the same time, suggesting the possibility of some concert of action, and all were traceable to the same causes. It is unnecessary to give any detailed account of these various demonstrations to show their inspiration. I will mention only one as being typical of the others. In Warren and an adjoining county there operated a negro politician named Davenport, with a heart blacker than his ebony skin, although no worse than other politicians and preachers of his race in other parts of the State. He openly preached the doctrine of social equality, and in 1875 he began to gather the negroes together for a concerted move on Vicksburg for the purpose of enforcing their one absorbing desire. He started with about three hundred, the raid gathering strength as it proceeded. From time to time he would regale his followers with most inflammatory speeches. In these harangues he did not complain that his hearers were deprived of any of their political privileges. He did not allege that their civil rights were abridged in any particular; but still he had a grievance against the Southern whites, and it was that they remained obdurate in the matter of social equality. "They refuse to recognize us as their equals," said he; "but we will show them that we

have the power to force them. We will go to Vicksburg and take the white women for our wives and concubines and make slaves of the white men. We are being deprived of our rights, and we are going to have them if we have to wade up to our bridle bits in blood."

A spectacular Governor of Colorado subsequently made this expression famous or infamous, according to the point of view. It only shows how oppressed and depressed the Southern people were that the author of these utterances was not instantly dealt with in summary fashion. He continued his march toward Vicksburg; but was finally met by a body of whites, led by some of Vicksburg's most prominent citizens, with the usual and inevitable result. How many negroes were killed in that riot will probably never be known, but it was sufficient. All the other riots of that year had a similar result. It was the beginning of the end of Republican misrule in the State.

That fall the white men organized and took over the government of the State. Nearly all the harpies from the North fled between two suns; and after ten years of rank misrule, a saturnalia of official crime, of public plunder, and of spoliation of a proud but defeated people that dispassionate history will some day record as a foul blot on the escutcheon of the Republican party, the Anglo-Saxon of the South came into his own again. By the shotgun policy? Yes. I am in no sense a disciple of Machiavelli, and I am persuaded that my code of ethics is on as high a plane as that of any other Anglo-Saxon, regardless of latitude or of environment; but I shall always believe that in wresting their State from the thieves and plunderers who were desecrating its temples the end to be attained fully justified the means adopted by Mississippi's whites.

The history of Mississippi during the reconstruction period was a fair sample of the conditions in the other Southern States. Some of them escaped from the incubus sooner than others; but all of them suffered the same ills that afflicted Mississippi, and in all the misguided, if not malevolent, teachings of the Republican leaders of the time left their poisonous leaven in the heart of the negro.

Of course no further organized or open demonstrations looking to social equality were made by the negroes, but the venomous germ was none the less active that its operations were secret. It was kept alive, too, by the "bloody shirt" speeches of Republican politicians of the North, who made the political atmosphere lurid for so many years succeeding 1875, as well as by the actions, writings, speeches, and other public utterances of possibly sincere, but we think misguided, preachers, teachers, publicists, and would-be philanthropists of the North, who, according to Charles Francis Adams (see Century Magazine for May, 1906, page 109), have been talking and writing a lot of "rot" on this subject for the last forty years. Considering the gravity of the results to the Southern people, it is very mild, not to say flippant, criticism to call it "rot." We are reaping to-day the bitter fruit sown in this "rot" by our brothers of the North.

The negroes have all deep down in their hearts the false and dangerous notions gathered during reconstruction days. and every perpetration by them of the one most heinous and revolting of crimes may be traced to the dominant thought that they are only taking by force what is theirs by right, but which is denied them by what they have been taught to regard as the unreasonable prejudice of the Southern whites.

As a race the negroes do not regard this monstrous offense as a serious crime, for they not only do not coöperate with the officers of the law in apprehending this class of criminals, but they actually protect and harbor them and aid their escape. It is inconceivable that any people would habitually shield criminals of whose crimes they sincerely disapproved, and next to the crime itself this phase of the race problem is one of the most conspicuous features of the diseased condition of the mind of the negroes from the industrious dissemination by your people of the kind of "rot" which Charles Francis Adams now denounces.

Forty years of freedom and this "rot" have transformed the negro from a docile, kindly, confiding, good-natured, dependent servant into a jealous, envious, distrustful, resentful, and independent citizen. The difference between a faithful dog and an undisciplined wild animal is not materially greater than the measure of this contrast. If you can appreciate the full significance of this transformation, you should be able to understand "why the blacks who took care of helpless women and children of the South during the war cannot now be trusted to live in the same town."

What remedy do I propose? It is this: Let your people undo the wrong they have done. Let them recognize the fact that in clothing overnight with full-fledged citizenship, including the dignity of suffrage, millions of barbarous or at least semibarbarous blacks only a few years removed from the utter savagery of African jungles they committed a crime against the Anglo-Saxon that is without a parallel in the history of that proud race. Let them in a measure make reparation for this crime by wiping out the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Then, instead of spending millions to send missionaries to the Orient in an effort to supplant the teachings and philosophy of Buddha, of Confucius, and of Mohammed with the gospel of Christ, let your people divert these honest, God-fearing religious enthusiasts to the blacks of the South, to spread among them the plain gospel of honesty and of decent living, and to serve as an antidote for poison left by the horde of unsavory characters whom you sent down to us immediately after the war. Let them teach the negro the honor and dignity of labor and to be ashamed of his present idleness and shiftlessness. Let them teach him that to work three days out of the workday week and to loaf the other three, as at present, is a crime, and that if he would practice ordinary providence, thrift, and industry with the opportunities he has in the South he would soon be the richest laborer in the world.

If he could be kept busy, it would be a material help in curbing his criminal tendency. Above all, let them teach the negro that social equality is impossible, and that it will ever remain so, and that even political equality is an "iridescent dream" to be realized only by his faithfulness in good works. Let them make it clear to the negro that the Anglo-Saxon, unlike the Latin races, in a thousand years of achievement has always held himself proudly aloof from any amalgamation with an inferior race—an important factor in his progress; that as long as he has in him one spark of pride of race, one impulse of worthy ambition, or one trace of lofty purpose or high ideal this will be his attitude; and that if the negro would escape ultimate annihilation he must recognize and scrupulously respect this unwritten but inexorable law of the Southern whites.

Your people could further help the situation by trying to look at this question sometimes from the standpoint of the Southern white man and by refraining from any public deliverances on this subject until they have carefully studied both sides of it. . . .

Our brothers north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers can be of material help in solving this problem if they would; but not until the scales have fallen from their eyes, as they have from the eyes of the distinguished New Englander just quoted, and not until they escape from the "bog of self-sufficient ignorance" in which they are now enveloped in connection with this topic—until then (and we devoutly pray that that time is not far distant) your people do harm by interfering; until then urge them to be neutral, and let us "tread our wine press alone."

"RACIAL INTEGRITY OF THE NEGRO."

It frequently occurs that some young man has put years of work upon an intricate subject without the public having any knowledge until a surprise is given through the result. Such a condition is illustrated in a new book with the above caption, "Racial Integrity of the Negro." The VETERAN could not do better than to make extracts from an editorial in the Methodist Quarterly Review. Rev. Dr. Gross Alexander, its able editor, writes of the subject, wherein he states:

"Professor Shannon, the author, is a Southern man, educated at Millsaps College and at Vanderbilt University, where I had the privilege of being one of his teachers. He has devoted much time and thought to the preparation of this volume. It does not deal with any sectional aspect or conception of the great problem, but with that problem in its totality.

"The volume consists of an Introduction and four chapters. The main contention of the author is found in the first chapter, while the problems discussed in the succeeding chapters are treated in the light of the principles involved in the first.

"Professor Shannon's treatment of the negro problem differs from that of others in important respects. The mixing of the races is treated ably and thoroughly from the scientific standpoint, as well as from that of the interests of the white race. The present study seeks primarily to call attention to the wrongs done the negro by those who, in their dealings with him, suspend those moral and ethical principles which, among other races, are both recognized and enforced by sound public sentiment and by the sanctions of religion. The volume is, therefore, a plea for the highest and best interests of both races, but in a special sense it is a plea for the negro race.

"Chapter I. contains a detailed account of the methods pursued by the author in securing an estimate of the extent to which the mixing of the races has been carried. His conclusions are based upon the United States Census Reports, personal observation, and investigation. The Census of 1850 was the first to take account of the mulatto as a distinct element of population, and that of 1890 is, unfortunately, the latest affording information upon this subject. The enumeration of 1870 showed 584 049 mulattoes; that of 1890, 1,132,060, a numerical increase of almost 100 per cent in twenty years. The ratio of mulatto to total negro population has, according to the census reports, risen from 12 per cent in 1870 to 15.2 per cent in 1890.

"The personal investigations conducted by the author are calculated to bring the situation more vividly before the reader than any array of dead figures can do. His methods are, therefore, given with considerable detail. The results obtained are in excess of the figures of the Census Bureau, and he estimates the number of mulattoes at the present time as 'nearly or quite 2,000,000.'

"Perhaps the most suggestive part of this study is that in which the causes and influences tending to increase the mixture of the races are discussed.

"It is shown that twenty years of freedom—1870 to 1890—has produced a numerical result equal to that of the whole period of the two hundred and forty years of slavery, from 1620 to 1860. The evils of slavery are frankly admitted, but do not explain all the sins of freedom.

"The manner of emancipation involves the loss of much which the race had gained in industrial training and in ethical culture under slavery.

"The intervention of the North in religious and educational matters, together with conditions prevailing at the close of the Civil War, produced an alienation between the negro and the Southern people which has proved very unfortunate for both races. At the beginning of his career of freedom the negro needed sympathetic guidance at the hands of those best acquainted with him. Instead, he became 'a bone of contention' between the two sections embittered by the civil war.

"The chapter dealing with 'Slavery,' one of the ablest in the book, sets forth the attitude of the civilized world toward the institution at the time it was fastened upon America. The attitude of Christianity toward the institution is discussed, as are also the reasons for the disappearance of slavery from Western Europe in the twelfth century. Christian slavery in North Africa—lasting until 1816—is treated at some length. An effort is also made to picture conditions in Africa at the beginning of the slave trade—and since—in order that the condition of the negroes remaining in Africa may be contrasted with that of the slaves in America. The purpose of this chapter is to state clearly the conditions from which slavery rescued the negro and to point out what his period of enslavement accomplished for him. He is incalculably the better off for the results of his enslavement. In an important sense 'the South of 1860 was the victim rather than the master of her slave population.'

"The chapter dealing with the 'Educational Problem' gives a fairly complete statement of the physical basis of the intellectual capacities and development of the negro, as compared with other races. This indicates clearly the limitations of the race as a whole, and determines the order of instruction which will produce the best results. The public schools, and especially those institutions which are free to select their students, are criticised for their failure to stand for the racial integrity of the negro. Perhaps the most practical part of this chapter is that in which the author insists upon such elementary instruction and manual and industrial training as shall bring to the race a measure of economic independence."

"MEMORIES OF VIRGINIA."

"Memories of Virginia—A Souvenir of the Pioneer Days of Jamestown," by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, is dedicated to the New York State Chapter of the Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, "the society that stands sponsor for the Bruton Church Pew, to the memory of Governor Matthews and the Wardens of Jamestown British Church, 1637."

This society is to visit the Exposition on October 12. The "Memories of Virginia" will be sold as a souvenir of Jamestown, the proceeds from its sale to found a Matthews medal to be given to the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, Va., the first incorporated town of our country, for the best essay upon the royal government. An annual prize will be given to encourage research of the days of the Royal Council from 1623-60, when Captain General Matthews, of Denbigh Plantation, stood the guardian of Virginia.

White and red are used as the colonial colors. Address Byron S. Adams, Publisher, Washington, D. C. Price, $1.



"It matters not where their bodies lie,
By bloody hillside, plain, or river;
Their names are writ on fame's fair sky,
Their deeds of valor live forever."

Dr. Frank L. James.

A St. Louis reporter writes in the Chicago Record-Herald: "Dr. Frank L. James, a noted scientist, once sentenced to be hanged, died at his home, in Chicago, on May 19. Once an enemy of the Federal government, he was afterwards its chief expert in the investigation of the 'embalmed beef' scandal during the Spanish-American War. For his services at an inquiry in Chicago he received fifty dollars a day from the same power which once tried to hang him. As scientific editor of the National Druggist and associate editor of the Medical Brief, a St. Louis publication, Dr. James made his name known to physicians and chemists all over the world. When the Civil War began, he was a young student of chemistry in Mobile, Ala. He invented submarine mines which were planted in Mobile Bay to blow up Federal gunboats. They were so effective that a price was set upon James's head. He was captured and taken to New Orleans, where Gen. B. F. Butler condemned him to death. By the aid of friends he escaped from the New Orleans jail a week before the date set for his hanging, and went to Japan."

Maj. Henry Milton Lane.

"Maj. Henry M. Lane was a Confederate soldier of as high and heroic record as any of either army who ever lived in Louisville." This is the comment of a local paper of that city, and his death has removed from its activity a useful and prominent citizen. He was a son of Dr. Lane, and was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1839. He was related closely to Gen. H. S. Lane, a distinguished soldier and public man of that State, at one time United States Senator. The family removed to Texas at an early date, and Henry Lane was educated at the Bastrop Military Academy.

In 1858 or 1859 he was appointed by Gen. Sam Houston as lieutenant of a company in one of the regiments of Texas Rangers, organized to protect the Texas frontier on the Rio Grande. At the beginning of the Civil War he volunteered in a regiment of cavalry which was afterwards in Ector's Brigade. The brigade was taken to Mississippi by Gen. Van Dorn in 1862 just before the battle of Shiloh, in which it participated, and afterwards Major Lane's command went to Kentucky under Col. T. H. McCray (31st Arkansas Infantry), to whose staff Major Lane was attached. He participated in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee. A noted historical fact is that Ector's Brigade when ordered to charge a battery invariably captured it and brought the guns within the Confederate lines.

Major Lane was a man of intellect and scholarly attainments, and as a lawyer stood in the front rank of practice in his State, and was an untiring worker, which doubtless hastened his death.

Dr. Lyman B. Wharton.

Dr. Lyman Brown Wharton, former professor of Latin in the College of William and Mary, fell dead in the station at Williamsburg, Va., as he was in the act of buying a ticket to Richmond to attend the Confederate Reunion. He was greatly beloved by the student body.

Though old and enfeebled by the long years of strenuous labor through which he had passed, Dr. Wharton's end was tragic. Early on that morning as he was preparing to leave he was told to be careful of himself and not to march in the parade with his brother veterans. But the old gentleman drew himself up proudly, and with the instinct and spirit of a hero said that he still felt young and that he could stand it with the best of them. He had looked forward to the Reunion, probably his last, and he wanted once more to be with his wartime comrades and recount with them the incidents of the long, eventful struggle. But the walk to the station and the excitement incident thereto were too much for him.

Dr. Wharton was esteemed by all who knew him. To the students who sat at his feet he was more than teacher—a friend, counselor, and a source of inspiration. No man ever had a higher sense of honor than he, and none was ever more of an exemplar of those virtues which make a good man.

F. Baker Blanton and John C. Miller.

Within a brief time Mr. J. D. Blanton and wife, of Nashville, Tenn., lost their fathers. Mr. Blanton is the efficient President of Ward Seminary. They, with Miss Anna Blanton, their only surviving child, are traveling abroad during part of their vacation.

Mr. F. B. Blanton died in December, 1906, in the Memorial Hospital, Richmond, Va. He was taken back to his native county, Cumberland, "and was buried at old Brown's Church, where he had spent the days of his boyhood and early manhood."

A long-time friend writes: "The county of Cumberland never gave birth to a nobler son; truly another one of the old landmarks of what was once known as an old Virginia gentleman has passed away. He seemed to try to live to help others. He was never known to speak a harmful word of any one, and was always ready to lend a helping hand to any good cause and to those whom he thought needed help. If Baker Blanton had a fault (and I knew him well), it was the fault of generosity, the fault of liberality, the fault of unbounded hospitality and kindness of heart. In 1861, when the war clouds began to gather, he was among the first to rally to the call, and discharged his duty faithfully as a soldier until he was honorably discharged from further duty on account of his age, and his surviving comrades can only say: 'Soldier, rest, thy warfare is over; sleep thy last sleep, from whence no sound of that bugle note once so familiar to thy ear can wake thee to glory again.' Only twelve of the company composing the Cumberland Troop of eighty-four men, rank and file, remain that left the county with him in May, 1861."

John Caskie Miller, the father of Mrs. J. D. Blanton, of Ward Seminary, passed away in February, 1907. For several years he spent part of the winter with his daughter. He was born in Stewarton, Scotland, in 1836. Having completed his education in his native land, he came to this country at about eighteen years of age and settled first at Richmond, Va. Prior to and during the war he was in business in that city. During his residence there he married Miss Almeria Hawes, a native of Richmond, to which marriage were born six children, two

daughters and four sons. He had served as an elder in the Presbyterian Church for some forty years, and was active in the councils of the Church. While not in this country long enough to espouse the Confederate cause, he was loyal to his adopted section and ardently so to the end.

MRS. PHIL POINTER LIPPMAN.

A sad death occurred in Salt Lake City January 12, 1907, in the death of the beautiful and beloved Phil Pointer, who had become the wife of Mr. Joseph Lippman. She will be recalled as one of the most attractive sponsors that Kentucky ever sent to a Confederate Reunion. Fatherless from her childhood, her father, the gallant Capt. Phil Pointer, having died, leaving his beloved wife, Sallie, and three young daughters, she was reared mainly at Owensboro, Ky. For some time previous to her marriage she lived in New York City. Because of ill health her mother moved to the Far West three years ago. Despite the threat that she could not live long, she and Mr. Joseph Lippman, formerly a United States district attorney, were married last June. In the fall she and her mother went to Southern California; but the hoped-for improvement never came, and they returned to Salt Lake a week or so before the end, which came, with its anguish to survivors, in the home of her sister, Mrs. Clint B. Leigh, a week later.



MRS. PHIL POINTER LIPPMAN.

Soon after the death of this lovely woman a son-in-law of Mrs. S. R. Pointer, her mother, was killed in a railroad wreck.

MARTIN.—Notice has been overlooked of the death of Dr. Solomon C. Martin in March, 1906, at St. Louis, which occurred suddenly from heart failure. He was actively engaged in his practice to the time of his death, and had held for fifteen years the position of Professor of Dermatology in Barnes University, St. Louis. He served as a surgeon in the Confederate army, ranking major on the staff of Gen. Wirt Adams in the independent cavalry corps of A. S. Johnston. He was married to Miss Anna A. Calhoun in 1870 at his former home, in Claiborne County, Miss. She survives him, with their two sons and three daughters.

A. S. QUARTERMAN.—Died at Brunswick, Ga., in March Alexander S. Quarterman in his seventy-eighth year. He was a native of Liberty County, and formerly lived at Walthourville, and was the last surviving charter member of the Walthourville Presbyterian Church, organized in 1855. He served during the war as a member of B Troop, Young's Brigade, Hampton's Division of Cavalry, of the Army of Western Virginia, participating in the battles of Hawes Shop, Trevillian Station, Reames Station, and the siege of Petersburg in 1864. He also served from 1861 to 1863 on the coast of Georgia, Virginia, and James Island, S. C.

SHIELDS.—David F. Shields, an honored veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, died at Petersburg, Va., in September, 1906, having lived out nearly eighty years. He was one of the four surviving veterans of Col. Fletcher H. Archer's company of eighty-six Petersburg volunteers who served in the war with Mexico. Comrade Shields was born in New Kent County, Va., but had lived in Petersburg since early youth, where he had established a high reputation for honor and integrity. He was a member of Appomattox Lodge I. O. O. F. as well as A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V. A daughter and son survive of his family.

P. R. SMITH.—The death of Peyton R. Smith is reported from Llano, Tex. He was born in Tennessee seventy-five years ago, and moved to Texas in 1846. He was with the Texas Rangers in service under Capt. "Big Foot" Wallace. As a Confederate soldier he served through the war under Capt. Seth Mabry in the 17th Texas Infantry. He was married in 1854 to Miss Martha Williams, who died in 1901. Of their six children, three sons survive, all of Llano County.

BROWN.—In August, 1906, Capt. William F. Brown died suddenly at Meridian, Miss., at the ripe age of seventy-seven years. He was one of the pioneer citizens of that city, and had been prominently identified with its growth and development since its village days. He commanded a company in the Confederate army, serving valiantly throughout the war. His wife, three sons, and three daughters are survivors.

DEEN.—Thomas J. Deen was born in Clark County, Miss., in January, 1840; and died near Buffalo, Tex., in March, 1907, aged sixty-seven years. He went to Texas in 1869. He gave four years' service to the Confederacy as a member of the 37th Mississippi. He had been a Mason for more than forty years. His wife and six children mourn his death with many friends.

T. B. MCNEELY.—Camp No. 1249, of Mayfield, Ky., reports the death of a valued member, T. B. McNeely, who was born in Hickman County, Tenn., and died May 22. He was a faithful Confederate soldier, and as quietly and bravely had lived his life in years of peace.

Dr. John Grammer Brodnax.

On the 9th of May, while the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Guilford Chapter, Greensboro, N. C., were searching far and wide for all flowers available for Memorial Day, one of the purest, strongest, most useful lives that ever adorned the list of the Confederate Veterans passed on to mingle with the loftier harmonies of the heavenly life.

Dr. John Grammer Brodnax, a beloved physician of Greensboro, awoke on the 9th of May in his usual good health. After making his round of professional calls, scattering sunshine by his cheerful greetings, he drove up to the St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, of which he was the Senior Warden, and enjoyed the sweet service commemorating Ascension Day. One cannot but wonder as he partook of the sacred Lord's Supper if he heard the "still, small voice" whisper: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Returning home, he complained of pain: but in the afternoon felt relieved, and remarked that he would "now go to sleep." He gently closed his eyes, and without a sigh passed from earth to his heavenly home. He is sadly missed by his large circle of patients, friends, and admirers, yet none of them could wish for him or for themselves a more beautiful passage into the great beyond. He was the most cultured man that it has ever been the fortune of the writer to meet, one of the most heartily religious and courageous gentlemen and the most skilled physician. His life gives one a better idea of the Fatherhood of God through his fatherly charity than anything that has ever been penned.

Dr. John Grammer Brodnax was born in Dinwiddie County, Va., April 14, 1829. His earliest known ancestor in this country was William Brodnax, who married Mrs. Travis in the settlement of Jamestown, Va. The father of Dr. Brodnax was Gen. William Henry Brodnax, one of the most distinguished men of Virginia, and his mother was Miss Ann Elizabeth Withers, noted for her talents, Christian character, and beauty. Dr. Brodnax first graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, then graduated in medicine at the University of Virginia and the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, and later took a three years' course in special lines in Europe under the most famous teachers in Paris. In November, 1853, he commenced the active practice of his profession in Petersburg, Va.

When the war came on, he offered his services to the Confederacy, and in 1861 he was placed in charge of some of the hospitals in the city of Petersburg. There his fine abilities were so well exercised that he was given the direction of five general hospitals in that city. In 1863 he was transferred to the North Carolina Hospital, and his work was most favorably commented on. In 1864 he was detailed by the government to supervise the exchange of prisoners, the task requiring rare qualities of mind and heart, especially since the Federal government had inaugurated a policy to discontinue the exchange of prisoners of war on the ground that the imprisoned Confederates, as General Grant said, "were only as dead men" when confined in Northern prisons, while the continuance of the Federal soldiers in Southern prisons was aiding the Northern cause immensely by consuming the supplies of the Confederacy. Later Dr. Brodnax was assigned to duty in charge of General Hospital No. 14, established at Wake Forest, N. C., and later he was transferred to Greensboro, where at the time of General Johnston's surrender he was in charge of two hospitals.

After the war Dr. Brodnax located in Rockingham County, where his practice became the most extensive of any physician in that county. In 1887 he located in Greensboro, N. C., and continued there in active practice up to the day of his death, having been surgeon for the Southern Railroad for fifteen years.

Dr. Brodnax was twice married. His last wife, Ella Preston Burch, who survives him, devotes much of her time in loving thought for the veterans of the Confederacy.

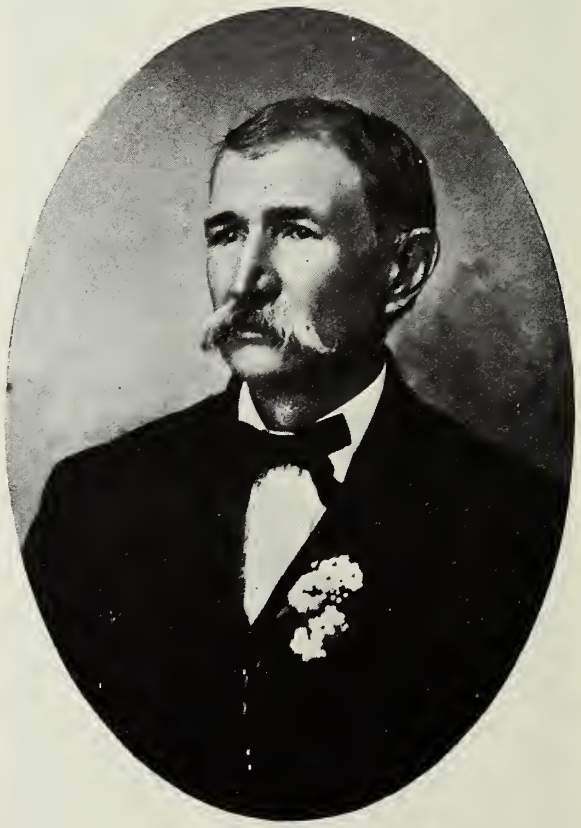
Gen. Cullum Battle, in his sketch of Dr. Brodnax in the "North Carolina Biographical History," says: "Gentle in spirit, Dr. Brodnax was ever a defender of the oppressed and a champion of the right. He could easily have shone in the world's galaxy of illustrious men; but duty was the star that led him on, and all the allurements of ambition compared to it were as glowworms to the meridian sun. As a priest, he stood at the altar of science while the incense of grateful hearts filled all the temple of life."

An officer of Johnston's army said at the surrender that General Lee and Dr. Brodnax were the only two officers of the Confederate army who went through the war without losing their politeness.

We go down upon our knees and thank God for the life of this good man.

M. C. Blocker.

A Florida newspaper tells the pathetic story of Comrade M. C. Blocker, who, together with a lad named Chauncey Moody, was drowned May 25, 1907. The body of the senior



M. C. BLOCKER.

was rescued in about fifteen minutes and that of the boy a half hour later. Vain efforts were made to resuscitate each.

"There is a Reaper, whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

Two witnesses at a distance reported that Mr. Blocker was preparing "to take a pleasure party down the bay." Mr. Blocker used an oar to push off from a near-by barge, and as the launch moved he and little Chauncey fell overboard. Mr. Blocker came up once with the child on his shoulder, but went under again before reaching the launch. Mr. Blocker was seen no more; but little Chauncey rose twice again, striving manfully to reach the launch, but before any one could reach them the little one went under the third time.

Mr. R. C. Blocker was born at Tallahassee November 29, 1847. His father, Capt. Haley Blocker, and brother enlisted in the Civil War, and, losing his mother at the age of fifteen, he followed his father and brother to the battlefield. He was sent back home on account of his tender age; but, nothing daunted, the next year he enlisted with Dunham's artillery, of which he was the last survivor. He moved to Apalachicola about eighteen years ago.

Mr. Blocker served under the stars and stripes during the Spanish-American War, remaining in Cuba for three months. A favor shown him was never forgotten. He is survived by a devoted wife and two sons (Mr. C. L. Blocker, who is an electrician in New York City, and D. W. Blocker, of Florida) and a half brother (Dr. Blocker, of Pensacola) and a brother (Mr. J. R. Blocker, of Carabelle). The Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy escorted the remains to the Methodist church. The services were conducted by Rev. M. H. Norton. The hymns were beautiful, and Mr. Henderson sang with much expression "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." The members of the U. D. C. took charge of the flowers and carried them in carriages to Magnolia Cemetery, where Mr. Norton concluded the services.

As the last rays of the setting sun faded from the earth the choir sang "Home and Eternity" to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" while the Daughters of the Confederacy lovingly placed the many beautiful floral offerings on his last resting place.

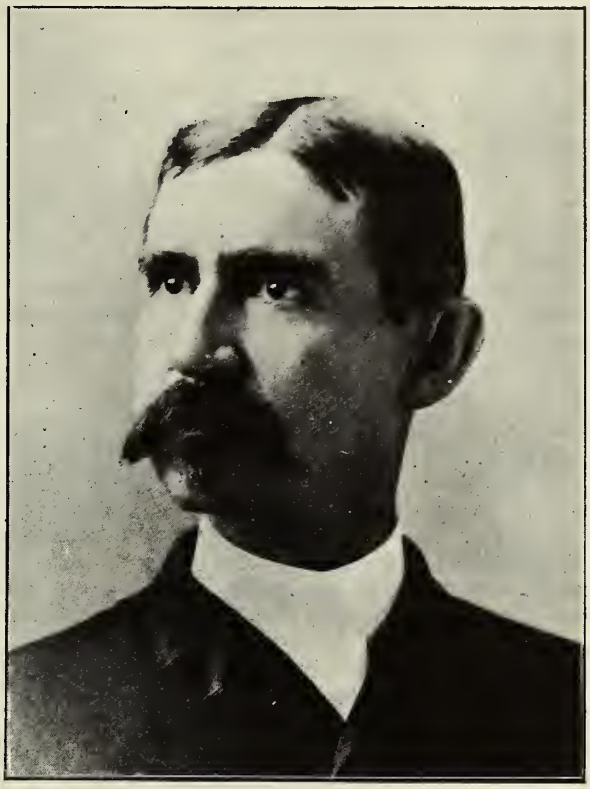
Capt. W. D. Bethell.

Capt. William Decatur Bethell was born on February 2, 1840, at Saint Mary's Parish, La., being the son of an extensive sugar planter, who was subsequently engaged in business in Memphis, Tenn.

In 1860 Captain Bethell married the third daughter of Jerome B. Pillow, Cynthia Saunders Pillow, of Maury County, Tenn. At the breaking out of the war, in the spring of 1861, he went to Louisiana and raised a company which his father equipped and which became a part of the 22d Tennessee Regiment, Captain Bethell being made drillmaster of the regiment. He was in the battles of Belmont and Shiloh, and also Murfreesboro. He was wounded at Shiloh. He afterwards served under General Forrest, and subsequently was appointed and served as a member of General Pillow's staff until the end of the war.

The writer of this sketch knew him for many years most intimately, and gladly attests his many noble attributes of heart. He was a man of the people, and never turned his back on friend or foe. Some of his most intimate associates were among the poor men of Memphis. He loved the South, and was true to the instincts of his birth, faithful to the teachings of his father, and constant in his love for the State.

Captain Bethell was a man of fine business capacity. Shortly after the war he engaged in sugar-planting in his native State, thence moved to Maury County, Tenn., where he remained until the death of his father. Then his business interests called him to Memphis, where he became connected with the State National Bank as President, proving himself a man of exceptional capacity, energy, and enterprise. He took a prominent part in many departments of business, banking, insurance, manufacturing, railroads, real estate, etc. He was successful in whatever he undertook, his last public service being in the interest of the "Taxing District," of which he was elected president in 1890. Later, resigning on account of ill health, he moved to Denver, Colo., where he lived until his



CAPT. W. D. BETHELL.

death, in August, 1906. Three children survive him. His eldest daughter is Mrs. John M. Foster, of Denver, Colo.; his other daughter is Mrs. John P. Edrington, of Memphis, Tenn.; and his son, W. D. Bethell, resides at Redlands, Cal.

[The foregoing is from Mr. R. H. Vance, of Memphis.]

Willis.—Capt. Henry Willis, who commanded Company B, 9th Missouri Regiment, died at Trinidad, Colo., on the 18th of January. He was formerly well known in Howard County, Mo., the family residing at Fayette; but he left there soon after the war, went to Texas, and later to Colorado. He had one brother and several sisters. A relative at Fayette, Mo., O. G. Willis, writes that any information of Captain Willis or his family will be appreciated.

Dr. I. S. White.

Dr. Isaiah Henry White, long a prominent physician and citizen of Richmond, died there July 15 after an illness of more than a year. He was born at Onancock, Accomac County, Va., on July 24, 1838. His father was Samuel C. White, a farmer of Accomac, and his mother, Mary E. Chandler, of the same county.

After a rudimentary course at his home, Dr. White was a

student at William and Mary College from 1855 to 1858, and was graduated from that institution in the latter year. In 1859 he entered the Medical College of Virginia, and was graduated with high honors as a doctor of medicine in 1861. In April, 1871, Dr. White married Mrs. Caroline W. Brooks, and she died about one year ago.

Dr. White saw service in the Confederate army, of which he was ever proud. In April, 1862, he was made assistant surgeon of the Confederate States army, and was stationed at Chimborazo Hospital. He was promoted in July, 1862, to surgeon of the 14th Louisiana Infantry, and in February, 1864, was assigned as surgeon in charge of the military prison at Andersonville, Ga.

In the summer of 1864 a still greater responsibility came to Dr. White. He was promoted to the position of chief surgeon of all military prisons east of the Mississippi River, and served in this capacity until the close of the war. Dr. White was an ex-member of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association and of the Richmond Academy of Medicine. He had also been president of the latter body, and took a deep interest in its work. In politics Dr. White was a Democrat; he was fond of outdoor sports, and especially of horseback-riding.

Capt. John Goode Finley.

To have been a brave and good Confederate soldier is enough to write a man worthy of fame wherever patriotism is honored and valor remembered of men. As such, Capt. John G. Finley deserves a chaplet among his comrades.

John Goode Finley was born in Montgomery, Ala., August 12, 1842. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1861, and enlisted in the Confederate service in Maj. H. C. Semple's battery, in which he served as sergeant until after the battle of Murfreesboro, when he was elected lieutenant of Company A, 22d Alabama Infantry. A year later he became acting captain of the company, and so served till the close of the war. He was in many of the greatest battles of the war—Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, and in the entire campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. He was wounded twice, once so seriously that he was forced to give up his command. Returning as soon as possible, he was in Atlanta when that city was captured.

Returning to Montgomery after the war, Captain Finley studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was an able lawyer, and was honored by the city in two terms as a city alderman and by his county as attorney for eighteen years. He was married in 1872 to Miss Sue Pierce, who survives. Death came to him while surrounded by friends and loved ones. Comrades of Camp Lomax rendered their last services at the grave.

Comrades at Marianna, Fla.

Camp Milton, of Marianna, Fla., has lost five members within the past two years, three of whom have died within six months from last October:

J. W. Rawls died on October 3, an honored citizen of his community. He had served his State and country faithfully as a soldier in the 1st Florida Cavalry, dismounted. This regiment was a part of Finley's Brigade, in the Western Army.

J. N. Richardson died on the 25th of October. He enlisted when just grown in Company D, 6th Florida Regiment, serving faithfully till the close of the war. "Jim Rich," as he was familiarly called, belonged to the real boys of the army, those who were always called upon when there was a hasty march to be made on the picket line, and one who served with him says he was always ready for any emergency.

B. F. Edwards answered the last roll on March 2, 1907. He was a member of the 19th Louisiana Regiment, in the Western Army, and surviving comrades testify to his faithfulness in the discharge of every duty. No less faithful was he afterwards to his family, his Church, and his country.

Hays.—John W. Hays was born in 1848 at Sardis, Miss., gave seventeen months' service to the Confederacy as a member of Company K, 18th Cavalry Regiment, Mississippi Volunteers, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 13, 1865. He was twice married, and left a wife and four children. He died in January, 1907, having gone to Las Vegas, N. Mex., for his health, and was buried in the Rocky Arroya Cemetery.

Willis J. Salmons.

W. J. Salmons was born in Cherokee County, Ala., January 5, 1837; and died at his home, near Jonesboro, Ark., March 5, 1907. He went to Craighead County, Ark., in the spring of 1861, and in July of the same year he returned to his old home and enlisted as a volunteer in Company H, 19th Alabama Volunteers. He remained in the service until May, 1865. He took part in the battles of Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, and Murfreesboro.

In December, 1865, he with his wife, a brother, and two sisters, returned to Craighead County, and resided there until his death. He left a widow, three sons, and one daughter, besides a host of friends to mourn their loss. Uncle Willis, as he was best known, was a good soldier in war and a good citizen in peace. He was always glad to attend the Reunions. He accumulated a nice estate valued at forty to forty-five thousand dollars. As a soldier, citizen, neighbor, and friend, Uncle Willis did his duty as he saw it, and the record he leaves behind him shows that he did not live in vain.

John H. Warren.

In 1862 John H. Warren, a dark-complexioned, black-haired young man, whose eyes sparkled with patriotic devotion, enlisted in the 32d Mississippi Regiment, Company D. This regiment was in the famous brigade and division commanded, respectively, by Mark P. Lowrey and Pat Cleburne. He was a gallant soldier, and helped to crown his command with the laurels they so richly deserved.

When the war ended, he was a prisoner at Camp Chase, and he returned home with his oath of discharge, taken May 15 1865, which he kept until his death. He met and married Miss Lizzie Hall, and was a devoted, loving husband, a good citizen, and a faithful, loyal member of the U. C. V. Camp until he was transferred to the great camp beyond the river, where he will meet his old commanders and comrades who had preceded him. John H. Warren will be missed by his dear wife and friends, and his comrades will miss his warm handclasp at their annual Reunions.

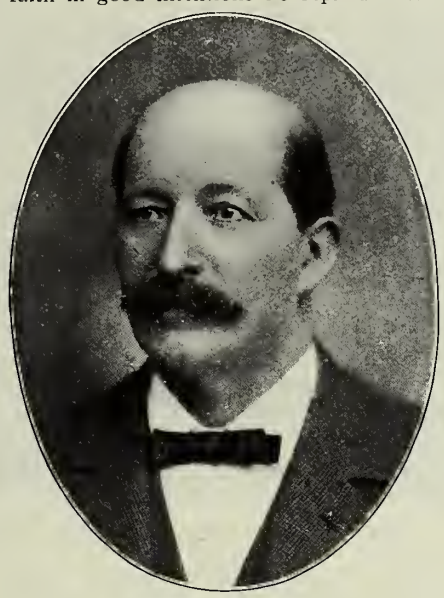
[The foregoing is by G. W. B. in a Corinth (Miss.) paper.]

Mason.—One of Capt. Frank Gurley's company, 4th Alabama Cavalry, has lately crossed the bar. At a reunion in Captain Gurley's home, Gurley, Ala., July 10, 1907, G. B. Hill offered a resolution, which was adopted, expressing "great personal grief and sorrow" in the death of William H. Mason. His courage as a soldier and life as a citizen were commended.

MR. FREDERICK J. DIEM.

GRATEFUL TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

The death of Mr. Frederick J. Diem, of Cincinnati, is noted with sincere sorrow by the writer. In the years of anguish caused by the unhappy suit for libel, when there was no silver lining to the clouds of worry and expense which seemed to envelop the business of the VETERAN, a statement was made to Mr. Diem of the situation and the gloomy outlook. He was not a native of this country, and knew but little of the Confederate element; but without other consideration than faith in good intentions he replied: "We will send



MR. F. J. DIEM.

you all the paper you want." And he continued to do it. The circumstances can be appreciated only by those who have been tried as by fire. Of course a grateful friendship would have continued had there been no other consideration for gratitude, but his great heart became warmer and warmer to the end.

Mr. Diem had served his adopted country as Swiss Consul. He was of the eminently successful men of Cincinnati. Born on the last day of 1845 in Switzerland, he was brought by his parents to this country when he was four years of age. His first business was as clerk in a grocery store, then a proprietor in such business. After about twenty years he engaged in the paper trade, and built up one of the largest concerns in the country. The Diem and Wing Paper Company occupied his time chiefly, though he had bank investments that added largely to his wealth. From the retirement of Mr. Wing Mr. Diem was practically the sole owner of the business. He was noted as an extraordinary business man.

In his generosity to the management of the VETERAN during the period mentioned Mr. Diem merits the lasting gratitude of every Southerner who is interested in what it has achieved.

Mrs. Diem died some two years ago. There are now left of the family a son, Mr. Albert Diem, who succeeds to the management of the large business, and a daughter, Mrs. Fred Mulhauser, of Cincinnati.

Time will not dim the grateful memory of the founder of the VETERAN to Mr. Frederick J. Diem.

TEXANS WANT A CONFEDERATE REGIMENT.—Capt. A. F. Wood suggested through Neblett a bill for the Texas Legislature as follows: "That the Governor of the State of Texas be authorized to raise a regiment of ten companies of fifty men each of able-bodied ex-Confederate soldiers as a State and national guard of honor, and to do such military services as the good judgment of the Governor may require and such service as may be required of the State reserve guards, to be supported and maintained as other State troops except that the uniforms of this regiment must be Confederate gray and the insignia of office must be the same worn by Confederate officers and the tactics used the same as that used by Confederate soldiers—Hardee's."

REMNANT OF IMMORTAL 600 AT RICHMOND.

The society of the "Immortal 600" met in annual session at Richmond, Va., May 31, 1907. The meeting was called to order by President Hempstead. Secretary Murray called the roll, and nineteen members answered to their names. Others in the city were prevented by other duties from attending the meeting. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary and approved. Capt. Junius L. Hempstead was re-elected President and J. Ogden Murray Secretary. On motion of Comrade Lamar Fontaine, Comrades J. W. Matthews and J. C. Chanler were elected Vice Presidents and W. W. George Color Bearer. The Secretary read the roll of members of the society who had died since the last meeting. A committee to draft the constitution and by-laws to govern the society of the Immortal 600 was appointed, to report at the next meeting, Birmingham, Ala.

Addresses were made by Maj. D. McD. Carrington, George K. Cracraft, Capt. Thomas Pinckney, Lamar Fontaine, Jackson Kirkman, and T. C. Chanler. President Hempstead read the annual poem dedicated to the Immortal 600, living and dead.

Thanks of the society were voted the retiring President, J. L. Hempstead, and Secretary J. Ogden Murray for their work for the good of the society. The membership dues were fixed at one dollar per annum. The official badge of the Immortal 600 was fixed at cost price (60 cents) to each member. Badges were distributed by the Secretary.

Comrade Thomas Pinckney invited the members of the society to a reception at Brook Hill, which invitation was accepted, and he furnished carriages for the members.

On Monday, June 3, the society met at headquarters, formed, and marched to their position in the line of parade, Capt. J. L. Hempstead in command. Mrs. J. W. Matthews, Matron, and Mrs. E. Lee Bell, Sponsor for the Immortal 600, marched in line with the society.

Secretary Murray desires the address of all the true men of the 600 now living—men who stood the ordeal on Morris Island, Fort Pulaski, and Hilton Head. His address is Charlestown, W. Va.

TEXAS REUNION TO BE AT BOWIE.

The sixteenth annual Reunion of the Texas Division, U. C. V., will be held at Bowie, Tex., August 21-24, 1907. The Reunion Committee announces that camp tents, cots, and other conveniences will be provided. A barbecue, with other eatables, will be spread three times each day for visiting comrades. Addresses will be made by United States Senator Bailey, Governor Campbell, Hon. J. H. Stephens, and others. First-class free entertainments in the pavilion each evening. Everybody in and out of Texas invited to be present. Reduced rates on all the railroads.

PAGEANTRY AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

BY GEORGE F. VIETT, NORFOLK, VA.

Soldiers and sailors, the ships and the sea, martial music and the roar of battle ships' broadsides, palaces of peace filled with things of pure delight, sylvan solitudes and merry mazes of festivity, shore line, azure dome of a Virginia sky above all—that is the picture of the Jamestown Exposition.

To offer one of the most unique military spectacles and one of the greatest naval spectacles of all time is the distinctive and splendid privilege of the Jamestown Exposition, the latter made manifest in the immense gathering of the formidable war ships of all nations that are dropping their anchors before the sea gates of this transcendent celebration. Judging from the immense interest displayed in the imitation battle ship at the Chicago World's Fair, this vast assemblage of the fleets of the nations will be the crowning attraction for the millions of visitors, especially those from the interior. The great fleet is now assembling, and the magnificent array of American battle ships now lined on Hampton Roads is by far the greatest yet gathered beneath the American flag.

Of the foreign fleets, that of Great Britain is the most imposing; and when the great ship Dreadnaught arrives, this the world's greatest fighting craft will make an exposition by itself.

No other American harbor, and very few in the world, could afford anchorage to the stupendous aggregation that is now in Hampton Roads, and that will shortly be augmented.

Unequaled in the history of American naval displays, it will yield precedence only to the great gathering of British and foreign war ships assembled off the Isle of Wight at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. No other Exposition in all history ever had such an asset.



VIEW OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, INCLUDING THE GREAT GOVERNMENT PIER.

PROCEEDINGS MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

AN ELABORATE BOOK BY ADJUTANT GENERAL ALLEN.

It is a full report of the proceedings, including all the speeches made in the Convention of the Confederate Reunion held at Joplin, Mo., September 26 and 27, 1906. It contains the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans and its kindred organizations, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, together with a complete list of Camps and Chapters of same in Missouri and their present officers. One-half of the book contains much reliable, interesting, and valuable historical matter relating to the Civil War. It contains a list of generals of the Confederate States army, number of troops furnished by different States to the Federal army, strength of the Confederate army, relative strength of the armies in seven engagements, list of engagements between the Confederate and Federal forces in Missouri, losses in thirteen battles, Confederate prisoners surrendered and paroled at the close of the war, mortality in military prisons, Missouri organizations in the Confederate service, Confederate Reunions, Southern cross of honor, Confederate memorial work, Confederate monuments in Missouri, dates of secession of the Southern States, political relations between the State of Missouri and the Confederate States, first and last Confederate guns fired, last battle of the war, General Lee's farewell address to his army, President and Cabinet of the Confederate States, Confederate Senators and Congressmen from Missouri, a sketch of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Missouri at Higginsville, Confederate cemetery at Springfield, General Price's official report of the battle of Springfield, etc.

The book is interspersed with forty fine half-tone portraits and illustrations. Among them are the pictures of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, the ranking surviving general of the Confederate army, who was the guest of honor at the Reunion, Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, Maj. Gen. John S. Marmaduke, and Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson.

A multitude of Confederate veterans should procure and preserve this record. It will be supplied for $1 by James W. Allen, Adjutant General, Missouri Trust Building, St. Louis.

HOME-COMING WEEK FOR TENNESSEEANS.—The dates for Nashville have been fixed—September 23-28, 1907. E. S. Shannon, Secretary, Nashville, writes: "We want to invite every Tennesseean living out of the State to come back to the old home." Attention is called to this "Home-Coming" in the hope that veterans and members of their families may take advantage of the low railroad rates and visit Tennessee at a time when the general public will be prepared to make the visit very pleasant. For particulars write to Mr. Shannon.

Walter Preston Branch enlisted in the first cavalry company that was organized in Richmond, Va. After the war he came to Kentucky, where he died near Guthrie in 1878. Information for his daughter is desired as to his service in the war. Kindly address Mrs. Alice C. Branch, Station A, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Alice Craig, of Piedmont, Ala., makes inquiry for Maj. A. Leyden, commander of the 9th Georgia Battalion Artillery.

U. D. C. DAY AT MONTEAGLE.

BY MRS. M. B. PILCHER, PRESIDENT TENN. DIVISION, U. D. C.

The U. D. C. Congress at Monteagle for 1907 was a notable event, the largest attendance of any of the days of Woman's Week, and with a most enjoyable programme. Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General of the U. D. C., presided over the meeting, and considered the affairs of the day with the forceful tact and wisdom of a general. Mrs. A. B. White, who for the past two years has been Tennessee's chief executive, was with us, and made a strong plea for the Shiloh monument. Mrs. White is deservedly popular, and is considered one of the ablest of the U. D. C. officers. Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie read a beautiful paper on the future of the Confederate soldier. A "Plantation Sketch," with musical interludes, by Mrs. Sidney Andrews, was much enjoyed. Miss Ford's "Sonnet," written for the occasion, elicited much praise, and Mrs. William Russell's "Before and During the War" was one of the best things of a long programme. There were musical numbers and a varied programme. The afternoon hour was filled with the symposium or "experience meeting," with three minutes' talks from the floor. This meeting was open to all, and both Veterans and Daughters spoke of a fateful day long gone—talks reminiscent and tender and some of them humorous to a degree. There was no more successful feature than this "love feast."

The evening was brilliant with Mrs. Pickett's stirring and dramatic address on "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg." This, with orchestral music and some important resolutions offered by Mrs. White and a beautiful short address by Mrs. Josephine Pearson, concluded the programme for U. D. C. Day at Monteagle, 1907.

There was universal regret that Mrs. M. C. Goodlett could not be with us. She is always our "guest of honor" on U. D. C. Day, and we feel that the day is incomplete without her. Elizabeth Lumpkin Glenn was another whose absence left a vacuum that no one else could fill. Her eloquence, her superb oratory, exquisite personality make her an enviable place in the U. D. C. ranks.

The social features of the week were in charge of Miss Josephine Pearson, permanent chairman of reception for the Ladies' Association. When Miss Pearson is here, we always feel sure that every social occasion will be successful and enjoyable. Miss Blanche Carlotta Hindman, daughter of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman and President of the John W. Thomas Chapter at Monteagle, which is the hostess Chapter, supervised the decorations, which were elaborate and artistic. She also dispensed the hospitality of the occasion, extending a cordial greeting and welcome from the platform.

I must add a line to my hurried notes to say a word regarding another matter. It is of great regret that by inadvertence the name of Mrs. W. W. Baird, the State Recorder U. D. C., was left off of the list of State officers in the minutes of the Columbia Convention. No lady among us is more capable of filling a State office or more highly regarded than Mrs. Baird.

ALABAMA HONORS PRESIDENT DAVIS AND SENATOR MORGAN.—The Alabama State Senate has passed bills in honor of Jefferson Davis and John T. Morgan. It has also indorsed a bill for monuments for the State at the national parks, providing for the expenditure of $25,000 a year to this cause. The Morgan monument is to take the only remaining place of the State in Statuary Hall, Washington, and will cost $15,000. The Davis monument is to have place on the Capitol grounds, Montgomery, and will cost a like amount.

THE UNIFORM OF GRAY.

BY JACKSON HARVELLE RANDOLPH RAY.

The golden sun has sunken far into the purpled west,
And many are the veterans weary who have laid them down to rest,
Conscious of their parts well rendered and of pure, unsullied name,
Sleeping sweetly, all secure, 'neath the sacred sod of fame
In the land where blossoms blithely the fragrant jessamine,
Where the ivy and the woodbine the lowly tombs entwine,
Waiting for the glorious dawning of the resurrection day,
When rewarded they shall be for the wearing of the gray.

Sons of those who wore the gray now are coming to the fore,
Standing side by side with the ancient foes of yore,
All in peace and harmony, many times ten thousands strong,
Soldiers striving for the right against the hordes of wrong
'Neath the fluttering of old glory's glittering silver stars,
But ne'er forgetting that their fathers fought beneath "the bars,"
Dying bravely—yea, most gladly—in the thickest of the fray,
Proudly dressed in torn and tattered uniform of gray.

Time has healed the bitter wounds of a valorous defeat,
And now closely reunited in loyalty we meet
In North, in South, in West, and East to steer the ship of State,
All in love of fellow-man. Long dead is wild, warring hate;
And in its place the beauteous bird of peace has come again,
Bringing the budding olive branch to soothe the piercing pain.
And those who wore the blue rise up amidst the rest to say,
"All laud and honor, love and praise for those who wore the gray!"

THE VETERANS.

BY ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS.

(A Memorial Day Ode, suggested by seeing the old soldiers of the Confederacy file into the cemetery on Memorial Day.)

I see them slowly marching year by year
A lessening band to that lone camping ground
Where their companions in the days that tried
Men's souls have grounded arms forever.
Ease has seldom been their portion; bronzed by sun
And bit by winter's cold, they bear the scars
And blows of envious time as valiantly
As once they bore the buffetings of war.
For them a nation's coffers have not bled
To salve their wounds with gold; but when, worn out
With bootless victories, they left the field
Where valor long had strove in vain with might,
Like him of olden time whose conquering arm
Did not disdain to guide the plow, they sheathed
Their swords, and, asking aid of none but God,
By honest toil redeemed and glorified
The land their fruitless valor could not save.
See where they come an ever-lessening band!
Torn by life's storms and chilled by numbing frosts
Of thankless years, they falter not nor fail
In the great strife with human wrong and woe
Till one by one the great commander, Death,
Gives word to break their ranks and join the vast
Encampment 'neath the white and serried stones
Where Fame shall write their lasting epitaph:
"Not conquered, but worn out with conquering."

SENATOR BOWEN'S DEATH RECALLS WAR TIMES.

BY J. M. SCOTT, MULBERRY, ARK.

The death of ex-United States Senator Thomas M. Bowen, which occurred in Pueblo, Colo., December 29, 1906, followed one month later by the death of his wife, recalls a desperate venture by twelve Confederate soldiers.

Colonel Bowen was in command of the Federal forces at Van Buren, Ark., in 1864, and was the idol of his men. He was very handsome, and considered a gallant fellow. It was while at Van Buren that he sought the hand of Miss Maggie Thruston, the daughter of Dr. Richard Thruston, one of the pioneers of Western Arkansas, and one whose views were truly Southern. Dr. Thruston refused consent to his daughter's becoming the wife of a "Kansas Jayhawker." Colonel Bowen made daily visits to the Thruston home, which was in the suburbs of the little city on the north bank of the Arkansas River, three miles from the Indian Territory.

While the Colonel was paying court to this accomplished Southern girl two Confederates, John Norwood and ——— Cary, were surrounded by a company of Federals, to whom, after resisting their assaults several hours, they surrendered with the understanding that they were to be treated as prisoners of war. They were taken to Fayetteville and placed in irons, and later taken to Fort Smith and tried by a drumhead court-martial and sentenced to be shot. Capt. J. C. Wright, of Chester, and Capt. T. W. Marlar, of Mulberry, believing they could rescue Norwood and Cary, selected their crowd and wound their way through the mountains to the north of Van Buren, arriving about four o'clock in the morning. They secreted themselves in a thicket some five hundred yards from the city, where they could overlook the Thruston home and the little city of Van Buren. About nine o'clock Colonel Bowen, with an escort, was seen riding up to the house of his intended bride. Captain Wright sent Sol Wagner, Bill Black, Coon Covington, and Nelse Singler to the Thruston home, he taking the other boys and passing between the Thruston home and the Federal camp. When Wright and his party reached the Thruston home, Black and his party had held up the escorts and were bringing Colonel Bowen out of the house, with Miss Maggie holding to him and begging piteously that Bowen be not taken away. The order was given to double-quick, and they took the commander of the Federal army at Van Buren right out of his quarters in sight of his brigade of four regiments July 22, 1864, and took him fifteen miles to the north.

The special object of this venture was to save the lives of Norwood and Cary, who were under death sentence at Fort Smith, as stated. After a counsel was held, it was agreed to parole the Colonel with the understanding that he would be less barbarous to the helpless women and children and that he would endeavor to secure the release of Norwood and Cary. Colonel Bowen agreed also to send Captain Wright $300 in Uncle Sam's money. He sent $100 in greenbacks and $100 in Missouri State warrants. Colonel Bowen did make the lives of our women and children less miserable; but, sad to say, Norwood and Cary were executed.

Miss Thruston was a leader in society and highly accomplished. Dr. Thruston had been forced to leave and go South, and the Colonel and his intended bride eloped, going to Fort Gibson, Ind. T., on horseback, a distance of fifty miles to the northwest, where they were married.

Captains Wright and Marlar are still living, and are well known as high-toned Christian gentlemen. I was in Norwood's home a month after his execution, and was shown the picture of him and Cary handcuffed and shackled. The brave boys were executed after the promise of treatment as prisoners of war. I met Captains Wright and Marlar the day after this occurred, and know this account to be true.

EXPERIENCES IN ESCAPING PRISON LIFE.

W. M. Buster, now of Elmwood, Cass County, Nebr., makes inquiry for associates in an effort to escape prison by jumping from a boat, and in doing so he gives some interesting reminiscences: "After serving a term in prison, I was exchanged, and got back to my command the last of March, 1865. The command was at Blakely, Mobile, Ala. On April 1 we had a 'scrap' with General Steele's command, and kept up the skirmishing until the 9th, when Steele charged and captured us all, so I was a prisoner again. I resolved to get away, and, putting my wits to work, I walked through the guard line, but was detected and taken back. The next day they took us to Ship Island, and kept us there about two weeks. We were guarded by negroes, who shot several of our boys for nothing. Next we were put on a boat and sent to New Orleans. We lay out in the channel till evening, then started up the river. Several of my company planned to jump off and swim ashore, so about eleven o'clock we jumped into the river just behind the wheel. It was a side-wheeler. Some may think that wasn't hard to do. The boat was loaded down with prisoners, and it looked more like jumping into the grave than anything I had ever done; but we got out all right, and then put in nearly all night trying to wade across the bayou, but had to give it up, and lay down to rest. We heard some talking, and learned that it was more of the boys. We made another attempt to wade the bayou, but failed; so two of us went to a farmhouse to get the man to pilot us across, but he told us we couldn't cross it. He was a friend all right, but said that every place that could be crossed was guarded by Union soldiers. He advised that we give ourselves up, but we wouldn't do that. So we started back, and some negroes saw us and reported to the provost marshal and he got after us, so we had to go right up the river. They chased us about six miles before they caught us."

At South McAlester, Ind. T., there will be a Confederate gathering of Veterans and Sons and Daughters of Veterans in joint reunion on August 20-22. These bodies are united in their purpose to build a Confederate Soldiers' Home.

STORY OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

A member of the old "Bull Pen," Mr. J. W. Minnich, now of Grand Isle, La., and who was a Confederate prisoner at Rock Island, Ill. (Barrack 47), for sixteen months in 1864-65, has written a true, vivid, and impartial history of a prisoner's life at that place free from malice or prejudice, confining his paper strictly to actual incidents, good or bad, just as they happened and to conditions as they existed at that time. This booklet would be a valuable contribution for the future historian, as no complete account has ever been written of this prison from a Confederate standpoint. The account will be published in pamphlet form, and is to be paid for by voluntary contribution. The cost of publication will be only seventy-five dollars, and as soon as this amount is sent in the pamphlet will be published and a number of copies sent to each contributor to this fund. If sufficient contributions are not made to defray the expense of publishing, the money will be returned to those who subscribed.

All remittances should be sent to J. W. Minnich, Grand Isle, La., or to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

BRIG. GEN. JOSEPH L. HOGG.

BY P. A. BLAKEY, MOUNT VERNON, TEX.

[On pages 396 and 494 of the VETERAN for 1906 are articles concerning Brig. Gen. J. L. Hogg. The first was from the Youth's Companion and replied to by P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.]

Gen. Joseph L. Hogg was a son of Thomas Hogg, a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and a grandson of John Hogg, an Irish gentleman who emigrated to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. From Virginia the family moved to South Carolina. After the close of the Revolutionary War, Thomas Hogg settled in Georgia, where Gen. J. L. Hogg was



GEN. J. L. HOGG.

born. His youthful days were spent in Tuscaloosa, Ala., where he was married, in 1833, to Miss Lucanda McMath, and moved to Texas in 1840. In 1843 we find him serving as a member of Congress of the republic. He took the stump in favor of annexation, was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, and was then sent to the State Senate, in which he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War he joined the army, and during the war was conspicuous for his gallantry and high soldierly qualities. After its close he settled in Rusk, Cherokee County, where he practiced law successfully until the beginning of the Civil War. He had served as colonel of State troops in Alabama and as major general of State troops in Texas. He was commissioned brigadier general by the Confederate War Department in January or February, 1862, placed in command of a brigade of Texas troops, and ordered to Corinth, Miss., arriving there just after General Beauregard fell back from Shiloh. He commanded his brigade until he was stricken down with disease. He was taken to a private house four miles west of Corinth, where he died in May, 1862, where he was buried, and where his remains rest until this day.

He left surviving his five children, two daughters and three sons, among the latter James Stephen, who was the first native Governor of Texas, in which capacity he served his State four years with marked ability, having proved himself to be one of the greatest statesmen known to Texas history.

DEAR OLD GEORGIA.

BY C. A. FONERDEN.

There is in this fair land of ours
No place where grow such fragrant flowers
  As bloom in dear old Georgia;
Of truest blue, the purest lies
In Georgia maidens' sweet blue eyes,
While o'er no land bend bluer skies
  Than those that bless old Georgia.

No fruits and melons are so fine
As grow on fragrant tree and vine
  Down there in good old Georgia;
Her sun-kissed hills and fertile plains
Are blest with heaven's benignant rains,
And wild flowers fleck the paths and lanes,
  Sweet-scented in old Georgia.

Her balmy breezes waft good health,
Her teeming fields yield bounteous wealth,
  And joy abides in Georgia;
The song bird's voice makes every dell
Vocal with its entrancing spell,
And souls of men reposeful dwell
  In that sweet land of Georgia.

Could you but see that Eden land
Of valleys green, and mountains grand
  And crystal streams of Georgia,
You would behold with wondering eyes
And heart aflame with glad surprise
A veritable paradise
  In that fair land of Georgia!

Let me be buried in the earth
Of that good land that gave me birth,
  That dear, sweet land of Georgia;
There in that land of bliss is given
Life's unction true—that blessed haven
That lifts one's soul to that high heaven
  Whose gateway is old Georgia.

At an "experience meeting" in Georgia headquarters Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick, presided. The VETERAN was indorsed and the poem was commended to its pages by Colonel Waddell.

The attention of enterprising Daughters of the Confederacy is called to a prize offer on page 202 of the VETERAN for May. There are not enough competitors yet to earn the prizes. If the VETERAN is at fault in this matter, explanation would be appreciated. There never was proposed a worthier scheme to help Chapters and extend an influence for the glory of those in whose honor the U. D. C. was organized. Consider this and be ready to take up the battle as soon as the summer heat is over.

HISTORY OF CONFEDERATE BANNERS.—All who are interested in and revere the memory of Confederate flags are to be congratulated upon a booklet of twenty pages by Miss Mary L. Conrad, 178 South Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. This is a well-printed pamphlet on the subject, which is highly commended. It is for sale with liberal commission to agents. For particulars write Miss Conrad.

INCIDENTS OF SHARPSBURG.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, COMPANY B, 15TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

The writer inclines to the opinion that any recital of truthful personal observation and experience gathered on the memorable field of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, will prove of interest to comrades and survivors of that hard-fought field, perhaps the gamest of game fights in the Confederate war of 1861-65. Such incidents help to show the undercurrent or individual spirit of the men—the rank and file—who thus contribute to history in performing their allotted parts in the grand drama being enacted about them.

We herewith submit some incidents occurring in the order the writer now recalls them.

In a headlong charge, all going at a double-quick and yelling like wild Comanches, a hardy, muscular, fearless "Tar Heel," who had joined us in a determined rush on the Federal line, received a Minie ball in his open mouth. He did not seem to immediately lose his speech, for he blurted out: "Boys, I'll have to leave you. Going to the rear to look for that d— ball. Give 'em h— and my compliments." The brave fellow subsequently rejoined his own famous fighting regiment (30th North Carolina), still a good and staying fighter, but minus the full notes of that lusty yell at Sharpsburg. Of course running up dead against the bullets of the enemy when they were firing into us not only by regiments but also by brigades was about the only earthly thing calculated to stop the "Rebel yell," either individually or collectively. It did the first quite often; but the latter when in full swing, with that terrific, terror-striking whoop generally swept onward until the front was cleared and the work well done. The "Rebel yell" had its terrors, fierce and demoralizing, to the enemy; it was heartfelt and inspiring to the men in gray as they rushed in to the support of a "thin gray line" or to break a solid line of blue. It generally happened that the "blue line" was broken and scattered, and the "Rebel yell" was duly renewed and prolonged until the victors were about exhausted.

About 6 P.M., when the heat and turmoil of battle had subsided, I was reminded that I had not eaten anything since early morning, and then only two hard-tacks. Three of us soon filled our haversacks with fine apples from a near-by orchard, then kindled a fire and got out frying pan and a chunk of very fat mess pork. Two of our party were slicing the apples, B—— serving as cook. The first pan of apples was being turned into a tin plate, when bang! bang! bang! in quick succession exploded three shells most uncomfortably near, tendering us the untimely and cruel compliments of a Federal battery which had spied us and made a target of our little tea party. The Federal gunners soon had our range and dropped a dozen or more shells about us in a few minutes, doing no serious damage but causing us to postpone the meal on fried apples in the mode a la Sharpsburg.

General McClellan, being first on the field at Sharpsburg, easily had a decided advantage with his artillery in the early part of the fierce fight; but very few of his batteries held to their first positions as the battle progressed, for the Confederates fought their artillery along with their infantry, all advancing together and fighting along the same alignment. This style was new and novel to the Federals, also proving to them most disastrous and fatal. The battery that acted so spitefully about delaying our supper was doubtless one that had escaped very severe punishment, perhaps not sharing in the red heat of the fray.

In the afternoon a "hot mix up" occurred. When we were getting our "second wind" for another onset or attack, either offensive or defensive, a brave and hungry Georgian, who was "taking chances" with us, proceeded to unroll his blanket that had a considerable bulge in it, which disappeared when relieved of a half-gallon crock of apple butter. In a twinkling the cloth covering of the crock was removed, and the ravenously hungry son from Georgia began to rapidly fill an aching void. Soon came the ringing, stirring command, 'Forward, men; double-quick," when lo! the crock was empty, most of the contents in the Georgian's stomach, and no small portion smeared over an unwashed face already begrimed with smoke and dust of battle. * * *

The Georgians were hard but also gay and festive fighters. Survivors of the "Old Fifteenth Virginia" will kindly recall Major General MacLaw's "fighting division" as one of the best of General Longstreet's Corps that so gallantly withstood the fierce assaults of General Burnside on the sanguinary field of Sharpsburg.

FEDERAL TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATES.

BY C. D. EVANS, DARLINGTON, S. C.

The incident which I relate happened in middle South Carolina during the early eighties. A former captain in the Confederate army asked his son, also a Confederate, a sergeant in the company of his father, to go to mill. The mill was on the stream on which the first cotton factory built south of Mason and Dixon's line was established and which was done during the war of 1812; the machinery for which had been hauled from Philadelphia in wagons in order to avoid the danger of capture from British vessels.

The miller was a native of England. He had served in the English army in the Crimea in 1857. His regiment was afterwards sent to Canada, and he drifted from there into the United States and enlisted in the Federal army during the War between the States.

Soon after arrival at the mill, while the miller was busy, the Confederate was standing in the door, when a negro gave a yell in the creek swamp near by. Instantly the miller hurried to the door, saying: "Did you hear that?" The reply was affirmative. "That was the Rebel yell," continued the miller, "and I don't like to hear it even now. You know I was in the Federal army; and no matter how many men we had nor how securely we were intrenched, when we heard that 'Rebel yell' we were whipped before you got to us because we knew that you were going to do whatever you undertook."

Inclined to draw the man out on the subject of the war, I said: "Suppose that during the siege of Petersburg and Richmond General Grant and General Lee could have exchanged numbers and resources—I mean suppose General Lee could have had one hundred thousand well-fed and clothed Confederate soldiers and General Grant had had only about thirty thousand starving Federals with no shoes and little clothing—how long do you suppose it would have taken General Lee to go to Washington?"

In an excited way the Federal replied: "Good God, man, all he would have had to do would be to get over the works and go there." "Well, then," I replied, "why did not General Grant go to Richmond?" "Because he could not do it," replied the Federal. "He tried hard enough. There never were and there never will be such soldiers as were those of the Confederate army."

This incident is, in the opinion of the writer, one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to the valor and long-suffering of an army which wrote a nation's history with their bayonets.

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Lieut. Hannibal A. Johnson, of Worcester, Mass., who served with the 3d Maine Infantry in the War between the States, has published a book recounting his experiences as a soldier, and also describes a visit made in recent years to the scenes of his army career, in which he was the guest of Confederate soldiers at Richmond, Columbia, and Anderson, and also in the family of his captor at the battle of the Wilderness, who returned to him the sword taken on that occasion. The spirit of the narrative is eminently fraternal, and the aim of the author seems to be to cement a stronger friendship between the sections, a union of the blue and the gray that will know but one country and one flag.

Mr. T. Wilson Selden, of Norfolk, Va. (515 Freemason Street), writes of having in his possession a cane which was presented to him by a Mr. Leslie, of Philadelphia, who was a courier for Gen. W. S. Hancock, and which stick he said had belonged to Gen. Carter Stephenson, a Confederate veteran, who died in Philadelphia some years ago. Mr. Selden thinks the family of General Stephenson would prize this as a relic, and he will be glad to communicate with any of them in regard to it.

Mr. John Nicklin, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has a Colt's revolver (an old pattern) on which is the inscription: "H. A. L., Co. A, 6th Regt. W. V. Present from H. H. L." This pistol was picked up on the field of Gettysburg during the battle. If the owner can be located, Mr. Nicklin will be glad to return it to him.



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UNCLE REMUS'S MAGAZINE.

The August number marks the third issue of Uncle Remus's Magazine, recently established at Atlanta, Ga., and shows continued improvement in its mechanical make-up as well as contents. Its editor needs no introduction to the people of the South, or of the country, who have lived their childhood over again through his stories in the quaint dialect of "Uncle Remus," and his contributions to the magazine will include many other experiences of foxy old "Brer Rabbit." Then, too, his editorials charm in their philosophy of life, and the views and opinions of "Mr. Billy Sanders," of Shady "Dale," point a moral in the existing conditions of our country. Altogether, the readers of this magazine will have an opportunity to know and enjoy our own Joel Chandler Harris as may be presented in no other way.

Other contributors to "Uncle Remus" are among our best writers, and the contents of each number will be made up of serial, short stories, essays, poetry, and the departments. Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, so long known and loved through the "Sunny South," has "The Open House" department; Frank L. Stanton contributes of his "Billville Philosophy" and of those poetic gems which have made him such a warm place in Southern hearts; Mrs. Lundy H. Harris, of Tennessee, gives original thought in her essays, and especially good ideas in her book reviews. Other regular contributors are Don Marquis, who touches lightly on men and affairs of the day; Paul Tietjens, with his notes on the stage and stage folks; while Harold Bolce views the world's progress from the point of New York. That each number will have added interest is the intention of its publishers, if diligence and ability are to be considered.

The best wishes of the Veteran are with Uncle Remus's Magazine. Success and a long life!

C. H. Cleveland, of Ball's Company, the Fairfax Cavalry, Jones's Brigade, Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., would be pleased to have the address of any surviving member of that company (I).

J. W. R. Jones, of Gilmer, Tex., who was a member of Captain Cameron's Company, 4th Louisiana Battery, wishes to locate any members of his company. He will appreciate hearing from them.

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Mrs. M. A. Milner, of Hatton, Ark., the widow of Dr. John Caloway Milner, asks assistance in proving her husband's war record, as she is sadly in need of a pension. He was born in Georgia, she says, but thinks he was living at Lake Charles, La., about the outbreak of the war, and he was physician and surgeon in Albert Sidney Johnston's army, and that is about all she knows of his service. They were married in 1892, and she remembers that many old comrades called on him during the Reunion at New Orleans in that year.

Mrs. Charles Moore, of Union City, Tenn., wishes to hear from any surviving members of the Marion Artillery, of South Carolina, which her husband, J. S. C. Moore, joined in 1863; he was from North Carolina. Mrs. Moore is now seventy-eight years old, and wishes to apply for a pension.

Miss Blanche Hill, of Searcy, Ark., daughter of James Berry Hill (who, as well as she remembers, enlisted in 1861 at Clayton, Ala., or near there), would like to hear from some comrade of her father's who can give the company and regiment in which he served.

Mrs. J. L. Brownlee, of Albany, Ga., has recently had published a song commemorating the passing of our Confederate veterans under the title of "The Boys in Gray Are Growing Old." Single copies, 35 cents; in orders of ten or more, 25 cents each.

Copies of Col. William Preston Johnston's "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston" are wanted, and those having copies in good condition which they would dispose of will confer a favor by writing the VETERAN office, stating condition and price asked.

Ambrose Lee, of Williamsbridge, New York City, wishes to secure the numbers of VETERAN from January to May, 1893, and June, 1894, to complete his set. Write him as to which of these you can furnish.

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¶The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia, which was on exhibition in the Lee Building on the Warpath, Jamestown Exposition. ¶Agents wanted in every Southern city to sell a beautiful lithographic copy in color of this painting. Write for terms to National Printing and Exhibit Co., Office 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. **Sent by Mail on Receipt of 55c. Every Southern Home Should Have One.**

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The VETERAN office is in need of copies for January and November, 1902, and March, 1907, to fill out some incomplete volumes. Only copies suitable for binding are desired. Write us at the time of sending, so proper credit can be given on subscription.

E. F. Wilson, of Socrum, Fla., requests that any surviving members of Company I, 63d Georgia Regiment, will communicate with him.

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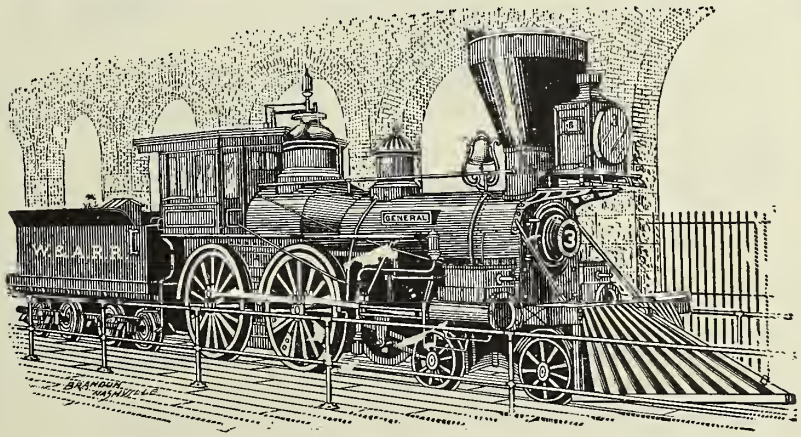
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1907. | No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

A deplorable misfortune occurred to the representative of the VETERAN at the Texas State Reunion in Bowie. At the close of the evening's suitable and delightful performance a gentleman insisted on paying his subscription, when a receipt was written in a dim light, after which the subscription book containing a list of all sums paid there and at the Reunion the day before in McAlester, Ind. T., was missing. It is not possible to recall these sums nor any memorandums. Friends who paid will please send information.

COURAGE OF A GEORGIAN IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

BY J. N. HUNTER, DEMOREST, GA.

I was a member of Company K, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest, and was a prisoner of war in Camp Douglas from December 22, 1862, to June 19, 1865. On the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, after the assassination of President Lincoln, flags were ordered to half-mast. The lanyard of the garrison flag was caught and hung a few feet from the top, and could not be moved either way. Colonel Sweet, the post commander, ordered a man detailed to climb the pole, one hundred and eighty feet high, to fix the rope. The detailed soldier climbed the pole, but just as he reached the top and before he could fix the pulley he lost his hold and fell a fearful fall to the ground.

The entire garrison of three thousand men and thousands of prisoners witnessed the appalling sight. The man lived about two hours. On the morning of the 16th the Colonel called for a volunteer to climb the pole, but out of the entire force of three thousand men not one would volunteer for the hazardous climb. Then a reward of five hundred dollars was offered; but, strange to say, no one accepted the offer.

"Try the Johnnies," said Colonel Sweet. "Out of the twelve thousand prisoners we will find a man who will climb that pole. The prisoner who climbs it and adjusts the lanyard and flag shall have five hundred dollars and transportation home at once."

Barracks No. 1, near the gate, was called out, one hundred and fifty in number. The proposition was explained and a volunteer called for. Instantly a lean, lank, ragged Georgia boy, an artilleryman, about nineteen years old, stepped to the front and went at once to the flag pole. It was now the evening of the 16th. In the prison and garrison and even in the city excitement was intense. Thousands watched that Georgia boy climb the pole. The entire garrison off duty was gathered around the flag pole, sailors swarmed in the rigging of their ships on the lake, and people on the house tops all watching one of the most daring and thrilling acts of the war. The boy from Georgia reached the top of the pole, swaying in a gale of wind, and in a few seconds fixed the rope; then, waving his old Confederate hat three times about his head, threw it at the crowd below. A mighty cheer went up as he started on his descent. The prisoners caught it up, and for the first and only time the Rebel yell was heard in a Northern prison.

As he came down and in reach the Federal soldiers pulled him off the pole and on their shoulders, carried him to the provost officer near by, where he signed the oath or parole, and there were handed to him five one-hundred-dollar bills and his transportation papers home. He started home on that evening. He had no idea of climbing that flag pole thirty minutes before he started up it. I would like to know who he was and if he is still living.

MEMORABLE VISION OF GETTYSBURG.

JAMES R. RANDALL, IN THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY.

Some years ago an old man with silvery hair was led into the cyclorama of Gettysburg by a bright-faced little girl. Aged and feeble, he sat down, while the child described to him the features of the picture. Occasionally he asked her a question as in doubt of the accuracy of her account. She had described the charge of the Confederate columns and the struggle at the stone wall, when he asked: "But where's the artillery, May?" "Do you mean the big guns? They're over there on the hill in a row." "All in a row?" he asked. "Yes," she said; "there are some more down here, but they are all upset. I think they are bursted." "Is that where the men are coming over the hill?" "Yes, grandpa." "Is there a grove of trees?" "Yes, it seems to be full of men, but the smoke is so thick you cannot see them." "O, I see them," he cried. It was then noticed by some of the party near him that he was blind. The little girl answered: "O, no, grandpa, you can't see them." "Yes, I can," said the old soldier. "I can see the men, the grove, and the broken cannon lying about." The child looked at him in innocent surprise, and said: "You are joking, grandpa." "No, my dear," answered the od man. "No, that was the last thing I ever saw. There was a caisson exploded there just this side of the stone wall, and that was the last terrible picture I ever saw, for it was then that I lost my eyesight, and I have never got the picture out of my mind."

THE NEW CONSTELLATION.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, HISTORIAN OF TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

(Annual Report at State Reunion at Bowie August 21, 1907.)

On the 14th of June, 1777, the flag of our country was brought forth by the first congress of the fathers enacting "that the flag of the thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes, alternated red and white, and the union be thirteen stars white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The term "union" in heraldry means that part of the flag in the upper corner next the flagstaff. A new constellation argues of course the old, belonging to the Old World flag emblems.

Asia is a rule of one, a despot; Europe, the rule of a few; but these thirteen stood for the sovereignty of the people with sovereign States representing them. To emphasize this idea, the thirteen white stars on this blue field were arranged in a perfect circle, with no central object, thus denoting their freedom from outside restraint, acknowledging no superior but God. Stars in heraldry indicate independent power. The blue field in heraldry represents spiritual infoldment of a very high order of the emotional feelings, as we experience on looking up to the blue vault of heaven. The red stripes represent the passion of war, and the white the haven of peace and purity as the aim of war. Let us follow the voice of the fathers. Six years after the birth of the flag came the peace of 1788 with the mother country. There we find the States signing this treaty as individual States and not as the United States, denoting very plainly their individuality. We find that they bound themselves by the first Confederate articles of 1776 to a perpetual union; but we find them seceding from that union of first intention, and in 1787 we find them forming what they then called "a more perfect union." In this, the present articles under which we now live, nowhere binds them to a perpetuity as did the old. True, we have since then waged a great war in which for the present we find the victorious party decrying secession as dead; and as far as the South is concerned, our troubles are over, and this matter is *res adjudicata* as to us. But did you ever note that no amendment reaches the point? There is no declaration against the tenth amendment, which declares that all powers not yielded up to the general government are reserved to the States. This has never been given up, and Massachusetts before this amendment was adopted put a proviso in her accession to the Union of 1787, in 1788, covering this point. She acted it also when Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase in 1803, and then she made threats to secede because there was no power in the Constitution authorizing the acquisition of new territory, especially so much as this, which brought in more space than was in the original thirteen, and because it so overbalanced the West and South as to degrade the power of the East. Mark now: two-thirds of the area of this government lies west of the great dividing river. Population is fast following areas, and the flag most surely follows the population. It is not a dream when I opine this point is sure to be raised by the East when the canal is opened and Texas umpires the world. But let us follow up the new constellation the fathers dreamed about. Turn to a disinterested authority (Appleton's Cyclopedia, title "Flag," and see Old Glory there pictured with its thirteen stars in a perfect circle). Did you know this flag fought through two wars of independence with this mystic circle blazoned on its folds? Did you know that in 1818 clerks of some of the departments without lawful authority rearranged the stars as now in parallel rows and destroyed the charm of the new constellation? Science teaches that, while groups of stars have their satellites revolving about them, yet these groups have as an entirety no central sun. An interesting article in the August (1907) number of the Literary Digest exploits this position very fully, holding that while Alcyone, of the Pleiades group, was once thought by some to be the central force of the universe, yet a further investigation shows that this group, like all others, is moving forward in space with no respondent superior but the All-Father. This agrees with the divine meditation of old Job:

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences
Of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?
Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?"

Why should the circle be broken so carelessly? One main reason is the fathers sat with closed doors. They met for the single purpose in 1787 of interstate commerce. When they gathered, they concluded that something more must be done to insure stability. They bound each other to secrecy in their discussions, and debates were withheld from publication until they were almost all if not all dead.

The large States wanted mere power, a strong government; the small States in the majorit did not want to grant it. So they wrestled with each other from May till September before they could agree, and then it suited few. Silence was enjoined that each State might construe the new instrument to suit its own views. All of them at one time or another, for one reason or another, have run counter to the strong government idea, aiming their protests against one branch or another, the executive, legislative, or judicial arm.



JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS.

But before we have the new constitution idea let us follow the voice of the fathers on this subject and that of using

force against a State when joined to the new Constitution. During the debates more than once allusion was made to the model of these thirteen stars in a circle on old glory as similar to the solar system, with none but God as ruler. After they had been sitting from May till July, 1787, without coming to an agreement, good old Ben Franklin, the oldest man in that immortal body, came in one morning and said that, inasmuch as they had been building without asking the counsel of God as the Master Builder, he thought it meet that they should after that open with prayer.

Hamilton has been set down in history, according to the moderns, as a man of force in favor of coercing a State. It is true that in this convention of 1787 he brought forward a strong government plan. Born an English subject, he knew not the new constellation theory; but his scheme was so coldly received that he saw that his influence with that body was gone and withdrew and was seen no more in it till toward the close. The next year when New York sat as a State to ratify or not that instrument it was with difficulty that she could be brought to do so, so wary was she of binding herself; and when she did accede, it was with the provision that she reserved the right to withdraw from the compact whenever her interests demanded it. Virginia and Rhode Island inserted the same. Hamilton, in speaking for the Constitution then, inveighed against the use of force and declared the idea of coercing a State to be a dream. You never see this in history, but there are two Hamiltons. There are also two Websters, the Webster of 1832 speaking against Hayne in favor of the union, declaring it not a compact but as having been ratified *en masse* by the people and not by the States. In 1851 Webster reversed himself from his place in the United States Senate, and in alluding to the thirteen Northern States as having nullified the Constitution and acts of Congress for the enforcement of the fugitive slave law declared this released the Southern States affected from the compact. The histories gotten up nowadays never tell you of Webster No. 2. They are made to glorify Webster No. 1.

Let us briefly trace the new constellation idea and see when it ends. In 1798 Jefferson and Madison drew respectively the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, inveighing against the alien and sedition laws passed by Adams's administration, then in being, as against the genius of our idea of government—that the States alone, and not Congress or the President, were the arbiters of rights and umpires of wrong done them. The idea of a Federal court enjoining a State law was not even thought of as a part of the organic law. The protest of these resolutions turned out the Federalist party and Jefferson, and the party he built under these reigned till the revolution of the sixties. Jefferson ignored the Federal appointments by Adams when he came in, and never ceased to protest against the absorption of jurisdiction by these courts as something not contemplated by the fathers of the Confederacy. Washington called the more perfect Union a Confederacy. After Jefferson had been elected the second time, Congress laid an embargo against the shipping of New England which interfered with the happiness which Rhode Island in so many words declared on coming in she would most regard as a stay for her in the Union.

The most remarkable instance of States arbitrating their grievances occurred during the war of 1812-14, when five New England States sent representatives to Hartford, Conn., and protested against a war that was ruining their ships and shops. They stopped the levies of troops and the march of troops through certain of their borders to repel the British, and proceeded so far that they selected a general to lead them. They hung out blue lights along their coast apprising the enemy of the movements of our land forces. You never read this in the histories denouncing the Southern States for doing similar acts in the sixties. They do not mean to include this part in the national anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee I Sing." They now jubilate over the discrimination in their favor in the face of the fourteenth amendment granting them all the special privileges which this amendment was aimed to destroy. Yet Madison, the father of the Constitution, was then at the national helm, and was aware that the Hartfords were in the line of their rights, and said nothing. The war soon ended after this Hartford demonstration and got these patriots out of the middle of a very bad fix.

Davis and Lee graduated at West Point in 1828, when Judge Tucker's commentary on the Constitution was there used upholding this theory of the new constellation, and the ignorant ones denouncing them for the part they took in the sixties do not know that they fought as they were taught by the government. But a decade or so later than Hartford there arose one from the South who knew not Joseph. Reared in a State outside of the charmed circle of the original thirteen, Jackson, from the backwoods of Tennessee, knew little and cared less for the voice of the fathers. He knew that while he and his hunting-shirt boys with their rifles were destroying the finest army on the planet under Pakenham at New Orleans the tender New England conscience was allowing the British to march on Washington and burn the capitol, and he sent President Madison word that if he would keep those Hartford people quiet there he would come with his Southern lads and drive the enemy into Canada. It was for this reason, when South Carolina essayed the rôle of the former examples in her nullification laws against a tariff equally as oppressive as the embargo laws were to New England, that he made a bluff of force for the first time in the history of this new constellation. The circular form of the stars had been blotted out. The Northern States were pleased because it meant more for them in special monopoly. They were the stronger and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Few knew that South Carolina, like the other essayists of State rights, won, and that her nullification resulted in a gradual lightening of her tariff burdens.

[The new text-book law of Texas requires histories of the United States to be used in public schools in which shall be included the construction of the Constitution as played by the "Fathers of the Confederacy," and Judge Cummins gives the foregoing romantic story dug out of the "archives of the voice of the fathers."]

General report of the Texas Reunion, and that of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma are to appear in the October Veteran. Comrades, please send promised data at once.

Information as to Prison Life Wanted.—D. K. Dickinson, of Saratoga, Ark., asks all surviving Confederate soldiers who were captured and held as prisoners during the war to send him a statement of the facts showing when, where, and how captured, where and how long imprisoned, and the character of treatment accorded by the Federal authorities. Mr. Dickinson was a Confederate soldier under Generals Forrest and Wheeler, captured at Shelbyville, Tenn., and is interested in gathering such information as can now be obtained from surviving Confederates in relation to prison life with the purpose, if the reports will justify, of having them edited and published in book form.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GOOD RULES FOR CONFEDERATE REUNIONS.

Reunions of Confederate veterans are productive of much genuine comfort in the meeting face to face of men who know each other better than any other class on earth. Personal association is the best feature, and then the giving of evidence to great truths is of much importance. The VETERAN offers suggestions on this line.

The man who talks on the war is speaking for eternity, and it behooves him to speak words of soberness. It is well to recall the humor of the camp and to refer to the courage of the foe and of the kindnesses shown by captors in battle. It is all right, too, to report the villainy of the enemy when it occurred; but there is a habit of too many orators to speak extravagantly of what their side did, and they often weaken their cause by representing the other side discreditably. Such representation undignifies the prowess of their own side. Speakers at Reunions too often neglect their duty in dignity and reverence. They should speak to the point and know that others could relate facts of much value and interest.

Small gatherings should be more as experience meetings, and every man should have opportunity to say a few words about what he experienced. It is a grievous fault that many speakers at such gatherings have some ulterior motives of their own in addressing assemblies.

There should be marshals and deputy marshals for the purpose of keeping perfect order. Parents should be required to look to the deportment of their children; and when people at such gatherings are not enough interested to desist from talking, they should be assigned to some other places.

The worst feature of these reunions is the waste of time and the loss of proper dignity and solemnity by young men who harangue the assembly by undignified, and sometimes coarse, speeches, occupying valuable time and to no benefit. It is grievous and yet true that many young men in different parts of the country make it the occasion for advertising themselves. It will be shocking to some to learn that young men of ambition for prominence are occasionally diligent to procure the publication of a sketch of their father for the sole purpose of advancing their business interests, and then ignore the source used for their advancement. Again, officers in these junior bodies seem to ignore them when their terms have expired, taking no part in subsequent meetings.

These facts are grievous. The Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans designates the Sons as successors, but many of them fail to realize the commission.

There is too much of solemnity and grave responsibility in these gatherings to admit of the continuation of these things. Managers of such gatherings—whether merely for reunions, dedications of monuments, or whatever be the occasion—must approve these suggestions. No speaker who seeks the appointment from other than the highest motive should be engaged, and every speaker should speak to the point concisely as possible and then surrender the platform.

These suggestions are made in profound solemnity, and every veteran and mother of the Confederacy should merit careful regard for them.

A GENERAL DECORATION DAY.

(The Indianapolis News.)

We noted recently the unveiling of the statue to Jefferson Davis at Richmond. There certainly is every appearance that the war and all its works lie buried, so far as personal feeling goes. There is a suggestion in the effort of the people of the South to adopt a general memorial day. The date now is not uniform, and the effort is to have all the Southern States and Camps of Confederate Veterans unite on a day. The suggestion is for June 3, which is the anniversary of the birth of Davis. Eight Southern States have already designated the day, while in two others the day is a legal holiday. * * * A day of this sort should be a day apart for the dead soldiers and not kept as an anniversary also of any man.

Why, then, would it not be more proper for the South to adopt the day that the nation observes for the same purpose—May 30? At the North on that day we decorate the graves of the Confederate dead, and in accordance with the act of Congress are now placing headstones at their graves. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the Confederate Commander, in proclaiming the recent dedication of the Davis monument, spoke of the "unswerving patriotism and unconquerable loyalty" that were exemplified by the leaders and hosts of the Confederacy. So it rests in the hearts of those that survive. We have left the dead past to rest in peace. We are willing to accord the tribute of honesty of purpose and bravery of conduct to all. Now, it seems to us that when the battle flags are furled and sent back and when the graves of all alike are decorated, as is done with us on May 30, it were the fitting thing for the same day to be observed in all of the country. Nor should we be surprised to see this eventually come to pass. "We do not force the note."

In speaking for the Southern people, in so far as the VETERAN has authority to give expression, it would say there are prejudices here that may not be understood in the North. In reconstruction days crowds of negroes, led by carpet-baggers, attended these decorations, and the scenes on those occasions are yet a painful memory in the minds of the Southern people. It was a rabble. Conditions are different now, and, looking to the future, when the soldiers of both sides are all dead, it might be a wise and patriotic thing to do. The South could well afford to adopt the same day, since her women bear the undisputed credit of inaugurating a memorial day to the honor of patriots who gave their lives as such on one side or the other.

MONUMENT TO GEN. G. B. M'CLELLAN.

Gen. George B. McClellan deserved the monument that has been erected to him in the National Capital. At a period of the "Big War" he was the most conspicuous officer on the Union side. His popularity with the soldiers under his command was unbounded, and he had the confidence of the greater portion of his countrymen; but he lost his popularity through two causes: He failed to succeed in all that was expected of him, and he never received the coöperative aid that the administration of his government should have extended to him. He was confronted on one hand by the skill of Robert E. Lee and on the other by the coldness, if not open opposition, of those under whose authority he acted. But McClellan was a great soldier, nevertheless. He was a great tactician and a great organizer. He lacked only the quality of audacity. With that he would have been the superior of Grant, whose strong point was his audacity.

MONUMENT AT OKOLONA, MISS.

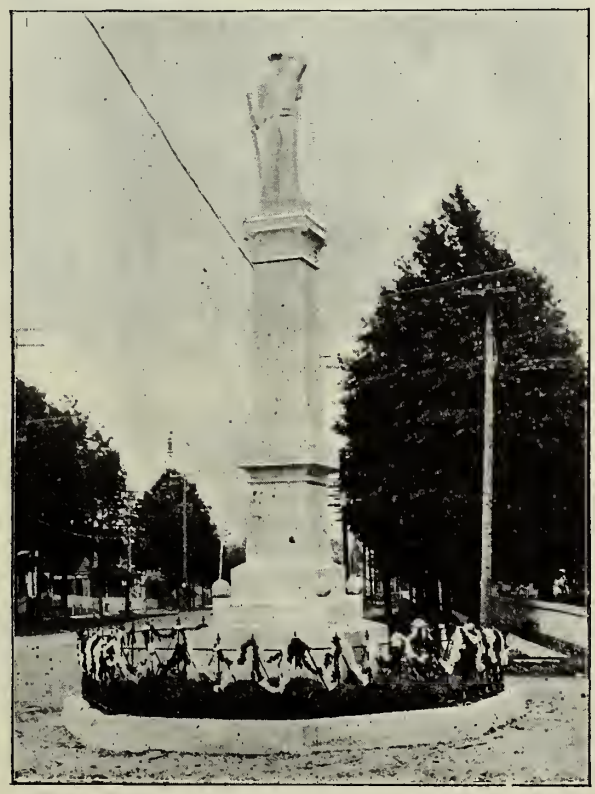
BY MRS. S. EDMUNDS LOVE, OKOLONA, MISS.

The Confederate monument at Okolona, Miss., erected by the Okolona Chapter, U. D. C., Mississippi Division, was unveiled on April 26, 1905, by Mrs. M. E. McDowell, President of this Chapter, with imposing ceremonies. The monument is located on Main Street on a small plot of ground given by the town and directly in front of the First Baptist Church. It is built of Georgia marble, and is thirty-two and a half feet high above the cement foundation, and six feet square at base by two and a half feet high. The statue surmounting it is of Carrara marble and was made in Italy. A substantial iron fence incloses the monument and plot of ground, which is raised and sodded. The statue is a Confederate scout in an attitude of inimitable grace, standing with left hand shading his eyes as if to shut out the too obtrusive glare and apparently peering to see if danger lurks near. It is beautiful as a work of art in its simplicity, its symmetry of form, and magnificent pose.

The inscription on the west side is: "Erected by Okolona Chapter, U. D. C., No. 117, 1905." Just below is, "To one thousand Confederate soldiers who sleep here," and below this, "Our Confederate Dead." On the north and south sides are the names of soldiers who lived at Okolona and vicinity and were killed or died during the war and are not buried in the cemetery. The east side is reserved for veterans yet living.

Governor Vardaman and his brilliant staff in full regalia were present, with the Vardaman Guards and many prominent veterans and citizens, and the ceremonies were conducted in the presence of a large and enthusiastic assembly.

Mr. Henry Lacey, of Okolona, was master of ceremonies, and introduced the speaker of the day, Hon. S. Hill, of Winona, who was followed by Governor Vardaman, Col. Lamar Fontaine, and Hon. Lovick Haley in brief addresses. After the closing prayer, the crowd went to the cemetery, where the children strewed flowers over the soldiers' graves, as the unveiling was on Memorial Day, and with song and prayer the exercises were closed.



THE MONUMENT AT OKOLONA, MISS.

In a lonely spot a little distance from Okolona are the graves of the dead whose memory the monument is intended to commemorate unmarked by even rude boards. This spot was rarely visited, and for years the graves knew not the touch of a tender hand. Such was the condition until attention was directed through the Daughters of the Confederacy, and these long-neglected graves appealed strongly to the loyal, true Daughters at Okolona. These were the wounded from the battlefields of Corinth, Baldwin, and points on down the M. & O. Railroad, and were from every State in the South. Only one grave is marked, and its neat white marble slab is inscribed: "Jas. G. Haygood, of Cane Hill, Ark.; Minister of the Presbyterian Church and Captain of Company C, Hobbs's Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers; died March 12, 1862, aged 20 years and 3 mos. His Company, as an expression of their regard for so good a man and so gallant a soldier, have erected this stone."

"He fell asleep in rosy May
And kindly was laid to rest;
Sleeping now in his coat of gray,
God knoweth what is best."

Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Okolona, Memphis, and Tishomingo Creek, Union City, Fort Pillow, and Paducah—all the deeds of Forrest speak. But who speaks for the unknown heroes? These sad facts aroused the sympathy of the women, and under an impulse of patriotism as well as a sense of duty the project to erect a monument to their valor was conceived. Carthaginian women, we are told, gave their black locks to string their country's bows and furnish cordage for its shipping, and the daughters of the South, inspired with a like zeal, have emulated this patriotic example in their efforts to wrest the memory of the noble dead from oblivion and to perpetuate their heroic deeds. Discouragement and difficulties had to be overcome, and woman's wit was taxed to devise ways and means; but persistence and untiring energy won the day. Responses came from Chapters over the State, the good and gallant men of Okolona were generous in their help, Governor Vardaman and staff and many others gave toward this patriotic cause, and the 26th of April, 1905, witnessed the culmination of their hopes in the unveiling of the beautiful monument before the enthusiastic multitude.

WHEN SHERMAN SAID, "HOLD THE FORT," ETC.

Many veterans and students of the war in Georgia are evidently of the impression that the order to General Corse at Allatoona was given as the army was falling back from Dalton to Lovejoy. It occurred when Sherman's army was on the march to the sea, and the commander of the Union army had followed Hood's army back that far, and then retraced to go with the main body of his army to Savannah in his "march to the sea." The moral of the beautiful song, "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," said to be the signal message of General Sherman to General Corse, who was holding out against Hood's forces under General French's immediate command at Allatoona Pass, is checked when the exact language of Corse is copied. His message to a Captain Dayton was: "I am short a cheek and one ear, but able to whip all h— yet. . . . Where is Sherman?"

FAILURE OF STATEHOOD NOT DECREE OF GOD.

BY E. H. LIVELY, ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON.

In his address, as printed in the VETERAN for July, Gen. Bennett H. Young says some things about which I, as a Confederate, must differ with him.

"Fate," he says, "denied the Confederate States a place in the constellation of nations."

"Refused nationhood by the stern decree of God."

"An inexorable destiny adjudged that the men of the South should fail in the mighty conflict they made for the greatest principle known in true liberty, the precious right of local government."

Not so! Destiny is as you make it. God stands for principle. Neither fate nor God brought our defeat. The fight was well enough, but don't charge God with our failure. We lacked resources and open ports, and this was the sorrowful part, *ab initio,* the *alpha* and *omega* of our shortcomings.

Amid heat and cold, sands, snows, and carnage for forty-eight months the soldiers of the South seemed "proof against peril and empowered with ubiquity." They had disposed of all losses, opposition, and sorest adversities "as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard." General Grant was opposed to the exchange of prisoners because, he said, the return of the Confederates would perpetuate the war. This implied that one Southern soldier was equal to four and a half of the Federals. When the Southron was exposed to peril, he was repaid with glory, the "unpaid guardian of immortal principle." With only 600,000 men, the South confronted the coalition of America, Europe, and Africa, aggregating 2,778,-304. We fought ourselves to a frazzle in behalf of State rights, which Mr. Cleveland vouchsafed to the South after the war, being the only expedient for restoring the country. The Federals never won a scintilla but the abolition of slavery and the dismemberment of Virginia—a four years' war at a cost of nine billions of dollars, with the loss of lives in hecatomb lots.

As far as we were able to go, the combined nationalities of our foes (natives, foreigners, and negroes) were unable to withstand the power of our forces. No one knows this better than they, otherwise they would have taken Richmond in less than four years.

CONFEDERATES DISLIKED CONSCRIPTION.

Edward W. Smith, of Tyler, Tex., writes of the dissatisfaction with the Richmond authorities in regard to conscript law and the appointment of officers instead of their election by the men. He concludes: "I was a private and knew but little of other armies and have since had no access to our Confederate civil history, but distinctly remember the disquietude and anxiety that pervaded the Army of Tennessee, to which our battery belonged. Since the war I have learned, on the testimony of general officers, the state of mind existing among the leaders in that army. We read the morning papers, we saw and felt the situation, and decided to take the 'bull by the horns' and reënlist for the entire war, which we did in some written resolutions that had the snap and glow of patriotic fire in them. They were sent the same day to Joseph E. Johnston, commanding general, and the next day he quoted and warmly commended the resolutions in a general order which was read at dress parade to every command in the army. A day or so later the 154th Tennessee Regiment followed our lead, and the movement swept like an electric current through the army, the reënlistment becoming general. When the news reached Richmond, the Confederate Congress, on the motion of Mr. Graham, of the First Texas District, passed a joint resolution of thanks to Douglas's Texas Battery for its 'patriotic act of reënlistment.' This settles the question as to what command reënlisted for the war in that crisis, as Douglas's Battery would not have been so signally honored if it had not been first."

[It is not well now to criticise the Confederate government for departing from such deference to soldiers in the field as was shown them in the outset. Commands under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, for instance, murmured at not having Enfield rifles in the beginning, and some wanted to refuse service on such account. Think now of how unjust was such complaint. That great man was not a gunsmith. How could he supply them when the South didn't have them? Our leaders did their best all the time.—EDITOR VETERAN.]



MISS BESSIE BREWER, MUSKOGEE, IND. T.,

Sponsor for Indian Territory Division at Reunion, McAlester, 1907.

DAUGHTERS' WORK IN LOUISIANA.—Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Financial Secretary Louisiana Division, U. D. C., writes of the incorrectly given title of one of the officers in the list (July VETERAN, page 329) due to the omission of a part in abbreviation. She explains that the office of "Custodian of Relief for Soldiers' Home for Louisiana Division, U. D. C.," was created that the Daughters of the Confederacy and other friends in Louisiana and elsewhere might have an agent who would have custody of and distribute gifts of money and other objects donated for the purpose. Mrs. Paul Israel is such Custodian. The Soldiers' Home of Louisiana is a model. It is maintained by the State, and there is a devoted Board of Directors among the veterans of New Orleans who constantly visit the Home.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY C. H. COFFIN, CHICAGO, ILL.

In the year 1892 I bought from Mr. J. U. Payne, of New Orleans, his summer home, Rosehart, Pass Christian, Miss. It had been closed for some years. The grounds were grown up with cane and weeds to a colossal height, and were impenetrable. The place fronts two hundred and fifty feet on the Shell Beach Boulevard, from which a beach lot sloped down to the Gulf of Mexico. From this lot a pier one thousand and eighty feet long extended to the channels in the Gulf. At the end of it was an octagon house containing eight rooms, for tea rooms and bath rooms, surrounded by a gallery. About fifty yards beyond the bath house was a dance platform in the lake. In the olden times a negro band played on the platform. In the evenings the boats rowed up to the pier, which was lighted, and guests were received and entertained there. During the yacht seasons yachts were anchored along the channels off the pier. On the shore was an old boat house with some decayed boats as relics.

The house itself was built in three sections, having pavilions around an open square called the "Plazita." The central section was copied exactly in the building of Beauvoir, which was for years the home of Ex-President Davis, and about sixteen miles east of Rosehart. The gallery, about fifteen feet wide and fifteen feet high, extended around the central pavilion, which was on elevated pillars above the ground. The two side pavilions contained bedrooms, kitchen, etc., a two-story gallery extending around them. In the rear were a windmill and deep well, a laundry cottage, and a bachelors' cottage, which was used for housing bachelors over Sunday and for card games at night. Between the plazita and the bachelors' cottage was an orange grove, containing seventy-five trees from twenty to thirty feet high, yielding the luscious Louisiana oranges, now nearly extinct, yet they were certainly the best oranges in the world. These trees were in bloom nearly all the time, and we bitterly lamented their loss by the great freeze of 1896. Back of these were the vegetable gardens and stables, and on Second Street, or Rear Road, were the long negro quarters. Behind these quarters we owned a broad stretch of pine forest extending back beyond a beautiful bayou. We set the bayou in aquatic plants and built among the solemn pines a log rest house for our many invalid guests who needed "pine air." It took a large force of men many months to dig out, replant, and put this place in order; but it made us a beautiful home for fourteen years, and was beloved by us all. It had been built by educated slaves owned by Mr. Payne out of timber cut on his ground and thoroughly dried in the year 1846, and the main part of the house remains as sound to-day as then, although, owing to the extremely damp climate, the life of lumber and timber there is short.



ROSEHART, PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

Mr. Payne had used this house for a summer home; I bought it for a winter home. He was at that time about eighty-four years old, and one of the most charming men I ever met. He told me it would require seventeen servants to properly run the place, as it had seventeen bedrooms. We got along, however, very nicely with from seven to nine. His winter home in New Orleans was one of the largest houses on this side of the ocean, containing a great number of large rooms, and was built of brick with ample grounds.

Prior to the war Mr. Payne was a strong Union man. His most intimate and valued personal friend was Jefferson Davis. They disagreed as to secession. Mr. Payne at that time owned many sugar plantations in Louisiana and cotton plantations in Mississippi. He also had offices and warehouses in New Orleans, and was the largest exporter of cotton and sugar and the greatest creator of foreign exchange. He owned four thousand slaves, who were well cared for, contented, and happy. He had a large capital invested in business, and hundreds of planters were indebted to him for the supply of corn, bacon, and household articles, it being the custom to obtain these in advance from their merchants and to pay when they sold their crops of cotton or sugar. Nearly all the great planters were thus in debt. Mr. Payne himself carried a considerable debt, and also carried a very large cash balance.

When the seven States which first formed the Confederacy at Montgomery, Ala., had passed their secession ordinances and organized their government by electing Jefferson Davis President, they seem for the first time to have thought about finances. There is nothing more astonishing now than to look back and see with what utter disregard of consequences and lack of plans for the future that war was entered upon by the South. The South had no store of arms and ammunition except as nearly every individual was the owner of a rifle or shotgun. They had few small factories capable of making cannons, guns, or powder, and almost no clothing or shoe factories, and practically the Southern States were given over to the growth of cotton. Their leaders were highly intelligent people and held the "free trade" doctrines taught by Mill and others, and in forming their Constitution inserted a free trade clause, thus depriving themselves of the benefit of custom revenues. They also, of course, maintained the doctrine of "State rights," and therefore did not authorize their newly created government to collect the direct tax necessary for carrying on the war; and when they had created a President and Cabinet, these officers found themselves without any money or any provisions for setting in motion the wheels of the new government.

Mr. Davis telegraphed from Montgomery to Mr. J. U. Payne at New Orleans announcing the formation of the government and saying: "Your State calls upon you to do your duty and to come at once to Montgomery and bring with you all the money you can raise." Mr. Payne had been fortifying himself, owing to the ominous outlook, and succeeded in raising and took with him to Montgomery $750,000 in gold coin, which he turned over to Mr. Davis. The latter insisted that he should have government bonds for it, and there were accordingly printed at the old printing office in Montgomery seven hundred and fifty bonds of $1,000 each, roughly gotten up and promising "to pay sixty days after the declaration of peace or recognition of the Southern Confederacy." These

bonds remained in Mr. Payne's hands, becoming, of course, entirely worthless, and long after the war he gave to his favorite granddaughter enough of them to paper her bedroom or boudoir. What became of the rest, I do not know. Mr. Payne's export business was of course stopped at once by the Federal blockade. The planters who owed him were unable to pay. The Federal troops later on seized his plantations and destroyed most of the sugar, cotton press houses, and even the fences. His great home in New Orleans, which was crowded with works of art and vertu, accumulated by years of traveling and careful selections in Europe, was seized by Gen. Ben Butler and used as his headquarters. Much of the silver, paintings, and bric-a-brac was shipped to New England by Butler and other officers to their homes. This is probably the origin of the story of General Butler and the spoons. They were never recovered, and it was many years before Mr. Payne recovered his home in New Orlans.

Within two years after the beginning of the war Mr. Payne found himself stripped of every earthly possession of value and in debt over $700,000. He bravely went to work to pay this debt off; and after some sixteen or eighteen years of hard work, he succeeded in paying it all. When I last saw him, he was ninety-four or ninety-six years old, and was at his office and dealing in cotton every day. I went in to pay my respects, and told him I had come to New Orleans to buy a team of horses. He at once jumped up and took his cane, and, with the beautiful manner which he had, insisted on going with me to see that I fell into the hands of the right man and was properly treated. He was a man of the purest life and most beautiful spirit, and his manners were quite perfect. He died quietly in his own home in the care of his daughter at the age of ninety-seven and out of debt. He was probably at the outbreak of the war the second richest man in America, certainly the richest man in the Southern States, his slave property alone having been valued at four million dollars.

Rosehart was named from a great heart-shaped rose bed between the house and the boulevard some seventy-eight feet in diameter and containing three hundred rosebushes in which we took great pride. My wife, being a botanist, by extensively corresponding and exchanging with other rose lovers in Florida, California, and even Europe, contrived to restore and keep up the reputation of the place for roses, so that we had at one time seven or eight hundred bushes in bloom. The roses there are fragile and cannot be shipped, but are beautiful in texture, form, and color, and all fragrant, quite in contrast to the California roses. Some of the rare roses we brought from California which were without fragrance in California later assumed that quality in Rosehart.

Mr. Payne retained his friendship for Mr. Davis, who died in his New Orleans home; but of course, like all other old Southerners, became a warm patriotic American, and would have made great sacrifices for the old flag long before he died.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT JEFFERSON, TEX.

The unveiling of the Confederate monument at Jefferson, Tex., on July 10, under auspices of the Dick Taylor Camp, U. C. V., was in every way pleasing. Mrs. Gertrude Cartwright, of Cusseta, Tex., delivered the dedicatory address. It was pathetic, going to the heart of every true Southerner. The monument was erected by the Veterans to their departed dead as a sacred trust to the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., ladies, girls, and boys of Jefferson as a gift from their ancestors, to be protected and cherished.

After Mrs. Cartwright's address came the song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and then occurred the unveiling. Thirteen lovely little girls all dressed in white with red sashes, representing the thirteen Confederate States, participated. Senator Culberson, whom all Texans love and honor, made the speech of the day, in concluding which he said: "No spot or people



THE MONUMENT AT JEFFERSON, TEX.
Little girls representing the Confederate States.

on earth is dearer to me than my old home at Jefferson." A song and benediction followed. Capt. George T. Todd was master of ceremonies, and made it as impressive as he did service in the sixties, when in the thickest of the fray, still true as steel to the Confederate cause. Much honor is also due him for his untiring work in procuring this monument.

Error in Record of Gen. L. M. Lewis.—Gen. Marcus J. Wright makes this correction: "In the Confederate Veteran for August, page 347, in article on Gen. L. M. Lewis, appears the following: 'He returned to Richmond in September or October, 1864, rejoined his command at Camden, Ark., in November, with a brigadier general's commission from President Davis,' etc. This is a mistake. He was not appointed a brigadier general by President Davis, but was assigned to duty as a brigadier general by Lieut. Gen. E. K. Smith, by General Orders, No. 46, Headquarters Trans-Mississippi Department, May 16, 1865. See Volume XLVIII., Series 1. Part II., 'Records of the War,' page 1307."

CHARACTER OF CONFEDERATES CONSIDERED.

Dr. Joseph A. Mudd, of Hyattsville, Md., writes to Judge J. L. Bullock, of Washington City:

"In viewing the magnificent spectacle of the unveiling of the Davis monument, the thought came into my mind: 'Can it be possible that these splendid specimens of manhood who endured for four years unparalleled hardships and peril, who for ten years fought the harder battle of the reconstruction, who for forty years while paying vast tribute to a victorious people have been patiently effacing the desolation of war, building up homes and sanctifying them to love, to liberty, and to duty, and who now in the matured and charitable judgment of the evening of their lives return to the central point of the great conflict to ratify the act of their enthusiastic youth, made their dedication to an unworthy cause and a vicious purpose?' I recalled that Judge Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose favorite brother was killed fighting for the North, declared at the Lee centennial celebration of my Camp that, while Lee was the greatest general the English-speaking people had produced, Lee the man was greater than Lee the general. Was the crowning life work of Lee and the other great leaders, whose purity of character and loyalty to purpose are being recognized everywhere, given to what was bad?

"And there was that great army of men whose individual services made no note in history; but whose lives were stainless, whose ideals were high, and with whom patriotism was the supreme passion. The record of one of these heroes seemed to me of peculiar import. The Rev. Matthew O'Keefe, a Catholic priest, who died last year at a very advanced age, came to this country after the illusions of youth had passed away. He had no inherited love for the Southland. He had no bias of feeling to direct his judgment. If he had any sentiment on slavery, it was probably one of opposition. He was a large man physically and mentally. He was possessed of a very considerable fortune, which was spent in Church extension and the alleviation of human suffering, reserving to himself less than what comes to the humblest street beggar. He took a charge in Norfolk. In 1855, when that city was scourged by yellow fever and everything was demoralization and chaos, he was sleepless, tireless—nurse, priest, undertaker. Denied by his bishop, the saintly McGill, the privilege of taking up arms in defense of the land of his adoption when war came, he became brigade chaplain under the fighting Mahone. On a hundred battlefields he fired the enthusiasm of the living and gave the consolation of religion to the dying soldier. He was a daily visitor to the dungeon of Mr. Davis, whose trusted adviser he had been during the four eventful years. In 1869 he received from Emperor Napoleon the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor for his attentions to a yellow fever stricken French man-of-war in Hampton Roads. Many years ago he was given his last charge, a country parish near Baltimore, which he maintained with the same devotion and self-abnegation that characterized his whole life. He died penniless, and his last illness was contracted in administering the sacred rites to the dying. In the most solemn manner ever vouchsafed to men, his mind undimmed by age, unclouded by disease, with full knowledge that in a few minutes his spirit would stand in judgment before its God, he sealed his faith in our cause by directing that his coffin should be draped in three Confederate flags. Judged by his every known act, it must be said of him that to God, to country, to fellow-men, he gave all; to self, nothing. His life so brave, so pure, so unselfish; his death a triumph! Contending always that the cause for which we gave the best years of our young manhood was the most sacred, save religion, that men could die for, jealous always of the good name of the men who fought with us because their devotion and their virtues are a justification of our faith, I glory in the life and death of this humble priest, this fearless Confederate soldier."

REUNION EXPERIENCES AT RICHMOND.

According to the Times-Dispatch in a conservative review of Reunion results at Richmond, there were 80,000 visitors in the former Confederate capital. It is a very conservative estimate to say that the average expenditure of the 80,000 people was $5 *per capita*. At that estimate the amount of money that came to Richmond from all over the earth was something like $400,000. The larger part of this money went into the tills of the hotels and the restaurants, but it got into the Richmond channels of trade all the same.

It has been said that the increased attendance upon the Reunion was in a measure due to the Jamestown Exposition; that many veterans who wanted to see the Exposition went to the Reunion more for that purpose than otherwise, thus killing two birds with one stone.

A careful reading of the railway and steamboat records pertaining to travel in and out of Richmond indicates that the Exposition has profited by the fact that the Runion was in Richmond. It is estimated that at least 20,000 of the people who went to the Reunion extended their journey to tidewater to see the Exposition. It is also estimated that half of these would not have made the journey to the exposition if they had not been first attracted to Virginia by the Reunion.

The $5 estimate of expenditures in Richmond is far too small. It is without question that a Confederate Reunion will leave in any city entertaining it at least three times as much as the cost in direct subscriptions.

Fortunate Results of the Reunion.—The Richmond Times-Dispatch, which earned the gratitude of every loyal Confederate in the land for its excellent reports of the Reunion, makes public statement that not a death or a serious accident occurred to mar the happiness of the recent general Reunion. In commenting upon the fact, that paper states: "It is considered truly remarkable that when so large a body of visitors are gathered in one place, practically doubling for a time the population of the city, and when so many of the men are far advanced in years, and naturally suffering from the infirmities of old age, there should have been no casualties, no deaths, and no serious accidents. The fact is the more remarkable when it is considered that during Reunion week there were three days of most unseasonable and wintry weather. Congratulations are due to the skill of the police force in handling great crowds, to the employees of the Passenger and Power Company for their care in preventing accidents and for their excellent service amid great difficulties, and to the hospital and ambulance departments for their care of the decrepit men given into their charge."

It is a singular coincidence that all three of the surviving Confederate lieutenant generals—S. D. Lee, Bolivar Buckner, and A. P. Stewart—served in the Western Army, the Army of Tennessee. General Lee served for a time in the Army of Northern Virginia, but his service as lieutenant general was West. Gen. S. G. French, our oldest surviving major general, served in the Army of Tennessee.

SUPERNUMERARY CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

Some old official papers from Comrade R. Todhunter, of Lexington, Mo., will be read with interest, as they illustrate the manner in which our subordinate officers continued in the Confederate service.

On April 18, 1865, more than a week after General Lee's surrender, he made application to organize a cavalry command of supernumerary officers of the department who were able to mount themselves. He was assistant adjutant general to Brig. Gen. M. D. Ector until February 17 previous. His application was approved, and hearty encouragement was given his ambitions and patriotic enterprise.

Col. J. L. Camp, of the 14th Texas, in commending the appointment, stated: "By his gallantry upon the field, his promptness and ability in the discharge of official duties he has won the respect and admiration of the entire brigade. He would make an efficient officer of the character suggested."



COL. R. TODHUNTER.

Col. D. Coleman, commanding the 39th North Carolina Regiment, wrote commending his "excellent habits, his prompt and resolute bravery, his efficiency in action, and his high character as a gentleman."

Col. J. A. Andrews, commanding the brigade, commended him most highly and his project of getting those patriots back into service.

Gen. Randall L. Gibson approved the application to raise "a command exclusively of supernumerary officers."

Maj. Gens. D. H. Maury and S. G. French both commended Captain Todhunter for the proposed undertaking.

Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart commended the plan, stating that "Captain Todhunter would make as good a colonel as any one I know."

Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor authorized the raising of the proposed company, stating that "the command might be increased to a battalion or regiment." The officers of the command were to be selected from those so enlisting.

The next report came in the form of a parole, May 9, 1865, to Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A.

The picture herewith printed was made in August, 1864, in his new uniform that cost about $1,200. He was wounded four times—at Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, and Nashville. Seven horses were shot under him in service, and three of them were killed.

COLONEL TODHUNTER'S ACCOUNT OF THE CLOSING EVENTS.

After Hood's army returned from the Tennessee campaign, French's Division, which was composed of Ector's, Cockrell's, and Sears's Brigades, was detached from the Army of Tennessee and sent to Mobile to report to Gen. D. H. Maury, commanding the Department of the Gulf. We remained there nearly two months, and fought the battles of Blakely and Spanish Fort; but, being overpowered by the vastly superior numbers, we were forced to vacate Mobile and fall back to Meridian and join Gen. Richard Taylor's small army, which was stationed there. These joint commands, scarcely numbering eight thousand soldiers, including all arms of the service, were soon enveloped by General Canby with forty-four thousand men from and near the vicinity of Mobile. To any but General Taylor's tried veterans of four years' service these surroundings would have looked hopeless; but good soldiers are ever optimistic.

These brigades were so depleted by years of casualities that much talk of reorganizing and consolidating them with other commands was indulged in. Ector's Texas Brigade, being numerically small, was freely discussed with reference to consolidation. This brigade with the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi had seen heavy service in every big battle, practically every engagement, and they made a reputation for fighting surpassed by no other brigade in the army; hence they would not consent to consolidation, thereby losing their identity.

At Meridian several hundred officers of all grades and whose commands were greatly diminished and who were drawing rations from the depot commissary were willing and anxious to fight to the last in any manner they could. This fact shows the character of General Taylor's army and the patriotism of its soldiers. I had served with our Texas Brigade in every battle from Richmond, Ky., until the close of the war in the capacity of captain.

On January 16, 1863, President Davis commissioned me assistant adjutant general. In consultations with the officers of our brigade, it was agreed that I should apply for a command of supernumerary officers in this department. This application emanated more from a desire to hold intact the remnant of Ector's Brigade than to advance self-promotion. (The brigade, originally cavalry, had been dismounted by General Van Dorn prior to the battle of Corinth, Miss., in April, 1862.)

With flattering indorsements from my superior officers, my application was returned approved by the lieutenant general commanding. I immediately entered upon the organization of this command, and in a few days several hundred officers were enrolled. Many of these officers were so severely wounded that they could have obtained a surgeon's certificate of disability or a discharge from the army, but their indomitable spirit inspired them to render what aid they could until the last. The surrender of General Taylor's army coming on so soon, the active service of this regiment was nominal.

At my request and by the consent of the commissioners, Brig. Gen. R. L. Gibson, C. S. A., and Brig. Gen. G. L. Andrews, U. S. A., this regiment was dissolved and paroled according to their former rank in the Confederate army.

General Ector having lost a leg at Altanta, Col. W. H. Young was commissioned brigadier general and assigned to this brigade; but he having been badly wounded and captured at Altoona, the brigade was commanded by the senior colonel. This deprived me of an indorsement for raising the regiment, which I very much regretted, as I had been the recipient of a very desirable, commendatory indorsement.

While sentiment universal is in honor to the private Confederate soldier, who expected no promotion nor anything else except sustenance and clothing to save life if he be spared the deadly missiles until the end came, special tribute is due to the officer who had survived his command and volunteered to take position in the ranks as a private when his cause was so nearly hopeless.

CONFEDERATE STATUE AT LEWISBURG.

Marshall County, Tenn., has been conspicuous for its brave men and patriotic women. The progress of the county was long handicapped in the fact that her people had no railroad, while adjacent counties were spanned by trunk lines; but at the first call to arms, in 1861, there was great unanimity of sentiment to defend homes and their constitutional rights. Companies and regiments were organized, and the men moved promptly to the front. They fought in Virginia and in the Army of Tennessee from the beginning to the end.

About 1900—seven years ago—a movement was inaugurated to erect in the courthouse grounds a testimonial of their devotion to the Confederate cause. Dirt was broken for the foundation in 1901; but their ambition exceeded their financial ability, so they learned to labor and to wait. The Veterans and the Daughters coöperated zealously.

Mr. James Hendrix has the honor of being the leader in this movement, and much credit is given to him for persistency and zeal in the enterprise. Capt. W. G. Loyd should hardly be mentioned second; for, although he came from Florida after the war, he had established such a hold among the people of his adopted home and was so zealous in his sentiment for its success that he had the undertaking largely in charge. Captain Loyd gave a succinct history of the monument undertaking at its dedication. The base above a well-established foundation consists of four massive blocks of stone, 5x10 feet and 18 inches thick—two crossed above the others—and above them is a large native white stone, upon which is the pedestal of Georgia granite, transported generously from Atlanta by the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. On the elaborate four sides of the monument are engraved the names of about four hundred men of the county who gave their lives to the cause. The appropriate inscription appears: "Lest We Forget." Appropriately the monument is completed by the statue of a Confederate soldier over seven feet high. As may be seen, the statue is several feet above the pedestal on a pyramid of smaller blocks.



THE LEWISBURG MONUMENT.

The exercises were happily conducted by T. Leigh Thompson, well known in Tennessee, whose father honored the cause by faithful service as a private, although he might worthily have commanded a regiment. The monument is estimated in value at $3,500, but through the personal supervision of Mr. Hendrix he reduced the expense more than a thousand dollars.. The dedication caused one of the largest gatherings ever witnessed in the county. It was an event the memory of which will be cherished by the thousands present. United States Senator E. W. Carmack and Rev. Lin Cave, whose faithfulness in service as a soldier and since is known in many States. were present.

A group of beautiful girls represented each State of "Dixie's Land," and Miss Dulcie Hendrix pulled the ribbons whereby the work of many hands appeared in the Confederate soldier that deserves to stand until the judgment day. It was a happy day in April, 1907, and this delay of notice has been much regretted, for the one who has the responsibility of editing the VETERAN marched and fought with these men, and he honors the people of that county second to no other.

HOME LIFE OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S FAMILY.

BY JAMES B. HODGKIN, OF IRVINGTON, VA.

I was born and lived for some years within a short walk of the old Arlington mansion, and my first Sunday school experience was in a little chapel located on the corner of that estate. My mother and Mrs. Lee and her mother, Mrs. Custis, were intimate friends, and taught together a ragged school for the benefit of the poor children of that neighborhood, and many a boy and girl of that time received the only education they possessed from these ladies. On Sunday there was occasional service in this chapel conducted by the students of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, a few miles distant. The poor folk who came to the chapel were often very destitute, and the best clothing the women could boast of for Sunday wear was a calico dress and what was known then as a sunbonnet. Every one knows with what aversion very poor women naturally look on those who are better dressed than they (the feeling is very natural, as the comparison is glaring), and so I knew both Mrs. Custis and her daughter, Mrs. Lee (then Miss Custis), to come to the service dressed only in calico dresses and a cheap sunbonnet. That this was done in order to place the poorer women at their ease is evident.

The same spirit was seen in Robert E. Lee himself. In the occasional cases in which I came in touch with him during the war I found him as courteous to me, a ragged vet, as to General Hill, who came in a moment after I had transacted my business with him. He had precisely the same manners for all, and his gentlemanliness was eminently conspicuous.

Of his modesty there are many stories extant. I recall an incident which occurred on the line below Richmond and on the north bank of the James in the winter of 1864-65. It was in the afternoon of a winter's day and we were lounging in front of our tents, or rather huts, when President Davis and Gen. R. E. Lee came riding along the line. So soon as Lee was recognized the inevitable shout went up—a "Rebel yell." President Davis's hat was off, and he bowed right and left at the boys. Lee sat like a stone man on his horse, never

turning his head to right or left. Apparently he heard not a sound. I was standing by our colonel, and, turning to me, the latter said: "Notice Lee's humility; he knows the cheering is for him, but he passes it all over to President Davis."

PRISON EXPERIENCES AT POINT LOOKOUT, MD.

BY N. F. HARMAN (1ST SERGT. CO. F, 52D GA.), BARTOW, GA.

On October 3, 1864, with a large number of Confederates, I was landed at the Federal prison of Point Lookout, Md. After searching us and taking our money, knives, and other articles, we were placed inside the prison. All of our blankets were kept by officers, but later we were each allowed one blanket. We had no barracks. Our shelter was canvas tents of the bell style. In each tent fifteen to twenty men were placed. The floors of these tents were of damp earth; no planks or straw for dryness. Our beds were on this dirt floor. Two of us slept together—one blanket on the ground, one to cover with.

The wind had a clean sweep from one side of the Chesapeake Bay. We never had any wood or coal for fires nor any fireplaces.

There were thirteen hundred prisoners in this place. Some had been there two years. The prison was in a square inclosure with a plank wall eighteen feet high. About three feet from the top was a platform for the guards to walk on. These guards were negroes from the plantations, mainly from North and South Carolina. About twenty-five feet from the walls and next to the tents was a ditch known as the "dead line." If a prisoner crossed it, he was immediately shot.

At night there was a patrol of two negro soldiers inside the prison for each division, and these divisions, thirteen in number, had each a thousand men in them. This night patrol was to keep watch on the prisoners. Every one had to be in his tent when "taps" was sounded and all lights had to be put out, and talking was not permitted. I knew of these negro patrols calling men out of their tents and chasing them up and down the streets until they were exhausted. One night two of these negro patrols, after running one poor fellow until he could barely move, ordered him to his tent; but before he reached it one of them called out: "Hold on dar, hold on; come back here!" He then said to the prisoner: "What your sister's name and whar she lib? I want to write to her."

One night one of these patrols shot into a tent and killed two men. When the officer came rushing in to see what was the matter, the negro said he shot into the tent to make the prisoners stop talking. The fact was, all the men in this tent were asleep; but nothing was ever done to this negro patrol for the murder of two men who were asleep when shot.

It was a common thing for these negro guards and the negro patrols to amuse themselves by calling the prisoners out and forcing them to amuse them in many ways. The officers did not seem to care, but allowed such humiliations.

Now as to our rations. At 7 A.M. we were marched into a cook house, holding some five hundred plates. On each plate was a piece of pork about one sixth of a pound. As each man came in he took his stand at a plate until the five hundred men each had a plate, then at a signal each man took his meat and we were marched out. At 9 A.M. the bread wagon entered the prison, and each one was given one-half loaf of bread. At noon we were again marched into the cook room and got a pint of so-called soup, but it was little more than salt water. No beans or peas or grease of any kind appeared in this soup. Once a week we received a mackerel or piece of codfish uncooked in place of meat. This we had to eat raw and salty, as we had no means to cook it or to soak it. We had no means of kindling fires. Our supply of water was from six wells with pumps. Of these, only one well could be used for drinking purposes. This well was in my division, No. 5. If the water from the other wells was allowed to stand even one night, a thick green scum formed, as if copperas was in it, and the water was unfit to drink. The death rate was heavy.

GIVE ALL VETERANS LOW REUNION RATES.

The National Tribune demurs to the increase of railroad fare to the G. A. R. National Encampment at Saratoga. It would be unfortunate if the railroads should in retaliation against legislation on passenger rates refuse the special concession to annual gatherings of the fast-decreasing survivors of the two great armies of the sixties.

The Tribune makes ugly comment occasionally. It implies that the railroads are better to Confederates than to Federals, stating: "It is a matter of fact that the railroads have granted much lower rates to Confederate Reunions—practically to the great Jeff Davis demonstration at Richmond—than they seem disposed to give to those who want to attend the National Encampment. In several of the Northern States there has been a distinct refusal to make any concession whatever to Department Encampments, while in the South the Confederates have no trouble in getting satisfactory rates."

Federals could travel much on government pensions.



MAJ. W. H. ETHEREDGE.

[Maj. William H. Etheredge commanded the 41st Virginia, Mahone's Brigade, in the battle of the Crater. He is now partially paralyzed and is eighty-six years old. He wrote to his comrade, Capt. George J. Rogers, of Petersburg, Va., an account of the battle of the Crater. See April VETERAN, page 167.]

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

[Address by Maj. D. W. Sanders, of Louisville, Ky., before the Southern Historical Society in April, 1881.]

General Thomas pursued Hood's retreating army from Hollow Tree Gap to Spring Hill with great vigor. Wilson continued the pursuit from Franklin to Rutherford's Creek with unceasing energy and intense ardor. Hatch's and Knipe's divisions moved in parallel columns along the Carter's Creek and the Columbia Pikes, Johnston's Division down the Carter's Creek Pike, and Croxton on the Lewisburg Pike. These cavalry divisions, moving on all of the roads leading south from Franklin, harassed the flanks and rear of Hood's army with continuing charges and constant combats. Knipe and Hatch attacked the rear with impetuosity, and increased the demoralization. Johnson, on the Carter's Creek Pike, turned Hood's flank, and with great energy pressed on and in the direction of Spring Hill to strike the retreating troops at that Point. Croxton's, on the Lewisburg Pike, turned the flank of the rear guard, when Knipe and Hatch moved their divisions to the attack, and in the conflict that ensued three guns of Douglas's Battery, of Lee's Corps, were captured, and the rear guard was driven to Spring Hill. Reynolds's Brigade, of Walthall's Division, which was in good condition and of unquestioned reliability, was moved from Spring Hill on the Carter's Creek Pike in the direction of Franklin and put in position to check the threatened advance of Johnson. Wilson's pursuit was retarded on the 18th at Rutherford's Creek.

Cheatham, with the remnant of his corps, had destroyed the bridges across Rutherford's Creek, and was in position on its south bank, commanding its crossings. Rutherford's Creek was rising rapidly, thus rendering it impossible to ford it in any direction. General Wood, commanding the Fourth Corps, led the advance of the infantry, and on the 18th was closed up with the cavalry at Rutherford's Creek. Generals Smith and Schofield, with their respective (corps) commands in the order named, were at and about Franklin. The trains moved with their respective commands, carrying ten days' supplies and one hundred rounds of ammunition.

On the 19th General Smith, commanding the 16th Corps, was moved to Spring Hill, and General Schofield, commanding the 23d Corps, remained at Franklin. General Hatch on the 19th made repeated efforts to cross Rutherford's Creek, and late in the afternoon succeeded in lodging a few skirmishers on its south bank.

On the 20th General Hatch constructed a floating bridge from the débris of the railroad bridge, crossed his entire division, and moved rapidly to Columbia; but found on reaching Duck River that Hood had crossed it and had removed his pontoon bridge. Duck River was swollen and impassable without a bridge. General Wood improvised a foot bridge over Rutherford's Creek at the railroad bridge, and by nightfall had successfully crossed his corps. General Thomas's pontoon train reached Rutherford's Creek about noon of the 21st inst., and during the afternoon was thrown across it, and General Smith marched his corps over it.

General Hood indulged himself in the belief that he could maintain his defensive line south of Duck River. The deplorable condition of his army as it bivouacked about Columbia was so apparent that he abandoned all thought of a defensive line south of Duck River. His army was wrecked, and the great and distressing question which confronted him was, could he protect his rear and escape across the Tennessee River into Alabama and Mississippi?

General Hood convinced himself that the successful retreat of his army south of the Tennessee River rested solely on the reliability of the troops constituting the rear guard, and with humiliation and distrust in the probable result he turned the head of his broken army to the Pulaski Pike, and his line of retreat was by that route to Bainbridge, on the Tennessee River.

On the morning of the 20th of December, 1864, General Hood sent a member of his staff to General Walthall, who had established his headquarters at the residence of Nimrod Porter, near Columbia, with the urgent request that he call at army headquarters immediately. General Walthall at once rode to headquarters, and the writer accompanied him. On the pike, as Walthall approached army headquarters, he met General Hood on his horse in company with Dr. Darby, who was the medical director of the army. Hood said to Walthall substantially as follows: "Things are in a bad condition. I have resolved to reorganize a rear guard. Forrest says he can't keep the enemy off of us any longer without a strong infantry support, but says he can do it with the help of three thousand infantry with you to command them. You can select any troops in the army. It is a post of great honor, but one of such great peril that I will not impose it on you unless you are willing to take it; and you had better take troops that can be relied upon, for you may have to cut your way out to get to me after the main army gets out. The army must be saved, come what may, and if necessary your command must be sacrificed to accomplish it."

Walthall, in reply, said: "General, I have never asked for a hard place for glory nor a soft place for comfort, but take my chances as they come. Give me the order for the troops, and I will do my best. Being the youngest major general in the army, I believe, my seniors may complain that the place was not offered to them, but that is a matter between you and them."

General Hood said in reply: "Forrest wants you, and I want you."

General Forrest rode up during the conversation in time to understand what had been said, and he remarked: "Now we will keep them back."

Hood gave verbal orders for Walthall to take any troops he desired, and he selected eight brigades, estimated at three thousand effective, as follows: W. S. Featherstone's, J. B. Palmer's, D. H. Reynolds's, O. F. Strahl's (commanded by Col. C. W. Keiskell), Smith's (commanded by Col. C. Olmstead), Maney's (commanded by Col. H. R. Field), Ector's (commanded by Col. D. Coleman), and Quarles's (commanded by Brig. Gen. George D. Johnston). These brigades reported to Walthall, who had them inspected and a report of effectives made. The eight brigades numbered one thousand six hundred and one effectives.

General Walthall issued the following General Order No. 1, dating it "Headquarters Infantry Forces in Rear of the Army of Tennessee, Columbia, Tenn., December 20, 1864:"

"The brigades of this command will be temporarily united as follows: Featherstone and Quarles, under command of Brigadier General Featherstone; Ector and Reynolds, under command of Brigadier General Reynolds; Strahl and Maney, under command of Colonel Field; Smith and Palmer, under command of General Palmer.

"This command will stand in line in the following order: Featherstone on the right, then Field, Palmer, and Reynolds in the order they are named.

"By command of Major General Walthall.

D. W. SANDERS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

The field return of this command's effectives was as follows: Featherstone, 498; Reynolds, 528; Palmer, 297; Field, 298; total, 1,621.

The organization of this rear guard is given in detail because of two reasons. General Hood, in his report and also in his book, incorrectly reports the names of the brigades that composed this command, and a correct statement has never heretofore been given. General Hood omits Featherstone, Reynolds, Olmstead, and Johnston, and incorrectly states that Granberry's Brigade was a part of the rear guard; and General Forrest in his official report mentions Granberry's Brigade as part of the infantry rear guard in the engagement of December 26, when he should have said Ector's and Reynolds's instead of "Ector's and Granberry's brigades."

The rear guard that covered Hood's retreat from Columbia to Bainbridge, on the Tennessee River, was composed of Jackson's, Buford's, and Chalmers's divisions of cavalry, and the eight brigades of infantry temporarily organized into four divisions under Maj. Gen. E. C. Walthall, Morton's Battery, and the whole force under the command of General Forrest.

The composition of this rear guard, its subordinate commanders, and its strength has been the subject of much misstatement; and the heroic gallantry which it displayed in covering Hood's retreat and the admiration which its splendid soldierly qualities elicited from General Thomas has so often been applied to other commands that the truth of history demands its correction.

General Thomas, in his official report dated Eastport, Miss., January 20, 1865, says this of Hood's rear guard: "He had formed a powerful rear guard, made up of detachments from all his organized forces, numbering about four thousand infantry, under General Walthall, and all his available cavalry and artillery under Forrest. With the exception of this rear guard, his army had become disheartened and a disorganized rabble of half-armed and barefooted men, who sought opportunity to fall out by the wayside and desert their cause to put an end to their sufferings. The rear guard, however, was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last."

Thomas was one of the most imposing characters in the military annals of his country, and his language carries a distinctness of statement and an absolute certainty of commanders, their commands, and events.

With General Walthall in command of the infantry rear guard at Columbia, General Hood continued his retreat as rapidly as the broken and shattered condition of his army would permit, and crossed the Tennessee River December 25, 1864, at Bainbridge.

Walthall was the youngest division commander in that army, as has been stated; and when he drew his sword in command over the rear guard to cover its retreat, there was not a soldier in it who did not believe that he would do it or perish in the effort on the front line in the actual command of his men. His military career illustrated the brightest pages of the history of the Army of the Tennessee; his name, fame, and deeds are imperishably united with its victories and defeats; and, with its bravest dismayed at the extent of the great calamity which had befallen it, and its annihilation impending, he, in his person, recalled the valor that in former days animated the soldiers of that army when it achieved its greatest triumphs.

On the 20th of December General Walthall moved his headquarters from Nimrod Porter's to the residence of Mr. Orr, in Columbia, and the infantry rear guard was encamped near the Pulaski Pike, south of Columbia.

The rain set in on the night of the 16th of December and continued to the 18th, and on the 19th it became intensely cold, and so continued for several days thereafter. The sufferings of the troops were terrible. Without protection from the severity of the weather, without blankets, and many without shoes, and nearly all indifferently shod, the horrors of the retreat were to be seen as the bare and frost-bitten feet of the soldiers, swollen, bruised, and bloody, toiled painfully on the march over the frozen pike.

General Thomas was aware of the desperate condition of Hood's army, but the swollen streams retarted his pursuit. General Hatch, with his division of cavalry, was on the north bank of Duck River unable to force his crossing. He shelled Columbia on the 20th; and as there were no troops in the city except the wounded in the hospitals, General Forrest asked for a conference under a flag of truce, which was readily agreed to. General Forrest, accompanied by Major Anderson, of his staff, and General Walthall, met General Hatch at the turnpike bridge, across Duck River, in the afternoon, and Forrest and Hatch from the abutments of the broken bridge on each side of the river had their conference.

General Forrest informed General Hatch that there were no troops within the corporate limits of Columbia except the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and requested that the artillery fire be discontinued, which General Hatch assented to. General Forrest then proposed an exchange of prisoners, to which General Hatch replied that he had no authority to act, but that he would forward his proposition to army headquarters. General Forrest proposed and specifically asked for the exchange of General Rucker, who had been wounded and captured on the Granny White Pike on the night of the 16th, and General Hatch said that he was without authority to make this exchange, but that he would forward this request without delay. The civilities of the flag were exchanged and the truce ended. The proposition and the specific request of General Forrest in the rapid movements that followed were never heard from.

Late in the afternoon and the night of the 21st General Wilson succeeded in throwing his pontoon across Duck River, above Columbia, and on the morning of the 22d the enemy crossed a column of infantry of General Wood's command. Colonel Field, with his small infantry division, was in observation on the river, with a cavalry regiment picketing in front of him. Colonel Field reported on the 21st the efforts of the enemy to effect a crossing of Duck River:

"COLUMBIA, TENN., December 21, 1864.

"*Major:* Citizens report that the enemy are trying to effect a crossing at Johnson's Knob, about two miles above this place. Johnson's Knob is on the opposite bank of the river, and commands a large extent of country on this side Reports are that the enemy are digging down the bank at that point.

"Very respectfully, H. R. FIELD,

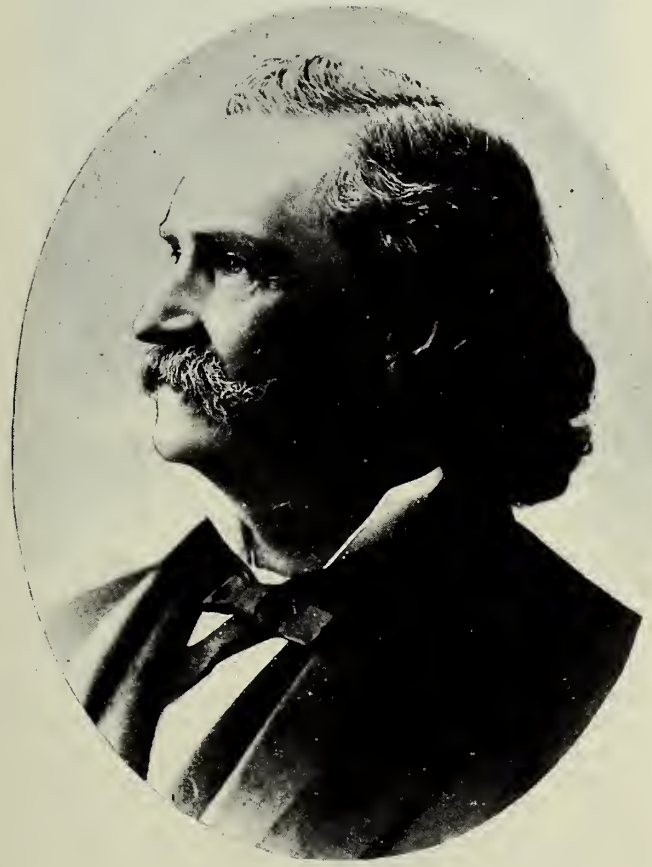
Colonel Commanding Maney's and Strahl's Brigades.

MAJ. D. W. SANDERS, *A. A. G. Walthall's Division.*"

When General Wood's infantry appeared on the morning of the 22d south of Duck River, General Walthall ordered Colonel Field to reconnoiter and skirmish with the enemy, and formed the remainder of his command in line across the Pulaski Pike. The enemy was in force, and easily compelled Field to fall back on Walthall's line. General Wood rapidly deployed in front of Walthall, and forced him to retreat on the Pulaski Pike. Walthall marched about twelve miles, and encamped at Mrs. Mitchell's, about two miles from Lynnville, where he remained until the morning of the 24th.

When the enemy crossed Duck River on the 22d and appeared in force on the Pulaski Pike, General Forrest ordered the rear guard to fall back in the direction of Pulaski. He directed General Chalmers to move on the right down the Bigbyville Pike toward Bigbyville. The rear of Walthall's infantry was covered by Jackson's and Buford's divisions of cavalry and Morton's artillery, while a few scouts were thrown out on the left flank. The enemy made his demonstration on the cavalry pickets near Warfield's, three miles south of Columbia. The enemy opened upon the cavalry with artillery, which forced Jackson and Buford to fall back to a gap between two hills, which position was held until the forenoon of the next day. The cavalry retarded the advance of the enemy on the 23d, and at nightfall were a short distance in front of Walthall.

On the morning of the 24th General Forrest ordered General Walthall to advance his infantry on the pike toward Columbia with the cavalry on the right and left flanks. Walthall advanced about three miles, and came in contact with the enemy, when a severe engagement occurred, and the enemy was held in check for two hours. The rear guard retreated to Richland Creek, and Walthall took position in the rear of a mill on Richland Creek, about seven miles from Pulaski.



MAJ. GEN. E. C. WALTHALL.

Jackson was in front of the enemy, with Armstrong's Brigade in front and Ross's Brigade on the right flank. Chalmers had joined Buford, and these two cavalry divisions were ordered on the left flank. General Armstrong was ordered to support six pieces of artillery commanded by Capt. John W. Morton, Forrest's chief of artillery, which were placed in position immediately on the main pike on a line with Chalmers's and Buford's Divisions and Ross's Brigade, of Jackson's Division. After a severe artillery duel, two pieces of the enemy's artillery were dismounted. The enemy turned both flanks and crossed Richland Creek on his left with the view of gaining Forrest's rear. Armstrong and Ross were immediately ordered to cross the bridge on the main pike and move around and engage the enemy while crossing the creek. Chalmers's and Buford's Divisions were heavily engaged and forced to fall back across Richland Creek. General Buford was wounded, and the division was placed under the command of Chalmers. At 8 P.M. Walthall withdrew his infantry and marched to and occupied the outer line of works around Pulaski.

On the morning of the 25th, after destroying all the ammunition that could not be removed and two trains of cars, the rear guard, with the exception of Jackson's division of cavalry, which was ordered to remain in Pulaski as long as possible and destroy the bridge, fell back on Anthony's Hill, seven miles south of Pulaski.

At daylight on the morning of the 25th Walthall withdrew his troops from the works, marched through Pulaski, and left the pike on the road for Bainbridge. The roads were almost impassable, and the artillery and the few wagons which made up the train were moved with great difficulty. Wilson, with a considerable mounted force, pursued and pressed the rear guard with unusual vigor and audacity. A few miles from Pulaski scattering wagons of the main army were overtaken, and these were carried when practicable, notwithstanding it greatly embarrassed the infantry. The boldness and vigor of Wilson's pursuit was now pressed with increased determination, and it was determined to turn upon him. An advantageous position was selected for a line on Anthony's Hill, four miles from Pulaski. Featherstone and Palmer, with a brigade of cavalry on each flank, and Reynolds and Field and Morton's artillery in the reserve for support were put in ambush to await the enemy's approach. So broken is the ground at that point and so densely wooded that there was no difficulty in concealing the troops. A thin line of skirmishers was thrown to the front, which the enemy promptly engaged; and when it proved stubborn, he dismounted part of his cavalry men and made a charge. When the attacking force neared the troops lying in wait for them, the latter delivered a destructive fire, and a section of Morton's artillery, masked near by, opened fire with considerable effect. The enemy retreated in disorder, and Featherstone and Palmer promptly pursued and captured a number of prisoners, horses, and one piece of artillery. Captain Morton took charge of this gun, and after turning it with effect upon the enemy carried it from the field.

About sunset the rear guard was withdrawn from Anthony's Hill, at midnight reached Sugar Creek, camped for the night, and there came upon a large part of the army ordnance train, which had been delayed, so that the mules which belonged to it might be used to aid in moving the pontoon train to the river.

This train was moved forward at an early hour the next morning. On the morning of the 26th Wilson continued the pursuit with unabated vigor, and pressed Forrest's cavalry with great impetuosity. General Forrest said to Walthall that the enemy, not more than a mile off, were pressing his cavalry, and that it would not be necessary for the infantry to dispute his advance. Walthall at once put Reynolds and Field in position between the two crossings of the creek, and Featherstone, Palmer, and Morton were posted in a strong position on the south side of the crossing, nearer the Ten-

nessee River, to guard against disaster in the event the troops in front of them were overcome.

There was so dense a fog that Reynolds and Field were enabled to conceal their commands except a small force, which was purposely exposed, and which, when encountered by the enemy, fell back, as they had been instructed, upon the main body. The enemy, with part of his force dismounted, at once engaged this small force and drove it back on the main line, and when he discovered the line in ambush broke and retreated in confusion. His flight being obstructed by the creek, Reynolds and Field captured nearly all of the horses of a dismounted regiment and some prisoners. After he crossed the creek, Ross's Cavalry Brigade continued the pursuit for a considerable distance. After this the enemy hung upon the rear, but no further demonstration was made.

In the forenoon the rear guard took up the march, and camped that night about sixteen miles from the Tennessee River. On the morning of the 27th the march was continued, and the rear guard crossed Shoal Creek about two o'clock in the afternoon. On the south side of Shoal Creek the infantry formed in line to guard the crossing. Here the cavalry passed and moved on to the Tennessee River. At 1 P.M. the infantry were withdrawn with the exception of Reynolds, who was left with instructions to picket the creek and rejoin Walthall the following morning, and Walthall marched to and occupied the works covering the pontoon at Bainbridge.

General Walthall issued the following circular to the "infantry forces of the rear guard" December 28, 1864, 3 A.M.:

"Featherstone's Brigade will move promptly (without further orders) at daybreak across the bridge, to be followed by Field and Palmer.

"General Reynolds will withdraw his command from Shoal Creek in time to reach the main line by daybreak and leave a skirmish line behind for a half hour. He will follow Palmer. Ector's Brigade will cover the road until the whole command has passed, and then will follow, leaving a line of skirmishers behind until the rear of the brigade has passed on to the bridge.

"It is important that the movements be conducted with promptness and in good order.

"By command of Major General Walthall.

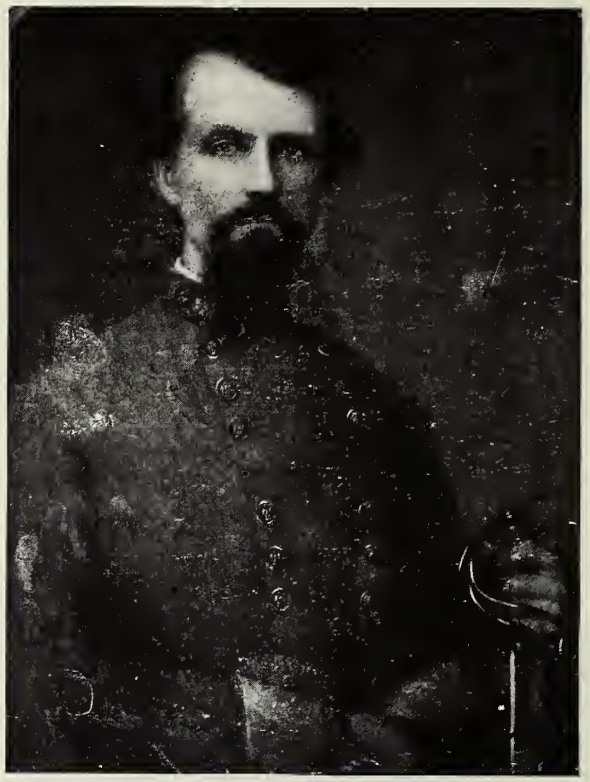
E. D. CLARKE, *Acting Assistant Adjutant General.*"

In obedience to the directions contained in the above circular, the infantry were the last of the rear guard to cross the Tennessee River.

Walthall with his incomparable infantry, together with the magnificent cavalry and artillery under Forrest, saved Hood's army from annihilation and enabled him to escape south of the Tennessee River.

General Wood, commanding the 4th Corps, pursued the rear guard with indomitable resolution and untiring energy. He was incited to make his wonderful infantry march to Pulaski by the indications of demoralization, distress, and the hopeless condition of the retreating army that abounded all along the route of Hood's retreat. Arms, accouterments, broken and abandoned wagons, disabled soldiers, barefooted and frostbitten, told him that sore distress and appalling disaster had worked the destruction of an army which he had fought gallantly on many heroic fields. Pursuing the advantage that the fate of battle had given to his arms, he pressed forward with his victorious divisions with the determination to annihilate the rear guard and capture or disperse the remnant of the Army of Tennessee. His troops responded to the demands on their endurance, and achieved for themselves a reputation that will live forever in the military annals of their country.

General Hood, in a campaign of thirty-eight days on the north side of the Tennessee River, fought the battle of Franklin and Nashville and wrecked his army. No damage of any consequence had been inflicted upon the enemy. Thomas at Nashville confronted him with a powerful and well-appointed army, fully equipped in all arms of the service; and when he



LIEUT. GEN. N. B. FORREST.

moved on him and overwhelmed and routed him at Columbia, it appeared as though Thomas would crush and capture the army. The pursuit of his mounted force, under the command of General Wilson, was fierce and relentless. The march of the rear guard from Columbia to Bainbridge, with the incessant assaults made upon it, is the most famous in that awful war. The courage of this small body of troops was admirable, the hardships endured by them were terrible, and their endurance a lasting tribute to the devotion of the volunteer soldier. The brigade commanders were men of high and marked character, who had distinguished themselves on many fields in great battles. The escape of Hood's army was committed to their valor, and on them rested the hope of the army to reach the Tennessee River and to cross it in safety.

ANOTHER REPORT ON HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

BY COL. LUKE W. FINLAY, MEMPHIS.

The fact that we get the finest traditions of the Scottish heroes—her Wallace, Bruce, and others—from Scotland's own writers, after the absorption of the territories of all the Clansmen under English power, suggests the fact that perhaps the best account of our Southern heroes may yet come from the pens of Southern writers. Shall history then gain nothing from the Southland except from those who were not within her borders and sympathize not with her aspirations and took

no part in her struggles? Whatever there is or was that was good or glorious or worth transmitting to posterity will enter in as a factor to a less or greater extent in the new national life of the republic. We think the eyes of her sons and daughters should be turned to the front, and yet draw all the inspiration possible from all her glories and all her deeds that are worthy to live.

Perhaps few not informed of the smallness of numbers of the army under Hood and the immense resources of the army under Thomas would dare hazard so daring an expedition as that chieftain of the South undertook in the latter days of 1864. Perhaps no other officer of the Confederacy would have undertaken to do what Hood did at Franklin, and yet Schofield was unwilling, with all of his preparation, with all of his resources, and with Thomas so near, to risk another day's delay on that hard-fought field. He says in the "Rebellion Records:" "To remain longer at Franklin was to seriously hazard the loss of my army. * * * I determined to return during the night of the 30th toward Nashville."

I will narrate some of the incidents that came under my personal observation after that engagement. The small band under Hood moved bravely up and set themselves down in line of battle in front of Nashville in the face of about three times their number protected by elaborate works. As we neared Nashville in December, 1864, I was ordered by Gen. Frank Cheatham to take charge of the line of skirmishers and pickets in his front. I was present when he and Major Vaulx, of his staff, rode in the front of the residence of one of the noted men of Tennessee. His widow received the General and his staff officers with great cordiality; it was a great day for him; he was near the city of his boyhood and manhood. He was a big-hearted man and a splendid soldier. He directed me to make my headquarters at the residence mentioned and rode off. The splendid lady cordially invited me to take a room on the second story in her hospitable home. The Federal picket line was but a short distance to the front, so I could not think of accepting the comfortable place offered; it was too near the danger line for the risk. I did, however, accept a place in the office on the ground floor, where burned a large, open fire, occupied prior to our arrival by a Federal soldier guard, whose place we did not disturb, leaving him still in charge when we left.

Col. A. J. Keller commanded Strahl's Brigade; my command was the 4th, 5th, 31st, and 33d Tennessee Regiments; and Capt. Dan A. Kennedy commanded the 19th, 24th, and 41st Tennessee Regiments.

On the morning of the 15th, after marching my command from point to point, I found myself at 1 P.M. in front of an old homestead occupied by a kinswoman. Promptly upon finding out who I was, she invited me to dinner. I saw the white linen and the smoking dishes in the dining room; but just then I received an order to be ready to move at a minute's notice. So instead of a good dinner I took a piece of hard-tack. We moved rapidly to the left, and were placed to the immediate left of the high hill across which our line ran. The battle raged all of the next forenoon, and was continuous from right to left, until Hood's small force was almost completely surrounded by the largely superior force of the enemy. The bullets came from the front and the left and from our left rear. Under these conditions, just as the sun was declining in the west, Ligon, of the infirmary corps, called me to the top of the ridge, saying: "Colonel, look yonder at our line giving way." It had broken a little to the left of the center. I saw our entire line on the right in full retreat; and then Ligon, pointing upward to the top of the hill at our right, said: "Look there at the United States flag on the hill!" And sure enough the stars and stripes were planted in our line in the brigade to our right on the summit of the hill.

In this condition of affairs I saw that there was nothing left for us to do but capitulate or retreat; so, without awaiting orders, I directed the boys in my command to make for a gap in the hill on the opposite side of Granny White Pike, about two miles distant, and so we were soon in full retreat. My horse being with the wagon train, I was soon in the rear and not much ahead of the advancing Federals. I made the trip on foot, however, and just as I was ascending the opposite ridge a staff officer whom I took to be of Stewart's Corps dashed up on horseback and asked me if I would make a stand at the gap next south of Franklin Pike, which we were approaching. I said: "Yes, my regiment will be there directly and the brigade with it, and they will obey my orders if I get there in time." He rode up by the side of a log to let me mount his horse behind him, so as to ride up there. I was so exhausted with the two-mile movement that I had no spring, and I slipped to the ground between his horse and the log, and he left me, saying: "I have orders to carry."

I made my way on for a short distance, when, looking back, I saw a Federal soldier about one hundred and fifty yards behind me and others advancing. I took out my pistol and thought I would shoot him; but, upon looking at him closely, I saw that he was worn out and believed that he could not hit me if he were to try; so I left him and passed on, preferring to tackle him at closer quarters if he should gain them. After going a short distance, I saw Lieut. A. T. Chambers, of Company D, 4th Tennessee, of my command, now resident of Shelby County, Tenn. I hailed him and directed him to form the boys with him behind a large log just above him. He did so. A few shots checked up the pursuit along that part of the line. We went on to the top of the ridge. Here the soldiers were moving from the right and left rapidly to this point. Just then Williams, a young soldier from Louisiana, belonging to Stewart's escort, rode up on a splendidly mounted charger, dismounted, and said: "Colonel, take my horse; you can be of some service on him, and I can't." I declined, saying that would be too much to ask of him; but he insisted, and so I took the horse.

I then took position on the top of the ridge and formed the assembled soldiers in my command in line. Other officers, including Colonels Kellar and Anderson, did likewise; but just as we had formed an officer dashed up and said that a force of the enemy was moving between the ridge and Franklin Pike, so we moved again to the rear. In our front on the pike our forces were driven back, and it became necessary for us to leave the road and march through the timber on our right to avoid the enemy's range of the pike. Our retreating soldiers reassembled at Brentwood. We soon took up the line of march for Franklin, and went into bivouac when we neared the Harpeth. From near Franklin to Columbia our command, with other infantry and cavalry, covered the retreat. We were in the rear of the line at Rutherford's Creek.

As we were moving along the pike near Columbia General Hood rode up to our brigade. He seemed in nowise disconcerted by the misfortune that had befallen his army. He asked me what my command was. I told him Strahl's Brigade. He then said he wished to form a reserve infantry force, and consolidated eight old brigades under Palmer, Featherstone, Field, and Reynolds, with an effective total of

1,940 men (Vol. XL., p. 728, "United States Official Records"), under Walthall, to report to Forrest in covering the retreat to the Tennessee River. He asked me if the brigade would volunteer for that service. I replied: "We are soldiers, General." He then said: "You will report to Colonel Field. I know no soldiers upon whom I can rely with greater confidence that the work will be done well than you Tennesseeans." He then ordered those without shoes to go to the wagon train. I recall, however, that some soldiers without shoes remained with the reserve.

An incident here illustrates the freedom of speech between the men and their officers. General Hood, upon being asked when he would give the boys a furlough, said, "After we cross the Tennessee," adding, "The cards have been fairly dealt, for I cut them and dealt them myself, and the Yankees have beat us in the game." Thereupon a soldier of the 19th Tennessee said: "Yes, General, but they were badly shuffled." This, save the yells of comrades in appreciation of the comment, closed the matter, and the General rode off.

A snowstorm came up, and it turned very cold. Here Col. C. W. Heiskell took command of the brigade. We went into bivouac on the north side of the pike. I had just lain down in the open before a good log fire at eleven o'clock when an orderly from Colonel Field summoned me to his quarters. Upon my reporting, he said: "I have two messages for you. You will take two hundred men, and at four o'clock to-morrow morning relieve the soldiers guarding the crossings of Duck River, from the old mill above to the fort below. [This was under an order from General Forrest.] The other is more agreeable. I wish you to share that pot of coffee with me." I did so; it was most refreshing.

I returned to bivouac, went to sleep, and about 3:30 in the morning I started with two hundred men to relieve the command guarding Duck River. It was bitterly cold. Our boys, without notice to me, but of which I had knowledge, made an agreement with the Federal soldiers not to fire without notice; so no firing took place between them that day. Some negroes belonging to the Federal command started to kill some sheep just across Duck River, and our boys fired on them, which caused a shout of "All right!" from the enemy. We had had up to that time nothing to eat that day. A young lady whom I knew in Memphis was then living in Columbia. I wrote her a note on a small piece of paper to send me some cold victuals. In about forty minutes a servant came with a large waiter bearing us a fine dinner. I placed it on a table in the old house in which I had my quarters and called the lieutenant, sergeant, and corporal who were with me, and we enjoyed it as soldiers without rations could.

At 9 A.M. the next day my command was relieved by Maj. William E. Estes, a companion and friend of my boyhood, who came in command of two Texas regiments, and I ordered my men to report to their respective regiments. The Federals found that some of our cavalry pickets had gone into a cabin on our side some distance above the old mill, and immediately shoved a pontoon bridge across Duck River and crossed. This made Forrest furious. He at once sent J. P. Young (a boy then, but now a circuit judge at Memphis) to tell Armstrong to come to him at once with his brigade. He rode for six miles against the northwest wind; and when he reached Armstrong's quarters, he was so nearly frozen that he could not get off his horse. They carried him into the house, and he managed to say: "Boots and saddles." After thawing, he delivered the message to General Armstrong, who, with his men who were already mounted, dashed off with Young to meet Forrest. The Federal officer, with his magnificently furnished command, was endeavoring to break Forrest's rear line.

As we approached Pulaski I received an order from General Walthall near sundown to place some guards across the road where the two ridges approached each other near the town. A severe fight was going on about two miles in the rear; Armstrong was engaging them. An officer on horseback dashed up, and the guard would not let him pass, in compliance with my orders that none but wounded soldiers or men with a pass from Forrest should pass. He was neither. He asked the guard under whose command he was. He pointed him to the sergeant. He rushed up to him on his horse and said: "What are you men stopping me for? I am on Forrest's staff, and don't have to carry a pass." The sergeant was obdurate, and he referred him to me. He met with the same answer, when he said: "I will go, anyhow." I said to the sergeant: "Shoot him if he does." Thinking that the sergeant would do it, the man rode back across the pike, saying he would report him to General Forrest. It was after sunset, and soon General Forrest and his subordinate officers and staff rode up. To my surprise, he dashed up to Forrest and said to him: "That officer won't let me pass." Forrest, turning to me said, "D— him, shoot him;" and the officer rode hurriedly back to his own command.

That night we bivouacked near Pulaski. The next day, Christmas, we reached Anthony's Hill, seven miles south of Pulaski. I had dismounted and was standing near my command. The men were resting, and Forrest rode up. He was, as usual, quiet, mild, and self-possessed. He likewise dismounted. While he engaged with me in conversation a straggler rode up. He pointed to a sapling about one hundred and fifty yards distant and ordered him to take his position there and remain there until he came. In like manner another and another, until some thirty odd were ordered to take position by the sapling. He then told me that the Yankees were coming, that he was going to tell them so, and that the man would be shot who turned his back on them, adding that he would put a line of infantry behind them to do it. In about an hour the fight, which was then imminent, came on, and the shots of the pickets along the line announced its coming. The fight took place, and the well-equipped Federal command gave way, and the reserve force captured a splendid piece of artillery and the United States flag; and as they passed through our lines with them, it caused great, good cheer.

The following story from that field is related by Hon. J. P. Young, mentioned previously, who was with Forrest: "During the battle, when General Forrest was returning from the sortie made with his infantry, and which proved so successful, he found a group of officers in the old orchard at his field headquarters. He was explaining to them with great glee the capture of two brass Napoleons by the infantry in charge. The guns had just been brought up on the hill. At this juncture his eye happened to observe a section of a battery retiring from the crest of the ridge at the infantry line. Instantly his brow became clouded, and he cried out impatiently to the officer in charge of the section: "Where are you going? Who ordered you away from there?" General Jackson, who was standing by, replied: "I ordered him away, General. The guns were unsupported and liable to capture." Forrest instantly replied in great wrath as he rode toward the gun: "What did you do that for, Jackson? I put the guns out there. That's always the way. I can't do a thing but that there's forty ordering around me."

Gen. George H. Thomas, U. S. A., says in "United States

Record:" "The enemy, with something of his former boldness, sallied from his breastworks and drove back Harrison's skirmishers, capturing and carrying off one gun belonging to Battery I, 4th United States Artillery, which was not recovered by us, notwithstanding the ground lost was almost immediately regained."

General Forrest, C. S. A., says in the same volume: "Seven miles from Pulaski I took position on King's [properly Anthony's] Hill, and, awaiting the advance of the enemy, repulsed him with a loss of one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, besides capturing many prisoners and one piece of artillery. The enemy made no further demonstrations during that day. I halted my command at Sugar Creek, where it encamped during the night."

About eighteen miles south of Sugar Creek we formed a line of battle, and the Tennesseans, under Field, and the Arkansans and Texans, under Reynolds, were on the front line. The Federal officer was approaching with his forces. Forrest called Reynolds, Fields, and the regimental officers, including Colonel Heiskell and myself, together on a little knoll in front of our line and said: "The Yankees are coming. We are going to have a fight; and when the infantry break their lines, I'll throw Ross's Cavalry on them." Fields, a wiry, brave soldier, misunderstanding Forrest, with a stutter in his speech said: "We have got no such infantry, General. They will not break our lines." Forrest, laughing, said: "I don't mean when they break our lines, but when we break theirs." Fields instantly said, "That's the kind of infantry we have, General," which created a big laugh all around.

Sure enough, the enemy soon appeared; and after a short, decisive fight, we broke their lines, and Ross, with his Texans, dashed after them and put them to rout. Colonel Heiskell captured a fine saddle on the field. Here occurred an amusing little incident. Just before the engagement of our command, while the fight was hot on our right and left, our boys were ordered to hold their fire until the enemy's line came above the knoll in our front. Their bugler appeared on the top of the ridge and blew his bugle for a charge. A soldier stationed in the line near James E. Beasley, A. A. G., asked permission of him to shoot the Yank. He was insistent on this, but he was refused the privilege. The bugler appeared the second time and repeated his effort for a charge, and each time the adjutant general was asked to let him shoot. Just at this juncture the order was given our line to advance, and quickly they went over the slight breastwork, and soon were busily engaged with advancing Federals, which ended their pursuit.

General Beauregard says of the retreat: "Untoward and calamitous as were the issues of this campaign, never in the course of this war have the best qualities of our soldiery been more conspicuously shown; never more enthusiasm evinced than when our troops once more crossed the Tennessee River; never greater fortitude and uncomplaining devotion than were displayed on the retreat from Nashville to Tupelo; never greater gallantry than that which was so general at Franklin. The heroic dead of that campaign will ever be recollected with honor by their countrymen, and the survivors have the proud consolation that no share of the disaster can be laid to them, who have so worthily served their country and have stood by their colors even to the last dark hours of the republic."

General Thomas says: (See Sanders's address, page 402.)

Another incident occurred just before the Sugar Creek fight. General Forrest told the infantry soldiers that when the Yanks were put to flight every infantry soldier that captured a horse might ride it; and the boys believed it, and did capture several. Mounted on their steeds, they rode toward the Tennessee River with much glee. Arriving at the river, however, they found a guard at the pontoon bridge, who accosted them with: "What command do you belong to?" Our boys, proud of their command, promptly replied: "Cheatham's Division." Then came the woeful order, "Get down off that horse," and they had to do it, as it appeared that the cavalry needed all the horses; but that fact did not keep the boys from criticising the act all the same. Thus closed the disastrous campaign in Tennessee.

The splendid assault, not surpassed during the war, upon the works at Franklin, so well prepared and so obstinately defended, showed the character of this remarkable body of men under Hood. If every soldier saw and comprehended the situation before Nashville on December 16, 1864, the army, if obedient to orders, perhaps could not have eluded the grasp of Thomas to better purpose than it did. It was in the lion's mouth. Its spirits were not broken in getting out. The covering of the retreat by Forrest was as unmistakably well done as the courage of the soldiery was determined and superb. Whenever a point of danger presented itself, there instantly appeared on the scene the ever-watchful Forrest. It was a military masterpiece. In that trying hour a compact body obeyed his orders; his foes, fully equipped, bore the ordeal well, and staggered before the determined few who stood in their pathway. Forrest was present and directed every movement, and successfully covered the retreat. All the generals who figured in that campaign save two or three are gone. A few of that rear guard are now bringing up the rear guard and nearing the approach to another river. They did their duty well in that difficult period under adverse circumstances. May we not hope that they too may deserve for their fidelity to duty in the discharge of life's demands a commendation equally as grand as that with which Thomas spoke of them when he used these remarkable words: "The rear guard, however, was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last!"

TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE CHOIRS.

Mr. Charles T. Loehr, Chairman of the Committee on Information and Quarters at the late Richmond Reunion, writes: "I have read your article in the CONFEDERTAE VETERAN of this month concerning military titles for women. In my humble opinion as a genuine Confederate—one of Pickett's men who charged at Gettysburg—the Confederate Choirs have done more to cheer the old veterans than any other organization. To hear the old songs of our camp life, reviving the memories of the days of 1861-65, with its joys and pleasures, is what is making the Choirs so valuable to the old boys. What matters it if they call their officers general, colonel, or captain? They are all right, and we want them with us all the time. Of what use is a sponsor or any other ornamental attraction to us? It is the old songs and melodies that make the eyes of veterans shine. At the last meeting of Choir No. 4 with Pickett Camp there could be seen the tear in many of the old boys' eyes as they listened to the echoes of the past. Then let us have the Confederate Choirs; it is just what we need and want."

The VETERAN unites with all who favor the Confederate Choirs. It has no words but of praise for them, but is "old fogy" on titles. The tone of Comrade Loehr's letter would impress a stranger that the VETERAN was not in accord with these Choirs. That it is unjust may be seen by perusal of all that has been said in regard to them.

WITH M'NEILL IN VIRGINIA.

BY JOHN B. FAY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The surprise and capture of a camp of the 1st (West) Virginia Infantry at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863, by McNeill, the famous Confederate partisan leader, was in some respects one of the most remarkable and unique exploits of the war. It was a case of plot and counterplot, wherein and unknown to each other each side had selected the same date on which to attack and capture the other's camp. The only point of difference between the opposing parties was that, while the Federals planned to attack at daybreak, the Confederates made their attack just before daybreak—and won.

The 1st West Virginia Regiment was the first body of Union troops organized in the western part of the State, and was composed of the flower of the youth and manhood of that section, north and south of Wheeling, which bordered on the Ohio River. No better or braver troops could be found anywhere, and during the entire conflict, from the time when at Philippi their first colonel, afterwards General Kelley, had the distinction of being the first commissioned officer wounded in the war until and after the gallant Thoburn fell at Cedar Creek, their record was a highly honorable and enviable one.

As it was our first experience with them, it was also my first experience with McNeill and his peculiar mode of warfare. I had joined his Rangers only a few weeks before, and hence the various incidents of the affair made an impression upon my memory which can never be effaced.

The events leading up to the affair were briefly these: In August, 1863, General Averell moved from Winchester to the Moorefield Valley, there to rest and recuperate the men and horses of his brigade. This being done, he started from Petersburg on a raid through the counties of Pendleton and Highland toward Southwestern Virginia. Imboden and McNeill were sent from the Shenandoah Valley to intercept him, but on reaching Monterey found that he had started from that place in a direction which rendered pursuit useless. Turning their forces northward, they marched toward Petersburg and Moorefield, where Averell had left a considerable force under Colonel Mulligan. After making a demonstration in front of this force, Imboden and McNeill withdrew and returned through Brock's Gap into the Shenandoah Valley.

A small force of about seventy men, under Capts. Frank Imboden and Hobson, was left, however, in the Moorefield Valley to observe the movements of the enemy, and this force went into camp in the dense woods near the Howard's Lick road, about four miles above Moorefield. They had not been there many days when intelligence of their presence was conveyed to Colonel Mulligan at Petersburg, and plans were laid for their capture. These plans were embodied in a military order, which we afterwards captured when their camp was taken. It was dated at headquarters 1st Brigade, Petersburg, W. Va., September 10, 1863, and addressed to Maj. E. W. Stephens, Jr., commanding forces Moorefield, W. Va., and reads as follows: "It has been reported to these headquarters that a party of the enemy (numbers unknown) is encamped four or five miles from Moorefield. A party of infantry under Captain Fitzgerald, 23d Illinois, will start from this point at 9 P.M., intending to arrive at the camp of the enemy at daylight, and if possible effect a surprise and capture. The colonel commanding directs that you send to-night Captain Barr's company of cavalry and a company of infantry from your command with instructions to move on the reported camp of the enemy, to arrive at daylight, and to act in concert with the force moving from this point. Take every precaution to prevent accident, and have your detail move promptly so as to coöperate with the other." The order is signed by Henry J. Johnson, acting assistant adjutant general.

It was a well-planned affair, and under ordinary circumstances would have been a signal success; but as "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," so in this instance the wily scheme of the Federal commander was doomed to prove an ignominious failure.

It so happened that the untiring and irrepressible McNeill away over in the Shenandoah Valley had been figuring on some plans of his own conception, and in furtherance thereof started with about seventy-five of his Rangers, and, passing through Brock's Gap, had recrossed the Branch Mountain and reënforced the little party of Confederates late in the evening of the eventful night in question. After a conference with Captains Imboden and Hobson, securing information of the movements of the force under Stephens, and learning exactly where they had pitched their camp for the night, McNeill determined to move immediatcly upon it and attempt a surprise before daybreak and before any possible knowledge of his presence could be made known to the enemy. Taking about seventy of his own men and all those available of Imboden's and Hobson's, McNeill cautiously moved out of the woods and down through the bottom fields east of the South Fork until he reached the foot of the ridge about a mile from Moorefield.

After leaving our horses here under guard, with a total force of one hundred and thirty-five men and taking no part, we proceeded in single file up over the ridge and through the close thicket which covered its southern or western side and extended over the hilltop in the direction of the enemy's camp. An old mountain road, leading from Moorefield to Lost River Valley, ran along the northern edge of these woods and, coming from the town, passed over the top of Cemetery Hill, where the Yankee camp was pitched. This road was heavily picketed in the direction of the mountain, and it was absolutely necessary for us to avoid that post. Uncertain of its location, we had to use the utmost caution, and our progress was snail-like and tedious. At times we had to creep on hands and knees and move but a few yards before halting and taking observations. We finally emerged from the brush and formed in the old road at a point about midway between the camp and picket post. No other woods intervened, and down the bare hillside we marched two by two toward the white tents below, now dimly seen in the distance. It was just before dawn; the moonlit night was about giving place to the coming morn; in far-off barnyards the roosters were crowing for day; and away beyond the silent camp through the rising mist could be seen the shimmering waters of the old South Branch as it flowed past the rich farms and fertile fields of the beautiful valley.

I can never forget that nerve-testing march on the camp; for, though we moved with slow and measured tread, our footfalls on the sod, to my sensitive ears, sounded like the tramp of a legion of horses. But, strange to say, no alarm was made. At last we reached the eastern side of the camp, and slowly passed along until we stood fully abreast of the full line of tents and but a few yards distant from them. And still no challenge from guard or sentry. There at our feet were the low shelter tents of the men, and a couple of large "A" tents of the officers stood on the other side of the camp. We stood for a brief space of time facing them in single rank, as if on parade, and save from the distant river and the chanticleers, the occasional snort of a horse, and the clank

of a chain, at that end of the camp where the teams were corraled, not a sound could be heard, and the stillness of death seemed to pervade the little village of tents. What could it mean? We knew that along the crest of the hill on the opposite side of the camp and not more than fifty yards away were a line of rifle pits. Could it be possible that our coming was known and they were prepared for us—those veterans of Kernstown, Port Republic, and Second Manassas? Ah! if so, a bloody reception awaited us.

But these fancies proved to be idle ones. The order was that no one should fire until Captain McNeill gave the signal by a volley from his old shotgun, his favorite weapon, and the only one used in the company. At his command we moved forward toward the tents; and part of our line coming across a structure which projected beyond the tents, Captain McNeill called to those nearest to "Tear it down." Just then a carbine in the hands of some nervous fellow was accidentally discharged, and, taking this as the signal agreed upon, an indiscriminate volley was poured into the camp and the men dashed in among the tents. Bang! bang! went the guns at the flying figures vanishing in the dim light over the edge of the hill, and yells and shouts of "Halt," "Surrender," and Rally, boys, rally" were heard on every side. It was a veritable pandemonium for a few minutes, when the shooting and uproar gradually subsided and the camp was ours.

No surprise of an enemy's camp could have been more complete. Our attack was made just in the nick of time. Had we waited ten minutes longer, reveille would have sounded and our expedition would have been a failure. If a camp guard had been detailed, they were, in common with their fellows, fast asleep; and had it not been for the accidental discharge of the gun mentioned, we might have taken the men one by one and without firing a shot. I have always been under the impression that some of our own men had raised the cry of "Rally, boys, rally," though altogether out of place coming from an attacking party. If so, it had a novel and unlooked-for effect. Some of the gallant fellows among the enemy, after rushing from their tents, had halted near the rifle pits at the brow of the hill where some young pines were growing. They lingered there for a few moments in the gloom of the trees, uncertain what to do or where to go, but loath to retreat farther, leaving their comrades perhaps struggling behind them. Led at one or two points by Adjutant Thomas H. McKee and Lieutenant Steele, these men responded to the rallying cry, and boldly dashed back over the brow of the hill and into camp, only, however, to find us in full possession and themselves added to the list of prisoners. I shall never forget the spectacle of one brave fellow dashing back through the gloom, singly and alone, crouching low as he came, making a bayonet charge. A dozen guns were brought to bear on him, but no trigger was pulled; a clubbed rifle finally brought him to the ground, and he too remained a prisoner.

When it was seen that the camp was won and our victory complete, Captain McNeill threw himself on the ground under a large tree, and for a time seemed to be on the verge of a nervous collapse. He soon rallied, however, and was himself again; but this circumstance showed the great strain to which all were subjected by the events of the night which I have described. The robust youth of the men he led enabled them to bear the prolonged strain upon their nerves with comparative equanimity; but the greater age of the Captain, who was then in his forty-eighth year, but looked older, told upon him in this emergency.

Several amusing scenes occurred during the affair. The greater part of the men were taken in their tents, but quite a number were captured under the trees that fringed the edge of the hill. All we had to do was to take hold of the low shelter tents and jerk them aside to see the men lying in couples underneath. Pulling one of these tents from over its occupants, one of our fellows in a very nervous manner demanded their surrender. "That's all right," said one of the Yankees, looking coolly up; "but you needn't get so excited about it."

Another of our fellows, a tall six-footer from Georgia, named Westmoreland, called upon an officer he found at the edge of the camp to surrender, and was almost struck dumb with surprise to hear the answer: "I am an officer, and will only surrender to an officer." "It is perfectly immaterial to me, sir, whether you surrender or not! We are on terms of equality here, sir!" exclaimed Westmoreland as he raised his gun to fire. It is needless to say that the officer quickly waived his prerogative and handed over his arms and accoutrements.

Sauntering through the camp watching the prisoners packing up, I happened to look into an officer's tent, and there on his knees, cramming his knapsack with all his remaining goods and chattels, I recognized an old schoolmate. "Hello, George, how are you, old boy?" was my salutation. He knew me at once and jumped to his feet, saying: "My God, John, what are you doing here? Why didn't you join the Union army?" The situation, time, and place of course did not admit of categorical answers to these rather untimely questions; but our hands met in friendly clasp, and for the time being, as far as we two were concerned, the war was over. My friend was Orderly Sergeant George W. Tippett, formerly of Cumberland, Md. For many years after the war and up to the time of his death he was editor and proprietor of the Point Pleasant (W. Va.) Register.

Day dawned as the smoke of the conflict cleared away, and we hastily took stock of our adventure. We had taken about one hundred and sixty prisoners, fifteen of whom were wounded, and of this number three died shortly afterwards. Among the prisoners were Captains White, Reed. Craig, and Dougherty, Adjutant McKee, Lieutenants Steele, Hall, Helms, and Baird. Some of the men on picket, whom we sought so carefully to avoid in our advance upon the camp, on hearing the fusillade there, hastily returned to investigate, and as a consequence were detained to share the fate of their comrades.

In the confusion created by our sudden onset Major Stephens, the officer in command, and Captain McElroy succeeded in making their escape, the former, it is said, in most scanty attire. He was afterwards court-martialed on account of the affair, but acquitted of all blame.

Our loss was slight, Lieutenant Welton and Private W. H. Maloney only being severely wounded.

The prisoners and captured property were then taken through Moorefield and up the South Fork Road. The orders which we captured, as before mentioned, had evidently not yet been overhauled, or this route would not have been taken. The detachment of Barr's Cavalry and the company of infantry under Captain Morrow, which in obedience to said orders had been sent out from the camp only a few hours before we captured it, besides the two companies of the 23d Illinois, under Fitzgerald, and a number of "Swamp Dragons," as the West Virginia Home Guards were then called, were all in our immediate front on this identical road. In addition to being encumbered with so many prisoners and teams, the force in front was superior in numbers. Unaware of danger, our long

and straggling column slowly pursued its march, and we were intensely surprised when, about two miles from Moorefield, we were suddenly attacked by Barr's Cavalry and the infantry under Morrow. The enemy was posted on the hillside south of the road, and poured a hot fire into the column, killing a number of horses. A few of the Rangers and some of Captain Imboden's dismounted men, gallantly led by Lieutenant Dolan, scaled the hill, and after a sharp contest succeeded in putting the attacking party to flight. During the confusion Captain Dougherty, who, under the plea of illness, was given a horse to ride, made his escape. The prisoners were quickly sent to the front, and the column hurried forward.

We struck the other party of the enemy as we turned from the Fork into the Howard's Lick Road. Here another skirmish ensued, but we managed to get past with the loss of a few men who were straggling and an ambulance, the horses of which were killed. If the enemy had posted themselves across this road, as they should have done, we could not have passed. As it was, we had a narrow escape. As we rode by the enemy's skirmishers a bullet passed right under Captain McNeill's nose, slightly abrading the skin and drawing blood, but doing no other injury. This last danger point being safely weathered, we pursued our march without further apprehension and, crossing the mountain, passed safely with our prisoners and captured property through Brook's Gap into the Shenandoah Valley.

The following is an extract from the "Record of Events," an official document of the Fourth Brigade U. S. A., Department of West Virginia: "On the morning of September 11, 1863, Major Stephens with six companies of the 1st (West) Virginia Infantry and Barr's company of cavalry were ordered to Moorefield, nine miles from Petersburg, by Colonel Mulligan, commanding 5th (?) Brigade. Eight commissioned officers and one hundred and thirty-five enlisted men of the 1st (West) Virginia and seventeen men of Captain Barr's cavalry were captured by Captain McNeill's Rebel cavalry."

General Imboden's report of September 13, 1863, states:

"The following are the captures made and safely brought to camp: Prisoners—captains, 3; lieutenants, 5; noncommissioned officers and privates, 138; total, 146. Wagons, 9; ambulances, 2; horses, 46; saddles and bridles, 4; Minie rifles (best quality and in good order), 133; cartridge and cap boxes and belts, 112; new army pistols, 29; rounds of fixed ammunition, 10 500; sabers, 25; bayonets and scabbards, 90; sets of harness, 28; cooking utensils, tents, blankets, and camp equipments of all kinds.

"I cannot speak too highly of the gallantry of officers and men in this really brilliant little affair. They were in the very midst of a largely superior force who were plotting their capture, but the tables were completely turned upon them."

ONLY REGIMENT OF CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY.

BY L. S. FLATAU, 5258 MAPLE AVENUE, ST. LOUIS.

I submit to you a roster of the famous Vicksburg Battery, commanded by Capt. Jim Cowan, one of the companies that composed the only regiment of artillery in the Confederate army. This regiment was raised and commanded by Colonel Withers, and now in the shadowy twilight of those days when the great army of the Confederacy marches faster and faster toward those white cities where bivouac is made for the last time among the headstones it may be interesting to many of my old comrades and heroes of the Confederate cause to remind them of a number of their comrades that I recollect in this famous company that was engaged in so many desperate battles during the long period and dreadful events of the war. To have belonged to a battery that was charged by the enemy and taken would appear sufficient to convince any one of experience a plenty; but Cowan's Battery had been charged and had been supported by the most daring soldiers that Mississippi, Arkansas, and Alabama had ever given to this cause, and had lost three batteries under such circumstances.

The roster of this battery, which I can remember distinctly after these long years past, is: Capt. James J. Cowan; Lieuts. George H. Tompkins, Thomas J. Hanes, Lud B. Cowan, Ben C. Edwards; Orderly Sergeant Archie Craig, who was afterwards succeeded by E. Trent Eggleston; Sergeants Van de Morse, William V. McCray, Samuel A. Bently, and James Conklin; gun corporals, W. B. Dancy, Joe Williams, B. F. Wiggins, and your humble servant, L. S. Flatau, commonly called "Spense;" caisson corporals, Dick Harris and A. W Daniels. All these names are in an old diary I have kept since those stormy times, as most of them were my friends.

The roster of the cannoneers is: Samuel C. Parks, John W. and Samuel C. Neely, Thomas Willis, James Wood, Sampson Dove, Warren and William O. Smithard, N. Bonaparte Webster, Ben Powell, Watt Whitley. Warden Whittaker, John Carroll, William Kelly, William Green, Frank Templeton, James Billingsly, Albery Billings, Luther R. Reed, Horatio N. and James G. Spencer, John McDougal, Bun Butler, Jethro Bunker, Samuel C. Carleton, David Bowles, Will and John Howell, Gus Folks, John O'Reilly, Tim Crimmins, Will Herrin, Alex and Joe Stafford, Walter Whitman, Duke and Jerry Askew, Stephen Gordan, James and Charley Harris, Henry and Ed Young, Andrew J. McFarlan, John C. McQuaid, Reece King, George Yost, Tal and Warren Cowan, Al Trowbridge, Granville and Ben Hicks, Robert Sproule, Tom Johnson, John and Will Hickman, L. P. Graham, John Hand, Tom Trainor, Eb Ferrell, John Parr, William and Tom Drummond, Levi and Jule Culberson, Robert and William Countryman, E. B. Cushman, W. H. Biglow, Jack Horner, William Johnson, Daniel M. Legg, Frank Russell, Doc Irwin, John Harrison, Daniel Levy, William Fairchild, Oscar Steele, Thomas Wilie Wadsworth, and Parmenias Beard.

This is the part of the roster that I have, having lost the other part that contained the names of this famous battery. The members of this command averaged a wound to the man. Many of those I have named were killed or badly wounded, so that they were no longer fit for service in the battles of Vicksburg, Chickasaw Bayou, Baker's Creek, Liverpool, Sartarschia, Mechanicsburg, Jackson, Decatur, Ala., Tuscumbia, Columbia, Franklin, Nashville, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Lost Mountain, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Big Shanty, Altoona Heights, Florence, Ala. We saved the pontoon bridge against the fleet on the Tennessee River by Florence, and then at Fort Blakely, Mobile Bay. There all were speedily captured except myself and two others, who got away. We joined Joe Shelby and went to Mexico after making our way to Texas, swimming the Mississippi River at Bruinsburg on our horses. We offered our services to Maximilian as subjects under the command of the great Joe Shelby. He refused to accept us, and we made our way back home in 1865.

There are but few of this old command living to-day that I know of. The only officer that is living is Lieutenant Tompkins. The privates are Webster, Anderson, Daniel Levy, and Asa Summers, who are not mentioned in the roster. I give this list, hoping that perchance I may hear from any others.

THE FIGHT AT WINCHESTER, VA.—JIM GRAHAM.

BY J. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

History says very little about the important battle fought at Winchester, Va., between the Confederates, under Gen. Jubal A. Early, and the Federals, under Sheridan, September 19, 1864. This battle lasted two days. Early's forces numbered about thirteen thousand and Sheridan's about forty-three thousand—more than three to one. Night put an end to the conflict. The Federals lost six thousand, according to General Sheridan's official report. According to General Early's report, his army suffered a loss of fifteen hundred. Sheridan held the battlefield, and Early was forced to retreat. General Rhodes, who commanded one division of the army, was killed here. He was one of the best generals in the army, and his death had much to do with the result of the battle. His men felt the lack of his wonderful leadership, and the enemy finally succeeded in driving them from their part of the line late in the afternoon.

The brave Gordon still held his part of the line with his old brigade on the extreme left until the broken fragments of the various commands could get together and give the army trains time to move on toward Strasburg. When the sun was going down behind the western mountains, Gordon's ammunition was reduced to three cartridges to each man. With these he told his men to drive back the next assault of the enemy. When this was done, he mounted his horse and ordered the retreat. Some of his men were disposed to run; but he ordered them to fall back in a walk, telling them that Georgians never ran from a battlefield and that they were not defeated, but that they were falling back only because their ammunition was exhausted. The enemy, who were falling back to the wood out of which they had just come, seeing our men retreat, understood the cause of our departure and turned to renew the fight. Being well supplied with ammunition, they took courage and renewed the fight. They began to "huzza" and poured a terrible volley into our retreating ranks.

Our regimental colors, which had waved in the smoke of so many battles, were this day carried by a noble young soldier, Jim Graham. We had gone only about one hundred yards from the position which we had held so long when a ball struck him, and he fell to the ground. Captain Miller was then the only officer with us. He was near him when he fell. The writer of this article was ten or fifteen steps to Graham's left, and heard the ball when it struck him. Captain M. called for some one of Graham's company to come and take him out with us, but no one responded. Looking to the right, I saw our regimental colors lying by the side of our color bearer, and my first impulse was to take them up. As I stooped to get them, Captain M. reached down and seized them and said: "I'll take the colors; you bring Jim out."

The enemy's fire was now very hot, and I had very little time to make a hasty examination of his wound. I found that a ball had struck him on the nose and come out behind his ear. I told him to get up and I would help him out. But he replied that he could not go, that he was killed and would fall into the hands of the enemy, and begged me to run and make my escape. I told him that Captain Miller had told me to take him out, and I must do it. With great effort I succeeded in getting him on foot, for he was much heavier than I was. He could not walk very fast; and when he saw the enemy's balls knocking up the ground around us and knew that they were not far behind, he begged me to put him down and run for my life. "They have killed me, and will kill you too if you don't put me down," said he. But I thought it my duty to obey Captain Miller's orders, and held on to him and encouraged him to try to walk. Before I got him to a place of safety I saw that I must either put him down or throw away my rifle, which I had taken from a Federal an hour or two before. A soldier passed by me without a gun, and I gave it to him and told him to use it if he had any ammunition. I was now able to get along better, and finally succeeded in getting him to our field hospital, which was the brick railroad freight house in Winchester.

Dr. J. A. Butts, our regimental surgeon, was in charge of the wounded. I laid my friend on the grass in the yard in the rear of the building, and he said to me: "Well, you would bring me out; now you can do something for me. Take one of my canteens and fill it yonder at that pump and pour some water in my wound." This I did; and when I had emptied it, he begged me to do so again, saying that it relieved him very much. I complied with this request also; but when he asked me to repeat it the third time, I thought it high time to be gone if I expected to make my escape from the enemy, who were now very near. I bade him a hasty good-by and struck out to find my command.

I heard afterwards that Graham was paroled and exchanged. I would like to hear from him or any of his friends who were in his company. I belonged to Company I, 31st Georgia Regiment, Gordon's Brigade.

GENERAL LEE AT SHARPSBURG.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, COMPANY B, 15TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

About noon of September 17, 1862, at memorable Sharpsburg, after the joy and fierce heat of battle had been our portion for several hours, a trio of soiled and worn but hopeful Confederate soldiers stood together with their guns unloaded and cartridge boxes empty; thus far they had gone through the terrible fight unscathed. In a few moments, when again supplied with ammunition, they reëntered the deadly fray, and contributed their share to the proud glory of arms so well earned in that great battle. Later in the day one was buried on the bloody field, another was badly wounded, the other was spared, and still survives after the forty-fourth anniversary of the great battle. With this preface the writer pens a brief sketch in reminiscent mood and in proud and loving memory.

After the lapse of forty-four years, I distinctly recall the famous place and the memorable conditions surrounding the greatest of soldiers when I first had the privilege of seeing him. And now over the kindly stretch of more than two-score years I recall in proudest memory the fadeless portraiture of that manly, heroic figure, so firmly and gracefully seated on his noble, trusty steed.

It was about noon of September 17, 1862, at Sharpsburg, during the terrible, sanguinary, and indecisive battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, that I first saw Gen. Robert E. Lee riding along the firing line. He was inquiring for General Jackson. I heard him make the inquiry of several officers, and was so impressed with the noble bearing, the stately appearance of the man, and his good, substantial mount that I was induced to ask an officer near me if he was not some general officer. I received the prompt reply that it was Gen. Robert E. Lee. He wore no sign of his exalted rank. His good gray uniform displayed no ornament of any kind indicating the high grade of his official position. Still the personal appearance was very imposing and attractive, and he was well mounted on a large, trusty-looking horse.

I was not so greatly surprised at being informed that the dignified, commanding-looking soldier was Gen. R. E. Lee; but I was surprised and felt uneasy that he should be where he was likely to be struck down any second. I so expressed myself, and added that I did not suppose General McClellan was in a mile of the battlefield. It is not generally the rule that the commander in chief advances with the men under a terrific, sweeping fire of rifles and musketry and shrieking, bursting shells. His subordinates, from brigadier generals down, are expected to do this; occasionally his major generals lend their assuring presence in a hot and doubtful struggle. I readily recall two gallant old brigadier generals, Paul Semmes and M. D. Corse, that I had the honor to serve under, who always led their men in every general engagement with the enemy.

So it came about that I first saw Gen. Robert E. Lee to know him at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862, while the great battle of Sharpsburg was "in full swing;" while some one hundred and twenty thousand men were making the gamest fight of the nineteenth century, not excepting Waterloo, which, in some respects, resembled Sharpsburg, but with very different results: Napoleon being defeated and leaving the field with a badly routed army; Lee with his heroic army occupying and resting on the field of battle the entire day after the battle, and then the night of September 18 retiring deliberately, carrying all his guns and baggage.

When I saw General Lee, he looked firm and resolute, perfectly self-poised, confident, dignified. He evidently felt that his thirty-eight thousand veterans could hold the field and carry it over the eighty-two thousand men composing the Federal host. I saw our great Lee at his best, with the light of battle in his eye and heroism in every feature. It was during the most critical and trying part of that most desperate day when the deadly, bloody tide of dubious conflict was fiercely, turbulently ebbing and flowing; when the red vintage of human gore flowed in cornfields and apple orchards, in open hollows and on wooded slopes.

On this terrible, this ensanguined field at midday the struggle for supremacy was most eventful and uncertain. It could not be told where the bird of victory would fold its weary and triumphant wings. It was here that "the red badge of courage" flaunted its crimson hues over all the fair face of peaceful nature; it was here that knightly deeds far outshone the mythical splendor of that vaunted time "when knighthood was in flower;" it was here that "captains courageous" only emulated the superb courage of their men, each and all bravely doing amid so many heroes dead and dying; it was here that we would have been so sorely pressed as was gallant Roland at fatal Roncevalles had not our peerless Charlemagne been with us; and it was here that the heroic manhood of Robert E. Lee was severely tested and found equal to the emergency of holding his battle lines of offense and defense against the powerful enemy.

The night after the battle, after taking counsel with his generals, he dismissed them with the words: "Gentlemen, if General McClellan wishes to continue this fight to-morrow, we will give him battle; see that your commands are held ready. Good night." The Federal commander in chief did not see fit to renew the battle the next day.

As I take it, upon a fair and reasonable estimate, the relative strength of the two armies the morning of September 18 would be about twenty-eight thousand Confederates and sixty-eight thousand Federals. This would be placing the Confederate loss from nine thousand to ten thousand men and the Federal loss at from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand the preceding day. In simply stating a situation of fact, now a matter of history, I have no comment to make as to the reason entertained by a general with sixty-eight thousand men declining to engage in battle with another general who did not have twenty-eight thousand available men. The two armies were convenient to each other; they were in plain sight of one another on the same field they had fought on the day before. There was no long, weary marching necessary to precede the deadly rattle of musketry and the loud thunder of artillery. Why the general with an army vastly superior in numbers and warlike equipment did not renew an indecisive battle, so newly fought on ground of his own choosing, with the ready opportunity of a whole day, is a matter the writer does not propose to discuss in this connection.

We think the honors of the heroic occasion unquestionably rest with our glorious cause and our great commander. History will securely preserve the name and fame of Robert E. Lee among the truest, noblest, most peerless soldiers of any age or clime. A Northern historian has been kind and honest and brave enough to write down the great battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, as "a drawn battle."

Following this statement I think it relevant to add that now in the certain, steady light of authentic history we learn from the reports of General McClellan sent to General Halleck, the Secretary of War, during the fiercest of the Sharpsburg fighting that he regarded the Confederate forces opposed to him as numerically superior to his own, and he had very serious doubts as to the results of the battle. I take it to be fairly inferential, the facts being sustained, that all this only adds to the assured fame, the undimmed glory of our matchless chieftain and the superb fighting quality of his heroic men. Unfortunately for General McClellan, several of the ablest Federal generals, including Fitz John Porter, were not at their best, and did not make the really game fight made by General Burnside, on the Federal right, against General Longstreet, on the Confederate left.

With the closing of this memorable and historic September day a kindly and timely night granted a respite to the combatants. Neither army had met defeat, and neither claimed a victory. The day following, September 18, both armies rested on the battlefield, all unmolested. After efforts so unyielding, so great, it is evident that both sides were exhausted.

In this brief sketch I have only written of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, in a general way, principally to recall the first time I saw the greatest of soldiers, the noblest of men, a name respected and honored alike by friend and foe far and near, at home and abroad—the illustrious name of Robert E. Lee.

"And for all the years that time shall turn
In its noiseless flight, like lamps that burn
So silent in their starlit home,
His fame shall live in bronze and stone."

THE MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE RIFLES.

BY MRS. HOWARD J. CABELL, CLINTON, MISS.

In April, 1861, the flower and chivalry of the Old South were being equipped and disciplined to go to the front. At the small but historic town of Clinton, Miss., seventy-five students of the Mississippi College were drilling on the campus, three of the teachers among them, Messrs. J. H. York, E. G. Banks, and M. J. Thigpen. Other young men of the surrounding country joining them, they soon formed a company of one hundred and four men called the Mississippi College Rifles. J. W. Welborn, a trustee of the college, was

chosen to command them. Mr. Cuddie Thomas, living near Clinton, Joseph Buckles, and J. H. York were elected lieutenants respectively; Mike Carney, orderly sergeant; W. H. Lewis, second sergeant.

Naturally the topic of conversation among the ladies was the College Rifles. Entertainments were given in their honor. Several patriotic ladies—Mrs. J. B. Greaves, Mrs. Patrick Lewis, Mrs. Jane Criddle, and Mrs. Lucy Banks—spent many hours busily sewing on a banner with which to present them. It was presented with appropriate ceremonies by a beautiful young girl of Clinton, Miss Lizzie Harris. At Greenwood, the old Mead homestead, Capt. J. W. Welborn was presented by Mrs. Mary Mead with the sword surrendered by Aaron Burr to Gen. Cowles Mead in 1807. This sword was stolen in Virginia afterwards from the tent of Captain Welborn.

On the evening of April 22 an entertainment was given to the College Rifles at Moss Hill, the handsome residence of Mr. W. W. Moffet. Two of Mr. Moffet's sons were members of this company—Peyton, a gay, light-hearted boy of seventeen, and Tom, grave and steadfast, whom the family called mother's boy because the mother idolized him. No one seeing Mrs. Moffet that night as she moved among her guests could have realized what the morrow held for her—a parting with her two bright boys, a final earthly parting, for at Malvern Hill Peyton was fatally wounded, and his brother fell beside him, shot through the heart.

On the afternoon of April 23, 1861, a large crowd assembled at the Clinton Station to say good-by to the College Rifles. The band played "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Mingling with laughter and glad young voices was the sound of bitter weeping as the last good-by was said. The long train pulled out from the station, the flag was unfurled, gray caps were flung in the air, and the boys cheered wildly midst the shrill notes of fife in "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

From Clinton the College Rifles went to Corinth, Miss., where they became Company E, of the 18th Mississippi Regiment, Col. E. R. Burt commanding, under Brigadier General Jones. After remaining in Corinth a few weeks, they were sent directly to Manassas. In the first battle of Manassas Third Lieutenant York was killed, and Second Sergeant W. H. Lewis was elected to fill his place. Later the 18th Mississippi Regiment was transferred to Griffith's Brigade. The gallant Brig. Gen. Richard Griffith fell leading his troops in the Seven Days' fight near Richmond. The 18th Mississippi Regiment then became a part of Barksdale's Brigade and finally of Humphrey's Brigade, the brave General Barksdale having fallen at Gettysburg.

In November, 1861, First Lieutenant Thomas, of the Mississippi College Rifles, resigned, and Third Lieut. W. H. Lewis was elected to fill the vacancy. [Lieutenant Thomas, returning to Mississippi, was transferred to the Mississippi Cavalry, Stockton's Battalion, Jackson's Brigade. In the summer of 1864 this cavalry was sent to North Mississippi to reënforce General Forrest. On the 14th of July, 1864, was fought near Tupelo, Miss., the battle of Harrisburg. This battle was lost to the Confederates. As the troops retreated from the field a comrade observed that Lieutenant Thomas was evidently wounded, as he did not seem to guide the big roan horse he was riding. A moment later this friend turned to speak to him, but the red roan was riderless. The troops retreated in order, and the big roan horse kept in line, coming out with the regiment; but whether his rider's life went out on that disastrous battlefield or later in some Northern prison was never known. He was among the missing.]

In January, 1862, Captain Welborn resigned, and First Lieutenant Lewis was elected captain of the Mississippi College Rifles, a position he filled until Lee surrendered. Indeed, Captain Lewis was the most conspicuous figure in this company, in active service those four years of fighting except when suffering from wounds. He was wounded in the knee at Fredericksburg, wounded in the left arm at Gettysburg, and a Minie ball went crushing through his breast at Cedar Creek. At Gettysburg he led the College Rifles; and of the thirty men commanded by him, who so bravely held their position in the peach orchard during that bitter fight, eighteen were killed. Though holding the position as captain of the gallant company until that day at Appomattox, Captain Lewis did not again command the College Rifles; for, the field officers being disabled, he was either acting major or as colonel commanded the regiment. I quote from a recent letter received from an old veteran of the 18th Mississippi: "The one thing of the Virginia campaign which left the most vivid impression on my memory was the dauntless courage displayed by Capt. W. H. Lewis, commanding the 18th Mississippi Regiment in the bloody battle of the Wilderness." Of the one hundred and fifty-three men commanded by Captain Lewis in this battle, eighty-five were killed.

When, in April, 1862, Captain Lewis was elected captain of the College Rifles, Second Lieutenant Buckles was elected first lieutenant. Lieutenant Buckles was with the company at Appomattox, and when he returned to Mississippi brought back with him the flag which in 1861 the patriotic ladies of Clinton had made with such high hopes for the Mississippi College Rifles. This flag is still carefully preserved in the old chapel of Mississippi College.

Did space permit, I might mention many names of the heroic boys who left Clinton with the College Rifles in April, 1861. On many a hard-fought battlefield their blood was shed—Manassas, Leesburg, in the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, on Malvern Hill, and at Seven Pines. They followed Longstreet into East Tennessee, beyond into Georgia, to reënforce General Bragg; they left their slain on the red field of Chickamauga; they "fought like brave men long and well" at Knoxville; they returned with Longstreet to Virginia, crossed with Lee the Potomac, did brave work at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and in the terrible fighting at Gettysburg, in addition to the awful battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., North Anna River, Cold Harbor, and in other engagements not mentioned here.

On the 9th of April, 1865, with the Army of Northern Virginia, who surrendered at Appomattox C. H., was the Humphreys Brigade, and with this brigade the remnant of the Mississippi College Rifles. Of the one hundred and four men who enlisted, only eight were there to be paroled.

After the Civil War, the College Rifles were reorganized at Mississippi College. Once more the hills echo back the bugle's call, and boys wearing the gray Confederate uniform drill on the old campus.

Almost any day may be seen on the streets of Clinton two old veterans who belonged to the company during the Civil War, officer and private soldier, Capt. W. H. Lewis and Mr. Louis Terrell, soldiers of the Confederacy who stood at their post of duty until the last hostile gun was laid down. Fit types indeed are they of the "valiant hosts" whose names have gone down into history clothed with a deathless fame.

How many, many comrades have interesting and valuable reminiscences, but delay sending them! Write; be brief.

THE ALABAMA.

[Paper of Manton Davis read before United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Missouri Athletic Club.]

Abraham Lincoln with a stroke of his pen wrote from the ledger the capital reserve of the South, which for years it had been investing in negro brawn. At this time the New Englander, grown rich enslaving men his piety needs must free, had been wrestling from the Briton the carrying trade of the world.

I shall tell you a story of a little ship that lighted the seas with the burning of this great traffic and sent the purse-stricken Puritan to the protecting folds of foreign flags. It is the story of the Alabama.

Intricate questions of international law are somewhat beside the purposes of our present meetings. Our time is short; it will not therefore be attempted to discuss the legality of the Alabama's building, equipment, or commission further than to say:

1. An exact precedent for every several act of the Alabama was furnished in the Surprise, Revenge, and other ships fitted out in France and against England by the Commissioners of the Continental Congress, Benjamin Franklin and Silas Dean.

2. In 1861 the Federal government attempted to have built, armed, and equipped in England and by the builders of the Alabama several Alabamas for use against the Confederate States. It was deterred only by the great cost and the long time required for building.

3. Though England was required by the Geneva Award to pay the snug sum of $15,500,000 on account of the Alabama and similar claims, yet it was never adjudicated that she violated any principle of the law of nations. This is the reason: Negotiations prior to the arbitration resulted in the Treaty of Washington. By that treaty arbitration was provided for and three principles stipulated by which the arbitrators were to be governed. One of these principles, then stanchly denied by England to be a principle of international law, was that it is the duty of a nation to use due diligence to discover and prevent a vessel from being built or equipped within its jurisdiction and for use against a nation with which it is at peace and to pay all damages resulting from a violation of such duty. This stipulation was the foundation of the award against England, and prevented a decision whether England violated any international law.

In passing, it may be said that if this stipulation correctly states the law of the nations then what must be our debt to Spain? And, judged by that standard, how does the present administration stand with Colombia on Panama's account?

The Alabama was built by the Messrs. Laird at Birkenhead, on the River Mersey, opposite Liverpool, England. She was contracted for on behalf of the Confederate States by Capt. James B. Bullock, of Georgia, who superintended her building. She was known until her christening as Number 290, a rabid Federal press stating that that indicated the number of sympathetic Englishmen who contributed to pay for her. She was, however, the two hundred and ninetieth ship built by Messrs. Laird, hence the name, and was paid for in the sum of $250,000 from the Confederate treasury. She was a little ship, 900 tons burden, 230 feet long, 32 feet wide, 20 feet deep, drawing 15 feet of water. She could steam or sail, her single engine was of 300 horse power, and her speed capacity was 13 knots when driven by steam and sail. Her fighting equipment, which she received after leaving England, was one 8-inch, one 100-pound, and six 32-pound guns. Her full fighting force was 120 men, 24 officers; beside the modern leviathan of the deep, a mere toy—not a formidable ship, even in her own day. The purposes of her building were summed up in a sentence of her captain, when he said that she was "designed as a scourge to the enemies' commerce rather than for battle."

So strong were the protests of the Federal government to the English authorities that but for a ruse which her captain frankly admits our story had not been told, and the Alabama would have been detained awaiting the slow deliberations of an English court.

On the evening of her completion she was carried out to sea on a supposed "trial trip," having aboard her many ladies as guests. Once outside, the guests were put aboard a tug, and the Alabama went her way unmolested in this way, avoiding the orders for her detention which were received at Binkenhead but a few hours after her departure. For two days after leaving Birkenhead she remained at Anglesey, off the coast of Wales, where she was joined by a tug carrying the crew which was to sail her. She was carried by a young Englishman to the Portuguese island of Terceira, in the Azores, at which rendezvous she was to be met by a ship carrying her guns, munitions of war, and by Raphael Semmes, under whose command she was to run her eventful career.

Semmes arrived on Wednesday, August 20, 1862, and by the Sunday following the Alabama's guns were placed, her stores loaded, her coal bunkers filled, and "she was sweet and clean, her awnings snugly spread, her yards squared, her rigging hauled taut, and she looked like a bride with the orange wreath about her brow, ready to be led to the altar."

The christening of the Alabama is best told in the eloquent language of him who commanded her:

"The ship having been prepared, we steamed out on this bright Sunday morning under a cloudless sky, with a gentle breeze from the southeast scarcely ruffling the surface of the placid sea, and under the shadow of the smiling and picturesque island of Terceira, which nature seemed to have decked specially for the occasion, so charming did it appear in its checkered dress of a lighter and darker green, composed of cornfields and orange groves. The flag of the newborn Confederate States was unfurled from the peak of the Alabama. The ceremony was short, but impressive. The officers were all in full uniform and the crew neatly dressed, and I caused all hands to be summoned aft on the quarter-deck, and, mounting a gun carriage, I read the commission of Mr. Jefferson Davis appointing me a captain in the Confederate States navy and the order of Mr. Stephen R. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, directing me to assume command of the Alabama.

"Following my example, the officers and crew had all uncovered their heads in deference to the sovereign authority, as is customary on such occasions; and as they stood in respectful silence and listened in rapt attention to the reading and to the short explanation of my object and purposes, I was deeply impressed with the spectacle.

"Virginia, the grand old mother of many of the old States, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana were all represented in the persons of my officers, and I had some as fine specimens of the daring and adventurous seamen as any ship of war could boast.

"While the reading was going on two small balls might have been seen ascending slowly—one to the peak and the other to the main royal masthead. These were the ensign and pennant of the future man-of-war. A curious observer would also have seen a quartermaster standing by the English colors, which we were still wearing, a band of music on the quarter-

deck, and a gunner, lock string in hand, standing by the weather-bow gun. When the reader had concluded and at a wave of his hand, the gun was fired, the flags were changed, and the air was rent by a deafening cheer from officers and men, the band at the same time playing 'Dixie,' that soul-stirring anthem of the newborn government. Thus amid this peaceful scene of beauty, with all nature smiling on the ceremony, was the Alabama christened."

The commander had a ship, he had officers who had served him well in the Sumter, but no crew. Sixty men had come out on the Alabama. English they were, and Dutch, Irish, French, Italian, and Spanish—sailors of all nations, promiscuously picked from the streets of Liverpool. Thirty men of like kind had come out with the captain in the Bahama. After a rousing stump speech by the commander, the books of enlistment being opened, eighty of these ninety signed, and thus ended the first and last public meeting ever held on board the Alabama.

The first cruise of the Alabama was against the whalers off the Azores, and lasted but thirteen days, from September 5 to 18, 1862. Ten ships were captured and burned. There was no fighting, though in many instances exciting sailing races occurred. the best of which was with a boat from Siam and bound for Hamburg, and of course immune as a neutral. The goal of these races was the sanctuary of the neutral marine league, within which, to the Alabama's honor be it said, no enemy in flight was ever able to come. The crews of all these vessels were landed on the island of Flores, and the Alabama crossed to Newfoundland in search of the European and coastwise trade of the North.

On October 3 the Alabama made the Gulf Stream, the great ocean highway, and from that day until October 15 captured seven ships. Of these, five were burned, one was released on giving bond for her ransom by reason of having neutral cargo aboard, and the last, a passenger sailer, carrying sixty passengers, thirty of them ladies, was allowed to go on ransom bond to prevent the Alabama's being turned into a nursery.

For five days following the Alabama, though busy, had no results. She came near being lost in a great cyclone, and after that spent her energies chasing ships found to be neutral. From October 21 to 27 she captured four ships, three of which were burned, and the fourth, having neutral cargo, was released on ransom bond and sent to New York with the Alabama's host of prisoners.

Deeming a longer stay in these waters so near to New York dangerous, she departed for the West Indies. On the way she captured and burned two other ships, taking prisoners a United States Consul, his wife and three daughters, and carrying them into the port of Fort de France, on the island of Martinique.

By this time the fame of the Alabama was great, and visitors from the port, of which there were many, were disappointed that they did not find a Captain Kidd or a Bluebeard; but on the other hand a courteous Southern commander, a trim little ship, and a spick and span crew. The temptations of the port were too great for Jack, though; and, smuggling liquor aboard, he started a mutiny, led by twenty strong spirits. This mutiny was quelled by soaking the culprits with buckets and buckets of cold water in quick succession. This novel method of punishment caused the sailors afterwards to say of the captain: "Old Beeswax is hell on watering a fellow's grog."

While at this port the enemy's ship, San Jacinto, came in. She being twice as heavily armed and having double the crew, the Alabama, with that discretion which is the better part of valor, withdrew in the night toward Venezuela. Five days were spent in the Venezuela island of Blanquilla on a little holiday, fishing, bathing, sailing races, and finally taking on a new supply of coal.

About this time was being formed in Massachusetts the much-talked-of Banks Expedition to be transported by sea to Galveston, and from that base to subjugate Texas. This force of thirty thousand men was due about January 10, 1863, before Galveston, and Semmes determined to cruise around and await and sink this expedition, meantime hoping to catch a California ship for Europe gold-laden. He was disappointed as to the gold ship, but captured three others—one burned, one released on bond by reason of her neutral cargo, and the third, a ship belonging to Vanderbilt and having five hundred women and children and one hundred officers and crew aboard, was released because the Alabama could not entertain the crowd. The ladies aboard this ship were seized with great consternation when they learned they were in the hands of that much-talked-of and "monstrous pirate," the Alabama. In order to quiet their fears, Semmes sent aboard his handsomest young lieutenant, bedecked in his most gorgeous raiment. So well did this lieutenant succeed in his commission that he returned to the Alabama shorn of several buttons on his uniform, they having been clipped therefrom by the ladies as souvenirs of the adventure.

Proceeding in search of Banks, Semmes found that Galveston had been retaken from the Federals and the Banks Expedition had stopped at New Orleans and did not materialize off Galveston.

Approaching the harbor about nightfall January 11, 1863, it was found that the city was being shelled by five of the enemy's vessels. Here occurred the Alabama's fight with the Hatteras, the first of the only two fights in which she was ever engaged. The commander was unwilling to combat five vessels, any one of which was doubtless his equal; and while pondering what should be done the enemy solved the problem by one of his vessels coming out. The Alabama slowly started to sea, and the enemy, encouraged by her flight, gave pursuit. Keeping just out of range, the Alabama decoyed the pursuer until they were twenty miles out from the other ships, and then turned so she might approach, but ran parallel to her opponent. The Alabama on her first hail gave the name of a British ship. The pursuer declaring her to be a ship of the United States, the Alabama then announced her name and nationality, and the two vessels at a range of less than one hundred yards simultaneously discharged their broadsides. Each ship as she delivered her broadsides put herself under steam, and the action became a running fight in parallel lines, or nearly so, the ships now nearing and now separating from each other. Thirteen minutes they fought in the moonlight, when the Hatteras surrendered, shortly thereafter going down in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Rescuing Captain Blake, of the Hatteras, and all his men, the Alabama extinguished her lights to avoid the now awakened ships off Galveston and went her way. The Hatteras was one hundred tons larger and had a crew of two more men. They each had eight guns, though the Alabama's were the heavier. Two men were killed on the Hatteras and five wounded. One wounded was the extent of the Alabama's injury.

Prisoners from the Hatteras were landed at Port Royal, Jamaica. This was a British port, and our voyagers were received with great hospitality. Apropos of this hospitality, there was an amusing incident. Five English ships of war

were in port, and one of them, out of compliment to the Alabama, played "Dixie" during her evening band concert. Captain Blake, of the Hatteras, saw fit to protest to the British commander that this was an insult to the United States and to himself. On the following day reparation was made in this manner: Beginning the evening concert, the British flagship played "God Save the Queen." The second ship played a fine opera air, and then the Greyhound, who lately had offended, solemnly played a melancholy dirge. This was followed by "Dixie," played with slowness, sweetness, and pathos. When the last note had died away on the soft evening air, there at once arose an infernal din of drums, fifes, and cymbals, and wind instruments in a go-as-you-please and every-fellow-for-himself rendition of "Yankee Doodle."

Neither your time nor your patience would suffice for details of the Alabama's cruises. An outline sketch alone can be suggested of the vessels burned off Jamaica; of the Alabama's fire aboard ship off Santo Domingo; of two vessels burned simultaneously when her own fire was scarcely out; of her astuteness in taking a stand at that central point northeast of Brazil, where both the European and American trade to and from South America needs must pass and her capturing nine ships there in quick succession; of her visit to Fernando de Norohna, the penal colony of Brazil; of her burning four ships on leaving that place; of her visit to Bahia, Brazil, and of the half diplomacy and half bluff which prevented her from being run out of that port; of her voyage eastward to the Cape of Good Hope and the burning of eight vessels on the way; of her diplomacy and the English good will which prevented her being seized and held at the Cape; of her capture of a vessel with all Cape Town looking on with applause; of her fourteen desertions at Cape Town through the agency of the United States Consul; of her long and fruitless voyage of forty-five hundred miles through the Indian Ocean to the Strait of Sunday and the China Sea, the Federals vainly pursuing; of the fame which had preceded her, causing simulated certificates of neutrality; of the vessels burned between Java and Sumatra in spite of their fraudulent certificates; of her visit to Singapore, and there finding twenty huge East Indiamen rotting at their docks rather than risk meeting this terror of the seas; of the same condition at Bangkok, Canton, Manila; of her leaving Chinese waters, burning three large ships in the Malacca Straits.

We pause to relate an incident of the captain of one of the vessels last named. He was of refreshing manners. Coming on to the Alabama, he said: "Well, Captain Semmes, I have been expecting to fall in with you every day for three years, and here I am at last." "Glad you found me after so long a search," said Semmes. "Search?" was the reply. "It has been some such search as the devil may be expected to make after holy water."

Leaving the China Sea by way of the Malacca Straits, the Alabama came back on her trail around Ceylon and India to Good Hope. Vessels of the United States had now come to be scarce, and but two were burned on this long, long voyage returning. Leaving Good Hope on April 22, 1864, the Alabama burned one more vessel near St. Helena and one five days later, and then, worn and battered and foul, she limped into Cherbourg, France, on July 11, 1864, her career of destruction done. She had captured sixty-six ships. One was sunk in battle, one converted to a cruiser, one sold, thirteen released for ransom, and fifty were burned.

Do you ask why this waste of wealth in flames? All Southern ports were then blockaded. Semmes when he had commanded the little Sumter had sought an asylum for his prizes in ports of the empires of Great Britain and France, and had been refused. He had sought asylum for his prizes in ports of Spain, and the vessels had been turned back to their original owners. He had tried sending prize vessels and crews through the blockade, losing both the prizes and his own men. So his ship, a homeless wanderer on the deep, must needs destroy her prizes or be by them destroyed.

May we make a historical comparison? Sherman burned the homes of the South; Semmes, the ships of the North. But the goods and stores that Semmes destroyed were not food and raiment of old men, women, and children. The ships he burned were not the sole shelters of the helpless. Semmes burned the adventurers of the North, sent forth to sea that profits in luxuries might be returned; private personal effects he harmed not; while Sherman destroyed life's necessities which warring Southerners might not replace to dependent loved ones.

Would you learn in statistical eloquence of the South's little ships? Then know that in 1861 the United States had vessels engaged in foreign trade aggregating 2,496,894 tons; in 1867 the total was but 214 766 tons; and, despite the era of prosperity and the rapidly accumulated wealth of this country, the United States in the year 1905 had but 946 750 tons in foreign trade, or but thirty-eight per cent of her tonnage forty-four years ago.

It was the intention of the captain to parole his crew for two months and clean and repair the injuries of two years' voyage. Cherbourg being exclusively a naval station, the docks all belonged to the government, and to the emperor was referred the question of their use by the Alabama. While awaiting his reply the Kearsarge came outside the port. The Kearsarge was superior to the Alabama in size, armament, crew, and stanchness. But, nothing daunted, Semmes prepared to give battle. In addition to her other advantages, the Kearsarge in preparing for the fight rendered herself an ironclad by hanging all her iron chains from rail to the water's edge in parallel lines, and then covering the whole over with boards to hide the ruse.

On Sunday morning of June 19, 1864, the Alabama steamed out to her doom. The day was cloudless. Vast crowds, coming even from distant Paris, had assembled in the amphitheater of the heights around Cherbourg. Seven miles out the duel began. It was fought by both vessels steaming around a common center and at a range of three-quarters of a mile. Shell after shell was exploded against the Kearsarge's ironclad side without effect. Within twenty minutes the shot and shell began to tell on the Alabama. Within thirty minutes the Kearsarge would have been sunk had the ammunition which the poverty-stricken Southerner had for two years hoarded in his hold done its work. The stern post of the Kearsarge, in which was imbedded an unexploded shell, defective from age, is in the possession of the United States to this day. The explosion of this shell would have ended the fight in thirty minutes.

For one hour and ten minutes they fought, when the Alabama, her decks gory, her masts cut down, fast filling with water, her fires extinguished, a helpless hulk, no longer able to steam or sail, struck her colors; and then, like a living thing in agony, she threw high her bow and descended into the green waters of the famous British Channel, to lie entombed with many a gallant craft that had gone her way before her.

[This paper has been unavoidably held over for months.—Ed.[

THE FLAG OF FIRST TEXAS, A. N. VIRGINIA.

BY VAL C. GILES, 4TH TEXAS, AUSTIN, TEX.

Hanging on the wall in the Texas State Library is a worn-out, faded silken relic of the eventful sixties—a lone star Texas flag, so tattered and torn by war and time that the casual observer will pass it by unobserved. It has a history, but is silent now, as silent as the gallant fellows who carried it, fought for it, and died under it in the old cornfield at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862. Triumphantly it had waved over the old 1st Texas Infantry on the banks of the Potomac, at Yorktown, at Eltham's Landing, at Seven Pines, at Gaines's Mill, at Freeman's Ford, at Thoroughfare Gap, at Boonsboro Gap, and went down in blood on the battlefield of Sharpsburg. The 1st Regiment was so proud of this flag that they carried it in a silk oilcloth case, and never unfurled it except on reviews, dress parades, or in battle. The entire brigade was proud of it; and when we saw it waving in the Virginia breeze, it was a sweet reminder of home, a thousand miles away.

This prized flag was made and presented to the 1st Texas Infantry by Miss Lula Wigfall while her father, Louis T. Wigfall, was colonel of the regiment, early in 1861. Later on she made a beautiful flag out of her mother's wedding dress and gave it to the 4th Regiment while they were in their winter quarters on the Potomac, and it is now in the possession of the Daughters of the Confederacy in their room in the State Capitol building at Austin.

The 1st Texas was one of the few regiments in Lee's army that had twelve full companies in it. In the beginning of the war it was one of the strongest regiments in the Army of Northern Virginia, but disease and bullets had greatly diminished its number before it reached the fatal field of Sharpsburg.

When this old lone star flag, now in the Texas Library, was returned to the State some months ago by the Secretary of War, it was labeled: "Texas Brigade Flag, Captured at Antietam, Md."

Knowing that Hood's Texas Brigade, the only Texas troops that served in the Army of Northern Virginia, had no brigade flag, Gen. William R. Hamby and myself, members of the 4th Texas Regiment of that old brigade, visited the Capitol to see if we could discover wherein lay the mistake. General Hamby's recollections of Hood's Brigade and of their eventful campaign of 1862 is remarkably clear. Although he had not recovered from a wound received at Second Manassas, he went into the battle of Sharpsburg barefooted, but came out unscathed and well shod. I know that our brigade quartermaster issued no shoes or clothing of any kind during Lee's first campaign into Maryland, but I never asked him where he got his shoes.

As soon as the librarian pointed out the flag we both recognized it, although it had been about forty-four years since last we saw it. It is the Texas flag lost by the 1st Regiment in the battle of Sharpsburg. Colonel Work, who commanded the regiment in the battle of Sharpsburg, in his official report in speaking of the loss, says: "During the engagement I saw four bearers of our State colors shot down, John Hanson, James Day, Charles Kingsbury, and James Malone; others raised the colors until four more were shot down. The colors started back with the regiment as it retired, but when lost no one knew it save him who had fallen with it."

The 1st Texas went into the fight at Sharpsburg with two hundred and twenty-six, rank and file, and lost one hundred and eighty-three in killed and wounded, which is the heaviest loss of any regiment, either Union or Confederate, in any battle of the war. The loss of the entire brigade in that battle was unusually heavy. We went into the fight with eight hundred and fifty-four; came out with three hundred and nineteen, having lost on the field five hundred and thirty-five.

I have in my possession a complete muster roll of the members of the 1st Texas Regiment who fell at Sharpsburg gallantly defending this lone star flag and their battle flag, also lost in the old cornfield. I believe a muster roll of these brave Texans should be inscribed on parchment and hung by the old flag in the State Library.

The two flags lost by the 1st Texas Regiment, now in the State Library, are the only flags lost, captured, or surrendered by the Texas soldiers in Lee's army. The three Texas regiments, the 1st, 4th, and 5th, stacked their guns at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, but they hung no flags on the muzzles of their faithful Enfield rifles. The truth is, the boys deliberately cut their old flags into little pieces and divided them among themselves, and those little fragments of faded silk were about all they got for four long years of devoted service.

The lone star flag of the 1st Texas has had an eventful career. When presented to the regiment by a noble Texas girl on the banks of the Potomac, it was bright and glorious, and, like the character of the fair donor, was "pure as the beautiful snow." Twelve hundred Texans cheered it to the echo when it was kissed for the first time by the breeze of classic old Virginia. On the morning of September 18, 1862 only forty-three of its gallant defenders answered to roll call. One thousand and fifty-seven were missing!

General Sherman was correct when he said, "War is hell!"

This lone star flag so faded now,
So worn by shot and shell,
Waved proudly once o'er gallant men
In the days when war was hell.

'Tis but a faded relic now,
But oft the Rebel yell
Has rung beneath this bonny star
In the days when war was hell.

No foeman's hand e'er touched its fold
Till those who bore it fell
And died on Sharpsburg's bloody field
In the days when war was hell.

This grand old flag, so silent here,
A story sad could tell
Of those who died beneath its star
In the days when war was hell.

Rest, old flag, your mission's done;
Our sons will guard you well.
Their fathers loved you long ago
In the days when war was hell.

—*Val C. Giles.*

"THE OLD SOUTH" FOR OLD AND YOUNG.—John W. Martin, of Ocala, Fla., writes to the author: "I cannot tell you with what heartfelt interest I have read your vivid portrayal of those grand, happy, good old days. But they have passed, and we can only trust that He who doeth all things well has directed our destiny. As an evidence of its appreciation by my children also, the book has been kept among them and friends, depriving me to a great degree of the opportunity of getting your address; hence my delay in acknowledging its receipt."

"THE REBEL YELL."

BY CAPT. F. J. V. L'CAND.

The scene we present is the army in gray
  Bivouacked where it halted from long, weary march.
Not sheltered by tents, on their blankets they lay,
  And canopied over with heaven's grand arch.

'Tis spring of the year, and flowerets are blooming—
  The features of Nature are broadening with smiles;
The winter is past, the birds are resuming
  Their carols which charm us and man's care beguiles.

The morn is just dawning, the usual sound
  Of reveille calls from the camps far and near,
At times well defined with notes full and round,
  Then fainter, like echoes, it dies on the ear.

Aroused from their sleep, the soldiers are waking
  From sleep that to some was tranquil and sweet,
While dreaming of home, and in dreams merry-making
  With those whom they longed in embraces to greet.

To others the long, weary watches of night
  Were restless and brought neither sleep nor repose,
For movements were making which told them they might
  Ere long be grappling in death with their foes.

A clatter of hoofs is heard fast approaching—
  A courier hurriedly making his round;
He follows no path, but on camp lines encroaching
  He urges his steed where a footing is found.

Without a delay, he reaches headquarters;
  He does not dismount, so great is his haste.
With tip of his cap he issues his orders;
  'Tis evident time is too precious to waste.

But a moment elapses—the adjutants call:
  "Form your companies!" Orderlies quickly reply,
"Fall in! Fall in, men!" Abandoning all,
  Responsive to duty, the soldiers comply.

Conveying their orders, couriers are dashing,
  And movements are rapid as columns combine;
Artillery corps are their teams wildly lashing,
  Battalions and companies wheel into line.

The lines are completed, the soldiers well know
  'Tis theirs to obey, and are ready to serve;
They await the command which shall tell them to go
  With moments of exquisite tension of nerve.

All now is made ready and waiting the word;
  Waiting—yes, waiting with feelings intense
The signal—the boom of a cannon is heard,
  The sound's a relief from the dreadful suspense.

Attention, Battalion!

Command given "Load," and the ring of the rammer,
  As driving the cartridge, it springs and rebounds;
The rustle of boxes, click of the hammer
  At once are suggestive and ominous sounds.

O, who can forget it that ever has heard
  The "Forward, Guide Center" which rings on the ear?
And followed by "Charge," that terrible word
  Which starts off the line in its maddening career!

As surges the waves of the tempest-tossed ocean,
  When lashed into fury by boisterous gales,
It rises and falls in ceaseless commotion,
  Then breaks on the rocks in murmurs and wails.

So move the long ranks of the fierce "line of battle"
  As onward it sweeps with disastrous flow;
It charges 'mid shot, shell, and musketry's rattle,
  And bursts in its fury when met by the foe.

Plunged into flashes of dense liquid fire,
  Facing the rain of the bullets and shell,
'Mid columns of smoke mounting higher and higher,
  Regardless of fate, they rush in with a yell!

Down the declivities, mounting the knolls,
  Sweeping more rapidly over the plains,
A vast living mass like a fire it rolls;
  Humanity lost, pandemonium reigns.

The roar of the cannon, the musketry fire,
  The whiz of the bullets, the shriek of the shells
Are sounds to which even the demons aspire;
  Resounding o'er all are the fierce Rebel yells.

Methinks the first time this yell was e'er given
  With reverence, we say, it was by God's command;
The order was issued directly from heaven.
  The thought is majestic, superlative, grand!

'Twas Joshua, leader of Israel's hosts,
  Who was told to compass a city about,
And follow instructions, with all at their posts,
  The people he led should unite in a shout.

Conceive, if you can, of the terror conveyed
  By this loud-swelling chorus of shouting or yell;
The hearts of strong men were with horror dismayed
  As the walls of Jericho crumbled and fell.

This yell untaught is a wild inspiration
  Which comes all unbidden—a gush of the soul;
Voice of the South, it defies imitation,
  It comes in prolonged and continuous roll.

The harvest of death a wide swath is mowing,
  The dead and the dying are strewn o'er the field;
Yet steadily onward, like tidal wave flowing,
  They rush toward the goal, to no obstacle yield.

The solid earth trembles, the elements quake,
  And heaven itself with vibration is bowed.
Withdrawn from confusion which mortals can make,
  The sun has thrown over its features a cloud.

An enfilade fire of canister, raking
  From batteries in gray which have broken the flanks,
Is sweeping the works, and havoc is making
  As shots well directed pour into the ranks.

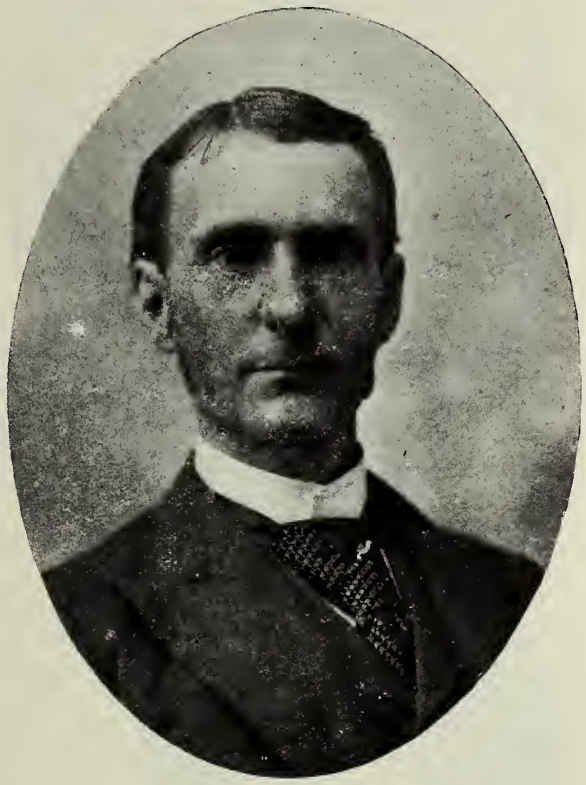
The starry cross over the breastworks is borne—
  A host to sustain it have gathered around.
Down, by a volley of bullets 'tis torn;
  Up, again floating, it springs with a bound.

Into the breastworks, commingled the flashing
  Of fire which leaps out like tongues from the gun:

Hand to hand conflict, their bayonets clashing,
Fighting like demons, the triumph is won.

The voices which joined in these shouts years ago
Are silent in death or by Time are subdued.
They never again so discordant can flow;
They never can be with their vigor renewed.

May the yell of the future be shoutings of joy
Whenever exultant our voices we raise!
May the thoughts of our hearts and our lips find employ
In joyful thanksgiving and pæans of praise!



CAPT. F. J. V. L'CAND.

Fred J. V. LeCand was born at Natchez, Miss., January 13, 1841, of English parentage and Huguenot ancestry. Just previous to the war he became a member of the "Natchez Fencibles," a company which was organized April 24, 1824, with John A. Quitman (afterwards major general in the Mexican War) as its first captain. The company was chartered in 1833, and the charter was never forfeited or annulled. Gov. Robert Lowrey recognized this fact, and several years after the war commissioned Captain LeCand to reorganize and perpetuate the company. It has not been an active company for some years, but the few surviving war members have concluded that it shall exist as long as the present captain lives. The Fencibles became Company G, of the 12th Mississippi Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, and its history is in part theirs. LeCand was severely wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, but was back in the ranks after four months. He was again wounded at Chancellorsville, which kept him out of service for three months. He was with his command at the battle of Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, which occurred three days before the surrender. Here, as he says, the remnant of their brigade went up in a halo of glory. He was adjutant of the regiment at the close of the war.

CONCERNING A REUNION AT FRANKLIN.

November 30, 1864, never goes unobserved by men who fought at Franklin. There never was fought a battle doubtless in which the antagonists saw more of courage than was witnessed there by friend and foe. The writer never knew of two men meeting who faced each other in that awful carnage that they did not greet each other most cordially. The Federals give unstinted praise to the Confederates, who did all that mortal men could, while the Confederates are ever amazed at how the Federals rallied again and again for the defense. Through an earnest desire to have the survivors of both sides meet there in reunion (not a great bombastic gathering, but the men who fought there to meet and compare experiences) the editor of the VETERAN has corresponded with Union and Confederate soldiers, and he has ever found a most cordial sentiment favorable to it. But it seems that their own reunions have been arranged for at such time as to interfere with a liberal attendance. But the VETERAN persists. The people of Franklin are earnestly in favor of it, and the Daughters of the Confederacy have engaged to give a welcome to all and an entertainment that will certainly be consistent with Southern hospitality.

Let us make a beginning this year. The anniversary comes on Saturday, and let some of us meet there and arrange for next year. If only a few, the movement can be started that would result in a gathering that would result in much pleasure and in the final purchase of the important parts of the battlefield for a government park, where there should be a monument in honor of both sides. Let any who can go this year report in advance to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville.

Col. Isaac R. Sherwood, of Toledo, Ohio, who was one of the Union commanders in the battle of Franklin, writes concerning a government park there: "Surely the United States government should purchase the land where that battle was fought, and I believe will do so if the effort is made by the soldiers who took part in that terrible conflict. I shall aim to do my part in aid of such a movement, and I can think of nothing that would interest me more than a reunion of those who fought on both sides on that battlefield. I have never been over the field since the war. I send for the Rev. Dr. Field's book containing so much about that battle."

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

T. B. Masters, who was of Company B, Third Florida Volunteers, writes from 209 Whitaker Street, Savannah, Ga.: "Kindly make an inquiry through the VETERAN for me. About the middle of December, 1862, having been wounded and taken prisoner on the battlefield of Perryville, Ky., I was sent to the Federal 'bull pen' in Louisville, and was taken by steamer to Vicksburg, Miss., to be exchanged with about nine hundred other prisoners—sick and wounded. There was a detachment of twenty-five soldiers of the 25th Iowa Regiment which served as guard. One of these soldiers, a private about fifty years of age, discovered that I was unable to use my jaws, on account of the lower one having been shattered by a Federal bullet, and generously offered me a cup of bean soup, which I accepted, having had nothing in my stomach for several days. Day after day for the remainder of the trip down this soldier brought me his ration of soup, which I believe saved my life, as I was unable to eat the ration given us by the Yankees, which consisted of hard-tack and a small piece of 'Old Ned.' I have forgotten his name, but would like to hear from him if alive to thank him for his kindness at that time."



THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

[Original repeats last two lines of each stanza.]

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll.

O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands.
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!

MRS. TELFAIR HODGSON.

The Kirby-Smith Chapter, U. D. C., at Sewanee, Tenn., has lost a most valued and beloved member in the death of Mrs. Telfair Hodgson. She was a daughter of Georgia, and her husband, the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, was a gallant soldier in the 44th Regiment of Virginia, afterwards chaplain in the 1st Alabama Cavalry, and on the staff of General Wheeler. Mrs. Hodgson was a Christian of the highest type and a true-hearted Southern woman. No member of the Chapter could be more missed, and we desire to put on record our appreciation of her rare virtues and fine personality. Recognizing that her place can never be filled, we bow in submission to the will of Him who has called her to higher things.

Committee: Mrs. E. Kirby-Smith, Miss Lily W. Green, Mrs. M. J. Selden, Mrs. E. H. Shoup, Mrs. P. S. Brooks, Miss E. N. Douglas (Chairman).

CAPT. JAMES C. JONES.

James Chamberlayne Jones was a representative Confederate. It is said of him that there was seldom if ever any more popular man in Shelby County. He served under Forrest and gained the rank of captain. Although a cripple for many years, he was an honorary member of Company A, Confederate Veterans. He was a son of Gov. James C. Jones and also United States Senator. The family lived in Lebanon, Tenn., when Comrade Jones was born, but moved to Memphis in 1849. He engaged in active business pursuits, notwithstanding his affliction. He was public-spirited, honestly and actively interested in the development, growth, and prosperity of the city of Memphis. He was elected to the office of county register in August, 1902, and reëlected to the same office in August, 1906. In his administration of the affairs of the office Mr. Jones's record had been eminently satisfactory. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Alice Tait Jones, and two brothers, Felix Jones, of Richmond, Va., and Robert Jones, of Shelby County, near Memphis, Tenn.

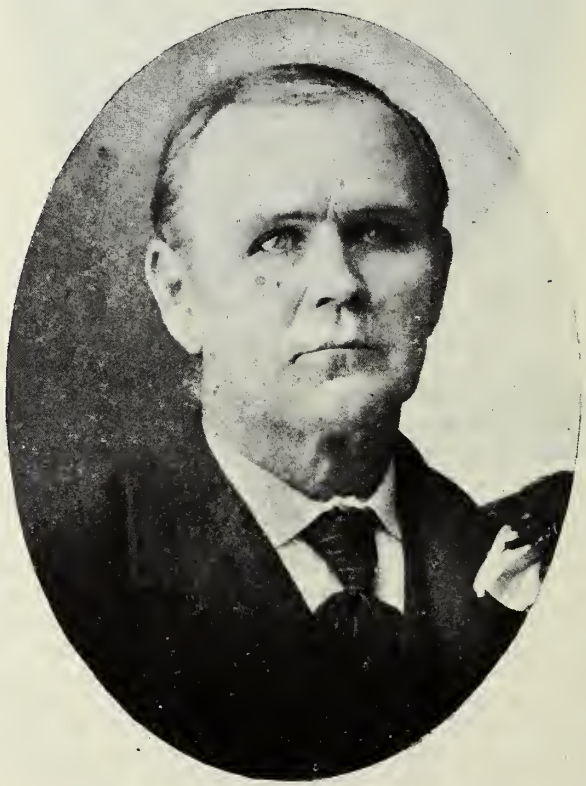
CAPT. SAMUEL B. BROWN.

After a brief illness, Capt. Samuel B. Brown died at Water Valley, Miss., August 14, 1907, in his seventy-eighth year. He commanded Company I, 33d Regiment Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, and bore a conspicuous part in many battles in Mississippi and Louisiana under Gen. W. W. Loring. After the fall of Vicksburg, the Army of Mississippi was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and Captain Brown was in the battles from Resaca to Atlanta and with his command under General Hood in his advance on Nashville, Tenn. He was severely wounded in the right arm in the battle of Franklin, and was left in Franklin when the army assaulted Nashville. When our army retreated from Nashville, Captain Brown traveled on foot, with his broken arm in a sling, more than two hundred miles through rain, sleet, and snow to his home, in Coffeeville, Miss. After the close of the war, he was a newspaper editor, and was very successful. He was for fifteen years Adjutant of Featherstone Camp, U. C. V. A good man, a zealous Mason, a consistent Christian, and a brave soldier has passed over the river.

DEATHS AT NEWPORT, ARK.

Tom Hindman Camp, of Newport, Ark., has recently lost two more of its members by death, Dr. A. D. Holland and H. J. Long, both of whom attended the Richmond Reunion. Both died soon after their return home.

Dr. Addison D. Holland was a Kentuckian, but resided in



DR. A. D. HOLLAND.

Arkansas since 1878. He entered the Confederate service at Hopkinsville, Ky., October 6, 1862, in Company G, Woodward's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, and served under Forrest and Wheeler respectively until the sounding of taps. He was one of the immortal guards to President Davis in the latter's movements southward after the surrender of Gen. J. E. John-

ston's army. Dr. Holland was born in Christian County, Ky., July 24, 1843; and died July 11, 1907, at Newport, Ark., where he had practiced dentistry successfully for nearly thirty years.



HENRY J. LONG.

Henry J. Long was born in Cabarrus County, N. C., November 28, 1839. He entered the Confederate army July 30, 1861, in Company H, 7th North Carolina Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the battles and campaigns of that army from May 4, 1862, to February 26, 1865, when his regiment was detached from the lines around Petersburg and sent to North Carolina for specific duty; but on entering that State he was assigned to Johnston's army, with which he surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Comrade Long died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John T. Jacocks, at Newport, Ark., June 23, 1907.

No community was ever blessed with a citizenship excelling that of these two comrades. Gallant soldiers, true friends, devout Christians, and of an unsullied integrity, they will live in the memory of their comrades and neighbors.

The foregoing data was furnished by Col. V. Y. Cook.

John W. Pleasants.

The Times-Dispatch reports the death of Mr. John W. Pleasants at the residence of his brother, Edwin Pleasants, in Richmond, from the result of wounds received in the Confederate army. From July, 1861, until the close of the war he served his country faithfully as a private in the first company of Richmond Howitzers. He was wounded severely at Gettysburg, and suffered many months in a Northern hospital. After his exchange he recovered sufficiently to go back to his company and share its fortunes to the end. His injury, however, was never entirely healed, and resulted finally in his death.

After the war Mr. Pleasants lived for several years in Georgia and North Carolina; but returned to Richmond and found employment as bookkeeper and clerk, both in the State bank and the First National Bank. He was of retiring disposition and unobtrusive, and was a devout member of the Third Presbyterian Church from early manhood.

Holbert.—Died at his home, near Mount Vernon, Tex., May 11, 1907, Comrade Joe Holbert, a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V. He was born in Rutherford County, S. C., in 1848. His people removed to Texas in 1841, locating in what is now Franklin County, and there he was married in 1869 to Miss Mary Ellen Fleming, who survives him. He entered the Confederate service at Mount Pleasant, Tex., in 1861, and served to the close in Company I, 11th Texas Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade; was in the Tennessee Department of service, and participated in all the engagements of that department of the service.

Schley.—Mr. George Schley, long a resident of Wharton County, Tex., died recently at Galveston, and was carried back to Wharton and laid to rest by Forest City Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of which he was an honored member. He was born in Columbus, Ga., some sixty-one years ago, and as a man was endowed with that martial spirit which gave the world a distinguished hero in the person of Admiral W. S. Schley, to whom he was related. While yet in his teens George Schley gave his services to the cause of the Confederacy, to which he remained loyal to the end.

Tulloss.—After a brief illness, Lieut. Sam E. Tulloss, of Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Starnes's Regiment, died at his home, near Amarillo, Tex., August 22, 1906. He was born in Williamson County, Tenn., in 1838. He enlisted in the company that General Starnes organized in September, 1861, and by his gallantry and efficiency won a lieutenancy. After serving bravely and faithfully through the war, he was paroled at Washington, Ga., May 9, 1865. Surviving him are his wife and three children.

Fuller.—Clinton H. Fuller was born December 24, 1841, in Walker County, Ga. He enlisted in April, 1861, as a Confederate soldier under Capt. G. G. Gordon in Company G, 9th Georgia Infantry, going to Virginia in June, 1861. The 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, and 59th Georgia Regiments formed the famous "Tige" Anderson's Brigade of Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps. This command was with Longstreet at Chickamauga, Knoxville, and Morristown. Comrade Fuller was a most valiant soldier, seemingly blind to fear. He was captured at Gettysburg on July 3 and sent to Fort Delaware, from which he made his escape about the last of August. His brother, H. S. Fuller, of Donaldson, Ark., writes of his death on the 14th of April at Kiamichi, Ind. T., and mentions that it leaves only himself as the last of five brothers who were in the Confederate army.

Dr. Robert Edward Riddick.

Robert E. Riddick was born in Nansemond County, Va.; and fell asleep in February, 1907, in his sixty-first year. He is survived by his wife and one son, and his passing leaves one comrade less in the membership of Tom Smith Camp, at Suffolk, Va. He was at school in North Carolina when Virginia seceded, a boy of fifteen, and returned home and enlisted in the Nansemond Rangers, afterwards Company F, 3d Virginia Infantry. This regiment was in the Peninsular Campaign under General Magruder, afterwards in Longstreet's Division, and in all its arduous service Comrade Riddick valiantly performed his duty. After the Antietam campaign,

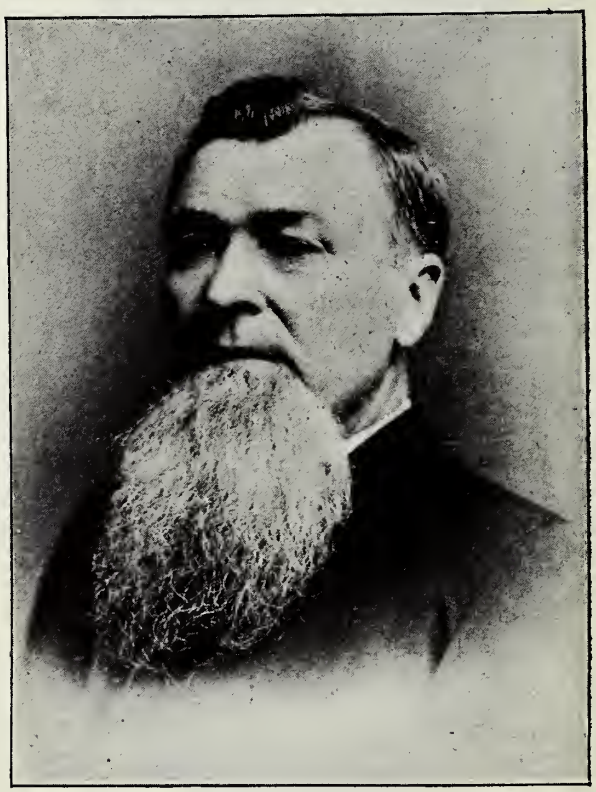
the 3d Virginia was assigned to Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and this brought Comrade Riddick into the trying experiences of Fredericksburg, at Marye's Heights, through the North Carolina service, and at Gettysburg. Into this battle the 3d Virginia went three hundred and thirty-five strong, and lost of the number three hundred and two; Riddick's company (F) went to the charge with twenty-five men, and he alone escaped untouched. He was in many other engagements, and through all bore himself gallantly, being twice wounded. He was at Appomattox in a splendidly developed manhood, with name untarnished.

Turning his face homeward, he took up the duties of life with the determination to make the best of his future. He entered the Virginia University, and graduated from the school of medicine, and in the practice of his profession he verily gave his service and life to his people, who gratefully crowned him with the title of "the beloved physician."

BERNARD MCCABE.

For more than fifty years Bernard McCabe had been a resident of Nashville, Tenn., having come to this country in 1853 from Ben Bawn, County Donegal, Ireland, where he was born February 22, 1833. His death, which occurred recently, removes from the life of the community a man who had won a high place in its respect and esteem by his courteous demeanor and magnetic disposition. He engaged in the mercantile business soon after coming to Nashville, in which he continued till April, 1861, when he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 10th Tennessee Regiment, serving through the war till the troops were mustered out. He returned to Nashville after the war and engaged in the hotel business, in which he was very successful, retiring from active business about ten years ago. He is survived by his wife and two sons, both prominent in the city. He was an enthusiastic member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, which has taken suitable action to his memory.

Capt. Thomas Gibson writes of him: "My first acquaintance with Mr. McCabe began in May, 1861, I having been transferred from the 1st Tennessee Infantry (Maney's) to the 10th Tennessee (Irish Regiment) as sergeant major. One among my first acquaintances made after reporting for duty at Fort Henry was First Sergeant Bernard McCabe, of Company B, commanded by my friend, Capt. Leslie Ellis. After serving about two months as sergeant major, I was, by the friendship and influence largely of Sergeant McCabe, elected lieutenant in his company (B), and was in command of the company at Forts Henry and Donelson. Sergeant McCabe was a true soldier in every sense of the word, kind and considerate to those under him, and loyal to the end to the cause he had espoused. His cool, quiet conduct in this first baptism of blood endeared him to myself and command. After the surrender of Fort Donelson, February 16, the 10th Tennessee was sent mainly to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and was kept there until early in September following, when the men were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. During the imprisonment Sergeant McCabe acted as quartermaster and commissary officer for the 10th, and his soldierly bearing and fairness and commanding presence endeared him to the men of his regiment and to many other prisoners, as well as to the Federal officers in command of the prison. Colonel Mulligan, U. S. A., an Irishman, commanded the prison and post. He was a shrewd and affable officer, and frequently consulted McCabe in reference to the health and wants of the prisoners. Colonel Mulligan used every means and great persuasion to induce the men to take the oath and get their liberty; but, true to the cause they espoused, they (with few exceptions) spurned the offer and remained in prison, and after being exchanged reënlisted for the war at Clinton, Miss. I doubt if there was a regiment exchanged that mustered for reënlistment a greater number of officers and men who were returned from prison. Bernard ('Barney') McCabe was ever alert for the reënlistment and continued service of the regiment. Sometime after the reorganization Col. Adolphus Heiman, first colonel of the 10th Tennessee, appointed Sergeant McCabe to the quartermaster's department of the regiment for his ability as a faithful officer. This position he held, serving, after the death of Colonel Heiman, under the gallant Col. Randall W. McGavock, killed at Raymond, Miss., while leading the regiment. Other commanders were Col. Sam Thompson, Col. William Grace, and Colonel John O'Neal. He was engaged, besides the battle of Fort Donelson, in the Mississippi campaign (Grant's and Pemberton's) from Holly Springs to Grenada. He was in the battle of Raymond, Miss., in the siege and battles of Jackson, Miss., and Port Hudson, the great battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, in the hundred days' campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., in the campaign of General Hood to Tennessee, and at the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. He was at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., and at the final surrender by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C.—a record truly to be envied. He returned

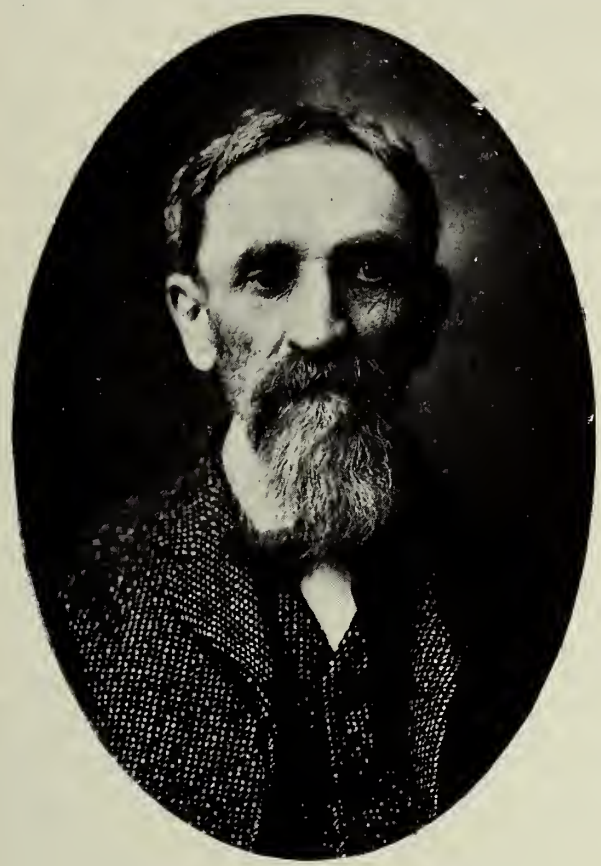


BERNARD ("BARNEY") M'CABE.

to his adopted home in this city and entered business. The kindness and ever-sympathizing hearts of Mr. McCabe and his good wife will be gratefully remembered by hundreds of old soldiers yet living, as well as by scores who have passed over the river. He who giveth and lends a helping hand to the needy lendeth to the Lord. Such a man and soldier was Bernard McCabe."

JOHN W. RUTH.

At Shelbyville, Tenn., John W. Ruth, who died a few months since, was a leading citizen for many years and universally esteemed. Though an invalid much of his life, he espoused the Confederate cause, as did his brothers, C. L.



JOHN W. RUTH.

Ruth, of Montgomery, Ala., and Ambrose Ruth, of Winchester, Tenn. When the army fell back from Murfreesboro and occupied winter quarters at Shelbyville, his adjutant general, Kinloch Falconer, realizing Mr. Ruth's condition and that of his family, it is understood, gave him an order of detail that relieved him from the severe duties in the field.

His integrity of character was conspicuous. He served his town as its Mayor, and in behalf of the public good he was ever diligent.

The Tannell Chapter of Royal Arch Masons appointed a committee to report upon his reputation, with Chancellor W. S. Bearden as chairman, in which is the following resolution: "That we will ever fondly cherish in our hearts the fraternal words, deeds, and example of this noble member of our order; and we point with pride to his usefulness to his fellowmen—yea, to his sixty-seven years of fidelity to every trust, whether self-imposed or otherwise laid upon him."

As citizen, husband, and father, he was a model. It may be said of him that "none knew him but to praise."

CAPT. E. F. SPEARS.

A fine record as a Confederate officer was made by Capt. E. F. Spear, whose death occurred at Paris, Ky., August 29, 1907. His company was G of the 2d Kentucky Infantry, and he was the youngest captain in the Orphan Brigade. He was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson; and after six months' imprisonment, he was exchanged. He was again wounded in the battle at Jonesboro, Ga., August 30, 1864. He recovered sufficiently to serve in mounted infantry, which he did to the end.

Of that fine company in the superb regiment commanded originally by Roger Hanson, only three are known to survive: J. A. McDonald, who sends this notice from Paris, now of Kansas City, Mo.; J. J. McCarrington, Nicholasville, Ky.; and John Malone, of Bourbon County, Ky.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH CUMMINGS.

Entered into her reward on February 24, 1906, Mrs. Mary E. Cummings, at the home of her only daughter, Mrs. A. J. Harris, in Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. Cummings was the oldest child of David W. and Sophy Rodgers Collins, and was born in Madison County, near Huntsville, Ala., August 31, 1822.

She was married to Dr. J. Y. Cummings on February 25, 1845, and was the mother of four children, only two of whom grew to adult age. Her son, Dr. John B. Cummings, died in Forrest City, Ark., in 1891. He entered the Confederate army at the age of fourteen, and served under Forrest until the close of the war. During the terrible years of civil strife Mrs. Cummings was a member of that noble band of "Southern Mothers" whose names are now canonized in the hearts of Memphians. These women began the first Confederate memorial service in Memphis, and she was untiring in her ministry to sick or hungry soldiers. At one time she turned her house into a convalescent hospital for soldiers recovering from an epidemic of measles, and doubtless saved their lives.

Mrs. Cummings endured all the humiliation of the reconstruction period with heroic fortitude. At one time she was so reduced in food supplies that she boarded the wives of several Federal officers in order to get rations.



MRS. M. E. CUMMINGS.

It is a great pleasure to contemplate such a life as that of Mrs. Cummings. Stretching over a period of more than three score years and ten, she employed her borrowed years for the good of mankind. After the turbulent years of middle life, a long twilight of peaceful rest was granted her, in which her patient example and words of wise counsel were of inestimable value to those who had the privilege of knowing her. Beside her chair always lay her Bible and the "Life of Robert Lee." She was a constant reader of the VETERAN, and her conversation always turned to the Old South. But the sands of her long life have slipped peacefully away; and after nearly a century of usefulness, she has entered into her reward.

[Contributed as a memorial to Mrs. Cummings by Mrs. C. W. Richmond, 1102 South Somerville Street, Memphis, Tenn.]

"RIDPATH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

By John Clark Ridpath, LL.D. In twelve volumes, large 8vo. Jones Brothers Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. Reviewed by Rev. James H. McNeilly, D.D., Nashville, Tenn.

These sumptuous volumes are splendid specimens of the printer's art. In all the outward appointments of printing, binding, paper, illustration they are a delight to the eye and the touch. The history professes to give the story of the United States from the dim traditions of Indian occupation of the territory to the most recent development and expansion of the great republic. Of course it is impossible to enter into all the details of discovery, etc. But the author has seized on the main points of this wonderful story and set them forth in due proportion, so that we are able to trace the progress of events clearly and to recognize the steps by which this republic has come to stand for "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" as distinct from all other forms of government among men. * * *

John Clark Ridpath has had large experience in writing history. He is the author of a "History of the World," which is a valuable and interesting account of the progress of the human race. In these volumes he has had access to the sources of American history, and especially to the archives of the Federal and Confederate governments during the War between the States. And it is evident that he desires to be impartial and that he makes a sincere effort to present both sides of the conflict. But in the whole tenor and tone of the history there is, as is natural, a strong tendency to justify the North and to minimize the case of the South. As example of this, the speech of Webster in reply to Hayne is held up as the absolutely unanswerable vindication of the supreme authority of the Federal government, and indeed that speech has ever been glorified by New England and has been published and republished, while Hayne's speech has been read by few and is scarcely known to the public. Yet Mr. Webster himself afterwards surrendered in his Capon Springs speech the very points on which he attacked Mr. Hayne.

Since the close of our Civil War there have been many attempts to write the history of our country, and nearly all have been written with a view to explain the causes and consequences of that war. And so their view of the previous history has been determined by their sympathies and theories as to the nature of that fierce contest. It is true that these histories have been mostly written by men who sympathized with the Union and who were bitterly opposed to the South in her contention. And while the writers have sincerely attempted to be impartial, yet they have not been able to understand or to do justice to the South in the great conflict.

It is becoming more and more evident that there is need of a history of the republic written from the view-point of the South, a history which shall set forth those great facts in the original formation of our government upon which the Southern States rested their claims to secede from a compact which had failed to secure to them their equality in the Federal Union.

It is probably impossible for any one, North or South, to write an absolutely impartial history of our Civil War while the actors in that great drama are still living. Indeed, it will require several generations to pass before the passions and prejudices of the sections shall pass away. In the meantime every honest attempt to write the story as each party saw it is to be welcomed. And in the coming time the future historian comparing these varying accounts will be able to come at the truth.

So also this history makes the impression that the Constitution of the United States was adopted by the people of the whole country acting as one nation and by the individual votes of the whole body of electors setting up a government of paramount authority; while the fact is that the Constitution was adopted by the several States in their separate sovereignty, setting up a government of limited and well-defined authority. Again, there is very slight mention of the fact that New England asserted the right of secession over and over again, and there is the merest reference to the personal liberty bills of the Northern States, which were more drastic than the nullification measures of South Carolina in 1832. Yet the nullification of the Southern States is condemned, while the Northern States are commended by implication as doing the righteous thing.

Now, as I have said, there is an attempt to be fair. But the tone of the history is to apologize for the South as if she were hot-headed, but to commend the North as if she were only witnessing for righteousness.

In conclusion let me say that these volumes indicate great research, a sincere desire to be fair, are written in readable style, and are as impartial as it is possible for a Northern man to be whose sympathies are with a section rather than with the whole country.

"HALF HOURS IN SOUTHERN HISTORY."

By John Leslie Hall, Ph.D., Professor College of William and Mary, Virginia. Pages, 320. B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond. Reviewed by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D.

This is one of the most delightful books growing out of the great conflict of 1861-65 between the States. It sets forth the life and civilization of the Old South and states with clearness the political ideals of the people for which they contended unto the death. Without bitterness it gives a vivid picture of the conditions during and after the war, and shows the great principles for which the South contended. It is one of those books which our Southern youth should read to get a true idea of that civilization which was first overthrown by war and then trampled underfoot in "reconstruction."

STATISTICS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS WANTED.

Walter L. Fleming, late professor of history in the West Virginia University, but now holding the chair of history in the Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, is engaged in writing a biography of Hon. Jefferson Davis, and desires to obtain as much information as possible about every phase of his public and private life. He has all the books written about Mr. Davis, and what he wants is such material as:

1. Names and present addresses of relatives, neighbors, former slaves, etc., of Jefferson Davis who can give information about him.

2. Letters, scrapbooks, diaries, and other documentary material relating to Mr. Davis's life.

3. Privately printed books, pamphlets, newspapers, and other printed matter containing information about Mr. Davis.

4. Pictures of Davis and relatives, of his homes, and of places connected in some way with his career.

5. Any souvenirs, relics, etc., of which photos may be made.

6. Reminiscences, authentic anecdotes, etc., of Mr. Davis.

7. Any information about Mr. Davis or his relatives in Wales, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

The loan of any documents will be appreciated.

CONTROVERSY UPON HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

Gen. E. P. Alexander's criticisms in his recent book have enlivened interest in Hood's campaign to Nashville and the disastrous results. This will have attention later.

Maj. D. W. Sanders's official report of the rear guard movements in the escape has been revived, and Col. Luke W. Finley has written a report of Hood's campaign which will also appear at an early date.

Gen. A. P. Stewart wrote from Biloxi, Miss., July 9, 1907, to Hon. James D. Porter as follows:

"*My Dear Governor Porter:* Many thanks for your letter of the 27th ult. I have not yet seen the Alexander book and attack. Was not the fault at Spring Hill General Hood's own? Was he not up with Cheatham? If there was any disobedience of orders, was not the remedy in his own hands? He was there in command of the army and could have put the troops in himself if necessary. I was kept west of Rutherford Creek until toward night; had no orders to attack; was not in a position to attack; General Hood was responsible for the failure."

In the VETERAN for July, 1904, appears information furnished by Gov. James D. Porter, who was adjutant general to Gen. B. F. Cheatham during nearly all of the war, in which he quotes from Gov. Isham G. Harris, Gen. W. B. Bate, and General Hood. Governor Harris wrote as follows in regard to the matter:

"*Dear Sir:* In answer to yours of the 12th inst., I have to say that on the night that the Army of Tennessee, under command of Gen. J. B. Hood, halted at Spring Hill on its march from Columbia to Nashville, General Hood, his adjutant general, Major Mason, and myself occupied the same room at the residence of Captain Thompson, near the village. Late at night we were aroused by a private soldier, who reported to General Hood that on reaching the camp near Spring Hill he found himself within the Federal lines; that the troops were in great confusion; that a part of them were marching in the direction of Franklin, others had turned toward Columbia; and that the road was blocked with baggage wagons and gun carriages, rendering it impossible to move in order either direction. Upon the receipt of this report, General Hood directed Major Mason to order General Cheatham to move down on the road immediately and attack the enemy. General Hood and myself remained in bed. I went to sleep, and I suppose that General Hood did the same. At daylight on the following morning we learned that the Federal army had left Spring Hill and was being concentrated at Franklin.

"On the march to Franklin, General Hood spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that it was due to General Cheatham that this explanation should be made. Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterwards General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill. And, on the day following the battle of Franklin, I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham, assuring him that he did not censure or charge him with the failure to make the attack."

Major General Bate, referring to an interview with General Hood between the hours of ten and twelve of the night of the 29th of November, at which General Bate mentioned a conflict in the orders of the general commanding and the corps commanders touching the movement of his division, states that General Hood said: "It makes no difference now, or it is all right, anyhow; for General Forrest, as you see, has just left, and informed me that he holds the turnpike with a portion of his forces north of Spring Hill, and will stop the enemy if he tries to pass toward Franklin, and so in the morning we will have a surrender without a fight." He further said, in a congratulatory manner: "We can sleep quietly to-night."

The first intimation of dissatisfaction on the part of the commanding general at the management of the affair at Spring Hill was suggested by the receipt of the following note, written in front of Nashville and dated December 3, 1864:

"*My Dear General:* I do not censure you for the failure at Spring Hill. I am satisfied that you are not responsible for it. I witnessed the splendid manner in which you delivered battle at Franklin on the 30th ult., and I now have a higher estimate of you as a soldier than I ever had.

"Yours very truly, J. B. HOOD, *General.*

"Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham."

THE GILBERT GAUL WARTIME SCENES.

No monument erected to the memory of the brave soldier of the Confederacy has so touched the tender recollections and so thrilled the hearts of the youth with love and reverence as has the series of pictures gotten out by the Southern Art Publishing Company, of Nashville, Tenn.

These pictures are reproductions of paintings by Gilbert Gaul, the great painter of war subjects, and accurately portray the bravery and courage as well as the tenderness and patriotism of the men of the sixties as only works of true art can.

To forbid that the glorious deeds of these days should die and to reflect glory and honor on the Confederate cause is the purpose of these pictures, and their success is shown by the welcome they are receiving by both the soldier and by the young people of to-day.

This is a monument that can be enjoyed by all, and as such is welcomed by every true Southerner, for it enables him to bring into his home works of real art and at the same time pay tribute to the honored hero whom we shall soon have with us only in memory.

SCHOOLS FOR MONUMENTS TO HEROES.—Miss Marcie A. Bailey writes: "The Sam Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Joseph, Mo., is planning a bazaar of States to be held in the spring, and asks for the coöperation of all Chapters of the U. D. C. They are endeavoring to raise a large sum to build a school in the South for white children as a monument to a Confederate hero, the school to bear the name of the hero selected. The Sam Davis Chapter requests the various Chapters to send some salable articles which will be placed in their State booth. This need not be expensive, though any original article will of course add to the effect of each State booth, and any gift toward this enterprise will be appreciated. All contributions should be in by January 30."

EXTEND TIME OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

There is what is called a "movement to break up the exposition habit." A statement from Washington says: "During the past twenty years the international exposition business has become a habit. All sorts of anniversaries and events are being celebrated with an 'exposition.' In the opinion of statesmen of many countries the time has arrived to put a stop to this sort of exploitation, and it is regarded generally that the 'exposition habit' has about played out. It is quite likely that the last of the great shows of this character now is being held in Virginia commemorative of the landing of the first settlers at Jamestown. As an exposition, the Jamestown show is a success, but there is no concealment of the fact that it is not a money maker. This exposition business, particularly in America, has been run into the ground. Congress was persuaded only by the most strenuous efforts to give its aid and support to the Jamestown Exposition, and it is a practical certainty that the government will not lend support to another similar proposition in a good many years to come."

Various countries have given expression to the sentiment that no more expositions be held. The thing to do now is to hold the Jamestown Exposition in 1908. There seems to be no sane reason why this should not be done. The buildings are far superior to any yet erected. The government exhibit is not in demand elsewhere, and by united coöperation of all the people of all the States the exposition business for all countries might be concluded in and by Hampton Roads in the fall of 1908 in "a blaze of glory."

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION COMPLETED.

The Director General, James M. Barr, makes this official statement: "The Jamestown Exposition, barring minor details, will be completed within ten days. It fittingly commemorates the great historical event which it was designed to celebrate, and it reflects credit on Virginia, the South, and the nation. In the character of its buildings, the excellence of its exhibits, and the beauty of location on historical Hampton Roads, it compares most favorably with any exposition held in this country, and it fully justifies its management in asking the united support of the people of the country."

S. W. Bolles, Director of Publicity for the Exposition, sent to the press on August 14:

"On April 26, when the gates of the Exposition were thrown open to the public, the Exposition was incomplete. On this day, August 14, it is completed. The only work not now done in every detail is the United States government pier, which will be ready for dedication within a very few days. This pier is not a part of the work of the Jamestown Exposition Company and does not detract from the beauty of the grounds.

"I believe that you will find here an exposition which will convince you that it is worth your while and the time of every man, woman, and child in this country to make the trip. Its architecture is unique and truly and purely American. The rates for board and lodging, for transportation, for entertainment inside and outside of the grounds are within the reach of all, and more reasonable, I believe, than at any exposition previously held.

"In view of this situation, the statements made as to the incompleteness of the Exposition, as applying at the time of opening, are no longer either true or worthy of attention.

"Have you passes? If not, I shall be delighted to forward you cards in the names of those persons of your staff selected by you. Please send such list at your earliest convenience with position occupied."

FIRST OF IRON-CLAD NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

What is undoubtedly the first iron-clad naval engagement in the world took place on March 8 and 9, 1862, at Hampton Roads. It was the memorable battle between the Confederate war ship Merrimac-Virginia and the Federal war ship Ericson Monitor. The inner history of the epoch-making fight was never adequately printed until now. Capt. E. V. White, of Norfolk, Va., gives a true and particular account of this stirring battle in which iron-clad was pitted against monitor and which revolutionized naval warfare for all time.

This "First Iron-Clad Naval Engagement in the World" (issued from the press of Sherman & Bryan, New York) is not only from an eyewitness to the fight but also a participant—junior engineer in charge of gong and speaking tube on the gun deck of the Merrimac-Virginia. This is a valued contribution to the history of naval warfare. The author, a Southerner, relates the events precisely as they occurred and in their logical sequence, and makes no attempt to crown one side with laurel wreath at the expense of the other. The reader is impressed with Captain White's studious desire to be absolutely fair and to subordinate all to historical accuracy. He describes the battle as he saw it, heard it, lived it, so that one smells the smoke of conflict, feels the impact of shot and shell, exults with the victor, and mourns with the vanquished.

Captain White's account of that great naval engagement clearly shows that, notwithstanding the contrary impression among many Northerners, the Confederate iron-clad Merrimac-Virginia defeated the Union States Ericson monitor after a battle in which heroic valor was displayed on both sides. His testimony is strengthened by quotations from other eyewitnesses and by extracts from contemporary newspapers.

Captain White closes his story as follows: "The shock of battle taught the combatants the mettle of which each was made more thoroughly in four years than the touch of commerce and trade had taught them in a century, and they came out of the strife with more mutual respect and confidence than had existed between them in any period of their history."

PICTURE OF "LEE AND HIS GENERALS."

Attention is called to the advertisement under the above head elsewhere in the VETERAN. The group contains very good reproductions of Confederate generals, the figure of General Lee standing out distinctly in the foreground. These generals are given in the vigor of war time days in handsome uniforms, just the kind of picture that should be impressed upon the minds of young Southerners. Critics will find that a few of the large group do not give satisfactory expressions. However, there is much in the group that is most satisfactory.

One of those interested in the picture explains that its removal from the Jamestown Exposition grounds was not from lack of absolute faith in the success of the Ter-Centennial celebration, but as it was not in a fireproof building there was great danger of its destruction by fire; hence it was thought best to remove it to Washington, where it should have proper protection. Orders should be sent to 1420 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Theodore M. Newman, 578 Fifth Avenue, New York, seeks information in regard to his grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Hatch. Mr. Hatch was born in Philadelphia, Pa., but moved to Chapel Hill, N. C. He was an officer in the Confederate army, and died of yellow fever at New Orleans. The family owned a place at Burlington, N. C., and had some slaves. His widow is still living, aged seventy-five years.

VETERAN APPROVED BY NOBLE MEN.

The reputation of men indorsing the VETERAN gives much strength to the publication. The late Bishop Quintard wrote one of the most thorough commendations (pity the copy is lost), concluding with the comforting sentiment that with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the demand is fully met.

The late Rev. W. G. E. Cunnyngham, D.D., widely known and beloved, wrote in January, 1898, a short while before his death: "I have frequently thought, after reading a number of your valuable magazine, that I would write and tell you how much I admired it. I do not speak of its beautiful appearance as a work of mechanical art or as to its literary character, both of which are excellent, but as a treasury of facts and incidents connected with the Civil War, especially with the heroic defense made by the Confederate armies against the overwhelming military power of the North. The future historian of our country when he comes to study the bloody record of the years from 1861 to 1865 will be greatly indebted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the material necessary to a fair and impartial judgment of many important events connected with that fearful struggle. You now have access to the original sources of information, the testimony of eyewitnesses—the men who helped to make the history—but they are passing away, and with them the opportunity for collecting reliable historical data. It is now or never. The South will value your work more and more as the years go by. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN ought to be in every home in the Southern States. It would help to educate the young people of the present generation in regard to the greatest war of modern times, the causes which led to it, and the manner in which it was conducted. . . . I read every number of the VETERAN with much interest."

SARAH C. LAW, OF BELOVED MEMORY.

Much interest is aroused frequently in reviewing old letters to the VETERAN. Notes are now made from one written at Forest Villa, Gladstone Heights, Memphis, by Mrs. Sarah C. Law on February 5, 1894: "When I renewed my subscription, I did not know the price had been raised to one dollar. I inclose stamps to make out my dollar. I am still pleased with the VETERAN. Would not like to be without it. I find every number interesting. I would solicit subscriptions for you; but I have been confined to my room nine months, and at my advanced age, now in my eighty-ninth year, I can only show it to all visitors, and so try to send supscriptions."

PURCHASES OF PAPER FOR THE VETERAN.

Believing it an item of interest for friends of the VETERAN and hoping it may impress some who "didn't order it" after two or three years of expense in sending its issues, the following figures are given of purchases from our house, the Diem and Wing Paper Company, of Cincinnati. Dating back to 1897, the figures are given for each year. A part of the supply beginning then, the amount was $850.20. For the years following the figures are: 1898, $956.38; 1899, $1,679.31; 1900, $1,819.48; 1901, $2,978.13; 1902, $1,374.09; 1903, $3,200.31; 1904, $3,195.57; 1905, $3,341.40; 1906, $3,379.98; and to August, 1907, $1,880.26. The aggregate sum paid to them is $25,089.59. Purchases from this firm show the paper's steady growth.

Many people are of the opinion that the typesetting and postage are the principal items of cost of the publication. Whoever receives the VETERAN and fails to pay for it retards its capacity for usefulness.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, by President Davis, gives in a condensed form the most important facts relating to the secession of the Southern States and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, with descriptions of the leading engagements on the field, making a record of accurate historical data. It should be used in schools as well as have a place in every Southern library. Only a few copies left. Bound in cloth. Price, $4, postpaid.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A history of the operations of his command and a masterly vindication of his plan of operations. In half morocco, $3.25; sheep, $2.75, postpaid.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to the entertaining qualities of the book. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

LIFE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. More especially a history of his military campaigns and valuable for its accuracy. Cloth-bound. Price, $1.50.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE. By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D. A personal friendship between General Lee and the author gave valuable material in the preparation of this work, which is a revised edition and contains many letters of General Lee not heretofore published. Cloth. Price, $2.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C. B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes, six hundred memorial edition in half morocco, $4.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Doubtless the most interesting personal narrative on the War between the States, presenting the part taken by this matchless soldier. A late edition of this book has been issued in cheaper form, so as to be within the reach of any Confederate survivor. In cloth, $1.50; the first edition, cloth, $3; memorial edition in half Morocco, $4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book has become well known as standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle," therefore needs no further commendation. This book was written with great care, every important statement being verified by unquestioned testimony. Illustrated. Cloth-bound. Price, $4.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his services in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama has been issued, and is now offered at $4, postpaid. Bound in cloth.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies of this volume on hand. Price, $3.

FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX. By Gen. James Longstreet. A handsome volume of some seven hundred pages. Edition nearly exhausted. Cloth. Price, $3.

MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF THE CONFEDERACY. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. In two volumes, per set, half morocco, $10; cloth, $5.

MILITARY ANNALS OF TENNESSEE. By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, D.D. Half Morocco, $5; full Morocco, $7.50.

MEMOIRS OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN, Postmaster General of the Confederate government. Occupying this position in President Davis's Cabinet throughout the war, Mr. Reagan was regarded as one of the masters who shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy. A notable volume. Price, $3.24, postpaid.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. The history of this most remarkable command by one who participated in its many adventures under dashing John Morgan. Cloth. Price, $2.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, $2.50.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, $1.50.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTEEN PRESIDENTS. By Col. John Wise, of Virginia. "Every one of them," he says, "possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force." Bound in cloth and illustrated with pictures of the Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, $2.50.

CAMP CHASE. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth. Price, $2.20, postpaid.

CONFEDERATE OPERATIONS IN CANADA AND NEW YORK. By Capt. John W. Headley. Cloth. Price, $2.

SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Price, $1.50.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES. By Prof. Joseph T. Derry. Price, $2.

NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SECESSION. By Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Price, $1.

FOUR YEARS UNDER MARS ROBERT. By Maj. Robert Stiles. Price, $2.

WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Rev. J. L. Underwood. Price, $2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME. By John Goode, of Virginia. Price, $2.

HANCOCK'S DIARY. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Forrest's command, whose record includes a history of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Reduced to $1.25.

OLD TALES RETOLD. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Some of the most interesting events in Tennessee history rewritten by this talented daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and published in an attractive volume. Price, $1.

BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS. By Dr. Henry M. Field, D.D. A series of sketches in his travels through the South, a number of pages especially devoted to the battle of Franklin, etc. Cloth. Price, 50 cents (reduced from $1.50).

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE. In two large volumes are given some of the most masterly efforts of American oratory. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $5 per set.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. "A worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is one of heroic suffering and strength of character." Price, $1.50.

WAR SONGS AND POEMS OF THE CONFEDERACY. Compiled by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Cloth. Price, $2.

SONGS OF DIXIE. A collection of the songs so popular during the war, both words and music. Paper-bound. Price, 75 cents.

SOUTHERN POETS: FATHER RYAN'S POEMS. Cloth, $1.50. Other bindings procurable. POEMS OF SIDNEY LANIER. Edited by his wife. Price, $2. POEMS OF HENRY TIMROD. Cloth, $1.50. Memorial Edition.

ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER. Adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as their guide in parliamentary law. Price, 75 cents.

Several books by Southern women can well be placed in this list of Confederate literature, notable among which are:

A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton, of Alabama. These reminiscences cover a period before the war when, as the wife of the distinguished Senator Clay, from Alabama, she took part in the gay life of Washington society; during the war when she, in common with her sisters of the South, sacrificed and suffered; and after the war when she made such persistent effort to secure the release of her husband from prison. All this is told in a most pleasing style, and one becomes a part of that life when following her through the varied experiences of a brilliant and useful career. Handsomely bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, $2.75.

A SOUTHERN GIRL IN 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore. This is a similar volume of reminiscences written in a charming style. Mrs. Wright was Miss Louise Wigfall, daughter of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, whose term began in the fall of 1860 and terminated with the secession of his State from the Union—a brief but useful career in his defense of the South. These reminiscences extend through the four years of sorrow and suffering, enlivened here and there by anecdotes and incidents typical of the spirit which cannot be crushed under the most adverse circumstances. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated with pictures of the prominent men and beauties of that time. Price, $2.50.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR. By Mrs. Myrta Lockert Avary. The first book by this charming writer, while not a novel in the strict meaning of the word, is the heart story of a young woman whose soldier husband made one of the great army of Lee, and her friendship with the dashing J. E. B. Stuart is most touching in its revelation of the tender heart of the General, of whom could be fitly said:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Cloth-bound. Price, $1.50.

DIXIE AFTER THE WAR is a later book by this same author, and gives fascinating and pathetic glimpses of events during and immediately after the war, with numerous illustrations of notable persons, a hitherto unpublished photograph of Hon. Jefferson Davis forming the frontispiece. The work is written in a unique, conversational style, full of accurate anecdote. In her presentation of the reconstruction period she handles the subject boldly, and vividly portrays the problems confronting her people at the time, while the race problem is touched on with frankness and without prejudice. A handsome cloth volume. Price, $2.75.

RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT. By Hon. Jefferson Davis. Foremost among the works on Confederate history is that by the President of the Confederate States, sets of which are now procurable only in the half Morocco at $20. Two volumes.

Capt. John W. Morton

WILL BE

Candidate for Re-Election

OFFICE

SECRETARY OF STATE

Jesse C. Dial, of Miami, Tex. (Panhandle Ranch), wishes to secure a sketch of his grandfather, H. C. Dial, who was captain of Company K, 9th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade. He was afterwards promoted to major, and was commonly called colonel. Mr. Dial wants a sketch from early life, whom he married, etc., and mentions two surviving members of the company, Miller Green and Jesse Garrett, but does not know where they are. He will appreciate any responses to this.

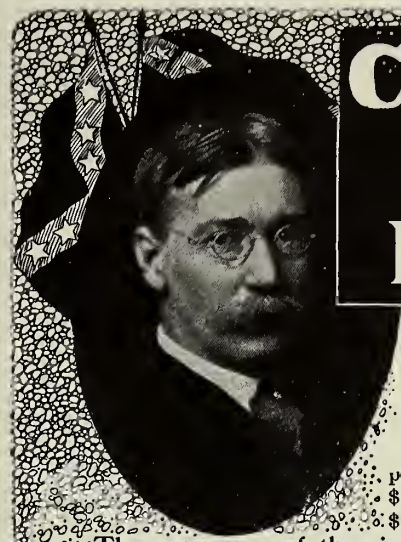
Mrs. J. C. Schooler, of DeKalb, Tex., wishes to correspond with any surviving members of Whitfield's Legion or Lane's Regiment that knew J. C. Schooler, in order to secure their assistance in proving her claim to a pension. He first joined Whitfield's Legion and was transferred to Lane's Regiment, but she does not know his company in either command.

S. F. Patton, of Rogersville, Ala. (Route 1), seeks to locate some member of his company or regiment, which was Company C, 14th Alabama Infantry, Captain Bankston. He was paroled at Appomattox about April 26, 1865. Company C was made up in St. Clair and Tallapoosa Counties, and his address was Dudleyville, Ala.

B. F. Morris, of Purcellville, Loudon County, Va., asks that any survivor of Company C, 1st Texas Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Wigfall, with which he served, will kindly write to him in assisting him to secure a pension. He enlisted at Livingston, Polk County, Tex. Write him in care of J. F. Janney.

J. R. Edwards, of Campti, Tex., asks that any one who served in Company B, 11th Mississippi Regiment, will kindly write to him.

SORE EYES USE DR ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

America's Greatest Painter of War Subjects

Price of full set in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper with leather portfolio, $16.50; payable $1.50 monthly. Cash price $15.00. Individual pictures $3.50 each.

The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

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H. C. Proctor, of DeKalb, Tex., would like to correspond with any surviving sons or daughters of Granville Porter, who served in Company K, 11th Texas Cavalry. He thinks they live somewhere in Texas.

A copy of the VETERAN for November, 1894, is very much desired by Mrs. M. S. McPherson, 3643 Camp Street, New Orleans, La., and any one having the copy to spare will kindly write to her stating condition.

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GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE: "I have your photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, am glad to receive it; it is now framed and hangs over my desk, where I do all my work."

GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT: "Accept my warm thanks for the proof copy of the photo of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which I shall value as an interesting likeness of that distinguished officer."

HON. JOHN S. WISE: "I think it is one of the best likenesses extant."

GEN. L. L. LOMAX: "It is decidedly the best likeness I have seen, and I intend to have it framed for my own home."

GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON: "The picture is a splendid one."

GEN. WILLIAM L. CABELL: "It is a fine picture, and I shall have it framed and placed in my parlor, where the young people of my country can see it and call to mind his many virtues."

GEN. G. W. C. LEE: "Your picture is a good reproduction of the original, and I value it on this account."

GEN. SAMUEL G. FRENCH: "I think it the best one of him to be obtained, and the one fond memory recalls."

GEN. R. F. HOKE: "It is very good of him, and lifelike, and recalls him to me as of yesterday."

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Orders and remittances may also be sent for this picture to S. A. Cunningham, "Confederate Veteran," Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans, La., writes that she has completed her file of the VETERAN with the exception of the number for February, 1893, and she is most anxious to get that. It is hoped that some subscriber can furnish it.

Mrs. Louise Jones Northrup, 220 Madison Street, San Antonio, Tex., sister of Lieut. Wesley A. Jones, of the 1st Alabama Cavalry, asks that any officer or member of that regiment will kindly communicate with her at once, for which she will be very grateful.

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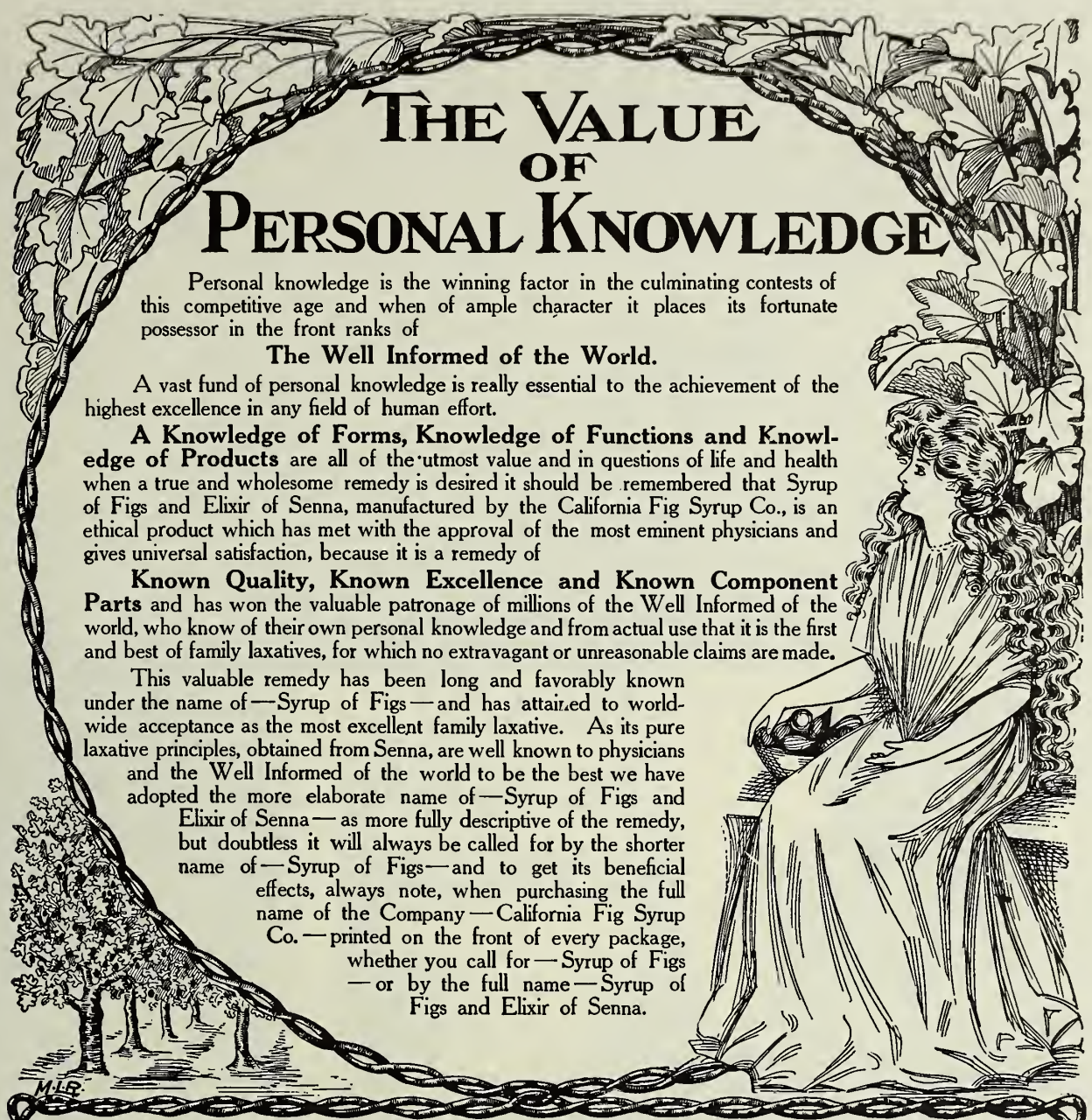
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E. B. Darden, of Milner, Ga., writes of having in his possession a picture of Gen. George Washington captured at the battle of Manassas by a member of the 7th Georgia Regiment. It was attached to a disabled caisson belonging to gun No. 5 of the Washington Artillery and was hoisted on a short flagstaff. He thinks this organization would doubtless be glad to get in possession of it again. He is a survivor of Tige Anderson's old brigade.

W. H. Baird, of Russellville, Ark., writes: "In the interest of his widow, I desire to find any comrades of L. M. Hewitt, of Company K, 44th Alabama Regiment. A response from any of them will be appreciated."

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV. OCTOBER, 1907. NO. 10.



SCENE AT FAIRVIEW (KY.) BAPTIST CHURCH, BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.
At Entertainment of the "Jefferson Davis Home Association," October 5, 1907.



¶The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia, which was on exhibition in the Lee Building on the Warpath, Jamestown Exposition. ¶Agents wanted in every Southern city to sell a beautiful lithographic copy in color of this painting. Write for terms to National Printing and Exhibit Co., Office 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. **Sent by Mail on Receipt of 55c. Every Southern Home Should Have One.**

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I was much interested in this valuable Flag book, particularly the part containing a history of the flags of our Southland.—*M. A. Jackson, Widow of Gen. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, Charlotte, N. C.*

The standard text-book on the subject treated.—*John W. Gordon, Major Confederate States Army, and Chairman United Confederate Veterans, Richmond Reunion, 1907.*

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Rev. M. E. Hanks, of Moreland, Ark., who was chaplain of the 32d Mississippi Regiment, makes inquiry for any comrades of George Williams, who served in the 16th Alabama Regiment Infantry, Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His widow is in need of assistance, and can secure a pension only by proving his record; and, not knowing in which company he served, asks that any surviving comrades who remember him will write to her.

Letters addressed to Kate M. Dabney, 148 A Street N. E., Washington, D. C., in regard to a publication in the August issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, were by mistake returned to the writers instead of being forwarded to her at Oscawana-on-the-Hudson, where her art work called her for the summer. The writers are cordially invited to "try again," when they will receive immediate attention.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Edward Rose & Company, Wholesale Tailors of Chicago. This firm is one of the leaders in that line and well-known through the Southern States, wherein they count their patrons by the thousands. Mr. Edward Rose himself, being a Confederate veteran, takes particular pains to serve his old friends and comrades.

Mrs. E. C. Stalter, 116 West 5th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, wishes to secure any information of John F. Sackman, who served in the army of South Carolina; but she does not know in which company and regiment. He was her uncle, and the family never heard of him after his enlistment in the Southern army.

Lem Smith, of Rockdale, Tex., would like to hear from any members of Company K, 25th Texas Cavalry (from Walker County), Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. The captain of the company was Singletary, but it was commanded most of the time by Lieutenant Bell.

J. H. Cunningham, San Jose, Mason County, Ill., wishes to locate some of the men who escaped from Camp Chase Prison with him on the night of September 19, 1863. There were about nineteen in the party.



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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1907. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

A movement has been inaugurated upon the suggestion of Dr. C. C. Brown, of Smith's Grove, Ky., to purchase such parts of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis as may be deemed best upon which to establish a park and erect a memorial in honor of the South's leader in the great war between the sections during 1861-65. Dr. Brown conferred with Gen. S. B. Buckner, who at once favored the project. He conferred with several friends, and the subject was made public at a reunion of the Orphan Brigade in Glasgow, Ky., in September. The paper submitted to that assembly was as follows:

"At a meeting of the Orphan Brigade, an organization of Confederate veterans, held at Glasgow, Ky., September 12, 1907, it was resolved to take action in behalf of the preservation of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, which is now of Todd County and in the town of Fairview.

"As the centennial anniversary of Jefferson Davis will have occurred in less than a year (June 8, 1908), and as another eminent Kentuckian, Abraham Lincoln, is being honored by elaborate arrangements to perpetuate the place of his birth (a movement that is cordially commended), the Orphan Brigade and other Confederates in this meeting take the initiative in a movement which, it is believed, will interest all of the Southern people and a large element of broad-minded patriots in the North.

"It is therefore resolved that a committee of five be appointed, which may be enlarged as its chairman and two other of its members may deem proper. This committee is authorized to visit Fairview, investigate the lands owned by the father of Jefferson Davis, and secure options upon such lands, or parts of them, with a view to their purchase for the purpose indicated. Said committee is authorized to have legally recorded articles of incorporation under the name 'Jefferson Davis Home Association' and conforming to the laws of the State of Kentucky. The inauguration of this movement by the Orphan Brigade and other Confederates present is with the solemn sense of merit and of our sacred duty to perpetuate the life and character of a man who, considered from his birth to his death, deserves to be known and remembered as one of the great men of earth, a man whose student life at the Transylvania University at Lexington and West Point Military Academy, and whose services to the United States government in the Mexican War, as Secretary of War in Washington, and later as a Senator of the United States Congress, then later as *President of the Confederate States of America* and as a resident (not as a citizen) of Mississippi and the South subsequent to the great war, was such as to commend him to the patriotic and Christian world.

"Jefferson Davis's long life of great usefulness is without reproach, and we commend it unreservedly to the present and to all coming generations. Kentucky takes no greater pride in the life of any of her sons, and now in the evening of our lives we deliberately take this action, expecting the commendation of approved consciences."

The committee, composed of Gen. S. B. Buckner, Capt. George C. Norton, J. T. Gaines, Thomas D. Osborne, and S. A. Cunningham, was appointed by the Commander of the Orphan Brigade. General Buckner was made Chairman and Thomas D. Osborne Secretary. This committee convened in Louisville September 23, at which time it was enlarged by the appointment of Dr. C. C. Brown (Smith's Grove), W. B. Brewer (Fairview), Col. Bennett H. Young, Capt. John H. Weller, and Gen. Basil W. Duke (all of Louisville); and the committee so enlarged became charter members.

The following articles of incorporation were adopted:

Article 1. The name of the incorporation shall be the "Jefferson Davis Home Association."

Art. 2. The object of the association shall be to acquire and improve in such manner as may be hereafter determined such portion of the native place of Jefferson Davis, situated in the counties of Christian and Todd, in the State of Kentucky, as may be necessary to carry out the purposes expressed in the resolutions above cited.

Art. 3. The government of the association shall be a body of twenty-five directors who shall choose from their number a president, a vice president, and a secretary.

Art. 4. The directors of this association shall be chosen under the authority of the organization known as the "United Confederate Veterans;" but until they act in the premises the persons named in this act of incorporation and such other persons as they may name, not exceding twenty-five members altogether, shall constitute the provisional governing body, who, until their successors shall be chosen, shall exercise all the powers necessary to carry into effect the purposes of this organization.

Art. 5. The directors shall have authority to collect the necessary funds for acquiring and improving the premises; to provide a safe depository for the funds of the association; to

disburse the fund for the purposes named in these articles of incorporation; to frame by-laws necessary to carry out the purposes of this association and not inconsistent with established law; to fill all vacancies which exist or may occur in their number; to appoint in such manner as they may prescribe a treasurer, a custodian of the property, and such other agents as they may deem necessary to carry out the purposes of this act; to fix the mode and terms on which persons may become members of this association; to appoint from their number an executive committee of three members to discharge such duties as may be devolved upon them by the Board of Directors.

Art. 6. Private property of incorporators and members shall be exempt from association debts.

Art. 7. The place of business of this association shall be Louisville, Ky., but the Board of Directors may authorize to fix it at the Jefferson Davis Home or at such other place as they may designate.

Following the adoption of the articles of incorporation, the following officers were elected: President, Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner; Secretary, Thomas D. Osborne; Treasurer, Capt. John H. Leathers.

The articles of incorporation provide that the association shall be governed by a board of twenty-five directors.

On October 5 General Buckner, Capt. J. T. Gaines, and Dr. Brown visited Fairview with S. A. Cunningham, Chairman of the Committee on Grounds. These gentlemen were met at Hopkinsville by veterans and citizens and entertained at their homes, and a good delegation accompanied them to Fairview. Hopkinsville Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy manifested much interest; but that inspiration did not prepare the party for the surprise on reaching Fairview, where about a hundred people, ladies predominating, had assembled by the beautiful church and on the matted blue grass arranged tables with spotless linen and stacks of luncheon that would have been adequate for three times the number.

Some of the officers of the Church (located on the birth site) were present, and assured the committee that the heartiest coöperation would be given the movement, and that any part of the desirable nine acres deeded by Mr. Davis to the Church would be surrendered to the Association. Owners of the land seemed to be most liberally inclined to part with such as is necessary for purposes of the Association.



W. B. BREWER.

The Chairman of the Committee on Grounds, with the approval of the General Committee, appointed the following gentlemen of Fairview and that section of country to take special interest in the premises: W. B. Brewer and W. D. Eddins, of Fairview; Hunter Wood, John B. Trice, W. H. Jesup, and W. P. Winfree, of Hopkinsville; and Capt. M. H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn. Mr. Brewer will reply to correspondence from Fairview.

While the committee has not issued an appeal for subscriptions, the Veteran will assume to suggest to those who "like to be first" that they may address remittances to Capt. John H. Leathers, Banker, Louisville, Ky.

THE SPOT WHERE MR. DAVIS WAS CAPTURED.

BY JUDGE JOHN H. MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Sometime ago I saw a statement in the Confederate Veteran made by a Federal soldier that the capture of President Davis was made about thirty miles from Augusta, Ga. It was about one hundred and seventy-five miles from Augusta.

President Davis was captured on the west side of the road leading from Abbeville, the county seat of Wilcox County, to Irwinville, about one and a half miles from and a little to the west of north from Irwinville, the county seat of Irwin County, Ga., on lot of land Number 51 in the third land district of Irwin County, and about one hundred yards from the east line of said lot and about halfway between the north and south lines of said lot of land. This is a correct and accurate description of the place where he was captured. The Hon. R. W. Clements, deceased, late of Irwin County, who owned the land and was living in Irwinville at the time of the capture and knew of his own personal knowledge where it occurred, pointed out to me the identical spot where President Davis's tent was pitched in an open place in the pine woods just a few steps south of a branch running through the lot of land. It was on the hill just north of the branch that firing took place between the Federal cavalry that was going the road north and another detachment of Federal cavalry that was traveling the road south, both troops being in pursuit of President Davis, and each mistook the other for Confederates, as it was just about daylight.

At the place where President Davis was camped the road for several years has been discontinued, having been moved a little farther east, so as to be on a land line. The signs of bullets were on the trees when I first saw the place. I have passed the place at least four times a year going to Irwin court for more than twenty-five years. I cut a walking cane from the branch where he was captured and sent it to President Davis, and received from him a letter dated January 9, 1887, which I have had nicely mounted and framed and which is now in my parlor as a highly prized memento. In this letter he says: "The cane you sent to me is doubly valuable by its associations and the care you took to select it. Though connected with a sad misadventure which has been the theme of many scandalous falsehoods, I cannot remember as other than a crowning misfortune without shame."

After the death of Hon. R. W. Clements, by direction of Mrs. Una Clements, his widow, and Judge J. B. Clements, his son, on November 29, 1898, I wrote to Gov. Allen D. Candler tendering, as a donation to the State of Georgia, two acres of land covering the spot where President Davis and his escort were camped at the time of his capture, with no conditions attached to the gift except that the land should forever be held and owned by the State of Georgia and not be permitted to pass into the hands of private parties and that appropriate legislation should be enacted to protect it.

Inexcusable Partisan Estimates.—William A. Glasson writes in the Review of Reviews of the Confederates, and gives much dignity to their numbers in the army. He

states: "According to the best available figures, the number of separate enlistments in the Confederate army was from 1,239,000 to 1,400,000. But many of these were reënlistments, and the terms of service were varied. Reduced to enlistments for a three years' term of service, the estimated number is 1,082,119."

It seems unfortunate indeed that a periodical which contains so much reliable data should print so misleading a statement as to historic facts. The author should have shown some regard for the testimony of records and the statements of many Southern authors, who put the number at but little over 600,000 Confederate soldiers in the aggregate.

CONFEDERATE DAY AT DALLAS FAIR.

Gen. W. L. Cabell extends a cordial invitation to his comrades to attend the Dallas Fair on "Confederate Day," which has been fixed for October 22, 1907, in which he makes special appeal to the Sons of Veterans, saying: "Come, noble sons of these brave veterans, bring your good mothers, your wives, sisters, and your beautiful daughters to enjoy this great love feast. Noble sons of those old heroes, you are expected to take their places when your fathers have crossed the river to the great beyond. You are expected to keep the records of the service and brave deeds of your fathers, so that a true and impartial history may be written of the Confederate side."

He quotes Section 1, Article XII. of the Constitution of the Confederate Veterans, which declares that any data or property the Federation may possess shall be left to our successors, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and adds: "Then, noble sons of those brave men, get ready to take our places. I appeal to you by the brave deeds of your fathers, I appeal to you by the memory of our noble dead to enroll; I appeal to you by our proud history to organize and be ready to show that you are proud of your fathers, whose fame shall live as long as the South admires true courage and true patriotism. Come on October 22 and help us make the day one of the grandest in the history of the Dallas Fair."

To the Daughters of the Confederacy he extends a cordial invitation, for "no gathering is complete without these noble women of the South, who in our dark days were our strength and comfort, and to-day are the angels of mercy, bringing help to the needy and charity to the old and feeble. So come and grace Confederate Day with your gracious presence."

ABOUT FOOD AND SLEEP.

BY J. KELLOG, COMMANDER 1ST ARK. BRIG., U. C. V., LITTLE ROCK.

I have carefully read Edison's "Advice about Food and Sleep" in the VETERAN, and take pleasure in indorsing what he says on this subject. I was born September 9, 1840, and will consequently be sixty-seven years young in a few days. About seventeen years ago I quit the use of flesh food, and about seven years ago I discontinued the habit of eating breakfast, eating only a light lunch of milk and bread about noon or a little later. In the evening about seven or eight o'clock I take a light meal of bread and milk, and occasionally a dish of some cold vegetable. I arise about five o'clock of mornings, and usually engage actively in doing chores about home or working in my garden. I then go to my office, and am at my desk the greater part of the day, from eight or nine o'clock until six or seven in the evening. I am never sick, not even having headaches or other aches and pains that so many complain of. I am strong and active, and feel as young and vigorous as I did thirty years ago. I climb a tree or on top of a house as well as I did when a boy. My faculties are all as acute as ever, and I have no conception of old age except for the gray hairs, which are quite in evidence. I am confident from what I have experienced, have seen, and read on this line that any one and all of those who will practice this mode of living, coupled with right thinking, may renew their bodies and minds and live long, happy, and useful lives free from all physical ailments.

I notice what you say regarding your former fancies along this line. Had you conformed to the régime suggested, you would now be confirmed in these ideas.

E. James writes from Ashland, Ill.: "I am waiting patiently for the September VETERAN. I feel at a loss without it. I have other reading matter, but none takes the place of the VETERAN. I anticipate visiting the South the coming fall or winter. If so, I intend stopping awhile in Nashville, Tenn. I am still hale and hearty—was eighty-six years old February 23—and attribute my good health to my temperate mode of living. I never used tobacco or strong drink of any kind, and have passed most of my time in honest toil. I was always fond of music, and can play the clarionet. I read without glasses."

OFFICERS ARKANSAS DIVISION.—The Arkansas Division, U. C. V., held its annual convention at Hot Springs October 4. James H. Berry was reëlected by acclamation to command the Division for the ensuing year, and the Brigade Commanders are as follows: Jonathan Kellogg, First Brigade, Little Rock; John R. Thornton, Second Brigade, Camden; R. R. Poe, Third Brigade, Clinton; John J. McKean, Fourth Brigade, Lockesburg. W. M. Watkins continues as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to General Berry. His address is Little Rock.

John Shanley, 1002 Maple Street, Des Moines, Iowa, desires a copy of the original roster of the "Louisiana Tigers."



MISS L. BYRD MOCK, SPONSOR ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

BLUE AND GRAY TO MEET AT VICKSBURG.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee and other Union and Confederate Veterans are to meet in convention in Vicksburg, Miss., November 7, 1907. It is officially the thirty-seventh annual reunion of the organization named above. This meeting will be held upon the invitation of the people of Vicksburg, represented by the city authorities, the commercial organizations, and the survivors of the Confederate and Federal armies resident in Vicksburg, and guests "will be entertained with cordial, true Southern hospitality."

On the morning of November 7 the members will be taken for a long drive over the old battlefields around the city and through the great National Military Park, which is one of the most beautiful parks in the United States. On that evening (November 7) the society will be welcomed to the State of Mississippi by Gov. J. K. Vardaman and to the city by Maj. B. W. Griffith, after which Maj. Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., and Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander of the U. C. V., will make addresses.

On the evening of the 8th a banquet will be given, at which addresses will be made by Gen. Horace Porter, Archbishop Ireland, Gen. O. O. Howard, P. T. Sherman, Mrs. John A. Logan, Maj. S. H. M. Byers, Gen. T. C. Catchings, Gov. Robert Lowry, and other distinguished persons.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON.

This being the last number before the convention at Norfolk, I have waited as long as I can to write, hoping that I might be able to tell you everything you need to know before that time. I am going, first of all, to give you some of the details of the arrangements for our comfort and convenience while we are in Norfolk; for the mails sometimes miscarry, and this will give you one more chance to get such facts. Mrs. James Y. Leigh, 80 York Street, Norfolk, Va., is the one you are to write to with regard to the room or rooms you want engaged for you and those going with you. They have made arrangements at two hotels—one inside the Exposition grounds and one out. The Inside Inn is $1.50 per day (for lodging only) for each person and with two or more in a room. This hotel has no way of heating the rooms, but has the advantage of being under the same roof with the hall in which all the meetings except the opening meeting will be held. Then the Pelham Place Hotel is on a car line which takes you to the Exposition grounds. This hotel is steam-heated, and charges $1 per day for two or more in a room. The Exposition rates on the railroads will prevail for the convention, as the Exposition will still be open. I hope the Chapters will remember this year that there is a by-law which prevents the committee from considering any credentials not received by it "before 12 M. the night before the convention or by the Secretary General, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala., ten days before the convention," and that another by-law says all Chapters that do not pay their *per capita* ten days before the convention are not entitled to representation. I call your attention to this especially, as each year there are those who come bringing their credentials in their trunks, and trunks are often delayed until it is too late for the credentials to be considered. The committee has no discretion in the matter. The by-laws bind them. If you will send both the credential blanks filled out properly, one to the Recording Secretary General and the other to the chairman of the committee—then if one miscarries, the other is quite apt to reach its destination—there need not be any trouble. Don't put it off until the latest mail, for there might be delay. Give them plenty of time and send both, so that one will be sure to get in all right.

The Pickett Buchanan Chapter has made arrangements for an unusually attractive convention, and I hope the attendance will be large. Go several days before and stay several days after to see the Exposition, and the days of the convention devote to that and nothing else. Remember that eyes from all over the world will be there to see how Southern women conduct their conventions. Let us keep this ever before us, that we will be watched with hypercritical eyes, and so conduct our meetings that no one need feel that we might have done better. I hope that each delegate who goes will remember that she has the reputation of the Southern women as high-toned, courteous, gentle-mannered ladies in her keeping.

You will probably remember that the first Confederate soldier killed in action was Private Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina. One of North Carolina Division's Chapters is named for this brave boy (for such he was in years), and they have recently started the movement to erect a monument to his memory in the Capitol Square in Raleigh. It is a great movement, and I am putting it here that if any Chapter wishes to help to erect this monument it may send the contribution to Mrs. N. E. Edgerton, Salem, N. C. I hope every one of you will be sure to read the article which took the U. D. C. prize at Columbia University. It is to appear in this issue, and you will be proud of our order for bringing before the public all this information by offering the prize.

MRS. HENDERSON COMMENDS "GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND."

This summer I read a most delightful book dealing with what the Southern women did for the Confederacy. Its title is "Gleanings from Southland." It is an account of the personal experience of a Southern girl, Miss Kate Cumming, who spent the entire four years nursing the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. There is no fiction about it, only the daily experience of this patriotic woman, much of it quotations from the diary which she kept during all that time. It is delightfully written, and you never get tired of reading, because you realize that it is true and that it tells you what thousands of Southern women—your own mother among them—did to relieve the suffering of our soldiers. The Veterans and Sons would find the reading of that book a great spur to their determination to have monuments to Confederate women erected in every Southern State. Get it and read it to your children. It will have the effect on them that it did on a lady in New Jersey, who said: "Until I read the book, I had no idea of the sufferings and self-denials of the South. They could not possibly have been endured with such undaunted courage had the Southern people not believed their cause a just one." I don't know of anything which will make them so stanch to our Confederates and their memory as this book will. I shall pretty soon read it to my Friday Afternoon Club of girls between twelve and sixteen.

U. D. C. PRIZE PAPER—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Prof. Herbert T. Coleman secured the $100 prize for the following paper. He is a Canadian, was a student at Columbia University, and is now Professor of Education in the University of Colorado. Although quite lengthy, those who peruse the paper carefully will be gratified with the exhaustive record. The committee making the award is composed of Dr. Alderson, President of the University of Virginia (Chairman); Dr. Smith, President of the University of North Carolina; and Dr. J. H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, after much persistent zeal, secured for the United Daughters of the Confederacy a scholarship in Columbia College for the study of correct history from the South's view-point. The trustees of that college accepted the trust as they had done for the Colonial Dames.

The Status of Education in the South Prior to the War between the States.

During the period prior to the Revolutionary War the agencies and methods of formal education in the different American colonies were practically the same. The work of instructing children and youth was almost wholly in private hands, while the studies pursued and the methods employed were the traditional ones of the mother country. It is true that in Massachusetts and Connecticut provision had early been made for public school systems; but through the unwillingness of local communities to tax themselves and through the lack of sufficient State support the public schools, which in the latter part of the seventeenth century seemed so full of promise, were in the century following allowed to lapse into inefficiency.

It was during the period between the war of the Revolution and the War between the States that the educational practices of the North and those of the South came to be noticeably differentiated; hence it is with educational conditions in the South during this period that this paper will mainly deal. These differences had to do not so much with the subject-matter of instruction, since the curricula in schools of the same class were practically the same in all parts of the country; neither did they arise wholly from differences in educational ideals, since the political and the philanthropic as well as the religious incentive were present in the Southern as well as in the New England and Middle States. Such differences as existed were largely a matter of emphasis, the South paying relatively more attention to higher instruction and overlooking for a longer period than did many of the Northern States the important educational work which the individual commonwealth might legitimately and advantageously undertake. This latter fact had its origin in certain political and social theories. These theories, more often explicit in legislative action than formally expressed in words, will be referred to more than once in the following discussion of certain features which the writer, after a somewhat extended survey of the field, has come to regard as characteristic of the South during the eighty years immediately prior to the War between the States. Stated without any specific reference to their degree of importance or their order in time, these features are as follows:

1. The rise of the State universities paralleled and in some cases anticipated by the rise of denominational colleges.

2. The growth of the academies.

3. The development of an interest in the education of girls leading to the founding of many ladies' seminaries.

4. The establishment of "free schools" and the existence of antagonisms which prevented their achieving that degree of efficiency and of public support which characterized the public school system of many of the Northern States.

5. The beginnings of modern city school systems and of the campaign of free public schools patronized by all classes in the community.

The South was clearly the pioneer in the matter of establishing State universities and in providing for their support from the public domain. Of the six institutions of this class founded before 1830, the South furnished five—viz.: the University of Georgia, established in 1785; the University of North Carolina, established in 1789; the University of Tennessee, established in 1794; the University of South Carolina, established in 1801; and the University of Virginia, established in 1819.

The State Constitution of North Carolina, founded in 1776, contained the clause, "All useful learning shall be encouraged in one or more universities;" while the act of the Legislature of Georgia setting apart 40,000 acres of wild lands for the endowment of a "college or seminary of learning" contained in its preamble the following significant statement: "A free government can be happy only where the public principles and opinions are properly directed and their manners regulated. This is an influence beyond the reach of laws and punishments, and can be claimed only by religion and education. It should, therefore, be among the first objects of those who wish well to the national prosperity to encourage and support the principles of religion and morality and early to place the youth under the forming hand of society, that by instruction they may be molded to the love of virtue and good order. Sending them abroad to other countries for their education will not answer these purposes; it is too humiliating an acknowledgment of the ignorance and inferiority of our own, and will always be the cause of so great foreign attachments that on principles of policy it is inadmissible."

In the act itself the trustees of the university were forbidden to "exclude any person of any religious denomination whatsoever from full and equal liberty and advantages of education or from any of the liberties, privileges, and immunities of the university on account of his or her speculative sentiments in religion or being of a different religious profession."

To Thomas Jefferson more than to any other one person is due the prevalence in the South of the idea of an institution of higher instruction maintained by the State and free to all young men within its borders who are intellectually qualified for admission. His name is most closely connected with the university of his own State, and yet his views as contained in various published letters exerted an influence national in extent. For nearly fifty years he worked for the establishment in the State of Virginia of a system of education the crowning piece of which was to be a university—State as regards its government and support, but national and even cosmopolitan as regards the scope of its interests. Even while occupying the presidential chair and engaged in most serious matters of national policy his thoughts, as is shown by his correspondence with Cabell and others, continually reverted to his educational schemes. During the leisure period of his last years so absorbed did he become with his cherished project that he even laid out the grounds for the new uni-

versity, drew the plans for the various buildings, and supervised the details of their construction. Not only in regard to external arrangements but also in regard to the curriculum and ideals of the institution was Jefferson's influence strongly felt. In the language of an alumnus of the university, "the combination of the monastic with the democratic spirit, the high standard and broad scope of study which he advised, the honor system of discipline and the merging of party and sect into literary and scientific fellowship—all survive in the university and bear testimony to the wisdom of the mind which first combined them."

The growth of the State universities during the early part of their history was slow. Much of the land with which they were endowed produced at the outset little or no revenue. The work of university instruction was undertaken in many cases without adequate financial support. One cannot but admire the courage which inspired the early professors and students, a courage which found a notable instance in President Meigs, of the University of Georgia, who at one time, for want of a suitable lecture room, held his classes under a large oak tree, and who carried on the work of the university during ten years with but one assistant.

The South was, however, on the whole far from niggardly in the support of her State institutions. From 1801 to 1863 South Carolina College received from the State Legislature yearly grants exceeding in total amount $1,200,000, while the legislative gifts to the University of Virginia in the course of the forty-two years—1818-60—amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million. The University of Tennessee was established with funds obtained from the sale of government lands. The University of North Carolina received some $200,000 from escheats of land and land warrants in addition to special grants for building purposes and revenue from lotteries. Transylvania University, which for many years was practically the State University of Kentucky, derived considerable income from such sources as the revenue from State banks, court fines, land grants, and special grants of money. In addition to the foregoing, grants aggregating a large sum of money (the exact amount of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate) were given to various private colleges which the States felt had claims upon their bounty.

The State universities differed from the colonial colleges in several important particulars. One manifest point of difference was in their closer relation to the government of the State. Being creatures of State legislation, they embodied to a marked degree the ambitions and ideals of the people of the State as reflected in the deliberations and legislative actions of their representatives. A second element of difference was in the unsectarian character of the instruction given. Though unsectarian, they were, however, far from being anti-religious or even irreligious. This fact is illustrated by the storm of opposition which arose against the so-called materialistic teaching of Thomas Cooper, President of the University of South Carolina from 1831 to 1834. This antagonism, which was accentuated by President Cooper's attacks on the historical and scientific validity of the Pentateuch, eventually led to his resignation. A third distinguishing characteristic was the liberal character of the course of study in the State institutions. Of this the University of North Carolina will furnish an illustration. The trustees provided at a meeting in November, 1792, that on the opening of the university the attention of the students should be confined to the following subjects: "The study of languages, especially the English; the acquirement of historical knowledge, ancient and modern; the study of belles-letters, mathematics, and natural philosophy; the improvement of the intellectual powers, including a rational system of logic and moral philosophy; information in botany, to which should be added a complete knowledge in the theory and practice of agriculture best suited to the climate and soils of the State; the principles of architecture." The tendency shown by the incorporation of agriculture and architecture in the curriculum is further illustrated in the establishment by the State in 1854 of a school for the application of science to the arts, its object being "to prepare young men for professional life as engineers, artisans, farmers, miners, and physicians."

As to the more pervasive and intangible results of these institutions as a class, it is not unfair to quote the statement of Prof. W. J. Rivers, of South Carolina College, who stated shortly before the War between the States that the institution with which he was connected had been chiefly useful "in raising the standard of the academies, in developing a high sense of honor among the students, and inspiring an appreciation of literary and scientific attainments among a people largely agricultural."

As is well known, the denominational college was first in the field in the South as elsewhere in colonial America. The College of William and Mary, founded in 1691, is second among American colleges in point of age; and though finally supplanted in the affections of the State and of the South generally by the University of Virginia, it achieved undying fame by the number of patriots and statesmen it furnished during the Revolutionary period. Situated at Williamsburg, for many years the capital of the State, it exerted a potent influence on the political and social life of the South during the eighteenth century. It failed, however, in accommodating itself to the altered conditions and the wider intellectual interests which accompanied the advent of the nineteenth century. It was a realization of this fact which led Jefferson to write to his friend Cabell as follows: "Instead of wasting your time in attempting to patch up a decaying institution [meaning William and Mary College], direct your efforts to a higher and more valuable object. Found a new one which shall be worthy of the first State in the Union."

The various religious denominations in the South were far from inactive in the field of higher education during the first half of the nineteenth century. Their activity was due partly to a fear that the founding of State universities would lead to the rearing of an irreligious generation, partly to an inability to conceive of religious apart from denominational instruction, partly to a desire to provide an educated ministry, and partly, perhaps mainly, to a feeling strongly prevalent in the South that the work of education, aside perhaps from its purely elementary phase, belonged to religious and philanthropic enterprise rather than to the State. Hence we find that William and Mary and Washington College (a Presbyterian institution at Lexington, Va.) were strong opponents of Jefferson's scheme for a State university for Virginia; that to the teachings of Thomas Cooper and the fears to which they gave rise "may be directly traced the foundation of one or two sectarian schools in South Carolina, and that Transylvania University, after the withdrawal of State patronage and finding itself unable to cope with several rising denominational schools, passed successively into the hands of the Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists."

It was, however, in connection with academies and ladies' seminaries that denominational activity was especially mani-

fest; so further treatment of denominational education in the South may be deferred until those topics are reached.

Before leaving this general division of the subject, however, a brief mention should be made of the strong tendency among the wealthy families of the South to send their sons abroad for their college education. Hugh S. Legaré, in his "Essay on Classical Learning," says: "Before and just after the Revolution many (perhaps it would be more accurate to say most) of our youth of opulent families were educated at English schools and universities. As an illustration of the strength of this tendency in the Southern as compared with the other States of the Union, it may be cited that of the one hundred and fourteen Americans admitted to the London bar in the eighteenth century forty-four came from South Carolina alone, Virginia standing next with fourteen."

During the nineteenth century young men were sent from the South in increasing numbers to Northern colleges, so that a writer in DeBow's Review estimates that during the fifties fully one-fifteenth of the students in attendance at the Massachusetts colleges and at Princeton were from the Southern States. This fact furnished a ground for serious protests when the North and the South came to divide on the slavery question. A reaction set in in favor of home institutions to such an extent that a competent authority ascribes the establishment of the University of Mississippi mainly to the opposition to abolition sentiment.

So strongly was university education rooted in Southern sentiment and practice that we find the Southern system of education mentioned and defended by Southern writers as the university system as distinguished from the public school system which prevailed in the North. Some interesting statistics are given in DeBow's Review in an article on "College Education North and South;" while during the fifties Maine could boast of one college student in 2,083 of population; New Hampshire, one in 1,162; Massachusetts, one in 944; Rhode Island, one in 955; Connecticut, one in 441; Vermont, one in 684; or an average for the New England States of one in 916. Virginia possessed one college student for every 666 of population; North Carolina, one for every 1,078; South Carolina, one for every 381; and Georgia, one for every 389; or a total average for the four oldest Southern States of one in every 545 of population. While these figures were used as weapons in a bitter controversy which has now happily given way before a feeling of mutual respect and an attitude of mutual helpfulness, they forcibly illustrate the position which the South has always maintained in reference to university education.

The term "academy" was applied in the South to a great variety of schools, some of a purely elementary sort and some approaching the college of the day in the nature and extent of their curriculum. Some of these institutions were purely private; others were State-aided; many were under denominational control. With all these various differences, however, as a class they possessed the following distinguishing characteristics: They were chiefly for the sons of the well-to-do, and to attend them was a badge of respectability. They aimed to prepare students for admission to college, and hence the classical languages occupied an important place in their curriculum. They were in many cases boarding schools receiving students from neighboring counties, and in some instances from neighboring States as well.

So important a place did the academy occupy in the South that, according to the census of 1850, there were in the twelve States, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia, 2,305 academies with 3,948 teachers, 83,449 pupils, and an estimated annual income of $2,233,269.

A further analysis of the census returns mentioned shows the proportion of academy students to the population in the twelve following Southern States to be as follows: Virginia, one in 98; North Carolina, one in 60; South Carolina, one in 36; Georgia, one in 57; Florida, one in 37; Alabama, one in 51; Louisiana, one in 47; Texas, one in 45; Mississippi, one in 44; Tennessee, one in 76; Kentucky, one in 59; Arkansas, one in 67. The total average for these States is one in 61, while the average for the six New England States is one in 65, and that for the remaining States of the Union (including New England) is one in 70. These statistics tend to reënforce statements already made and show that in the first half of the nineteenth century education, apart from the purely elementary phase of it, was fully as highly regulated in the Southern States as in the sister States to the North.

At the close of the Revolution there were in South Carolina eleven public grammar schools or academies as contrasted with three charitable and eight private schools of the same character. In North Carolina by 1826 one hundred and eighty-six academies had been chartered by the State Legislature. During the closing years of the eighteenth century more than thirty academies were established in various parts of Kentucky. Each of these received from the Legislature six thousand acres of land and permission to raise one thousand dollars by lottery. By 1820 forty-seven of the counties of Kentucky had academies in operation. In 1821 the Louisiana Legislature appropriated eight hundred dollars for every academy in the State with the understanding that in each eight pupils were to be instructed free of charge. In Georgia there were sixty-four academies in active operation by 1829, and in 1840 there were one hundred and seventy-six, with an aggregate attendance of eight thousand pupils.

In spite of legislative liberality, however, most of the academies were spasmodic in their activity, and reached only a small portion of their proper constituency. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was difficult to realize any settled income from land endowment; there was too much free land awaiting occupation. Moreover, legislative enactment looking toward a State system of secondary education was, so far as the evidence is at hand, permissive in character, and local communities were, as a rule, unwilling to tax themselves for what many regarded as a luxury and many others as a responsibility of the individual parents concerned.

It would seem that in the field of secondary education the place of honor belonged to the private academies. Many of these were in the hands of men of high scholarship devoted to their work and possessing singular gifts in inspiring the youth with high intellectual and moral ideals. Reference to one or two of these men may not be amiss here.

Of Dr. David Coldwell, who conducted a school in Guilford County, N. C., in the years immediately prior to the War between the States, it has been said: "For many years his log cabin served the State as a college, an academy, and a theological school. To have passed through the course of study here was a sufficient recommendation for scholarship in any part of the South."

One of the most famous academies in the South in the early part of the nineteenth century was that at Wellington, in Abbeville County, S. C., and its most famous teacher, Moses Waddell. The school building was of logs and situated

in a grove of chinquapin, oak, and beech. The students, most of whom came from a distance, lived in log houses near the school. The government was mainly in the hands of monitors chosen from among the older boys. In the curriculum great emphasis was placed upon the study of the classics. There were no fixed classes, promotion being made at such times as the advancement of the individual student warranted it. One of the students, George Carey, in order to secure a coveted promotion, prepared a thousand lines of Virgil for a single recitation. Later this feat was outdone by George McDuffie, destined to be one of the most famous orators of his day, who came to class on a certain occasion prepared to translate one thousand two hundred and twelve lines of Horace. Work of such advanced character was done in this school that it was not unusual for its students on their leaving to be admitted to the second and even the third year of college.

Another famous head master, Robert L. Armstrong by name, of a more Spartan type than Moses Waddell, is thus described by a former pupil: "He was remarkable for his industry and strict discipline. I have seen him ruin many a heavy pair of winter pantaloons at a single whipping."

There seems to have been during the second quarter of the nineteenth century a strong tendency in the South toward the founding of ladies' schools. One of the journals of the period, speaking of the States in the Southern Mississippi Valley, says: "This valley twelve years ago did not contain, so we are informed, any female seminary deserving the name, nor is it known that any one now in operation has been in existence more than nine years, and yet in the year 1836 sixteen seminaries were in successful operation in the whole valley and preparations were making for the establishment of eight more." Of Kentucky, it has been said: "Many female colleges were founded in rapid succession from 1850 onward, and soon became so numerous that almost every prominent denomination had two or more representative institutions." Similar agencies, it would seem, were responsible for the establishment of many institutions of like character in South Carolina and other States of the South.

In regard to the character of these schools, one writer has remarked: "The public sentiment did not favor schools of advanced grade for women. Reared in luxury and among a chivalric people, women received the most unbounded honor and even adulation. The bearing of men toward them was almost as extravagant as in mediæval days. Their education was confined to the acquirement of certain accomplishments, such as music, painting, wax-working, and fancy needlework."

An exception to the foregoing—one of many, doubtless—was founded by the Elizabeth Female Academy, situated at Washington, Adams County, Miss. In her yearly report for 1829, the governess, Mrs. C. M. Thayer, expresses herself as follows: "Happy for the present age, and happy too for posterity, the public sentiment has undergone an important change in favor of female cultivation. Without undervaluing personal accomplishments or disregarding domestic duties, we are permitted to aspire to the dignity of intellectual beings, and, as was beautifully expressed by a gentleman who addressed us at the close of our examinations, 'the whole map of knowledge is spread before the female scholar, and no grade of the ancients is set up as the limit of discovery.'"

The course of study followed in this school is thus described by a local newspaper: "In 1825 the course of education embraced the English, French, and Latin languages taught according to the principles then most approved, with scrupulous attention to punctuation; also history, composition, the elements of chemistry, geography, and astronomy (with use of globes), and arithmetic. The improved method of instruction recommended by Edgeworth, Pestalozzi, and Condillac of addressing the understanding without oppressing the memory was adopted."

The motives which led to the establishment of elementary schools in the South were various. Philanthropy, religion, desire of private gain—all had their part in the work. Finally, however, the different States came to feel a responsibility in the matter and to make provision, more or less adequate, for the education of the children within their borders.

As early as the seventeenth century we find the philanthropic motive active in Virginia. In 1636 a school was opened in Elizabeth County as the result of a bequest from Benjamin Symms of two hundred acres of land and eight cows. Some forty years later (1675) a school was founded in Newport County by Henry Peasley, "who endowed it with six hundred acres, ten cows, and a breeding mare." Later donors added to the endowment several slaves. In 1722 Richard Beresford left £6,500 to the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis, near Charleston, S. C., "for the advancement of liberal learning." At the time of the Revolutionary War there were thirty scholars in the school founded under the bequest, and the endowment amounted to £10,000. At the time of the War between the States the endowment had reached $70,000. Dexter, in his "History of Education in the United States," speaks of this school as having been "one of the prominent schools of the State down to the war."

The most interesting of all the charitable establishments in the South during the eighteenth century was the Orphan House, founded at Bethesda, near Savannah, Ga., by the Rev. George Whitefield and for many years maintained through the labors of this famous preacher and missionary. During the period from 1740, the date of its opening, till 1808, when the Orphan House estate was sold by order of the Legislature, many hundreds of orphans were there given the religious, intellectual, and industrial preparation for useful lives.

Following in the footsteps of Whitefield, Alexander Downer, a wealthy Englishman, left in 1818 a large portion of his wealth to be devoted to the education of orphans under fourteen years of age, one-quarter to be taken from Richmond County, Ga., and the remainder to be taken from the Edgefield District, in South Carolina.

In other instances schools were founded by philanthropic societies of various sorts. Examples of such organizations are the South Carolina Society, founded in 1737, and the Winyaw Indigo Society, founded at Georgetown, S. C., in 1756. The members of this latter organization were wealthy indigo planters, who voted a certain amount of the contributions levied at a yearly convivial gathering to educational purposes. Of the school thus founded, a local historian says: "This school for more than one hundred years was the chief school for the eastern part of the country between Charleston and the North Carolina line, and was resorted to by all classes."

A more ambitious organization was the Florida Education Society, organized at Tallahassee in 1831. Its object was "to collect and diffuse information on the subject of education and endeavor to procure the establishment of such a general system of instruction as would be suited to the wants and conditions of the territory." Through the efforts of this society considerable interest was aroused in education, and a

manual labor school of the Fellenberg type was projected. Eventually, however, the interest waned, and the society within five years became extinct.

The enthusiasm for manual labor institutions, to which reference has just been made, was quite prevalent in the South and, in fact, throughout the United States in the period between 1830 and 1840. These institutions were patterned after the famous school of M. Fellenberg at Hofwyl, Switzerland, in which the students varied their studies with employment on the farm and at the workbench. The Southern manual labor schools—and, in fact, M. Fellenberg's institution itself—had been anticipated in a school built in Abbeville County, S. C., with funds bequeathed by John De La How, who in 1796 left the bulk of his estate for the establishment of an agricultural school.

As a direct result of the Fellenberg movement, we find various religious denominations seeking to model the schools under their care along the new lines. Such schools were generally, however, of the college or academy rather than of the elementary type. In every case the manual labor idea failed to take root. "Students who had been brought up on the farm thought it a waste of time to cut wood and hold the plow while at college" is the explanation given by one writer.

As has been indicated already, the religious impulse was present in the elementary as well as in the higher fields of education. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts established a school at Charleston as early as 1711. Its missionaries were enjoined not only to preach but to encourage the setting up of schools for the teaching of children, while schoolmasters were admonished to pay especial attention to the moral and religious welfare of their young charges.

The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who emigrated to North Carolina during the years 1736-76 brought with them a lively interest in general education, so that "with every church there was planted also a classical school."

Of the schoolmaster adventurers, we find here and there some interesting information. Most of this class, however, belong to the "free school" period, when the grants from the State gave at least something in the way of a fixed income. Of the "redemptioners" sent to Virginia and Maryland in early colonial times, some we know were schoolmasters; but their choice of the calling was doubtless not wholly voluntary, and their constituencies were usually restricted to single households, with other households occasionally added for the sake of economy or convenience. In fact, the private tutor has always been an important educational factor in the South, the isolation of many families and the general unwillingness to patronize the free schools, on account of the feeling that they were charity institutions, leading to this.

The limitations of this paper forbid that any attempt be made to trace in detail the growth of the idea of public provision for elementary education in the various Southern States. The public school systems of the South as they exist at the present time have grown up since the War between the States. There have, however, been in the South almost from the earliest times far-sighted statesmen who have held firmly to the belief that the duty of the State in this regard was a large and imperative one. Among these, the first in importance, if not in time, was Thomas Jefferson. As early as 1779 he introduced into the Virginia Assembly a bill providing for the foundation of common schools for all free children, both male and female. This effort in behalf of female instruction anticipated by ten years the action of the city of Boston in admitting girls to her public schools. Realizing the unwieldy nature of the Southern country, Jefferson advocated the establishment for school purposes of hundreds of wards or townships based on the militia districts. Another respect in which he showed singular foresight was in calling attention to the need of developing local initiative by requiring the State grant for education to be supplemented in every case by local taxation.

When we turn to a consideration of the financial provision for the support of public elementary education in the various States of the South, we find on the whole a commendable liberality. Instances which are fairly typical of the attitude of the South generally may be chosen from the history of the four older States—Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The newer States were, of course, seriously hampered in the matter of public education by the exigencies of frontier life, the scattering of the settlers over wide areas of virgin territory, and the unproductivity for many years of legislative land grants for school purposes. Nevertheless, they followed at no great distance the example of their older sisters.

In 1818 Virginia appropriated $45,000 from the Literary Fund as a yearly grant to public education. By 1855 the fund in question had grown to over $2,000,000, $80,000 of the income of which was available for public school purposes.

In 1825 the General Assembly of North Carolina established a common school fund to be recruited from bank stock, liquor licenses, fees for entry on government land, etc. In 1837 the Literary Fund of the State amounted to some $2,000,000, with an annual income of $100,000. In 1855 the yearly revenue accruing to the schools of the State was about $253,000, while the school fund was estimated to exceed that of several of the wealthier Northern States, being greater than that of Massachusetts, for example, by $500,000.

In South Carolina as early as 1701 it was provided by legislative enactment that each parish might receive £10 from the public treasury to assist in the building of a schoolhouse. The first free school was established in 1710, but little was done in the way of creating a State school system till the passing of the Free School Act of 1811. Up to 1821 $302,490 had been expended by the State on popular education, $100,000 of which, however, owing to careless handling, had not been accounted for. The expenditure of the State on free schools for the year 1847 was $33,527, while in 1855 the expenditure on common schools was one-eighth of the total income of the State; and including the grants to colleges and military schools, one-fourth.

The fifty-fourth section of the Georgia Constitution of 1777 provided that schools should be erected in every county and supported at the expense of the State. An act of the State Legislature in 1783 provided that the Governor might grant one thousand acres of land for a free school in every county. From this act the so-called "poor school" system of Georgia took its rise.

By an act of December 18, 1817, the Legislature proceeded to create and establish a fund for the support of "free schools" throughout the State, and made a grant of $250,000 for that purpose. In 1821 the Legislature provided for the division of $500,000 equally between the academies and free schools. An act of December 23, 1836, set apart one-third of the surplus revenue (amounting to $350,000) as a permanent "free school and education fund." In 1837, after an exhaustive report by a legislative committee appointed to investigate and report on a system of common schools, there was inaugurated

"a general system of education by common schools" to take effect in 1839, the academy and free school funds were consolidated, and, together with the interest on one-third part of the surplus revenue, were constituted "A General Fund for Common Schools."

All these grants of State money—large, considering the time and considering also the total wealth of the commonwealths by which they were made—brought, however, inadequate and unsatisfactory results. Southern thinkers and writers were among the first to realize this fact and to seek to determine its cause. Governor McDowell, of Virginia, asserted in 1843 that at that time provision had been made in his State to give only sixty days' schooling annually to but half of the indigent children of the State. He spoke of the school law of 1818 (then in force) as "little more than a costly and delusive nullity." Gov. George McDuffie, of South Carolina, in a message to the State Legislature in 1835, said: "In no country is the necessity of popular instruction so often proclaimed, and in none are the schools of elementary instruction so deplorably neglected. They are entirely without organization, superintendence, or inspection of any kind, general or local, public or private."

A writer in the Southern Quarterly Review in 1844 gives the following "Reasons Why the Free School System in the South Has Failed:"

1. The extensive patronage furnished private schools and academies. "The State Systems of Education"—in their early stages very imperfect—have always accordingly had to contend with respectable private institutions already firmly established and supported and encouraged by our most influential citizens.

2. "Free schools have been unpopular with the higher classes of society simply for the reason that they are free—simply because they are regarded in the light of charitable establishments intended for the poor only." The poor, on their part, hesitate to attach to themselves and their offspring the stigma of poverty.

3. The organization has been faulty, the methods of teaching used have been imperfect and injudicious. The teachers have not been properly qualified; they have been characterized by inferior talents, positive ignorance, and total want of experience. The subject of proper school manuals has been overlooked.

4. The schoolhouses have been clumsy structures. "Often mere log cabins, buildings erected without the slightest regard to architectural beauty and with almost as little regard to the comfort of their inmates, poorly ventilated in summer, badly warmed in winter, indifferently lighted always, without furniture, without apparatus—such are the temples of science at the South of common school grade."

5. There has been a lack of suitable supervision, while the reports to the State Legislature have been incomplete and inaccurate.

6. There have been no district libraries to supplement the work of the schools.

7. There has been a lack of uniformity within the individual States.

All this is a very severe indictment against the public school systems of the South, and yet the reader must remember that it can be paralleled in nearly all its important particulars from the attacks by Horace Mann and others on the New England district school of the same period.

There were, however, certain extenuating facts which the article just cited did not mention. One of these was the fact that population in most of the Southern States was widely scattered. A writer in DeBow's Review institutes a comparison between Virginia and Massachusetts in this regard. "The territorial area of Virginia is probably nine times that of Massachusetts. If, therefore, Virginia were disposed to adopt the common school system (as found in the Northern States), it would require nine times the schoolhouses and teachers to afford the same convenience for attending school that exists in Massachusetts. Virginia is a thinly settled agricultural State; in many places there could not be found ten scholars in ten miles square. In such places a population might be able to live comfortably, but not to establish schools or send their children abroad to boarding schools. In commercial and manufacturing States or those of small farms and dense agricultural population this evil is not so much felt."

A further fact which should not be overlooked is that in the life of the farm and the frontier the mastery of the rudiments of book learning was not held in as high esteem as the ability to handle the ax and plow. Such a life might lead to a high percentage of illiteracy in the State, but it certainly would not prevent the development of a high degree of intelligence. The writer just quoted goes on to state: "But Virginia has a system of oral instruction which compensates for the want of schools, and that is her social intercourse. It is true that persons are not taught at such places to read and write, but they are taught to think and converse."

In this connection the historian Ramsey, speaking of the settlers in the newer States of the South, says: "The frontier mind had its culture, though the sources of it and its channels were not the same as in the older communities. . . . A frontier people, though generally illiterate, is usually remarkable for good sense and general intelligence." Again, in speaking of a very successful administrator in the early history of Tennessee, he remarks: "Governor Blount felt no unwillingness to consult the least learned of the Territorial Assembly as to the character of the administration. 'That old man,' said he, 'is strong-minded, wise, and well informed if he cannot read.'"

There were not wanting, however, signs of an awakening to the needs of the situation. From 1850 onward serious efforts were made to remove the opprobrium which attached to the public school as an institution; and had it not been for the War between the States, which directed State and individual energies into other channels, the movement would doubtless in another decade have transformed the nature of popular education in the South. The most hopeful signs of the awakening were shown in the establishment of efficient school systems in such cities as Louisville, Nashville, New Orleans, and Charleston. There is room here for but a brief reference to two of these—the first and the last mentioned.

In 1829 a free school on the Lancasterian plan was established in Louisville. The city gave $2,050 for its support for a year, but later withdrew the grant and established tuition fees. In 1840 tuition fees were abolished and the city schools made entirely free. Night schools, especially for apprentices, were established in 1834. In the same year a school agent was appointed, a part of whose work was to visit every school at least once a quarter. In 1838 this official was assigned additional duties comparable to those of the modern city superintendent.

According to a writer in Barnard's American Journal of Education, the system of schools in Charleston "revolutionized public sentiment in the city, and was fast doing so in the State when the War between the States broke out." The

expressed aim of the school commissioners of that city was "to provide schools for all, and not for pauper pupils only." In 1855 a schoolhouse was built on St. Philips Street at a cost of $25,000 to accommodate eight hundred pupils. Three years later another school was built on Friend Street at a cost of $30,000. There was also erected a high school for girls at a cost of $25,000, of which amount the State paid $10,000 and the city the rest. The expenses of maintaining this school were $10,000 annually, of which the State paid one-half on condition of being allowed to send ninety pupils. In 1860 the attendance at these schools was four thousand.

Commenting in 1855 on the efficiency of the Charleston schools, a writer in DeBow's Review says: "The schools in Charleston will bear a comparison with those in any portion of the United States." Barnard's Journal, in commenting on the transformation in progress, says: "It is the same change which is now going on in the public schools of Norfolk, Savannah, and Mobile, and which has already taken place in the schools of New Orleans, Memphis, and Nashville—a change by which the public schools in all the large cities of the United States, in the North and the South, in the East and the West, are beginning to assume the same general features and exhibit the same gratifying results—schools in which the children of the rich and the poor are enjoying the common advantages of the highest intellectual training. These schools are not perfect even in cities where the system has been in operation for the longest period and under the wisest administration and the most liberal appropriations, but they constitute the most satisfactory portion of our American system of popular education."

In the same connection there appear extracts from a speech of Col. C. G. Memminger, the leader of the public school movement in Charleston. His statement of the grounds on which he based his appeal for general support of the movement is worthy of quotation, not only as representing the spirit which actuated himself and his fellow-workers throughout the South, but as furnishing an excellent presentation of claims which the cause of popular education may always make in a democratic society. Referring to one of the newly erected buildings, he says: "Into this school the board propose to invite our fellow-citizens to send their children in common without distinction of class, that there shall be no discrimination between rich and poor, and that the same thorough education shall be given to all children so long as they remain in school."

After showing that the expense of this common school, over the amount received from the State appropriation and realized from the tax authorized by law, will not be great, the speaker proceeds to set forth the advantages of the new arrangement:

1. "The coming of the middle and better classes of society into the schools will elevate their tone and, by affording a higher grade of attainment, stimulate both pupils and teachers."

2. The private schools will be stimulated by a wholesome rivalry.

3. "Such an association between rich and poor tends to produce a better feeling in the community, and is more in conformity with our republican institutions. The children of the rich are rescued from that self-will and arrogance which dependence upon servants produces, and acquire at an early age that respect for the opinions and feelings of others which is commendable in any character. On the other hand, the poor are cured of that spirit of envy and jealousy which is apt to be engendered by the perception of benefits enjoyed by others which are denied to us, more especially when these others repel and forbid our approach."

4. Many are excluded from the benefits of the present free school system. This may not be a hardship to the rich, but it is to those of moderate means.

5. The common school system brings to its administration the whole strength of the community. When the children of every parent are brought into a common school, it becomes the interest and duty of the parents to see to its management.

6. The public school, because of the large numbers attending, allows opportunity for superior classification. Moreover, it is free from the trammels of the Latin and Greek tradition of the private schools.

7. The employment of a large number of young ladies in the public schools has, of necessity, a refining influence upon the pupils who come in contact with them.

In conclusion, and to review in a somewhat new form the main purposes of this paper, it may be stated that it seeks to trace in as adequate a way as circumstances will permit the development in the Southern States of the three most conspicuous phases of education, the higher, the secondary, and the elementary, as illustrated respectively in the college and university, the academy and the "free school." It emphasizes the relatively great importance attached in the South to private as contrasted with State support of education, a condition which had its origin in the manner of life and in the political and social creeds of a large majority of Southern people. It attempts to describe briefly the beginnings of a widespread movement—checked in its advance by the outbreak of the War between the States—to place the public school in the position of honor which properly belongs to it. Furthermore, in the preparation of the paper there has been constantly in the mind of the writer the thought that the status of education in a nation or a community is not to be determined solely by its percentage of illiteracy or the special form which its educational institutions may assume; but rather by the ability of the people in question to face new industrial, social, and political problems, and to courageously attempt and achieve their solution. With such a view in mind, the student of the educational history of the South both before and since the war is compelled to accord to that portion of our common country a position of honor which has not been infrequently withheld.

SUIT WORN BY PRESIDENT DAVIS WHEN CAPTURED.

(From a Washington paper.)

For some unknown reason, probably for no better excuse than to deny the absurd story of the next day, some of the Northern newspapers have revamped the old rumor about President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States, having been disguised in the garb of a woman at the time of his capture. This story has been so often refuted that further denial is unnecessary; but one of the most interesting facts brought out by the more recent discussion is that the government has the garments worn by Mr. Davis when he was captured carefully preserved at Washington.

These articles are in the original box in which they were sent from Georgia to General Schofield by the officers making the arrest. They consist of a shawl, a rain-proof coat without cape, and a pair of spurs. The shawl is such as is worn now by men of advanced years to protect the throat and shoulders. It is, in fact, a large muffler. Sometimes a shawl of this pat-

tern is worn by women; but the customary use is as a man's muffler, either with or without an overcoat.

The rain coat is a man's garment. It is short with broad shoulders, and, with allowance for the change of mode, is a commonplace waterproof coat. It is of soft gray material, and if worn now by a middle-aged man on a rainy day would not attract any special notice on the streets at Washington.

BY PRESIDENT DAVIS'S DAUGHTER, WHO WAS PRESENT.

Referring to the above paper, Mrs. Hayes writes:

"This article, presenting a rational, truthful view of the so-called disguise in the possession of the United States War Department, was sent to me several years ago. * * *

"If Southern editors would try to keep for reference my mother's splendid book, 'A Memoir of Jefferson Davis,' there would be fewer of these painful and unfair articles given space in Southern papers. No effort to disguise himself as a woman could have been possible to a man and a soldier of Jefferson Davis's stamp. I, his child, was present when he was captured, and I will never forget his kingly presence as he turned to face the guard who challenged him, letting the coat and scarf, such as all men wore when traveling, fall from his shoulders, and answered to 'Who goes there? Halt, or I will fire,' 'I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. Do your worst.' As he stood in the gray light of early dawn, he stands in bronze in Hollywood Cemetery, guarding all that remains of those he held dear. The suit of Confederate gray he wore is in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, and has been identified by a Union soldier who captured him. I may add, after exploding the story of woman's clothing being worn at the time of his capture, it became necessary to produce such articles; therefore my mother's trunks were prized open and many articles stolen. One poor wretch had his hand shot off while trying to open one of the trunks.

"The surrounding of the camp before dawn was such a surprise and so sudden that Mr. Davis, even had he been capable of so unmanly an act, did not have time or opportunity for such an action.

"T. G. Carpenter, Secretary of Secretary Taft, must realize that in fathering such unfair statements he is insulting the Southern people and nurturing falsehood. It will not help the administration to have such things said and done; and as a full account of the capture of Jefferson Davis is to be found in the memoir of his life written by his wife, there seems little excuse for such an article being printed in a Southern paper, and I blush to read it in this way. After repeated denials by all, both Northern and Southern, who were present at Jefferson Davis's capture of these absurd stories which are taught in Northern schools as history, it seems, to say the least, unmanly and unchristian to vilify a man whose lips are sealed in death.

"How little truth there was in the story of the 'female disguise' can be seen by these garments. Wearing them, President Davis would present the figure of a man with a neck muffler and overcoat over his ordinary clothing, which would not conceal his trousers, riding boots, and spurs—so remarkable an effort at female disguise as to furnish ample denial of the story."

LETTER FROM THE COACHMAN OF JEFFERSON DAVIS'S FAMILY.

Mrs. Hayes also sends a letter from Jim Jones, the negro coachman who faithfully served the family of Mr. Davis and accompanied them after the evacuation of Richmond until his capture. She says: "It was he who aroused my father and notified him of the approach of the enemy. He is employed in the Stationery Department of the United States Senate, Washington." The letter is as follows:

"*My Dear Miss Maggie:* Your very welcome letter of June 25 reached me in due time, and I was truly glad to hear from you all.

"I had not heard anything about the lady and the flowered dressing gown, but know that neither your father (Hon. Jefferson Davis) nor his wife had any such gown either on them or in their immediate possession the morning of his capture in Georgia in May, 1865, and have tried to make that plain in the affidavit inclosed. Please have Mr. Hayes read it over and let me know if I have covered all the ground he thinks necessary. I am anxious to tell the whole truth about Mr. Davis's capture and to protect any Southern society from imposition, particularly if that imposition places Mr. Davis in a false light.

"The old story about Mr. Davis's trying to make his escape attired in woman's clothes is entirely wrong, and does Mr. Davis a very great wrong; for, except for his wife, he would have made a bold effort to unhorse the Federal cavalryman, mount his horse, and ride away in the darkness. He never had any inclination to disguise himself; and if he had formed any such idea, he had nothing at hand with which to disguise himself.

"Yours most respectfully, JAMES H. JONES."



JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE.

This picture was made during their residence in Montreal, Canada, after Mr. Davis's release from prison. It was furnished the VETERAN by the courtesy of J. J. McConniff, City Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, Montreal, after its reproduction in the Montreal Standard.

THE NAVY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY J. R. EGGLESTON, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT C. S. N.

The Confederate States in the beginning was practically without any navy at all, so far as ships were concerned. Its personnel consisted of the Southern officers who had resigned their commissions in the United States navy to cast their lot with their own people. In numbers they hardly exceeded two hundred, but among them were many of the most distinguished officers of the "old" navy.

But what is a sailor without his ship? Armies may be improvised, but navies are necessarily the slow growth of time. As the States seceded they had taken possesion of such trading craft as lay in their harbors and converted them into makeshift men-of-war. They were veritable mantraps. The evacuation of the Norfolk Navy Yard by the Federals gave us the half-burned hull of the steam frigate Merrimac, and we made of that the only fighting machine we had that was even remotely efficient, and even her efficiency was immensely overrated.

It is no easy task to build a navy in time of peace with the material and appliances ready at hand. But the task before Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and his subordinates was to build one in a country invaded on all sides by land and sea and without any of the necessary appliances. Yet efforts in that direction never ceased, and we constructed more than one ironclad battery, propelled in many cases by machinery taken from sawmills, and with these made successful fights against the thoroughly equipped war ships of the enemy.

The few vessels that we had on the high seas for the destruction of the enemy's commerce were built in England, and by the nicest sort of management gotten out of the neutral ports. I can recall only four of these—viz., the Alabama, the Florida, the Shenandoah, and the Georgia.

Let no Southern man, woman, or child ever dishonor the records of these vessels by calling them "privateers." A "privateer" is a vessel fitted out by private parties to prey on the enemy's commerce "for the money that is in it." Our Confederate cruisers as belligerents had the same status as the ships of the enemy. They were no more "privateers" than men under Lee were "bushwhackers."

A glance at the great sea power by which we were confronted and which was the prime factor in our final defeat makes it appear a little ludicrous that we should have attacked him at all, for it was like a "tot" of four years attacking a trained pugilist, and almost incredible that we scored some victories over him.

In 1861 the navy of the United States stood the fourth among those of the world in point of numbers of ships and second to none in efficiency as in proportion to numbers. This navy was backed by the greatest commercial marine then in existence. Every sea was whitened by its sails. During a service of fourteen years in the United States navy the writer visited hundreds of seaports, and in every case the stars and stripes were already there; borne sometimes by a few ships, oftener by many. In one port there were upward of one hundred and fifty American ships. Where are they now? Over forty years ago they vanished under the assault of the Confederate cruisers above mentioned, aided by a few of lesser note.

To the Confederate navy belongs the credit of applying two new factors in naval warfare, both of such importance as to have rendered obsolete the existing navies of the world. I refer to the torpedo and the ironclad ram. In the latter we revived the method and tactics of the Greek galleys at the battle of Salamis nearly twenty-four hundred years ago; only we substituted steam for oars.

The Manassas was our first attempt at a ram. She was built at Algiers, across the river from New Orleans, in the summer of 1861; cigar-shaped, probably eighty feet long, and clad with railroad iron running horizontally. Several Federal vessels were lying in the southwest pass, among them the Richmond of twenty guns. Lieut. A. F. Warley, C. S. N., in command of the Manassas, ran deliberately into the Richmond one dark night; and, although, owing to the lightness and low speed of the ram, very little injury was inflicted on the vessel attacked, it so demoralized the whole Federal squadron in the river that they put out to sea as soon as possible, and the blockade of New Orleans was temporarily raised. Warley was one of the officers of the Richmond when, a few months before, he resigned his commission in the United States navy.

The Career of the Merrimac (Virginia).

The famous vessel of this name was not only a ram but a fighting ironclad, mounting ten heavy guns inside of a structure with sloping sides and covered with two courses of rolled iron plates, each course being two inches thick. On the 8th of March, 1862, the Merrimac, rechristened the Virginia, accompanied by a few frail wooden consorts, mounting in the aggregate about a dozen guns, all under the command of Flag Officer Franklin Buchanan, steamed down from Norfolk to Hampton Roads and attacked the enemy's vessels and batteries in and near that locality. The enemy's force, without counting the land batteries, consisted of five frigates and some smaller vessels, mounting in all about one hundred and fifty guns, and with crews numbering about two thousand. Our crews numbered not more than five hundred.

The two opposing armies were drawn up on each side of the bay, and thousands of people from the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth witnessed the battle. When the smoke cleared away, the Confederate vessels were seen to be victorious over all their enemies. The Cumberland had been sunk by a blow from the Virginia's prow, the Congress had surrendered and was on fire, the St. Lawrence, the Minnesota, and the Roanoke had sought safety under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and the shore batteries at Newport News were silenced. When the battle was over, the Virginia and her consorts steamed over to Sewell's Point, and anchored there for the night under the Confederate batteries.

Next morning when we looked out over the waters of



THE MERRIMAC DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.

the bay we saw the Minnesota hard aground, and near her the strangest-looking craft we had ever seen. It was the Monitor. We steamed out to renew the battle, and the Monitor came gallantly forth to meet us. Then began the first battle ever fought between ironclads. The two vessels, often as near together as twenty yards, bombarded each other for four hours without any apparent injury to either. Finally the Monitor retreated into shoal water whither she could not be followed by her antagonist. She drew only ten feet, while the Virginia drew about twenty-three.

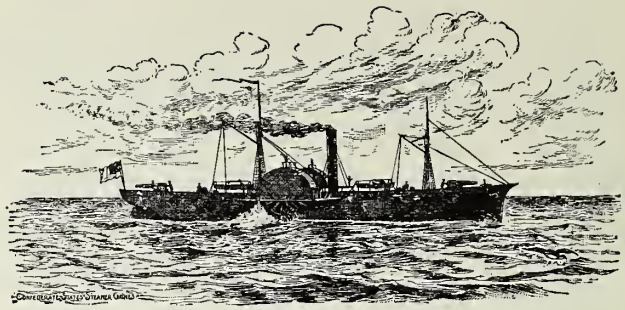
There being no enemy's vessel left in the Roads that the Virginia could reach effectively with her guns, she returned to Norfolk for repairs. For the few remaining months of her existence she was undisputed mistress of the waters of Norfolk. Again and again she challenged the Monitor to battle; but that vessel, no matter by how many others she might be backed, invariably refused to take up the gage, and retired to a place of safety. The Virginia had never been more than a floating battery forming part of the fortifications of Norfolk. When that place was evacuated by our land forces, she had to be evacuated too. She was destroyed by her own people to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

How the Arkansas Ran the Gantlet.

This vessel was in course of construction some distance below Memphis, when on the fall of New Orleans she was towed in an unfinished condition down the Mississippi and then up the Yazoo, where work on her was continued. She was built of timber cut fresh from the woods. She was equipped with a prow for ramming, and mounted ten guns of various calibers inside of what her officers called the "gun box." Six guns were on the broadside and two pointed over the bow and two over the stern. She was partially protected by an armor of railroad iron. Her officers and crew numbered two hundred. Her commander was Lieut. Isaac N. Brown, a native of Kentucky and a citizen of Mississippi. He had formerly belonged to the United States navy. And here let me say that Mississippi has never accorded to this gallant son of hers the recognition that is his due. His exploit, of which I am about to tell, was one of the most hazardous and daring in the whole history of naval warfare.

One day orders came to Brown to take the Arkansas out of the Yazoo, through the Federal fleet that thronged the Mississippi, past New Orleans and the forts below it, out into the gulf, and on to Mobile to raise the blockade of that port. What a task even for the best-equipped ship of war then afloat! But for such a makeshift as the Arkansas! "Somebody blundered," but the blunder was the cause of a charge on the water compared with which that of the Light Brigade on land was a small affair.

On July 15, 1862, the Arkansas got under way and started down the river. On entering the Mississippi she encountered three of the enemy's vessels, which she engaged in a running fight. One of these ran into the bank and surrendered; the other two escaped by their superior speed. Still some twenty of the enemy's vessels lay between the Arkansas and Vicksburg. Among these were the heavy seagoing ships belonging to Farragut's fleet. It was lucky for the Arkansas that these vessels did not have steam up; but as it was, she had to take the fire of all of them as she passed them in the river. She finally got into Vicksburg, badly battered and crippled and with about twenty-five per cent of her crew killed or wounded.



TYPE OF VESSEL BEARING THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

As I have already intimated, our Navy Department was indefatigable in building wherever it could be done vessels that might be used as "forlorn hopes" against our powerful enemy. Among these were the Palmetto State and the Chicora, built at Charleston, S. C.

The principle of sloping sides as adopted in the Virginia was employed in every case.

On January 30, 1863, Flag Officer Ingraham, in command of the two vessels named, made an attack on the Federal vessels blockading Charleston. It was done just before day.

The Palmetto State rammed the United States ship Mercedita and received that vessel's surrender. But, it being desirable to follow up the attack on other vessels of the enemy, the officers and crews of the captured ship were paroled. Lieutenant Abbott, U. S. N., who had come hurriedly in his underclothes with full power to negotiate the terms of surrender, took the usual oath. The Palmetto State then steamed away to the aid of the Chicora, which was engaged with several of the enemy's vessels. But these latter did not await her coming. With the rising of the sun the whole Federal squadron, including the perjured Mercedita, were seen hull down below the horizon, and the blockade of Charleston was raised for a time.

The Victory of the Confederate States Ram Albemarle.

This vessel had been built on the Roanoke River, in North Carolina, under the supervision of Commander J. W. Cook, C. S. N., and under his command won on April 19, 1864, a brilliant victory over the enemy's fleet below Plymouth, N. C.

The Albemarle carried two guns and about one hundred men. After running past the Federal batteries that lined both sides of the river, she encountered just below the town of Plymouth the Federal vessels Miami of thirteen guns and two hundred men and the Southfield of six guns and one hundred and seventy-five men. She promptly drove her prow into the side of the Southfield, and the latter in sinking nearly dragged her antagonist down with her. In the meantime the Miami was pouring into the Confederate vessel broadside after broadside at short range. Cook, still entangled with the Southfield, finding that he could not bring his guns to bear on the Miami, led his men to the upper deck, and from there kept up the fight with muskets and pistols. At last, when the Albemarle shook herself clear of the Southfield and made for the Miami with her prow, the latter fled down the river.

The Albemarle, having driven the Federals out of the Roanoke River, took position in due time in Albemarle Sound. There on May 5, 1864, she was attacked by eight Federal vessels, moving against her in two columns. One, the Sassacus, ran into her with the purpose of forcing her under the water, but was glad to escape with one boiler exploded and other severe injuries sustained. The enemy did not renew the attack.

Admiral Buchanan's Heroic Fight in Mobile Bay.

On August 5, 1864, Admiral Farragut ran by Fort Morgan with a fleet numbering fourteen steamships of war and four monitors, carrying in the aggregate one hundred and ninety guns and twenty-seven hundred men.

Buchanan was lying above the fort with four vessels carrying twenty-two guns and four hundred and fifty men. Of these, the ironclad Tennessee was the only one that ought to have been permitted to go into battle at all. The other three, the Morgan, Gaines, and Selma, were frail, wooden structures, the last mentioned a walking beam bay boat.

Farragut passed Fort Morgan with the loss of only one vessel, the Monitor Tecumseh, destroyed by a torpedo. The head of his column had been attacked by the Confederate vessels, with the result that the Gaines was beached in a sinking condition by her gallant commander, John W. Bennett, the Selma (Capt. P. W. Murphy) captured after she had sent several raking shots into Farragut's flagship, and the Morgan escaped to Mobile. The Tennessee, still uninjured, remained where she had been left by the rapidly passing Federal fleet. The latter soon anchored in the bay about four miles above Fort Morgan.

Now began a battle against the greatest odds in the history of naval warfare. One ship with six guns attacking a fleet mounting one hundred and ninety-nine guns! It was like a company attacking an army corps. The fight lasted for one hour. Frequently the Tennessee was completely surrounded by her enemies, and all her guns were in action at the same time. Four vessels ran into her at full speed, trying to sink her. At last, after Buchanan had been carried below wounded, the Tennessee was very properly surrendered by her immediate commander, James D. Johnson, for she was a helpless wreck on the water, her steering apparatus destroyed, her port shutters so twisted that they could not be moved, and her smokestack entirely shot away.

Glorious as had been Buchanan's victory in Hampton Roads, even his defeat in Mobile Bay against the frightful disadvantages was greatly to his credit.

First Torpedo Boat Used in War.

It seems to me that the torpedo boat has reached a higher stage of development than any other class of vessels in the navies of the world. They seem to have passed the experimental stage, as compared, for instance, with the battle ships. The latest of these to be launched is soon followed by another on advanced lines and more formidable than any of its predecessors.

If we Confederates had had a half dozen torpedo boats like those the Japanese used so effectively against the Russians, we would have raised permanently the blockade of all our ports and anticipated the enemy in bringing from Europe unlimited supplies of war material and mercenary soldiers. As it was, we had only the empty honor of pointing out to others the way that we ourselves had not the means to follow to a successful conclusion.

Lieut. William T. Glassell, C. S. N., while attached to the naval station at Charleston conceived the first idea of a torpedo boat, and made in person the first hazardous experiment with her. She was simply a steam launch about twenty feet long. A spar about twelve feet long projected over her bow, bearing an eight- or nine-inch shell filled with powder that would be exploded by percussion caps upon impact with any object that might be encountered. The little craft was appropriately named the David. One dark night the David, in charge of Glassell and a crew of two men (one the engineer and the other the steersman), put to sea in search of the Federal Goliath. This was the new Ironsides, the flagship of Admiral Dahlgren, and perhaps the most formidable vessel then afloat. As the David approached the enemy, she was hailed by a sentry. Glassell replied by shooting him down with a double-barreled gun. The next moment the shell was exploded against the side of the great ship. The refluent wave filled the David with water and put out the fires. Glassell and one of his men, thinking that the David was sinking, took to the water, and were afterwards picked up by boats from the Ironsides. The engineer, not knowing how to swim, stuck by the boat, and actually drifted back into Charleston Harbor.

The charge of powder had not proved sufficient to sink the great ship; but it started several of her plates, and so damaged her that it was necessary to send her North to be docked. Glassell went in her as a prisoner, and in his report the Federal admiral wrote: "Don't let that man Glassell come back to Charleston."

Some months later Lieut. Hunter Davidson duplicated the exploit of Glassell with equal daring and results equally inadequate. Davidson steamed out of the James River into Hampton Roads through the midst of the Federal fleet, and, singling out the Minnesota, the largest ship there, exploded a shell against her side. A considerable shaking up of the ship and a scare to officers and crew was the only result.

The Exploits of Lieut. John Taylor Wood.

After nearly all our little vessels had been destroyed and our ports captured, the above-named officer still carried on a naval warfare as daring as it was unique. He was serving on the President's staff with the rank of colonel, and his duties in that capacity took him to various parts of the Confederacy. That enabled him to get information, whether from his own observation or that of others, of the movements and positions of the enemy's vessels along our coasts. When he found one in a position favorable for his porpose, he would bring men and boats by rail as near as possible to the enemy and board the vessel at night from these open rowboats, leading his men up the sides of the hostile ship and fighting on her decks hand-to-hand with her officers and crew for her possession. In this manner Wood captured at different times no less than five of the enemy's vessels, one of them, the Underwriter, under the very guns of a Federal fort. In August, 1863, Wood in the steamer Tallahassa ran the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., and made a brilliant dash along the Atlantic Coast. The treachery of a paroled prisoner, who made known to the Federal authorities the presence of the Tallahassa on the coast, frustrated Wood's plan of running into New York Harbor, burning the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and then escaping through Long Island Sound. Subsequently the Tallahassa was blockaded in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and escaped through an unused channel known practically only to the old pilot who took the vessel through it.

Our Ships on the High Seas.

In the above I have given brief account of the most noted among the performances of our little navy along our own coasts. I shall conclude with recalling some of the most striking incidents in careers of our cruisers on the high seas.

There was a glamour of mystery and romance over the movements of these vessels that attracted the attention of the civilized world. Bearing a new flag that was not acknowledged

by the great powers as representing an independent nation, only with the doubtful rights of belligerents, blockaded out of their own ports by a vastly superior force, and only temporary and unwelcome guests in any foreign port, it will be readily seen that the responsibilty on the commanders of these vessels was of no ordinary kind. Let it be remembered, too, that they were pursued and harassed by the enemy's cruisers in all parts of the world, while in every port there was a United States Consul making every effort to arouse the hostility of the authorities against the newcomer. Generally our commanders were under the necessity of playing the part of the fox, and only on occasions did the opportunity arise of acting that of the lion. How admirably they performed both rôles as occasions arose is amply set forth in the full record. I can glance at only a portion of it here.

On June 30, 1862, the small steamer Sumter, under Commander Raphael Semmes, ran out into the Gulf of Mexico through Pass a L'Outre, closely pursued by the steam frigate Brooklyn, and for the first time the Confederate flag was flung to the breeze on the high seas. After an exciting chase of four hours, the Brooklyn gave up and returned to her station, and the crew of the Sumter mounted the rigging and gave three cheers. The Sumter, after destroying many of the enemy's vessels in the West Indies and on the coast of Brazil and making a marvelous escape from an enemy's ship four times her size, proceeded to Gibraltar. An inspection of the vessel in that port showed her to be entirely unseaworthy, so she was condemned and sold.

The Alabama.

Semmes and his executive officer, Lieut. John M. Kell, had arrived at Nassau on their way back to the Confederate States, when they found orders from Richmond to take charge of a new vessel that had been built in England and was expected to be somewhere about the Azores. This was the Alabama, destined to a world-wide fame.

Once the Northern papers published a report that the United States steamer Hatteras had left her station at Galveston one night in pursuit of a strange vessel in the offing and had not been heard from since, although heavy firing had been heard from the direction in which she had disappeared. The "strange vessel" was the Alabama, and she had sunk the Hatteras after a sharp, running fight lasting only thirteen minutes.

For nearly three years the Alabama continued her career in various parts of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans until she had swept those vast regions clear of the enemy's commerce, and at last had entered the harbor of Cherbourg, France, in order to be docked.

The United States ship Kearsarge making her appearance off the port, Semmes challenged her commander, Winslow, to combat. The two ships were quite evenly matched, the difference between them in men and weight of metal being in favor of the Federal vessel. But the Kearsarge possessed another advantage of which Semmes was not aware. She was practically an ironclad, heavy iron cables being looped along her sides and concealed by a light covering of wood. It was like a man fighting a duel with a coat of mail under his shirt.

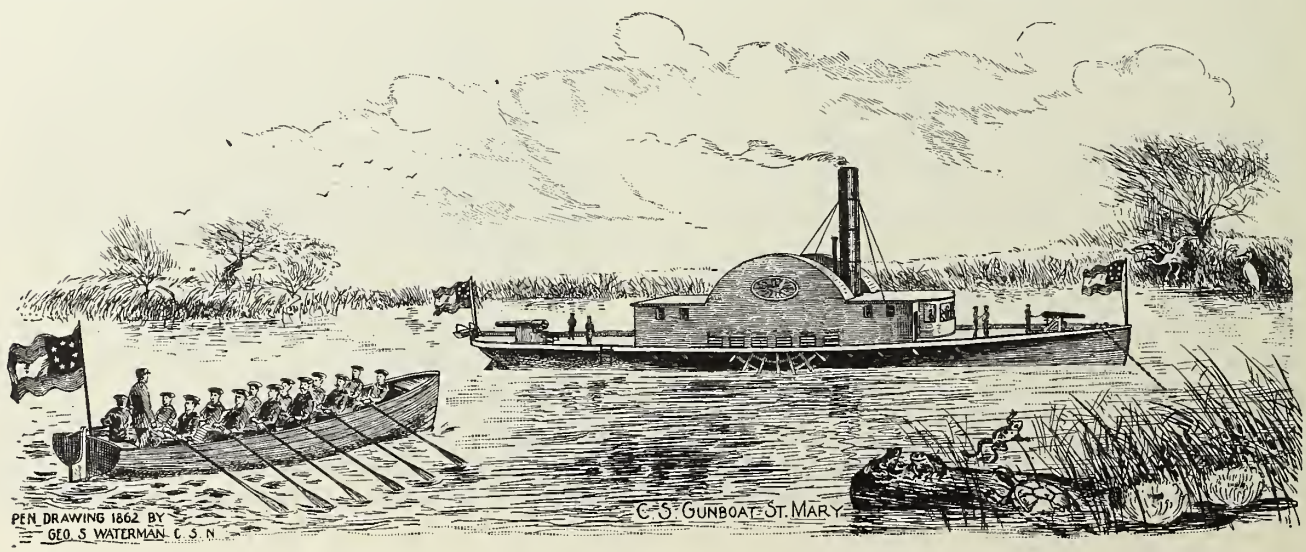
The result is well known. The Alabama was sunk, and such of her officers and crew as were saved were rescued by the British yacht Greyhound and some French pilot boats. The Kearsarge made no effort in that direction, showing an absence of humanity on the part of her commander in marked contrast with that displayed by Semmes in rescuing all the officers and crew of the sinking Hatteras.

How Maffitt Ran the Florida into Mobile Bay.

One summer forenoon in the year 1863 the garrison of Fort Morgan were attracted by the sound of heavy firing by the Federal blockading squadron, and after a while there emerged from the smoke a vessel bearing the Confederate flag and making straight for the entrance to Mobile Bay. Only three men were visible on board the stranger. One of these was seen at full length standing near the mizzen rigging; the other two were steering. The vessel proved to be the Confederate States steamer Florida, Lieut. John N. Maffitt commanding.

The yellow fever having broken out among his crew, Maffitt had determined on getting his sick men into a Confederate hospital, and had succeeded in the desperate attempt. He had sent below the few men that had not been stricken or had recovered, and, rising himself from a sick bed, stood on deck to direct the steering of his ship. An eleven-inch shell had struck the Florida near her stern post and, ranging along the berth deck, took off the head of one man and wounded several others. It lodged fortunately without exploding in the forward timbers.

Its commander, Preble, was cashiered by Mr. Lincoln for letting the Florida pass, and the sentence was read on the quarter-deck of every United States ship in commission. After the war he got a hearing before a court-martial, and was restored to his rank on Maffitt's testimony.





UNITED STATES STEAMER KEARSARGE.

The Florida having been refitted at Mobile, and with new officers and crew, but still under the command of Maffitt, ran the blockade on the night of January 15, 1863, and entered on the work of destroying the enemy's commerce. Off the coast of Brazil the captured brig Clarence was converted into a cruiser under the command of Lieut. C. W. Read with a crew of twenty men. The Clarence proceeded north to the coast of the United States. There she captured, among other vessels, the new bark Tacony, and Read transferred his crew and his one gun, a howitzer, to that vessel. The work of the Tacony right in the track of the coastwise commerce of the United States was rapid and effective. Federal cruisers were hot in pursuit of her, and she had become so well known by reports of released prisoners that Read thought it best to hoist his flag on another prize, a schooner named the Archer. Proceeding along the New England Coast, and being desirous of getting possession of a steamer, Read sailed at night into Portland Harbor, Maine, captured by boarding the revenue cutter Cushing, and proceeded to sea with both vessels. But, after all, the Cushing was not a steamer, and sunrise found Read becalmed in full sight of the port. The enemy came out in sufficient force to capture him after a few shots had been exchanged.

Some Other Cruisers.

The Nashville, a side-wheel steamer under Commander Pegram, had been the first vessel to show the Confederate flag in a British port. That was in October, 1861. On her return to the Confederacy she entered Beaufort Harbor, N. C., by a bold ruse. Flying the United States flag, she ran up within hail of the blockading vessel and asked him to send a boat alongside. Before the boat could reach the Nashville she was away at full speed and was nearly out of range when the Federal commander recovered sufficiently from his surprise to think of sending a few shots after her.

What memories come up in the mind of a naval veteran at the mere mention of the name of the Shenandoah, Lieut. James Q. Waddell commanding! for she was the one vessel that bore the Confederate flag around the circuit of the globe, and was operating under it several months after the collapse of the Confederate government. Learning of that event from an English vessel spoken in the Pacific Ocean, Waddell proceeded to Liverpool and delivered his vessel to the British government. The number of her prizes was exceeded only by those of the Alabama.

When we consider that the officers and men in the Confederate navy did not exceed in number that of a full brigade, that they were practically without any ships of war worthy of the name, that they were pitted against one of the greatest sea powers then in the world, and actually won victories over him, it must be conceded that their achievements have never been surpassed, and it is doubtful if they have ever been equaled in the annals of naval warfare.

The prizes taken by the Confederate cruisers numbered two hundred and eighteen.

THAT MISSOURI CONFEDERATE RECORD.

Since his official report of the Confederate Reunion held at Joplin last fall, Capt. James W. Allen has been urged by some friends to collect and publish a complete roster of Confederate officers and soldiers who entered the Confederate army from Missouri. This, he says, he is unable to undertake, but is willing to coöperate with others interested in the important work, and will receive, file, and preserve all lists sent to his office and turn same over to the proper committee when appointed.

Under an act of Congress, approved February 25, 1903, the Bureau and Pension Division of the War Department is now engaged in compiling from the records a complete roster by States of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies. After this work is complete, Congress will be asked to authorize its publication. While it is a fact that the War Department records contain the names of all Federal soldiers, it is known that they contain only the names of Con-

federate soldiers who were in prison or paroled at the close of the war.

Several of the Southern States have compiled and published complete rosters of the Confederate soldiers.

Each surviving Confederate soldier is asked to take up the matter at once and prepare from memory or from some reliable source a list of all Missouri Confederate soldiers, giving name, rank, date of enlistment, place of enlistment, name or letter of company, name of officers of company, regiment, and brigade, and full particulars of service. Captain Allen requests widows, mothers, sisters, brothers, or friends of deceased soldiers to furnish reliable information concerning their relatives and their friends. Files of old newspapers may be of much service in getting names and fixing dates.

DATES FOR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

Arguments are being made for the same Memorial Day South as that used at the North—May 30. There seems to be but little, if any, prejudice against it at the South. We could afford liberal methods since the North so graciously gives the South credit for inaugurating such an event. But the South desires to honor the memory of Jefferson Davis by his birthday, June 3. This date has been fixed by law in several States. It was made legal in Louisiana in 1902, Tennessee in 1903, and Mississippi in 1906. In Alabama and Arkansas June 3 is a holiday by consent only. In Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia the date is a legal holiday, but is not recognized as Memorial Day. It is observed as Memorial Day in Fayetteville, Ark., Louisville, Ky., Bowling Green, Ky., St. Joseph, Mo., Springfield, Mo., Asheville, N. C., Bedford City, Va., Culpeper Courthouse, Va., Dublin, Va., Fredericksburg, Va., Lexington, Va., Manassas, Va., Portsmouth, Va., Warrenton, Va., Winchester, Va., Newport News, Va., Romney, W. Va., Frederick, Md., and Washington, D. C., or on the following Sunday when the date falls upon a week day.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President Confederated Southern Memorial Association, urges June 3, 1908, the centennial anniversary of President Davis's birthday, as one fitting for special honors to his memory.

The N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., of Rome, Ga., has in hand a movement to erect a monument there in honor of Gen. N. B. Forrest. The monument will be of granite, twenty-five feet, with ten feet base; all ornamentation will be symbolic of the cavalry arm of the service. Surmounting the granite will be a figure of pure Italian marble (made in Italy) facsimile of General Forrest in his height of six feet, two inches. This small Chapter of only thirty-four members has already a neat sum in the treasury for this purpose, and expects to secure the balance needed with little trouble. Any of General Forrest's command who desire to contribute to this monument fund can send it to Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, President N. B. Forrest Chapter, Rome, Ga.

Confederate Memorial Fountain for Helena, Mont.—A local paper in Helena, Mont., reports a most successful performance by amateur minstrels in behalf of needed Confederate funds: "A good show was expected, and an audience which packed the house to the doors was not disappointed. Three months of preparation, under the competent direction of J. M. Moriarity, could not but give good results, especially when the players were of the class that took part. The first part was straight minstrelsy, and all the songs were of the South. The 'make-up' of the artists, men and women, was perfect, and a fellow could not recognize his own sweetheart, so perfectly was the work done by the female members of the caste. All the end 'men' were not men. The Daughters of the Confederacy are more than grateful to those who so obligingly assisted them in the entertainment at the opera house, and take this means of showing in a slight degree their appreciation." These daughters are building a memorial fountain, and Miss Evie Morris reports that they have already $1,000 in bank; but they will not erect it until next year.

OUR "SOUTHERN MOTHERS."

BY SADA FONTE RICHMOND.

(Lovingly dedicated to our three "Southern Mothers" recently deceased: Mrs. Mary Eloise Wormeley, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cummings, and Mrs. Emily F. Ball, of Memphis.)

Never were women truer
  Than they whose souls were tried;
Than they, our Southern mothers,
  Who stood by the "boys" who died!

They visited camp and prison;
  They nursed both friend and foe;
They endured insult and privation;
  They suffered the depths of woe.

And He who remembers and sees
  Is keeping their record on high!
And crowns immortal are waiting,
  For their good deeds cannot die.

Then honor our Southern mothers;
  Tell their story o'er all the land;
Make their lives to us immortal—
  This faithful Southern band!



MRS. MARY ELOISE WORMELEY.

For sketch of this noble woman, see Veteran for Apr'l, 1907, page 178.

FRATERNAL RELATIONS BETWEEN VETERANS.

BY JOHN W. TRITSCH, LOGAN, OHIO, SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE NINETIETH OHIO ASSOCIATION.

As a subscriber to your valuable and most interesting magazine, I ask the favor of space to express a few thoughts. I was with Rosecrans at Chickamauga, Sherman on the Atlanta campaign, and was also with "Pap" Thomas at Spring Hill, Franklin, and at Nashville in December, 1864; and therefore know of the boys in gray who made the terrific charges at Franklin and again stood before us at Nashville on the Granny White and Franklin Pikes.

My thoughts are now of the sentiments that exist to-day between the "Yank" and the "Confederate." When the graves of those Confederates who lie buried near Columbus, Ohio, at Camp Chase, were last decorated, members of the Grand Army and an officer of the United States army took part in the ceremonies. But for his absence elsewhere, Governor Harris, of the great State of Ohio, who was colonel of the 75th Ohio Regiment, a brave and gallant soldier in the Civil War, would have been there to give his recollections of brave men enlisted in a mistaken but conscientious cause. Nothing could have shown more forcibly the ameliorating influences of time, for war-time animosities have been buried "under the sod and the dew" with the blue and the gray.

It is a pleasing coincidence that the custom of decorating the graves of soldiers of the War between the States originated in Columbus, Ga., and not Ohio. Then the suggestion of their annual tribute to the heroic dead was made by a member of the Columbus (Ga.) Memorial Association, and the first Decoration Day was celebrated on April 26, 1866, two years before General Logan, as Commander of the G. A. R., issued the proclamation to members of that organization which resulted in the present National Decoration Day, May 30.

A beautiful feature of that first Memorial Day celebrated away down South in that little Georgia town was the fact that the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers were decorated impartially, although the ceremonies were conducted by the Confederates, their relatives and friends. That is characteristic of the Southern spirit. Every year the Confederates who decorate the graves of their comrades in beautiful Arlington at the National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., also strew flowers on the spot where are interred the remains of more than two thousand unidentified Union dead. And they do not forget to pay tribute to the memory of William McKinley, through whose effort a section of Arlington was set apart for Confederate use. These things are as they should be, for without such an exchange of fraternal relations this republic could not have become, nor could it remain, a united country. These things are an indication of the spirit that binds the people of this country, and is the surest guarantee of our national strength.

A few years ago I made a visit to the South and some of the battlefields in Tennessee and Georgia, and the most gratifying thing that I found was the cordial good feeling existing between the Union and Confederate veterans, and I can say without hesitation that among the best friends of our comrades in the South to-day are the survivors of the Confederate army. As we grow older our hearts become more gentle and tender, and next to the comrade who stood by our side is the brave Confederate who fought us on many battefields.

This Federal comrade omits what he may recall—that there were ever feelings of cordial regard between the real Americans in the Union army at the front and the Confederates upon the rare occasions that they held conferences during the war. The hirelings who could not speak English never have been esteemed by the Confederates even if they made good soldiers. That class may realize now that there is some merit among the "secesh" of the olden times.

INTERESTING STATEMENT BY JUDGE ROBT. OULD.

BY CAPT. A. L. DE ROSSET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Time is moving apace, and as the years pass on many of those who participated actively in that great struggle of 1861-65 are crossing the river. Year by year the ranks diminish, and it behooves those still left on this side to record their experiences and place before the present generation the facts as they occurred during that remarkable period, and to which the civilized world can show no parallel. Impressed with this thought, and having been thrown with the prominent men of the early sixties, I was in a position to learn much from them.

The officials of the Confederate States in 1863-64 were greatly hampered by the necessity of feeding the large number of Federal prisoners, some 270,000, which were distributed throughout the South. Again, the depleted ranks of Lee's and of the Western armies needed replenishing, and the enemy had in prison at various points in the North some 220,000 of our men. Through correspondence and treaty and interview a conference between the Confederate States and the United States was arranged at Hampton Roads. Judge Robert Ould, of Richmond, was the commissioner of exchange of prisoners on the part of the Confederate States, and the conference was held on board a steamer. There were present Mr. Lincoln, the President of the United States, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and Gen. U. S. Grant, and perhaps others on one side, and Judge Robert Ould and one or more gentlemen to represent the Confederate States.

The information that now follows was given me by Judge Ould in the parlor of a clubhouse well known at that time in Richmond immediately after his return from that noted conference. There were present at the time General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, and Mr. Sedden, Secretary of the Treasury, both of whom I knew well. The Judge told me in substance that he opened the conference with Mr. Lincoln by representing to him the difficulty the South had in supplying the prisoners with food and medicine, and then tendered to the United States authorities the whole 270,000 prisoners in return of our men (220,000) they had. Mr. Lincoln appeared pleased with the proposition, and was favorably inclined to accept, but was met by a peremptory and flat refusal from General Grant. "Well, General," said Mr. Lincoln, "the offer seems reasonable; but let us hear your objections." "Mr. President," he replied, "if we get back those 270,000 men, not a single one of them will return to the army; but if you return the 220,000 Southerners, every one of them will go back into their army and the war will have to be fought over again."

The proposition made by Judge Ould being rejected, he then proposed that the United States government send South physicians, medicine, and food for their men in prison under proper guarantees. This was rejected. He then tendered Mr. Lincoln 40,000 of the sick, which was accepted, and in compliance therewith 10,000 men, the sickest of all, were delivered to the United States transports at Savannah and Port Royal. The United States authorities refused to receive any more; and when the batch reached Northern points, these sick men were photographed. The conference broke up without the accomplishment of any further good.

General Grant at that period of the war was not so well known as afterwards, and I was asked the question by Judge Ould if I had ever heard of the life history of General Grant. Replying that I had not, the Judge, who was apparently in a reminiscent mood, said that during the Mexican War General Grant was promoted for gallantry during action and became a captain of artillery.

Mr. Pierce was elected President of the United States in 1852, and appointed Mr. Jefferson Davis his Secretary of War. Later on, at the suggestion of Mr. Davis, for good reasons the then Captain Grant resigned from the United States army, and lived afterwards in Illinois. Upon the secession of the Southern States, in January, 1861, Captain Grant applied to the Governor of Illinois for a commission to raise a regiment to serve in the United States army, war then being the talk. His request for a commission was ignored at that time; and later to Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was inaugurated Provisional President of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., on the 18th of January, 1861, he wrote asking for a commission in the Confederate army.

While in New Orleans some little while ago I mentioned this incident to Colonel Chalaron, who is the Custodian of the Louisiana Historical Association, and has charge of the State Museum. He told me my information was correct, and that he had then in his possession the original letter from Captain Grant, late of the United States army, to Mr. Davis making the request; but that, in accordance with the terms of Mr. Davis's will, the correspondence could not be published until two years after the death of Mrs. Davis. Further, the Colonel told me that he had also letters to Mr. Davis from Admiral Farragut and from Gen. George H. Thomas, each applying for commissions in the Confederate service. I have been told that the wife of each either dissuaded or objected to the resignation of these officers from the Federal service.

HER FATHER'S UNIFORM OF GRAY.

BY MRS. JOHN W. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

With wondering and hesitating hands I turn the key in the rusted lock of the brass-bound cedar chest that had been closed since the dear dead hands had fastened it forty years ago. What I saw was a "Gray Confederate Uniform" folded so that the right sleeve lay across the breast. It was torn, ragged, and blood-stained, showing where the bullets had riddled the arm that was raised, waving the sword, calling the boys to follow to victory; but the arm was shattered and fell to his side, the long slit from collar to belt showed where the saber cut the wearer's face when aimed at his breast. In the rush of battle his assailants passed on, leaving him.

What picture to my mind this old, faded, blood-stained uniform brings—a handsome black-haired, blue-eyed man in health and vigor, thirty-five years of age, six feet tall, in this "Gray Coat" buttoned closely up to his chin, a red sash, and over that his gilded belt buckled about his waist and at his side his sword! With hat in hand I hear him say: "Come, wife and babies, kiss me good-by. I must go and do my duty to my country and my God."

Four long, weary years that wife—a woman of the sixties—bore the burden of a breaking heart and anguish of anxiety, wishing but fearing for news of the dear one whom she knew would be in the thickest of the fight. Can you imagine her or her young daughter just old enough to realize what that uniform symbolized of war, suffering, carnage, and all of the terrors that war means, even death? With all of its sacred memories let it rest. "Fold it, furl it; it is best."

REMAINS OF MERIWETHER LEWIS.

MAJ. E. C. LEWIS, IN NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

In an article in the American reference is made to a contemplation of the removal of the body of Capt. Meriwether Lewis to Portland, Oregon. The body of Captain Lewis, first buried when he was killed on the Natchez trace in 1809, was almost totally obliterated when the reinterment was ordered by the Legislature in 1843. Evidence of eyewitnesses shows that only the skull remained, the identification being clear because of the gold-filled teeth. The skull and possibly a thigh bone were placed in the hollow of a rock cut for the purpose and this rock buried, and upon it erected the monument ordered by the State. To move these few remains would require the destruction of the monument.

Afterwards Lewis County, an integral part of the State, was created with this as a center. Thus Lewis County became a monument itself. Tennessee has done her part, possibly not her full part, toward the preservation of the remains and the reverence of the memory of Meriwether Lewis. Will Oregon do more one hundred years from now? Let Oregon erect a monument to Meriwether Lewis as imposing as it may please; but let his few bones lie undisturbed in their security and seclusion, where they have been for nearly a hundred years.

"DIXIE AFTER THE WAR."

Charles W. Hubner writes of this strong book: "Mrs. Avary's book gives us a most interesting inside view from a Southern woman's standpoint of the politically turbulent and socially painful period through which the people of the South were compelled to pass in the years after the close of the War between the States. Skillfully grouping a large collection of characteristic anecdotes, clippings from current periodicals, with other interesting matter of historic work, and connecting these with vivid and illuminating comment of her own, Mrs. Avary has contributed a most entertaining and in some respects a uniquely attractive book to American literature. The book gives us with rare skill the very face and color and tone of the times easily recognized by readers who are competent to judge of them, especially the women and men who personally felt the evil forces then at war with civilization and who suffered and endured with the spirit of martyrs the outrages of lawless power and the characteristic social conditions which grew out of our Civil War and flourished for a number of years in a devastated country. The intensity of emotion which at times characterizes the author's portrayal of the times is certainly natural in a writer like Mrs. Avary, who as a Southern woman of the highest type feels all that she writes and dips her pen in her own heart for the vivid colors of her pictures."

The New York Times states of this book: "The book does exactly what it sets out to do. It shows what the Southern people, white and black, were saying and thinking and doing, eating and wearing. It is the best book I have ever read for information concerning social and economic conditions, race relations, religious and educational matters, and politics from the woman's point of view in that troublesome period. . . . The reviewer did not read the book or he is not sufficiently familiar with the facts about the period and the people to qualify him to criticise the work intelligently. . . .

Edwin Markham, in his "Book Talk" in Success, describes this work as "the human import of the tragic reconstruction period."

It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, $2.75.

FROM SIRE TO SON.

BY VIRGINIA M'CANNE.

(Marshall Home.)

Our forefathers crossed the unknown sea,
Its wild, unbroken way,
For opinions free and wider laws,
Afar from pomp and ritual clause
In freedom's land: and freedom's cause
Bloomed rarely for a day.

Then they waxed strong with years of pride
And made laws to rule the land;
Suppressed religions not in touch;
On the smiling South they laid their clutch,
Began with runaways and such,
With no more witches to command.

And so the little cloud, uprising
At first no larger than a hand,
Grew darker as it southward rolled;
It loosed the anaconda's fold
Which had tightened like a miser's hold—
It struck and battle-spoiled the land.

The Southern lost. The fight was o'er!
Yet no knight of old e'er counted the cost
When a sacred trust he bore
Or deserted his cause because he lost;
Through famine and fire, and battle-tossed,
He carried his colors before.

So the Southern laid his arms aside,
Borne down and left of war;
Yet he bore defeat with a certain pride
That told how bravely he had died
If fate had willed. When death denied,
A hero still his colors wore.

With breaking hearts they looked on Lee
When the low "Stack Arms" they cried;
Who stood a man of finest mold,
Soldier and patriot, as if pure gold
Alone was left when the fires had rolled
Through which he was sorely tried.

It gave them strength to turn back home;
They had been too proud to hold
The one lost chance that by them sped.
Now the eagle of Liberty hides his head;
A raven, croaking for prey in his stead,
His talons scratching in dirt for gold

In the days that followed the war. Yet now
We know the South was freed as well;
And champions to come will tell
How the abolition crank with greed
Turned too fast for the nation's need,
And did up their work too well.

They will tell of the giant "Afreet" afar,
Who loosed his hands when the dogs of war
Went chasing to the Philippinos,
And turned out more than use we can
Of "Marids" brown and black and tan,
Besides the odd Albinos.

The old plantation, which is dear to us yet,
The Puritan could never understand;
Their triumph is still a puzzling case.
For on closer acquaintance with "the race"
The "man and brother" who keeps the pace
Is an alien in his land.

It is over! The South is prospering.
Growing as never before;
In deeds they were true to land and home;
This truth they would hand from sire to son,
That they may know in days to come
And will tell it o'er and o'er.

Of suffering shaped to benisons,
Of mothers at home in hopeless fear
For the dead boys sleeping afar,
Of wives who waited in leaden sorrow,
Each day too sad to dread the morrow—
These are the broken hearts of war.

It is over! The soldier who wore the blue
Respects the one who wore the gray
And fought to his conscience true;
The old-time memories now oft-told
As smoke that between the armies rolled
Broke with the mists away.

It is over! Soldiers brave and leaders true,
Each life a sacrifice still:
And yet who knows? There is something grand
In the deathless love of the fair Southland,
In the honor she gives to the faithful band.
What more could love fulfill?

INQUIRY FOR AN ALABAMA SOLDIER.—Charles C. Hemming, of Company A, 3d Florida Regiment, writes: "I was captured at Missionary Ridge by soldiers from Indiana or Ohio. With me was a comrade now dead and also a young Alabama soldier. We left the front line after the retreat, and on the east side of the ridge ran almost into a German Federal regiment, who had already taken position between us and our line, which was then nowhere in sight. When we saw escape was not possible, my comrades and I ran into the small log hut near by and about one hundred and fifty yards of this German regiment. They were receiving orders in German. I could hear every command, and in their excitement they were shooting down a few scattered Confederate soldiers who had thrown up their hands. I saw this and told my two comrades. Then the Alabama soldier said he would hide under the floor. I knew we could not do this, for we had been fired at by some members of that regiment as we ran into the hut. I began loading, and I think my Florida comrade did the same. I said I would not surrender, because I saw them shooting men who had surrendered. Just then a young Federal soldier galloped up to the door of the house and said with an oath: 'Come out of there.' I threw my gun down on him and replied, 'Throw up your hands,' which he promptly did. I then said: 'We will surrender if you will protect us as prisoners of war. Your men are shooting our men after they have thrown up their hands.' He replied: 'I will protect you.' We then walked out and handed over our guns to him, leaving the Alabama boy under the floor of the hut, if my recollection is correct. If that Alabama boy is living and recalls the above, will he write me or reply in the VETERAN?"

SAMUEL DAVIS.

CONCISE ADDRESS BY B. J. NUNNALLY, OF NEWNAN, GA.

Samuel Davis was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., October 6, 1842. His parents were Virginians. He was attending a military school in Nashville when the North and South rushed to arms, and he enlisted in the 1st Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. * * * When General Bragg directed the organization of a company of scouts for important services in 1863, young Davis, who had proven his soldierly qualities, was chosen a member, and was regarded as a man of the greatest integrity of character, one of the coolest and bravest of the command.

General Dodge, with an army of sixteen thousand men, and having his headquarters at Pulaski, was much disturbed by the efficiency of these scouts, and determined to stop them. Davis with several others of the scouts had been within the Federal lines for about ten days, and had gained valuable and accurate information in regard to the Federal resources and fortifications.

Young Davis, on his way South to report to General Bragg and to deliver to him important papers and maps, was captured on the afternoon of November 19, 1863, by the 7th Kansas Cavalry, and was carried to Pulaski.

General Dodge sent for Davis and insisted that he tell the name of the person from whom he had received the information. He firmly declined. When General Dodge told him that he would have to call a court-martial and try him for his life, that there was no chance for him unless he told the source of his information, he replied: "I know that I must die; but I will not betray the trust reposed in me. I am doing my duty to God and my country." And all of General Dodge's efforts to obtain the name of the informant by pleading, praising, and threatening failed. Davis was tried on November 23 and sentenced to hang on November 27 between the hours of 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Doubtless General Dodge thought that the lad would tell when he realized that death on the gallows was before him.

There is something grand even in physical courage. When a man in the heat of battle, carried on by the mad rush of enthusiasm, does some deed of splendid daring, he gains the plaudits of all beholders. Davis possessed this courage in an eminent degree. He well knew his danger as a scout. If captured, his life would be the forfeit; but now his courage was put to the highest crucial test. On the one hand, life and liberty, a safe return to the Confederate lines; on the other, death and the ignominious death of a spy! Instantly was his decision made, and Sam Davis fought his last and bravest battle. He had been promised release and a safe escort to the Confederate lines. In the silence and gloom of his prison his thoughts were of his home. On the night before his execution he wrote a last farewell to his mother, and between the lines we can read the anguish which wrung his soul. He begs that they will not forget him. He wants his body brought to the dear old home, the home which he is to see never again.

On the morning of November 27 at ten o'clock promptly, as if the hangman was afraid to wait, he was taken to the scaffold. General Dodge sent Captain Chickasaw, his chief scout, to Davis in a last attempt to learn the source of his information, saying that General Dodge was anxious to save such a life and that it was not yet too late.

"The boy looked about him. He was only a little more than twenty-one years old at that time, and life was most promising. Just overhead, idly swinging back and forth, hung the noose; all around him were soldiers, standing in line with muskets gleaming in the bright sunshine; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead to a sudden and what is regarded a disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to avoid so easily. If he hesitated, it was only for an instant, and then the tempting offer was pushed aside forever."

Then it was that Davis spoke these words: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

The steps were mounted, and the marvelous young hero stood on the platform with hands tied behind him. The black hood was pulled over his head, the noose adjusted, and the drop fell, and thus ended a tragedy wherein a young man of the South, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had with a courage of the highest type conceivable deliberately chose death to life without honor.

In this age of graft and commercialism, when men sell their souls for a price, we see this boy calmly choosing death rather than dishonor. And as long as one loyal heart responds to heroic deeds Sam Davis will never be forgotten!

[This concise address is used now to meet the demand for the story by many who do not know it. A more elaborate account may be expected ere long.—Ed. Veteran.]

Revival of Subscriptions to the Monument.

Since the foregoing was prepared, Mrs. James T. Oakes, of Pulaski, Tenn., inclosed ten dollars for the Sam Davis monument at Nashville with the following statement: "As an individual I want to contribute ten dollars to the Sam Davis Monument. I feel like we should erect a monument to that grand, noble hero in every city of our Southland. When the Giles County Chapter was organized, of which I was a charter member, our one thought was to work for a monument. Now that our beautiful monument has been unveiled, it is my pleasure to contribute to the Nashville monument."

FLORIDA GIRL GAVE HER SHOES TO A SOLDIER.

Col. Knox Livingston in an address at Bennettsville, S. C., said: "When Florida was invaded, troops were rushed forward to reënforce General Finnegan's command. Upon the arrival of the soldiers at Madison the women would meet them and serve refreshments to the defenders of their homes. Among these soldiers was a mere lad whose bare feet were bleeding from the exposure and fatigue of the long march. One of the young ladies, Miss Lou Taylor, took the shoes from her own feet and made the hero boy put them on, while she walked home in her stockings. Miss Taylor died several years ago in Fernandina."

Veterans' Days at Shreveport Fair.—The Louisiana State Reunion is holding its convention this year at Shreveport. It being the week of the fair, that association is coöperating to make the Reunion as pleasant as practicable. The business sessions of the Reunion will be held in the city of Shreveport on Monday and Tuesday, October 7 and 8, and the third day, Wednesday, will be devoted to the entertainment of the veterans at the fair grounds. A committee consisting of Maj. F. R. Calloway and President Blanchard was appointed to confer with Mrs. John L. Young, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, to determine upon the coöperation of the Daughters in making the Reunion a success. The entertainment of the veterans too will likely be given over entirely to the organization of Daughters.

SENTIMENT OF A TYPICAL CONFEDERATE.

In the VETERAN for December, 1903, a sketch is given of Judge James E. Cobb, who joined the 5th Texas Infantry as a private and was twice promoted before his capture at Gettysburg. He returned after the war to his native Georgia, but soon afterwards located at Tuskegee, Ala., where he became eminent as a lawyer. He was elected judge of the Ninth Judicial District of Alabama, serving a dozen years, when he was sent to Congress for five terms in succession.

A daughter, Miss Lucile Cobb, having procured her father's diary, recently put it into typewritten form and had it handsomely bound. The accidental opportunity of having its perusal induces extracts from it which vividly illustrate the sentiment of Confederate soldiers while in service. These extracts are commended especially to the gallant men who fought for the Union:

"To-morrow we will doubtless be called to meet the enemy in severe and bloody fight. May God defend the right! In him I put my trust, determined to do my duty to the extent of my ability in every situation I may be placed." Again: "Very soon two large armies are to meet in deadly strife—the one struggling to uphold a usurped despotism, the other contending for that freedom so dear to the people of the Southern States."

"December 25. Visited Fredericksburg and the battlefield near there. The city is much injured and seems deserted; only now and then a citizen was seen endeavoring to gather the little left by the enemy."

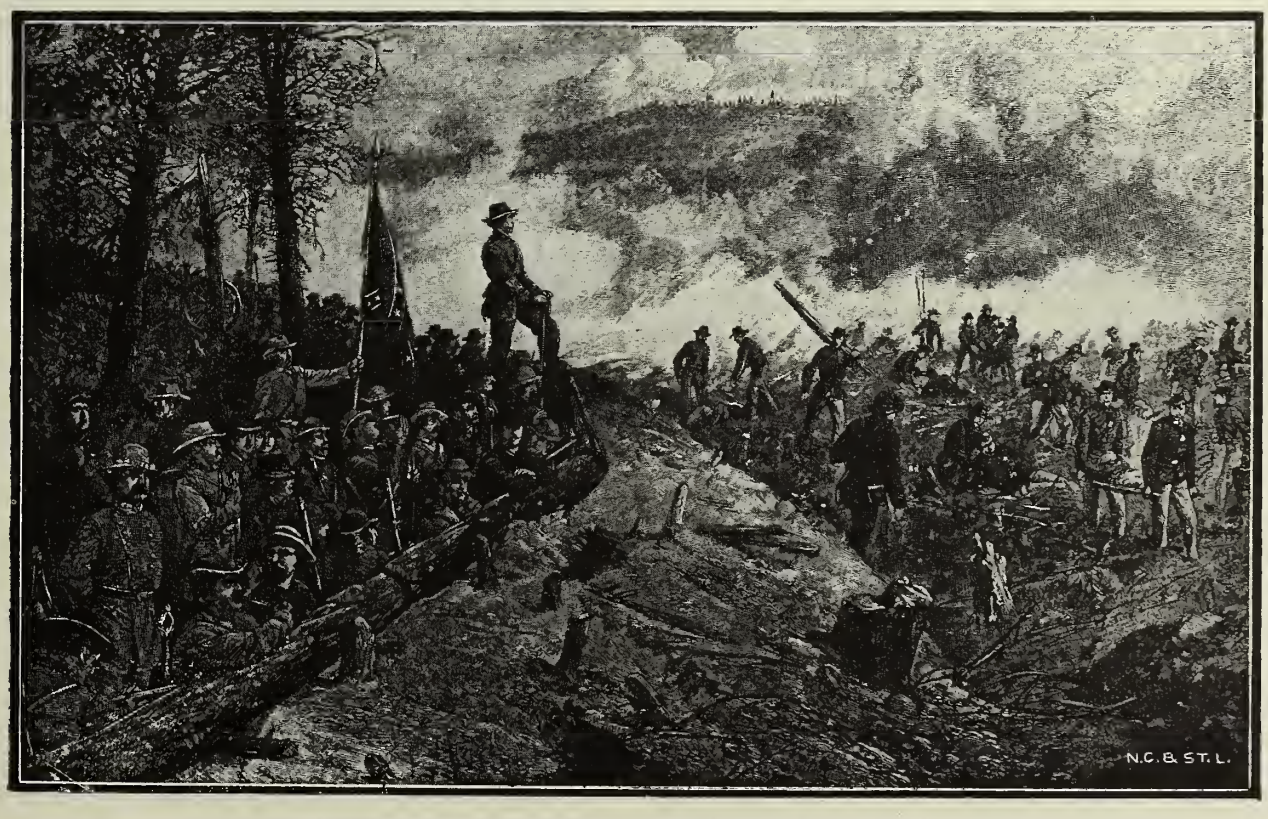
"March 18. On the eve of another battle. Many of our gallant boys will fall, sealing their devotion to their country with their blood. May He who ruleth the nations be our shield, inspire us with courage and strength to drive the invader from Southern soil forever!"

After his capture at Gettysburg, while in Camp Chase early in January, 1864, he wrote: "We all are expecting to go from this to another prison, wherefore we know not—perhaps for a speedy exchange, but more likely to be subjected to other privations and greater hardships. If so, may we prove ourselves men indeed to bear without a murmur every indignity that a civil enemy can inflict!"

He was one of six hundred officers placed under fire of Confederate batteries, and endured his part of the privations which make so ugly a chapter in American history. Of a bright day on Morris Island, made so by the admission of food from Southern friends to the prisoners, he wrote: "To him who is Lord of all my heart is lifted in gratitude and praise. May his protection be assured to me hereafter as in days gone by! And O may my coming years be continually devoted to his service, that I may become more worthy the blessings that have been showered upon me in such abundance! And whatever may betide me in the future, may I ever be able to say resignedly, 'Thy will be done!'"

Although the gratitude and joy of that day were so devoutly praised, the fare following was five crackers, half pint of bean soup, half pint of boiled rice, and two or three ounces of meat. For ten days in December, 1864, the rations consisted of meal, loaf bread, and pickles; ten ounces meal, four ounces baker's bread daily, a half pint of pickles, and two ounces salt for five days. Nothing was given to cook in and very little wood. His last Christmas dinner there consisted of a piece of cornbread and a cup of meal coffee.

One of the most thrilling and pathetic stories of the war is that of the Confederates in the midst of the battle of Kennesaw Mountain proposing an armistice so that the Federals could remove their wounded from the burning area.



SCENE ON KENNESAW WHERE CONFEDERATES PROPOSED AN ARMISTICE TO SAVE WOUNDED ENEMIES FROM BURNING.

THE LATE GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD.

BY GEN. GRANVILLE M. DODGE, NEW YORK.

I first met General Schofield in August, 1861, when he returned with the little army that had fought so valiantly in the battle of Wilson's Creek under the command of General Lyon. Schofield was adjutant general of that army, and in a large degree it was his efforts and advice that brought the force, that had really won a great victory and did not know it, safely to Springfield and Rolla, where I was stationed. The fatal mistake of dividing the army was made in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Siegel's command attacking on one flank and Lyon's on the other. Schofield said it was Siegel's plan, and he was opposed to it. Of course it was contrary to military science; and the destruction of Siegel's force early in the day, its officers going to Springfield long before Lyon had finished fighting, left Colonel Lyon with half of his force to meet the entire force of the enemy, which he did so gallantly and successfully.

At this time General Halleck had relieved General Fremont in command of the Department of Missouri. He found this force at Rolla under the command of General Siegel, and made it the nucleus of the Army of the Southwest, which, it was understood, was to be commanded by General Siegel. In answer to a letter written to Lieutenant Schofield, Major Sturgis, Captain Hunter, and others concerning the Wilson Creek battle, Schofield wrote a remarkable letter to General Halleck, causing Halleck to place the Army of the Southwest under the command of Gen. S. R. Curtis. Halleck utilized Schofield in organizing the Missouri State Militia, of which he was made a brigadier general. Afterwards he was in command of the Army of the Frontier, and finally the Department of Missouri, where he demonstrated his marked ability as an executive officer. There was great friction in that State among the Union people, and great efforts were made to relieve General Schofield of the command; but President Lincoln stood by him, and on November 29, 1862, made him a major general. The Senate, under pressure from Missouri, refused to confirm him. He was again appointed by President Lincoln in May, 1863.

I had a good opportunity to study General Schofield's administration of this difficult command, as I fell in command of that department at the close of the war, and was greatly impressed with his work. I followed his line of policy, and received praise for doing that for which Schofield was severely censured. Schofield frequently told me afterwards that I reaped the benefit of his work, for which he received curses and I blessings, which was true.

When General Grant took command of the Military Division of the Mississippi in 1863, he asked for Schofield to take command of the Army of the Ohio to relieve General Foster, who was ill. When President Lincoln received this request, he said that would solve the difficulty, and by using the dispatch received from Grant he induced the Senate to confirm General Schofield. This was in the late fall or winter of 1863. At this time General Schofield had no acquaintance with General Grant, and felt that he was selected for this important command from the fact that when Grant was making the Vicksburg campaign General Schofield sent to him from this department nearly all of his organized force, which I remember we all greatly appreciated at that time.

In the Atlanta campaign I again came into contact with General Schofield. His Army of the Ohio was but a corps in strength, and the Army of the Tennessee was only about twenty-five thousand strong. Both of the armies were not as large as the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas. This organization did not appeal to either General Schofield or General McPherson; they thought that the three armies should be made more equal in strength. During the entire operations the Army of the Ohio and the Army of the Tennessee were almost always on the flanks, the Army of the Cumberland being in the center on account of its great strength. This, of course, brought more attacks upon these two small armies, made them march more miles, gave them much more work to do, and naturally this brought complaints and criticism from the officers in these two armies. One day I happened to be at General McPherson's headquarters when General Sherman, General Schofield, and General Blair came there, and in a friendly conversation comment was made upon these complaints and criticisms, and the matter was discussed between them in an open and friendly way. Sherman listened; and when they had finished, he said: "You know, Schofield and McPherson, that the reason I keep you on the flanks is that if the enemy should wipe you out I would have old Thomas left, and they could not move him." Blair made a rather sarcastic remark about sacrificing the two armies, which all appreciated and laughed at heartily, none more so than Sherman.

On the 19th of July, as we were approaching Atlanta, Sherman had stretched out his armies, not fearing an attack by Johnston, looking for the usual defensive tactics on his part. McPherson, with two corps of the Army of the Tennessee, had been sent to Stone Mountain, some twenty miles away, to strike the Augusta road and come back by way of Decatur. My corps was on the extreme left of the army. Early in the



GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD.

morning one of my secret service men, a soldier of the 2d Iowa, who had been inside the enemy's lines during the entire campaign, came out with the Atlanta morning paper. It contained the order removing Johnston and placing Hood in command of the Rebel army. I saw the great importance of this information, and immediately rode over to General Schofield's command, where Sherman was marching. I found that Sherman and Schofield had received rumors of the change of commanders, which my paper confirmed. Sherman immediately asked Schofield about Hood, knowing they had been classmates at West Point. Schofield said to Sherman: "This means a fight; Hood will attack you within twenty-four hours." After discussing the matter, Sherman sat down on a stump by the roadside and issued his orders calling McPherson immediately to us and closing us all in toward Thomas. As Schofield predicted, Hood massed his army behind Peach Tree Creek and attacked Thomas with his whole force, and the battle of Peach Tree Creek was fought, in which Hood was repulsed with great loss. The battles of July 22 and 28 followed, in which virtually one-half of Hood's army was killed, wounded, or captured, and the capture of Atlanta followed.

After the close of the war, I again met General Schofield on the line of the Union Pacific Railway at the time of the Chinese massacre, which occurred during President Cleveland's first administration. The President had sent General Schofield west from Chicago to investigate these troubles. The labor element and the tramps coming east from California had taken possession of the railroad trains. The labor organizations in Denver heard of Schofield's coming, and called a meeting and declared that his special train should not be allowed to pass over the road. Schofield was notified of this, and then laid down the doctrine that has ever since been followed. He notified the rioters and strikers that he was traveling over a military road on military duty under orders of the Commander in Chief; that interference with his movements would be regarded as an act of war, and would be so treated. This caused them to call a halt, and his train went through safely to Rock Springs. He at this time took the advanced position that was afterwards followed that any railroad carrying the United States mails whose trains were interfered with was in a position that the United States was justified in recognizing and taking steps to protect and operate the lines with United States forces. Up to this time there had been great trouble in obtaining government protection when trains were stopped by strikers and mobs. Schofield had made a study of this question, and said to me afterwards that, while these orders received great criticism, he was prepared to defend them. He told me once when I was in Washington, pointing to a drawer in his desk, that in that drawer was all the data and information necessary to maintain his position. When the great riot occurred in Chicago, General Schofield was commander in chief of the army, and it was the experience he had at Rock Springs that enabled him to present the matter so fully and completely to President Cleveland that he did not hesitate to use the United States forces against the rioters there over the head and protest of the Governor of that State.

It was my great good fortune to have had the friendship of General Schofield from the time of our first meeting until we laid him to rest at Arlington. He frequently traveled with me, and I could plainly understand why Grant and Sherman had such great confidence in him. He was cool, quiet, and level-headed. He always had a convincing reason for all his acts. Years ago he was a strong advocate of the reforms Secretary Root brought about in the army, and it was a great satisfaction to me and one of the greatest pleasures of my life to have had his steady, stanch friendship and to have known him so long.

Gen. Granville M. Dodge, one of the oldest surviving generals of the United States army (now retired), has accumulated a large estate; and yet, although quite beyond three score and ten, he keeps well equipped as a man of affairs and goes quite regularly to his business office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Since his marked esteem for Sam Davis has been published, together with a subscription to a monument to the South's matchless hero, cordial friendship has been maintained, and he shows much interest in the VETERAN. Upon the occasion of a memorable visit esteem was expressed for General Schofield, and General Dodge contributed the foregoing paper. It will be read with interest, containing as it does some valuable historic data.

PATRIOTISM OF VICKSBURG WOMEN.

BY HENRY S. HALBERT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The "Official War Records," Serial No. 119, page 776, states that in the city of Vicksburg on Christmas day, 1863, during services in the Episcopal Church, at the point where prayer was made for "the President of the United States and all others in authority," Misses Kate and Ella Barnett, Laura Latham, Ellen Martin, and Mrs. Moore arose and abruptly left the church. In their exalted devotion to the Confederate cause it could not be expected that they remain and give a hypocritical assent to a prayer for the welfare and success of the enemies of their country, but Federal malignity took another view of the matter. Gen. James B. McPherson was in command there, and he had these ladies banished from the city. He ordered them to leave the Federal lines within forty-eight hours. The names of these devoted Southern women should be held in everlasting remembrance by the people of the entire South.

General Sherman in his "Memoirs" says that General McPherson had "many noble qualities." Perhaps so, but certainly a spirit of chivalrous forbearance toward the Confederate women of Vicksburg must not be included.

[If any of these ladies are still living, readers of the VETERAN would appreciate an account of their banishment.]

VIRGINIA CAMPS FAVOR JACKSON MEMORIAL.

A resolution commending the Confederate hospital which it is proposed shall be established as a memorial of General Stonewall Jackson has been cordially commended by the Grand Camp of Veterans in Virginia. The house in Lexington, Va., which was the home of Stonewall Jackson when he died and is the only home he ever owned has been purchased by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It has been renovated and, with Mrs. Jackson's approval, is being converted into a hospital to be thoroughly equipped and maintained in loving memory of its former illustrious owner.

To carry out this design a much larger sum will be needed than that which the devoted and patriotic women who have undertaken this work have been able to secure through their persistent efforts, already continued through several years.

The resolution states: "The Grand Camp of United Con-

federate Veterans cordially commends the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital to the generous support of our countrymen as a worthy memorial of the exalted character and unselfish devotion of a heroic life which was consecrated to the service of his country."

MONUMENT TO GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

Publication is made that Mr. Frederick Boyd Tilghman, Vice President of the National Humane Alliance, of New York, a son of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, whose family lived in Paducah from 1861 to 1864, has been in Paducah, Ky., accompanied by Sculptor Kitson, looking after a Confederate memorial which will be erected there to be surmounted with a heroic statue of General Tilghman. The memorial will be made under the supervision of Mr. Kitson. General Tilghman commanded the defenses of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. He was captured at Fort Henry and imprisoned at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, exchanged, and was killed at the battle of Champion Hill on May 16, 1863. General Tilghman's old soldiers who recall that magnificent, heroic officer will be gratified to learn that he is to be memorialized in this way.

Mr. Tilghman will present to Clarksville, Tenn., a handsome granite fountain from the National Humane Society. This fountain is made of Maine granite, polished and trimmed with bronze, and weighs five tons. Its height is six feet.

REMARKS ABOUT TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

This writing is impulsive just after reading at length reports upon the treatment of prisoners North and South. The suffering of the men in Andersonville, taking up "the other side" first, is horrid indeed. Evidently honest, truthful statements are made which should ever be regarded grievously by the South, and there may have been instances of cruelty that merit condemnation of some of the authorities in charge. It should be borne in mind, however, that men so situated could not be philosophers in the true sense; a hungry man is as incapable of deliberate judgment as one with a torpid liver. These men were honest, however, and their reports are distressing. It was bad in Libby and in most of the other prisons for the custody of Union soldiers, and it would seem altogether a blot upon Christian civilization that can never be effaced. With rare exceptions, it is true that the Confederate authorities did their very best to show humanity toward their captives; they did the best they could. Then how did it all happen in Christian America?

Confederates imprisoned at the North were treated very badly. They were subjected to such treatment that quite a larger per cent of them died than those of the Union army in Southern prisons. They were starved equally, and they were frozen, no doubt, in much greater degree. The exact truth about which side suffered most can hardly ever be known. If the Confederate authorities caused it, they should be condemned of mankind, for it is bad enough to bring humiliation and shame to the perpetrators. Confederates, however, did the best they could, and the Federals did not. The latter claimed as excuse that they were cruel in retaliation. The records are against them.

Truth seekers in after years will investigate the cause of these awful things, and they will instinctively inquire for the reason of it all. They will read the records of agreement for an exchange in July, 1862, and that it was faithfully kept for a year, when the Federal authorities broke the cartel, the excuse being that Confederates would not recognize negroes—their own property—who had enlisted as equal to their soldiers in the exchange. While this was made the excuse for canceling the cartel by the Federals, the Union officers were in fact pleading with the authorities at Washington against exchange. For instance, in a letter from Maj. Gen. J. C. Foster, commanding the Department of the South, on August 25, 1864, from Hilton Head, to Gen. H. W. Halleck, chief of staff United States armies at Washington, he stated: "The obtaining of 37,000 men able to fight would at this time be a much-desired relief to General Hood's army, and accounts for the anxiety of the Rebels to exchange at this time."

What monsters! how vengeful! yet what heroes were those Rebels! What a pity an agreement was not entered into for the exchange of four or five for one if they valued Southern valor in such proportion!

In their yearning for peace and good will the Southern people would not reopen the deepest wounds of the war by taking up the horrors of prison life; but they were driven to it by the vile slanders continually perpetrated upon the memory of Major Wirz after his cruel murder in violation of the terms of surrender. Some patriotic women in Georgia having decided to erect a monument to him, the fury of Northern partisans drove the South to answer in vindication of the truth; and the more the facts are investigated, the more entirely does the blame rest with the Union commanders and their Secretary of War, Stanton. The Confederates, sickened at the severity and hardships of Union prisoners, begged the Union authorities to agree to measures of relief, while doing all they possibly could to relieve the suffering of patriots and good men in their custody, but without avail. They could not stop or help it. Their homes were being pillaged and their loved ones outraged. Let both sides be just.

The records left and the testimony of survivors prove that at the North the authorities persisted in cruelties which should bring shame and humiliation to the United States government. The suffering and the deaths of Union soldiers imprisoned at the South are chargeable directly to the United States authorities. They should not have been so impatient and so eager for peace as to sacrifice the lives of so many good men in such a cruel manner.

THAT NERVY GEORGIAN AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

The thrilling story of the Georgian who climbed a flag pole at Camp Douglas and lowered the United States flag in mourning for President Lincoln after a Union soldier in the effort to do so had fallen to his death (see first page September VETERAN) has been read by thousands, but no answer comes as to who it was.

The author of the account, Rev. J. N. Hunter, a superannuated Methodist preacher who now lives at Station A, Dallas, Tex., having removed there from Demorest, Ga., writes: "It was said at the time that the young soldier who climbed the flag pole was from Georgia and belonged to a Georgia battery. I did not know him; but I witnessed the daring feat with my own eyes, and I have met several in Texas who saw it. I served under Forrest with the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, was captured in December, 1864, and released from Camp Douglas on June 16, 1865."

The VETERAN is anxious to learn more of this remarkable occurrence, and will appreciate further information. A reader who enjoyed the sketch said, "If it is fiction, it is fine;" and the thousands who have been thrilled with the recital will be glad to know more of its authenticity.

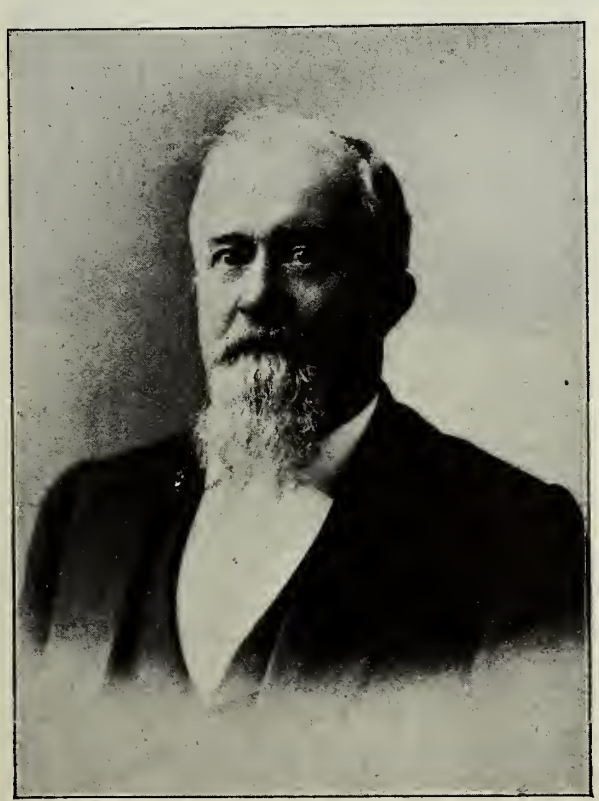


CAPT. SINGLETON LAFAYETTE EASLEY.

Capt. S. F. Easley was born in Talladega County, Ala., in February, 1838, removing with his parents to Cass County, Tex., in 1857. At Jefferson in 1861 he enlisted in Phil Crump's battalion of infantry, which battalion became a part of the 32d Texas Infantry, of Ector's Brigade, in the Army of Tennessee. He served in this throughout the war, participating in all the battles in which that army was engaged, and at the close of the war he ranked as first lieutenant of his company. Returning to Cass County after the war, he made his home there until 1871, when he married and removed to Dallas. Later he lived in Bowie, Seymour, and Chillicothe, at which latter place he died in September, leaving two daughters and a son. Mr. Easley was not only a gallant soldier but a most upright and influential citizen.

MAJ. H. A. BUTLER.

Maj. Henry A. Butler died at his home, in Malvern, Ark., on June 29, 1907, and his spirit passed over the river into eternal rest. He was born in Henderson, S. C., in the year 1836, and moved to Tulip, Ark., with his parents in 18—. He was engaged with his father in merchandising until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted in the Tulip Rifles, Company I, as second lieutenant under Capt. George D. Alexander,



MAJ. H. A. BUTLER.

and went direct to Virginia, where his company was placed in the gallant 3d Arkansas Infantry. He was soon after appointed by Col. Van H. Manning as adjutant of the regiment, and he served in that capacity until the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., when he was promoted to the staff of Gen. John R. Cooke as assistant adjutant general with the rank of major, where he faithfully served until the surrender at Appomattox, Va.

At the close of the war he returned to his home at Tulip and engaged in the mercantile business with his father. In 1873 he moved to Malvern, Ark., and engaged in mercantile pursuits until a few years ago. At the time of his death he was President of the First National Bank of Malvern and Commander of Van H. Manning Camp, No. 991, U. C. V. He was an exemplary member of the M. E. Church. He was truly one of God's noblemen, loyal to every principle that ennobles our race. The large attendance at his funeral testified the love and appreciation in which he was held by the community in which he resided. His casket was buried beneath a bank of richest flowers. He was an earnest Christian and faithful follower of his great Captain, and died as he had lived, a faithful soldier of the cross. W. P. J.

CAPT. E. F. SPEARS.

Another hero has left us to join our brothers in the great beyond. This noble character must not leave us without some notice of his life and tribute of love to his memory.

Captain Spears was born in Paris, Ky., June 9, 1840. At an early age he began a business life, and later, associated with his brother, was engaged in railroad affairs of his native place. This position he satisfactorily filled until the War between the States. Espousing the cause of the South, he began to prepare for the great conflict by helping to create that famous company, Hamilton Guards, so named in honor of Mrs. Hamilton, now Mrs. General Williams, a part of the nucleus of the noted 2d Kentucky Infantry Regiment and important in the make-up of the well-known "Orphan Brigade."

Captain Spears served with honor and distinction throughout the war as captain of his company, being several times severely wounded. Though often physically unable to attend to such duties, his determined, unconquerable spirit was ever in evidence. There is not a single instance of his having asked his men to enter one of the many hard-fought battles without himself leading them. Unselfish in the extreme, he was often begged by his men not to make such a target of himself for the enemy's fire.

The writer has attended many Confederate meetings since the war, but not one at which he did not hear recounted numerous deeds of valor of Captain Spears, associated with Maj. Charles Semple, Capt. Harvey McDowell, and Capt. Dan Turney—all of whom have gone to the great beyond. Now that he too is gone, we feel crushed by our loss; but it would be wrong to wish him back to a renewal of suffering here. So great was his modesty, so extreme his diffidence, that the faintest word of praise seemed to cause him pain; and we even feel that we must ask the indulgence of his bereaved family in writing these few words of our loved one, whom to know thoroughly was to appreciate. We cannot, then, permit him to go from us without saying, especially to the young men: "Here was a man the light of whose life should be as a beacon to guide the steps of all."

Captain Spears was preëminently a useful citizen. During the latter years of his life he was very successful in business, employing a great many men with a generous pay roll, thus

aiding greatly in the material advancement of our city. May God bless his family! and may the whole community realize that in him it has lost one in whose footsteps it would be an honor to any man to follow.

[The foregoing sketch comes from Dr. C. J. Clarke.]

Deaths in L. O'B. Branch Camp, at Raleigh.

The harvest of death has been heavy in the ranks of L. O'B. Branch Camp, at Raleigh, N. C., and surviving comrades mourn the passing of these valued members. Two of these, A. H. Haynes and W. D. Smith, belonged to the famous drum corps which was so well known at Confederate Reunions, always attracting great attention to the North Carolinians. Only two members are now left, J. J. Lewis and Wiley T. Johnson.

A. H. Haynes was a lad of less than fourteen when the Civil War began, and upon reaching that age became a drummer boy with an Alabama regiment, and saw service with it. He was a man of will and determination, and served on the police force of Raleigh through different promotions to captain, resigning about a year since on account of ill health. He was never married, and is survived by his mother and two brothers.

W. D. Smith first entered the Confederate service in the cavalry, but was later transferred to Company D, 42d North Carolina, and became the drum major of the corps. He was about sixty-four years of age, was twice married, and is survived by a wife, three sons, and two daughters. His life and conduct made him many friends.

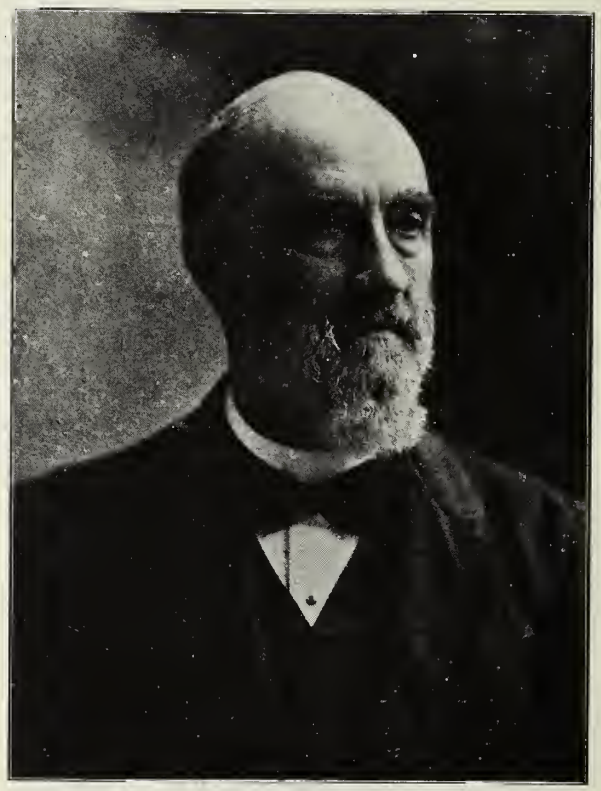
Gaston H. Broughton, the other loss in this Camp, enlisted in Company D, 26th North Carolina Regiment, under the leadership of Col. Zeb B. Vance. He was promoted from time to time, and when captured at Gettysburg was first lieutenant of his company. He remained a prisoner then to the close of the war. His home was at Raleigh for about thirty years, and he was a citizen held in the highest repute, esteemed by a large circle of friends. He was married three times; and of the thirteen children born to him, ten of them survive.

Maj. James Dinwiddie.

In the death of James Dinwiddie the South loses one of her most prominent educational leaders. He was born in Campbell County, Va., June 29, 1837; and died while on a visit to his son, in San Francisco, July 2, 1907. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and afterwards entered the University of Virginia, taking his M.A. there in 1861. Immediately he joined the University Volunteers, and began active service in the Confederate army. He was promoted to a lieutenancy, and subsequently was made assistant adjutant general of the brigade assigned to the Wise Legion. After the disbanding of the Volunteers, he became a member of the Wise Legion, and was stationed at Roanoke Island, escaping thence, on its surrender, and making his way back to Charlottesville and joining the Charlottesville Artillery, of which he was made first lieutenant. From this position he arose to a captaincy of artillery, his command being a part of Stonewall Jackson's Corps. He was assistant ordnance sergeant in Richmond early in 1863. Later he became a major of infantry, and held this rank till the close of the war. He was a valiant soldier, and took an active part in many a fierce engagement.

While his war record won him distinction, his career as an educator entitles him to lasting remembrance. His first service in this field was as principal of Sayre Institute, Lexington, Ky. After a year in that school, he was elected professor of mathematics in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn. For ten years he occupied this chair with great credit both to himself and to that of the institution. He then was called to a like position in the University of Tennessee, where he remained for five years. In 1885 he purchased the Central Female Institute, at Gordonsville, Va., and continued there till 1890, when he went to Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C. For seventeen years he conducted and established that institute upon a very high plane. Because of failing health he retired from the work in May, having remained at his responsible post almost to the very last.

Dr. Dinwiddie was married during the war to Miss Betty Carrington, daughter of Dr. William Carrington, of Halifax County, Va. His wife died about eight years ago. There are seven children living, and three brothers survive him. Major



MAJ. JAMES DINWIDDIE.

Dinwiddie was for years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and he belonged to both the Masons and the Odd Fellows. Character was with him the basis of life. He was a benefactor in the fullest sense. He gave generously toward the education of many a young woman, not only in the way of tuition but in entire maintenance while under his charge. No worthy girl ever appealed to him in vain. The amount he gave in his long experience represents a fortune, and, best of all, his left hand never knew the deed of his right.

The remains were buried July 10 in Oakwood Cemetery, Raleigh. The pallbearers were James R. Young, Governor Glenn, Joseph G. Brown, Josephus Daniels, James P. Brawley, A. A. Thompson, Oscar Hay, W. F. Harding, George W. Thompson, and Henry Jerome Stockard. A host of sympathetic friends were present to do last honors to the departed, and among them were many who had been students under him.

V. J. Green.

V. J. Green was born in Darlington District, S. C., August 18, 1844; and died at Hope, Ark., September 1, 1907. He was the fifth son of Judge James and Sarah Ann Green. Judge Green died near Hope in 1875 while Treasurer of Hempstead County, and his mother died November 27, 1892. V. J. Green removed with his father's family from South Carolina to Whitfield County, Ga., when he was seven years old and was educated in the schools of North Georgia. He removed to Arkansas in 1860 and began farming with a brother. Soon the State seceded from the Union, and he was among the first to respond. He joined a company which was being made up by Capt. George Gamble, and which was made Company H, of the 2d Arkansas Cavalry. V. J. Green was in the battle of Oak Hills, August 10, 1861, in which conflict the regiment lost its colonel, James McIntosh. He there established a reputation for bravery and coolness which he maintained constantly during the entire war.

On leaving the State the regiment was ordered to send its horses home and go as infantry, the horses to be returned after that battle; but this was never done, and the regiment was thereafter known as the 2d Arkansas Dismounted Infantry.

In the battle of Murfreesboro V. J. Green was wounded severely and was sent to a hospital in Georgia. His father, being still a Georgian by adoption, procured his son and several others, taking them to his home and nursing them back to fitness for duty. After the battle of Murfreesboro, the regiment was sent to Mississippi; but was subsequently returned to Georgia.

During a remarkable fight at Dug Gap the 1st and 2d Arkansas Regiments defeated a whole division of the enemy. V. J. Green was sent on scout duty during that period, having been reared in that section. He went among the Federals and proved himself most efficient.

Miss Elizabeth E. Wright.

Among the many friends who have been loyal to the Veteran since its first publication and helpful in its advancement, Miss Lizzie E. Wright will always be remembered with special gratitude for her cordial zeal and interest. Every year in renewing her subscription she had sent others with it, and always wrote of her desire to do more for the Veteran. Death came to her on April 21, 1907, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ellen Nicols, in Baltimore, Md.; and among her papers was found a letter to a friend, written the night before, in which she stated that she expected to die before morning.

Miss Wright was a daughter of the late Gustavus M. G. and Rachel Wright, of a prominent Eastern Shore family, producing several members noted in Maryland history. She was an ardent supporter of the Confederacy, and during the war she and her mother and sisters gave every aid they could to the Southern cause. She was always noted for her charities, and her ministrations to the sick and suffering were her greatest pleasure. Throughout her lifetime practically she had one or more dependents, and her home was always open to her host of friends. She was a most prolific reader and writer, contributing largely to the newspapers and having much correspondence with important public personages, among whom was the late General Hampton, and her interest in politics continued to the end. Besides her sister, Mrs. Nicols, she is survived by a brother, Mr. Solomon Wright, of Baltimore, and three nephews.

John D. Kindred.

John D. Kindred was born in Robinson County, N. C., in 1843; and died near Winona, Miss., on September 25, 1907. At the age of nine years he removed with his parents to Kilmichael, Miss., where he lived to the breaking out of the war. He volunteered in 1862, joining Capt. H. P. Turner's company, afterwards Company C, 1st Regiment of Mississippi Light Artillery, Colonel Withers commanding, making a good and dutiful soldier. After the war he married and engaged in farming within ten miles of his old community, becoming one of the most public-spirited men of the county. His wife and children preceded him to the spirit land. Comrade Kindred was an honored member of Statland-Farrell Camp, U. C. V.

Beard.—The Ben Humphries Camp, of Crystal Springs, Miss., mourns the death of a faithful and beloved comrade. W. J. Beard was born in Mississippi November 24, 1843. He entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, serving as light artilleryman under Capt. Calvin Roberts in the "Seven Stars" Artillery. He was captured and afterwards exchanged, and then served the remainder of the war as a cavalryman under Col. George Moorman. At the fall of the Confederacy he was on duty at the exchange post across Big Black Bridge, near Vicksburg. Comrade Beard was in several big battles, but escaped without a scar. He was a brave soldier, stanch and true, who never shirked duty. He was respected by all who knew him and loved by many. Death came to him on the 1st of July, 1907, and he was laid to rest with Masonic ceremonies. His widow has the sympathy of many friends.

Walker.—John Elliott Walker died at his home, in Phœnix, Ariz., in December, 1906, after a short illness, at the age of fifty-nine years. He was born in Orange County, Va., and entered the Confederate army when a mere lad of fourteen years, serving through the entire war. About 1870 he went to California, and a few years later to Arizona; and after his marriage, in 1886, to Miss Matilda Robbins, he made his home in Phœnix until his death. He made many friends, and was noted for his kindness and assistance to all in distress. He was a genial Virginia gentleman and a stanch Church member.

Dunwoody.—W. M. Dunwoody passed away on April 26 at his home, in Shawnee, Okla. He enlisted from Greene County, Tenn., and served as a member of Company H, 31st Tennessee Regiment. He was in prison in Indianapolis when the war closed. Returning home, he made a good, substantial citizen of his community. He was married in 1870 to Miss N. A. Hudson, who survives him with two sons and two daughters.

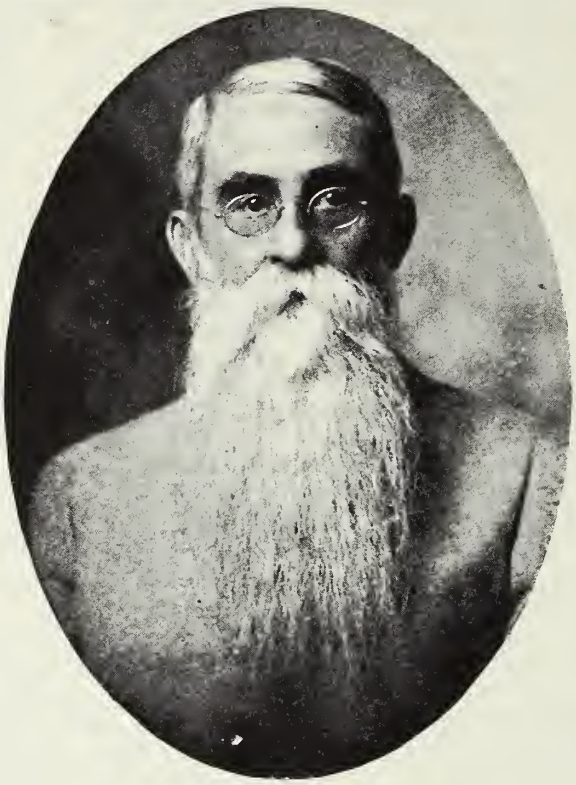
Norton.—Comrade N. B. Norton, of Haines City, Fla., died suddenly while away from home November 15, 1906. He was born in Florida in October, 1845. He enlisted in May, 1862, as a member of the Marion Light Artillery, and served under Kirby Smith, Buckner, Bragg, Johnston, Hood, and Richard Taylor. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss., May 10, 1865.

Huffman.—J. P. Huffman, of Verbena, Va., died May 17 after an illness of some months. He volunteered for the Confederacy in 1861, enlisting in Company I, 10th Virginia Regiment, and participated in some of the leading battles of the army in Virginia.

THE TEXAS STATE REUNION.

While the attendance at State Reunions, even of the great Texas, grows smaller each year, that at Bowie for 1907 was noted for its splendid character. It seems that the proportion of the survivors are the prosperous men of the times.

The sentiment predominating at this last State Reunion was manifestly patriotic and conservative. Following are the leading points of interest to the organization. While the Committee on Resolutions did not concur with the suggestions of the Adjutant General, he, as graciously as can be imagined, deferred to their decision with the sentiment, "I am your servant," as he patriotically and cordially yielded.



DR. GEORGE JACKSON,
Adjutant General Texas Division, U. C. V.

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff George Jackson makes his annual report to Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V., at Bowie, Tex., August 21, 1907:

"*General:* Again I have the honor of submitting to you and the comrades of the Texas Division a very brief report of the Adjutant General's Department from October 26, 1906, to August 14, 1907, inclusive, as per resolution passed at the fifteenth annual Reunion, held in Dallas, Tex., October 25 and 26, 1906.

"The number of Camps reporting at the fifteenth annual Reunion was one hundred and eighteen. The number of Camps filing reports to this the sixteenth annual Reunion is ninety-six, and by Brigades as follows: First Brigade, 16; Second Brigade, 1; Third Brigade, 18; Fourth Brigade, 33; Fifth Brigade, 28; total, 96. This is a falling off of twenty-two Camps for the year 1907.

[Here he gives a list of Camps delinquent in payment of dues, which aggregates sixty-three Camps.]

"I also desire to state for the information of all concerned that there are quite a number of Camps in Texas supporting the General Association on the east side of the Mississippi River, paying their *per capita* tax of ten cents yearly, that have not paid the Texas Division one cent for many years, thereby giving the Texas Division the frozen hand of non-support.

"I also submit for due consideration a finance report of all moneys received and paid out during the time heretofore mentioned in this report.

"I respectfully suggest and recommend the dropping from the rolls of the Texas Division, U. C. V., all Camps having no organization as Camps without known officers and in arrears to the Texas Division for five and six years or more; among said Camps are to be found a few having no charter rights, as heretofore stated.

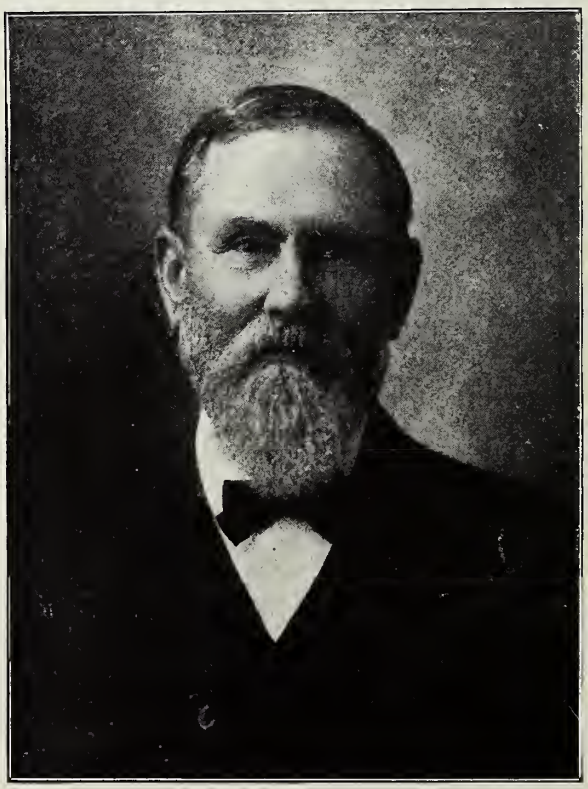
"I further suggest and recommend the return to the month of October of each year for the holding of the Texas Division (U. C. V.) Reunions, believing that the interests of the Association will be best subserved thereby.

"I further suggest and recommend the closing of the books and accounts of the Adjutant General's Department at least ten days prior to the first day of the holding of Division Reunions hereafter, that the Adjutant may have sufficient time to make full and detailed report of all matters coming within the scope of his duty whereby the comrades may have full knowledge of the condition of affairs of the Texas Division.

"Any reference to the detail work done in the Adjutant's office is purposely omitted, other than to say there has been plenty of it and to spare.

"In submitting this report and making the few suggestions and recommendations, I only ask by way of recompense that they receive courteous and businesslike consideration.

"Finally, permit me to tender to you, to the officers of your



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT,
Commander of Texas Division, U. C. V.

staff, Brigade Commanders and their staffs, and all the comrades of the U. C. V. organization my heartfelt thanks for kindness shown during the past year.

"To the newspapers of Texas for publishing orders and other matter pertaining to the advancement and welfare of our order, I take special pleasure in tendering thanks—not only my own but the thanks of the U. C. V. Association of the State."

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

Your Committee on Resolutions beg to report as follows:

Having examined carefully the report of the Adjutant General, we find the same to be a clear statement of the condition of the Division financially and otherwise. We recommend the said report to be accepted.

But as to the recommendations made by the Adjutant General, we are of the opinion that as to the first it would be impolite and uncharitable to adopt it. As to the second, we believe that we can have better Reunions if we hold to the present date for our Reunions.

As to the third, while aware that the habit of waiting for Reunions to make reports and payment of dues entails a great deal of unnecessary labor on the Adjutant General, we are of the opinion that to adopt a rigid system would work a hardship on many Camps and defeat the purpose for which we maintain our organization.

Committee: J. C. Loggin (Chairman), J. B. Polley, J. D. Shaw, W. F. Baldwin, June Komble.

[While the Adjutant General manifests deep concern to have delinquent Camps dropped from the list, he yielded graciously to the decision of the Association in adopting the report of the Committee on Resolutions, which did not agree with him.]

The Commander of the Camp at Bowie, J. A. Cummins, was chosen Commander of the Brigade, and he appreciated the honor most highly. Brigadier General Cummins has a



J. A. CUMMINS, BRIGADIER GENERAL U. C. V.

record for devotion to his comrades. When the great war began, Comrade Cummins, a boy of sixteen, was prompt to enlist. On the old family spinning wheel his mother spun the thread that she afterwards wove into cloth of gray and made his first uniform suit. Shouldering an old squirrel rifle, he went to the front; and he is proud of the record he made as a Confederate. Through those years of struggle the folks at home had their cares. His sister, Mrs. Callie Thompson, who now lives near Nocono, was only eleven years old at the beginning of the war; but she did her part—she and that old spinning wheel—in supplying threads of cotton and of wool for the loom.

Years have passed since those trying times; but as treasured



WIFE OF COMMANDER CUMMINS.

relics the spinning wheel and the rifle, with many other articles as useful, have been preserved. Comrade Cummins sells a picture of himself and sister taken with these articles in view for fifty cents for the benefit of a monument to be erected at Richmond, Va., "to the memory of the mothers and grandmothers of Confederate soldiers." Orders can be sent to him or to the photographer, J. J. Rodden, at Bowie, Tex.

BOWIE, MONTAGUE COUNTY, TEX.—POPULATION, 4,500.

Bowie has three good banks, one hundred and fifty stores, eight churches, three commodious public school buildings (and is planning a fourth), four cotton gins, compress, warehouse, and one of the largest cotton oil mills in the State. It has a flour mill, canning factory, ice plant, waterworks, electric and gas lights, and a thriving commercial club. Montague County has 1,500,000 fruit trees from two to eight years old, and apples took first prize at the St. Louis Fair.

There are no negroes in Bowie. It is situated on two trunk lines of railway, in the heart of the richest all-round section of Texas. The raising of cattle, hogs, horses, mules, sheep, and goats is an important industry, and fowls take first premiums wherever exhibited. Twenty-three thousand bales of cotton were marketed from wagons in Bowie in 1906. The eyes of the world are on Texas.

To Major Boedeker and his good wife the VETERAN breathes gratitude for hospitality.

Comrade Cummins writes: "I am greatly elated over the success of the Reunion, and hope that many of the old boys may be able to attend many more just such. We had good, patriotic talks every day and some delightful camp fire talks every evening. The old soldiers would get seats on the platform or near it in a circle; then the camp fire would burn, to the delight of the old Vets and also of the sons and daughters."

MISSISSIPPI STATE REUNION.

Meridian entertained the Confederates in their Reunion for 1907 in a way that reaffirmed the devotion of that people. The closing day, September 27, was devoted entirely to the business interests of the Division. A resolution to memorialize the Legislature to appropriate $25,000 or to raise such sum through appropriation by the counties for said purpose was, after much discussion, adopted by a unanimous vote.

"An Appeal for Shiloh," signed by a committee appointed to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead at that place, was referred to the Committee on Resolutions, which body, after consideration, recommended a donation, which prevailed.

Gen. W. D. Cameron, of Meridian, and Col. H. Clay Sharkey, of Jackson, were chosen commissioners of the Confederate park, located in Jackson. They were elected by acclamation, their terms of office to begin and expire at the same date as the other members of the commission.

The Committee on Resolutions presented a communication from Winnie Davis Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy calling upon all sympathizers of the Confederate cause to celebrate June 3, 1908, the centennial of the birth of Jefferson Davis, in a befitting manner. It was ordered spread upon the minutes as the sense of the convention.

Gen. W. D. Cameron, as trustee of the Confederate Memorial Association, reported his work during the past month. The report was filed and the General continued in service.

An invitation was extended by Rankin County to all veterans to attend the unveiling of a monument that is now being erected to the Confederate soldiers at Brandon this fall, the date to be fixed later.

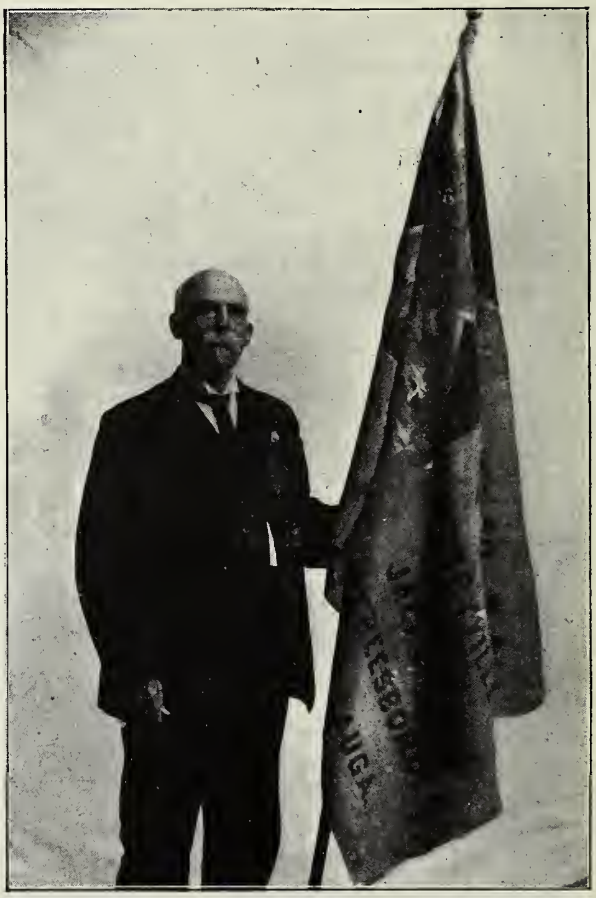
The following selections were made for officers: Gen. Robert Lowry, of Jackson, reëlected Commander; Col. W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, reëlected Brigadier General of the First Brigade; Col. Charles Humphreys, of Crystal Springs, elected Brigadier General of the Second Brigade; Col. George M. Helm, of Greenville, elected Brigadier General of the Third Brigade.

[The VETERAN subscription list at Meridian, under the diligent care of Dr. E. E. Spinks, now numbers one hundred and sixty, the largest in proportion to the population of any city in the country.]

JOHN C. CALHOUN'S STATUE FOR WASHINGTON.

The Calhoun Monument Commission of Columbia, S. C., has selected Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl to make a statue of South Carolina's eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun, to be erected in Statuary Hall at the National Capitol. Mr. Ruckstuhl will submit several models, one of which the committee will accept.

The Columbia State, in commenting upon the matter, says: "The news of the selection of Mr. Ruckstuhl to this position will be received with much pleasure by the people of the State. As designer of the monument to Wade Hampton, he made a name for himself in South Carolina, although his reputation was world-wide at that time. When he came South for the Hampton monument work, he became interested in this section, especially in Columbia, and since the completion of that work he has paid Columbia a number of visits, and once or twice has delivered lectures on civic beauty that did much toward arousing the pride of Columbians in making better appearances on their streets. At the meeting yesterday all of the members of the commission were present, including Governor Ansel, Senator Mauldin, of the Finance Committee of the Senate, Representative Banks, of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, Mrs. Bratton, State Regent of the Daughters of the Revolution, and Miss Maggie Gist, Regent of the King's Mountain Chapter of the same organization. There is an appropriation of $10,000 for this work, this sum being given by the last General Assembly, and the commission will before selecting the model hold a meeting at Clemson College, the old residence of the Calhoun family, and there consult with several of the older residents and submit to them photographs from which to select the best likeness of the great statesman. As soon as this is done the work will be pushed to completion."



FLAG IN WASHINGTON ARTILLERY ARMY HALL.

The above photograph of Gen. J. A. Chalaron with the famous flag was taken in Richmond, Va., during the U. C. V. Reunion, May 30 to June 3, 1907. The flag is that of the "Fifth Company of Battalion Washington Artillery." It was made by Mobile ladies, and sent to the company at Dalton, Ga., in the spring of 1864. It was carried through the company's campaigns in Georgia under Gen. J. E. Johnston and in Georgia and Tennessee under General Hood and until the final surrender at Meridian, Miss. It was saved at the evacuation of Spanish Fort, Ala., by Orderly Sergeant John Bartley, who secreted it on his person. It was placed on the coffin of Jefferson Davis as he lay in state in the City Hall, New Orleans, and on that of General Beauregard also. The flag is preserved in the Battalion Washington Artillery Armory in New Orleans.

THE FAMOUS ANDREWS RAID.

With an interest and a daring only comparable to the Dahlgren raid on Richmond is that of a group of Federals who made their way in disguise (citizens' dress) to Big Shanty, Ga., now Kennesaw, a railway station nearest the foot of Kennesaw Mountain. Much has been written of the Andrews party even in the South, yet but little is known of the pursuers and captors of the party.

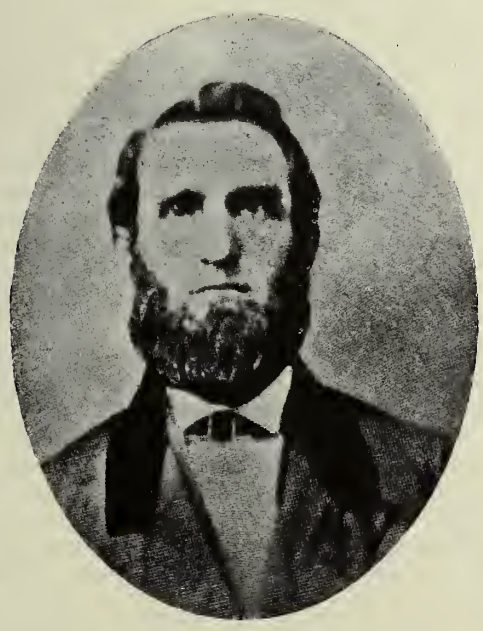
An exchange (evidently Atlanta) states:

"Fast schedules are kept on the Western and Atlantic Railroad; but none are faster than that kept by the old 'Texas' on April 12, 1862, when she carried Capt. W. A. Fuller and Anthony Murphy from Adairsville to three miles beyond Ringgold, where the chase of the 'General' ended and the plan of the Andrews raiders to destroy the road was defeated.

"Peter Bracken handled the throttle of the 'Texas' on that memorable day, and during the chase ran fifty and one-half miles in one hour and five minutes. Two of these miles were made pushing a heavy freight train. Twelve stops were made, two cars dropped by the fugitives on the 'General' were coupled to the 'Texas,' and these cars and the freight train were shoved on sidings.

"Think of it! The 'Texas' was running backward and made twelve stops and had to do considerable switching. If so much had not been at stake, none of the men who participated in that famous ride would have risked his neck in such a manner.

"While the chase after the 'General' was commenced at Big Shanty, a few miles above Marietta, it was not until the pursuers of the Andrews raiders reached a point two miles south of Adairsville that the 'Texas' began playing her prominent part. From Big Shanty to the Etowah River the chase after the fearless Federals was on foot and with a hand car.



J. J. ANDREWS,

Leader of the Raid; executed in Atlanta June 7, 1862.

"Capt. W. A. Fuller, who was conductor of the train from which the 'General' was taken, saw his engine when the raiders went off with her. They were all dressed in civilian clothes. They had boarded the train at Marietta and other points. When Captain Fuller started after the raiders on foot, Jeff Cain, his engineer, and Anthony Murphy, at that time foreman of the Western and Atlantic shops, were with him. Others along the way joined in—Confederate soldiers and citizens—but Captain Fuller and Mr. Murphy were the only two who finished the chase together.

"At the Etowah River Captain Fuller and Mr. Murphy secured the engine 'Yonah,' which was doing duty at Cooper's Iron Works, and started after the raiders. He ran this old engine at the rate of sixty miles an hour until Kingston was reached. There were freight trains blocking the track there, and the 'Yonah' could not pass without considerable delay. So Captain Fuller appropriated the Rome engine and continued his chase, being delayed all along by stopping to remove cross-ties that the raiders were dropping from one of the freight cars the 'General' was pulling. When within four miles of Adairsville, the pursuers found sixty yards of track torn up. But even that did not stop Captain Fuller and Mr. Murphy. They hesitated not to follow an engine on foot and take a chance to get another engine on their way. But for two miles they ran, and then met the express freight on its way to Atlanta. Captain Fuller stopped it and took possession. This freight was being pulled by the 'Texas,' and from that moment on the chase was thrilling. It was two miles to Adairsville, and for that distance the freight train had to be pushed backward until a siding was reached, when the cars were shoved on the siding.

"Captain Fuller perched on the tender of the old 'Texas' and signaled to Peter Bracken, the engineer. In addition to the engineer, the gallant crew of the old 'Texas' consisted of Mr. Murphy, Fleming Cox, the fireman, and Alonzo Martin, 'the wood passer.' Calhoun, the next station, ten miles away, was made in twelve minutes. Captain Fuller saw the telegraph operator at that place, a twelve-year-old lad, walking along the track looking for the break in the wires. The raiders cut the wires between every station and tore up the track as much as possible until the old 'Texas' made the chase too lively. The telegraph operator was pulled aboard the 'Texas' by Captain Fuller while the engine was running fifteen miles an hour, and then Peter Bracken pulled his throttle wide open again.

"All sorts of chances were taken by the daring crew which manned the old engine. Curves were taken at frightful speed. The old engine rocked dangerously to and fro, and it was with difficulty that the members of the crew could hold their places.

"Captain Fuller managed to write a telegram to General Ledbetter, in command at Chattanooga of the Confederate troops, saying his engine, the 'General,' had been captured by Federal soldiers in disguise, and that he believed their intention was to burn the fifteen bridges along the road. He urged that they be not allowed to pass through Chattanooga. At Dalton this telegram was flashed through just a minute before the wires beyond Dalton were cut by the fast-flying raiders.

"Both engines—the 'General,' with the raiders aboard, and the 'Texas,' with the gallant crew—were running as fast as steam would send them. Two miles beyond Calhoun Captain Fuller sighted the fugitives for the first time. They detached one of the freight cars they were hauling and left it where they had partially taken up a rail. The 'Texas' coupled to this car without stopping and ran over the loosened rail. Captain Fuller mounted the freight car and gave signals back to Peter Bracken at the throttle. Two and a half miles beyond this point they met another freight car the raiders had dropped, and this too was coupled to the 'Texas' and pushed in front.

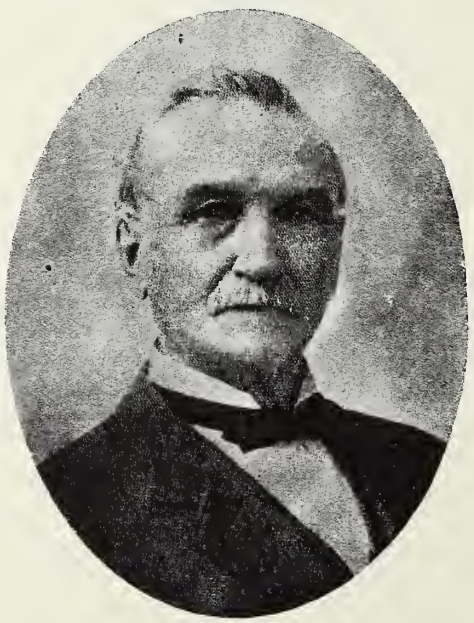
At Resaca both cars were shot into a side track and the chase was continued faster than ever.

"Just beyond Resaca, while rounding a short curve at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, Captain Fuller, standing on the back end of the tender, saw a T rail diagonally across the track. It was too late to stop, and Peter Bracken gave the throttle an extra pull. The faithful old engine gave a little jump and went a trifle faster. She hit the rail at full speed, knocked it off, and never left the rails. After Dalton was passed, where the operator was dropped off to send Captain Fuller's message, the raiders were overtaken in the act of tearing up the track and cutting the wires.

"When the fast-flying 'Texas' came into view, the Federals jumped aboard the 'General' and the remaining freight car and took to flight. From that time on it was a steady, hair-raising race between two engines. The 'General' had the advantage over the 'Texas' because the latter was running backward. The remaining eighteen miles of the chase were covered by the 'Texas' in faster time than any of those aboard of her ever made it before or after. None aboard that engine on that memorable day ever made that distance over the Western and Atlantic road in later years at a faster speed.

"Inch by inch the 'Texas' gained on the 'General.' Like demons did Fleming Cox and Alonzo Martin work, cramming wood into the fire box of the faithful engine. Peter Bracken kept his hand on the throttle and kept her wide open. Captain Fuller remained on the end of the tender and kept the fugitives in sight. Anthony Murphy was there ready to jump with Captain Fuller and start after the raiders when they abandoned their engine.

"It was a thrilling ride. The fugitives could be seen tearing up parts of the freight car to burn as fuel. They were excited, and it was evident they were getting ready to abandon the

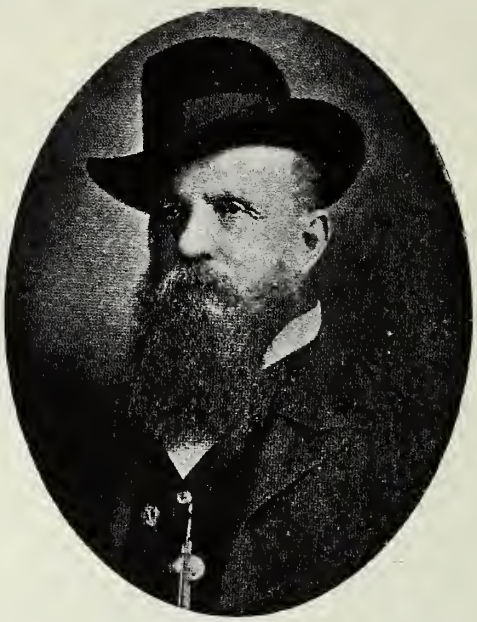


ANTHONY MURPHY,

Foreman W. & A. R. R. Shops, one of the pursuing party, now resides in Atlanta.

'General.' They had not counted on Captain Fuller and Anthony Murphy and the balance of the nervy crew taking up the chase and keeping it up under such difficulties.

"When halfway between Ringgold and Graysville, the 'Texas' got within a quarter of a mile of the fugitives, and they then turned loose their remaining freight car after setting it on fire. They wanted to leave it on the next bridge and burn it, but the 'Texas' was pressing too close. Fuel was giving out in the 'General,' and the raiders saw it was only a question of minutes before the 'Texas' would overtake them.



CAPT. W. A. FULLER,

Conductor of train from which the "General" was stolen.

So the raiders abandoned their engine and took to the woods. The 'Texas' came up and coupled to the burning car. The fire was extinguished and Captain Fuller sent it back to Ringgold with Engineer Bracken. He told Bracken to tell the commander of a small body of militia he saw at Ringgold to put them on horseback and send them after the fugitives.

"Tired out though they were with the strenuous chase, Captain Fuller, Anthony Murphy, Fleming Cox, and Alonzo Martin hastened in pursuit of the fugitives in the woods, and caught four of them near Graysville. In a few days the militia captured the remaining twenty.

"And that ended the famous flight of the old 'Texas.' If she had not been faithful on that day; if one of her driving rods had broken; if a cylinder head had blown out, there is no conjecturing what great damage the raiders might have done. But none of these things happened. The old engine was as true as the steel in her frame. She answered every pull of the throttle that Peter Bracken gave, and the account she gave of herself is worthy to go down in history.

"The people of Georgia are going to show that the strenuous day's work was appreciated. The old 'Texas' will be preserved for future generations of patriotic Southerners to look upon."

The "General" is now in Chattanooga, Tenn., well taken care of; while the "Texas" has been in use up to a few days ago, when she was sent in to be sold for scrap iron. There is a movement on foot to save her, however. It is understood that the great railroad company, the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis, that has done so much to perpetuate our history, has given the "Texas" to the State of Georgia. So much has been given to the Andrews raiders, let us now have something of the heroes who captured "the raiders." Who can tell the history? Are there any survivors left?

COMMENDATION

OF THE

Confederate Veteran

ADDRESS BY GENERAL OFFICERS, United Confederate Veterans, to the Camps of U. C. V., the Confederated Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, United Sons of Confederates, and all Confederates.

We have been elected to offices of high distinction and recognize the obligations created by these honors because they were conferred by our comrades of the United Confederate Veterans. In this spirit we address you, on our own motion, this letter on a special subject because we know that the desire is common among us that the knowledge of the principles and facts of the Confederate epoch should be more widely diffused. We feel that this information should be conveyed to the people of the present Age through the press and other agencies in such spirit, manner, and mode of publication as will do justice to our Confederate people, secure the fame of which our dear Southland is well worthy, abate all ungenerous controversial spirit, and promote a more perfect understanding and cordial union of all parts and people of our Country.

In considering maturely this very important matter we are gratified by the fact that the United Confederate Veterans Association, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have an official organ, commended over and over again by unanimous resolutions at our annual conventions, in a magazine of high rank called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, ably edited and published monthly by our true and enthusiastic fellow-Confederate soldier, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville. This noble magazine began its career years ago as a patriotic venture upon the field of hope in its confidence reposed in those to whom its worthy objects appealed, and we have witnessed its ascent to success with the especial pride that such success is so well deserved. We deplore nothing about it except that the benefits it is conferring every month upon thousands of readers are not enjoyed by tens of thousands more. It is a medium by which every phase of Confederate times is intelligently and interestingly conveyed to the minds of young and old. It is a glad hand extended cordially to shake every Confederate hand, and it goes with a sincere fraternal greeting to all patriots in our Land. It is a treasury of argument, history, biography, story, and song, continuing to steadily increase these riches from month to month. Its contents make a table around which Confederates, with their sons, daughters, and friends, sit once a month to enjoy an intellectual, social, affectionate, friendly, country-loving feast. It never was of more value than it is now. And, considering all that should be said, written, and done through its agency during the next ten years of only one hundred and twenty issues, *it is now more valuable than ever.*

In view of all things we know about the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its valuable uses, will you, each and all of you, agree to make an immediate practical working effort to at least double the number of its subscriptions, and thus quadruple the number of its interested readers? Can we afford to do less? Can we do anything of *better* avail to diffuse the knowledge and increase the appreciation of our Southland and its history?

We urge that immediate personal effort be made by Confederates and their sons and daughters. We ask that the ever-generous press of our country help us, and that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN publish this appeal conspicuously.

Repeating our expressions of gratitude to all who have honored us as Confederate soldiers, and greeting you with our hands and hearts, we have the honor to be your obedient servants:

Stephen D. Lee, General, Commander in Chief U. C. V.;
William E. Mickle, Maj. Gen., Chief of Staff, U. C. V.;
W. L. Cabell, Lieut. Gen., Trans-Miss. Dept., U. C. V.;
Clement A. Evans, Lieut. Gen., Army Tenn. Dept., U. C. V.;
C. Irvine Walker, Lieut. Gen., Army N. V. Dept., U. C. V.

MAJOR GENERALS APPROVING.

The letter from General Evans to Major Generals states:

"A suggestion, altogether my own, was made to Mr. Cunningham about the VETERAN, which he thought of favorably, and in correspondence asked me to prepare the circular, a copy of which is inclosed and explains the whole matter.

"If you approve, you will please authorize Mr. Cunningham to print your name to the circular. I did not move in the matter until assured that General Lee approved.

"If all, or nearly all, Commanders of Divisions approve, I suppose that Comrade Cunningham will print and circulate the letter as suggested."

George P. Harrison, Maj. Gen. Alabama Div., Opelika.
W. H. Jewell, Maj. Gen. Florida Div., Orlando.
Andrew J. West, Maj. Gen. Georgia Div., Atlanta.
A. C. Trippe, Maj. Gen. Maryland Div., Baltimore.
John B. Stone, Maj. Gen. Missouri Div., Kansas City.
Julian S. Carr, Maj. Gen. North Carolina Div., Durham.
George W. Gordon, Maj. Gen. Tennessee Div., Memphis.
K. M. VanZandt, Maj. Gen. Texas Div., Fort Worth.
Stith Bolling, Maj. Gen. Virginia Div., Petersburg.
Robert Lowry, Maj. Gen. Miss. Div., Jackson.
Thomas W. Carwile, Maj. Gen. S. C. Div., Edgefield.
Paul A. Fusz, Maj. Gen. N. W. Div., Philipsburg, Mont.
John Threadgill, Maj. Gen. Okla. Div., Oklahoma City.
Robert White, Maj. Gen. W. Va. Div., U. C. V.

BRIGADIER GENERALS APPROVING.

Application to Brigadier Generals for approval of the address was sent direct without putting upon General Evans the care to attend to it. As his address was only to the Major Generals, many of the Brigadiers have refrained, but evidently because of delicacy. Some of these, however, have contributed to this great indorsement. Of the first received are:

W. L. Wittich, Brig. Gen. First, Florida Div., Pensacola.
John W. Clark, Brig. Gen. Eastern, Ga. Div., Augusta.
J. E. DeVaughn, Brig. Gen. Western, Ga. Div., Montezuma.
W. A. Montgomery, Brig. Gen. First, Miss. Div., Edwards.
J. M. Ray, Brig. Gen. Fourth, N. C. Div., Asheville.
W. L. London, Brig. Gen. Second, N. C., Pittsboro.
J. M. Carlton, Brig. Gen. First, N. C. Div., Statesville.
W. H. H. Ellis, Brig. Gen. Montana Brigade, Bozeman.
F. T. Roche, Brig. Gen. Third, Tex. Div., Georgetown.
S. S. Green, Brig. Gen. Second, W. Va., Charleston.
James R. Rogers, Brig. Gen. First, Ky. Div., Paris.
James I. Metts, Brig. Gen. Third, N. C. Div., U. C. V.
James Baumgardner, Brig. Gen. Fourth, Va. Div., Staunton.
Clay Stacker, Brig. Gen. Third, Tenn. Div., Clarksville.
J. N. Thompson, Brig. Gen. Third, Ala. Div., Tuscumbia.
George M. Helm, Brig. Gen. Third, Miss. Div.
R. D. Funkhouser, Third, Va. Div.

APPROVED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., writes as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to speak for the U. D. C. indorsing the above. The VETERAN has been the greatest help to us in our work, and its editor, Mr. Cunningham, has always since I have known anything of the U. D. C. work helped us in his magazine with any work we have undertaken. The whole of the U. D. C., I am sure, will be glad to have me, as their representative, indorse all the good which is ever said about the VETERAN."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., writes from New Orleans, La., March 23, 1907, to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, C. S. A.:

"*My Dear General:* It affords me great pleasure to say a few words in praise of our distinctively Southern magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to compliment our mutual friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, on his able management. It is a magazine of great historic value, and I should be glad to see it placed in all Southern colleges and schools. As President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association I most earnestly request every 'Memorial Woman' to use her influence to increase its circulation. We cannot afford to miss a single copy. Through its columns we are kept in touch with all Confederate work. It is the link that binds us together and enables us to preserve the cherished memories of the sixties.

INDORSED BY SONS OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., writes: "Send me twenty-five copies of your 'Address,' and I will forward to our several Department and Division Commanders with request that they unite with the VETERAN in the proposed appeal planned by Gen. C. A. Evans. I am glad to respond favorably to your request of the 19th inst."

Commander in Chief Owen sends the following signatures:
Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief.
George R. Wyman, Commander Army N. Va. Dept.
R. E. L. Bynum, Commander Army Tenn. Dept.
J. M. Tisdal, Commander Trans-Miss. Dept.
Clarence J. Owens, Commander Ala. Div.
H. J. McCallum, Commander Fla. Div.
A. M. Sea, Jr., Commander Ky. Div.
Ralston F. Green, Commander La. Div.
J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Commander Md. Div.
George Bell Timmerman, Commander S. C. Div.
L. E. Mathis, Commander Tenn. Div.
J. S. Hilliard, Commander Texas Div.
James P. Banks, Commander Va. Div.

Among those whose indorsements were not included in the list of officers of the U. C. V. are:

Bennett H. Young, Maj. Gen. Kentucky Division (whose splendid appeal brought unanimous indorsement of the address by the Convention at Richmond).
J. Alph Prudhomme, Maj. Gen. Louisiana Division.
W. J. Stone, Brig. Gen. 2d Kentucky Brigade.
P. C. Carlton, Brig. Gen. 3d Brigade, N. C. Division.
W. H. Stewart, Grand Commander Grand Camp of Va.
H. A. Tyler, Lieut. Gen. Commanding Forrest Cav. Corps.
W. C. Ratliff, former Commander 1st Brig., Ark. Division.
J. H. Lester, former Commander New Mexico Brigade.

INDORSED BY THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

In a tribute to the work of the VETERAN Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Kentucky Division, said at Richmond:

"I am grateful for the courtesy of the floor at this time, and I shall use the moment given to move that the United Confederate Association now indorse the action of the Commander, Department and State Commanders, and a large number of the officers of the Association in approving the great worth of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and commending its increased support.

"It is difficult, Mr. Commander, in view of the marvelous eloquence and genius of the orators of the Southland, to give utterance to anything new on this subject; but a thought has passed through my brain, the repetition of which I am sure will create pleasurable thought in the minds of all present.

"Fate denied the Confederate States a place in the constellation of nations; but it crowned the efforts and sacrifices of their people with a glorious immortality and wrote the story of their heroic deeds and magnificent courage on the brightest pages of human history. * * *

"The Confederacy has been assigned a foremost place in the respect, admiration, and esteem of mankind; and no people whose government lived only so brief a period as four years has ever won more renown or achieved a nobler or grander distinction in the discharge of duty in camp, on the march, on the battlefield, or laid superber offering on the altar of patriotic duty." * * *

To produce these unparalleled results three great agencies are mentioned which wrought these wonderful conditions:

"1. The magnificent achievements and superb valor and extraordinary patriotism of the soldiers who wore the gray and fought for the Southland, constituting as they did the noblest and grandest army of volunteers that ever aligned under any flag or for any cause.

"2. The splendid heroism and sublime devotion of the women of the South, than whom no grander have ever lived or sacrificed or struggled for any cause. Their calmness in danger, their steadfastness in disaster, their cheerfulness in misfortune, and their loyalty in defeat gave a constancy, a courage, and a chivalry to the men who composed the armies of the South that were simply immeasurably great.

"3. The patience and the energy and the genius of the Southern press and the inspiration that it gave to those who loved the Confederate cause, and no agency has been more effective than the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in its superb management, coupled with the genius of its owner and editor. It has provided not only those things which make up the comfort, relief, and happiness of infirm and feeble Confederates but has rescued from oblivion thousands of noble acts of the heroes who wore the gray and in defending the valor of the sons of the Southland on the hundreds of battlefields, where they did all that men could do to maintain and defend the cause to which they had given their allegiance and to which they pledged, if need be, their lives."

The motion, which was to indorse the published address of the general officers and others, was heartily adopted without a dissenting voice, and the editor was presented to the Convention by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

The foregoing commendations doubtless exceed any ever given any periodical since the art of printing was conceived. The circumstances are most unusual. The veterans and the Confederate mothers are passing away so speedily that every patriot to the principles involved should be diligent now for the most thorough establishment possible of the best measures to perpetuate the sentiment that induced millions of people to undergo the greatest privations without murmur

through the many weary years of war and reconstruction—years of privation, the shedding of blood, and death.

All other agencies in existence combined do not equal the importance of the VETERAN in the maintenance and preservation of these sacred principles, and every man and woman should participate in it cordially and without stint. Think of the tax (*one dollar a year*) even to a man too busy to read; he should have it in his family. Like the blood which the Israelites sprinkled on their doorposts to escape the visit of the destroying angel, let the VETERAN be in every Southern home. Those who can afford it should supply not only their own households but those of the less fortunate. Think of two or three well-to-do families taking one copy, passing it around, and then mailing to some one else at a distance in the face of the stern reality that the VETERAN has ever depended upon its subscriptions for prosperity. Circulate your copy as widely as practicable, but don't be stingy in its patronage.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, who wrote the foregoing address which has been so cordially and so widely indorsed, had the additional inspiration October 1 to write the editor: "Well, you must come to the Georgia Reunion at Augusta, November 12 and 13. You should make a five minutes' (at least five) speech about the VETERAN. Georgia is not doing its part about our organ. I do wish we could get another thousand subscribers in Georgia from among Confederates and Sons.'

The writer realizes the defects of the VETERAN, and is deeply grieved by them. The intensity of all that is sacred in purpose is to make it better and better.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW ITS FRIENDS CAN HELP IT.

First of all, be diligent to see that it is known by your neighbors. Send their addresses for sample copies, and then a word will induce them to subscribe.

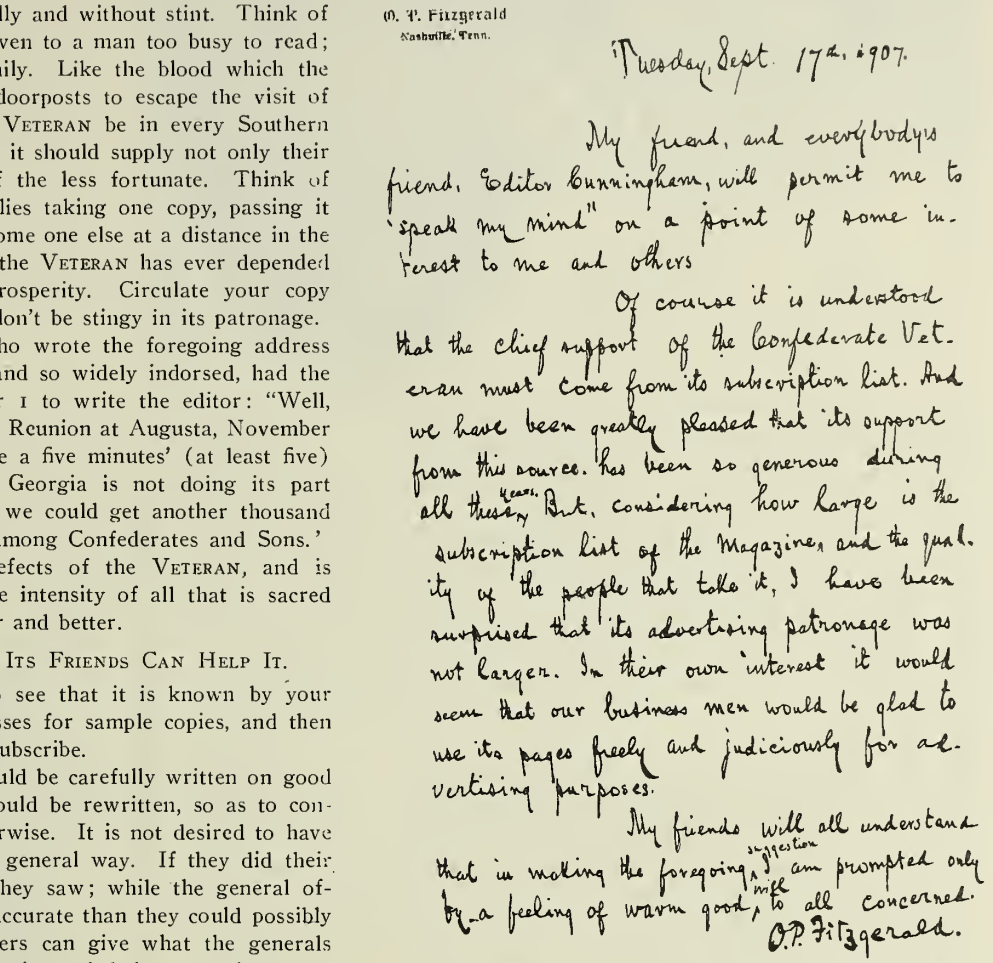
Articles for publication should be carefully written on good paper, and as a rule they should be rewritten, so as to condense and improve them otherwise. It is not desired to have privates write of battles in a general way. If they did their duty, they know only what they saw; while the general officers' reports must be more accurate than they could possibly give. Privates and line officers can give what the generals could not—viz., the personal actions of their companies.

Those who were in prison can tell of it as well as their officers, and often better, as they were subjected to severe treatment.

The VETERAN is not only pressed for space but it is often foundered. It is so now. There are enough good, strong articles to fill it for years. Then much that is current must have place in season. If an article is delayed in publication, it must not be regarded as from lack of merit. To secure early attention, it should be carefully and concisely written, and typewritten where practicable. The care of preparing articles exceeds the imagination of most men. For instance, the average article must be edited—condensed as fully as practicable—then typewritten, and again gone over for condensation. After being put in type, the proof is read several times. Not only is this expensive process necessary, but the cost of printing articles approximates $15 to $20 per page. Think of a man's writing, "If you will print my article *verbatim*, I will take six extra copies," or "I will subscribe for a year," when such article occupies a page, or several pages.

Please, friend, rise to the dignity of the situation. See that your friends know of the VETERAN. It will cost you only the letter or card to this office. Be diligent to keep the VETERAN advised of reunions, conventions, and see to it specially that the death of every loyal, heroic man or woman is reported, concisely written.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of the M. E. Church, South, is a practical man along with his daily piety, and the following autograph note should interest a thousand business men:


O. P. Fitzgerald
Nashville, Tenn.

Tuesday, Sept. 17th, 1907.

My friend, and everybody's friend, Editor Cunningham, will permit me to "speak my mind" on a point of some interest to me and others

Of course it is understood that the chief support of the Confederate Veteran must come from its subscription list. And we have been greatly pleased that its support from this source has been so generous during all these years. But, considering how large is the subscription list of the Magazines, and the quality of the people that take it, I have been surprised that its advertising patronage was not larger. In their own interest it would seem that our business men would be glad to use its pages freely and judiciously for advertising purposes.

My friends will all understand that in making the foregoing suggestion I am prompted only by a feeling of warm good will to all concerned.

O. P. Fitzgerald.

A candid talk with a Northern advertising agent so impressed the management of the VETERAN that it is reported. Years ago this gentleman, who was and is prominently connected with one of the leading agencies of the country, on his first knowledge of the VETERAN, asked animatedly the price for one thousand inches. No order of importance ever came from him, although the terms were satisfactory. Recently that same gentleman in discussing this same subject said: "Your own people ought to advertise. The publication is all right; but at the North many don't know the character of the VETERAN, and they think it should not exist. I see you oppose the term 'New South.' Don't you make a mistake in that? You remember that it was in his advocacy of the New South that Henry Grady made himself famous."

This gentleman was informed that the term "New South" originated with a partisan of the North who chose to make his fortune in the South, and who was one day harping on the theme long before Grady made his famous New England speech; and this editor, deferential to the man as a visitor to his office, admitted that the North was helping the South in having money to expend among our impoverished people, and the man emphasized sarcastically: "It is a New South because of Northern brains and energy as well as Northern money!" Hence the personal prejudice against the term.

ABOUT AGENTS FOR THE VETERAN.

After perusal of the elaborate and extraordinary showing of the VETERAN and its earnest advocates, please consider some facts in regard to agencies. Interstate railroad legislation makes it utterly impracticable to send traveling agents, as has been the custom for many years, and it becomes imperative to adopt other means of maintaining and increasing the list.

Let us reason briefly upon the subject. Practical, earnest friends who wait for a traveling agent, whom they may happen to know and like, are informed that agencies are an expense of several thousand dollars a year to the owner of the VETERAN; and since it is impracticable to maintain them in the old way, why not volunteer and send the subscription direct to the office? So many are careless in attending to their renewals, and it seems they must be reminded, in which event local agents are desired. Worthy persons, veterans or good women, are desired, and good commissions will be given them. The great favor of commending such persons by friends will be appreciated. Occasionally a patron will write for a statement of how much he owes and gladly respond. How easy it would be to look at the date by the name on the address, then count from that date and pay for one or more years, when the date would be advanced accordingly! Every subscriber in the United States could easily remit direct, deducting the expense of post office order or registry, and the VETERAN would be greatly strengthened over the old plan of waiting for an agent to call. The importance of this request can hardly be estimated. Every cent paid on commissions and railroad expenses comes directly from the individual owner of the VETERAN. If you are interested in its prosperity, won't you adopt a new rule?

The VETERAN has at present but one traveling agent, the well-known and efficient Miss Bligh, and it is useless to comment about how utterly impossible it would be for her to canvass the territory if public meetings were held in each town and city in her behalf on arrival.

If the foregoing pages do not incite to action, the management will be disappointed.

STATISTICS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS WANTED.

Walter L. Fleming, late professor of history in the West Virginia University, but now holding the chair of history in the Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, is engaged in writing a biography of Hon. Jefferson Davis, and desires to obtain as much information as possible about every phase of his public and private life. He has all the books written about Mr. Davis, and what he wants is such material as:

1. Names and present addresses of relatives, neighbors, former slaves, etc., of Jefferson Davis who can give information about him.

2. Letters, scrapbooks, diaries, and other documentary material relating to Mr. Davis's life.

3. Privately printed books, pamphlets, newspapers, and other printed matter containing information about Mr. Davis.

4. Pictures of Davis and relatives, of his homes, and of places connected in some way with his career.

5. Any souvenirs, relics, etc., of which photos may be made.

6. Reminiscences, authentic anecdotes, etc., of Mr. Davis.

7. Any information about Mr. Davis or his relatives in Wales, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

The loan of any documents will be appreciated.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY IN MEMORIALS.

Since July 21, 1863, when General Beauregard led his men to victory in the battle of Bull Run, up to the present time the Confederate soldier has been the pride of every Southern heart. No son of the South can make a prouder boast than that his father "wore the gray." No Southerner is better entertained than when listening to some venerable champion of the Confederacy tell of his victories and defeats, his struggles and hardships as he followed Lee in Virginia or was with Bragg or Forrest in their arduous campaigns.

But in days to come who is to tell of these brave and noble deeds? The heroes are leaving us one by one, and soon the muffled drum's sad roll will have beaten its last tattoo, and the wearer of the gray will have wrapped his blanket about him and for the last time lain down to sleep beneath the stars. Shall we let them be forgotten? No! Our every fiber revolts at the thought! Then let us erect to them some monument that will perpetuate their glory through coming generations—not monuments of stone alone, but something that will warm the hearts of the youth and fire his breast to the noble deeds of his ancestors.

This has been attempted and to a marked degree accomplished by a company of prominent men of Nashville, Tenn., mainly sons of Confederate soldiers. The Southern Art Publishing Company was organized for the sole purpose of producing and distributing a series of Confederate war paintings, and Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, is the artist engaged to do the work. Mr. Gaul has made this kind of work a life study, and is universally accepted as the best painter of war subjects in America. His work on this series will add other laurels to his already heavy wreath, for each of the paintings is fit to be a masterpiece.

The exhibit of the Gilbert Gaul war pictures at the recent State Fair at Nashville, which was under the supervision of the Daughters of the Confederacy, was one of the most attractive as well as one of the most interesting exhibits on the grounds. The interest shown by the visiting throngs is only typical of the welcome these pictures are receiving not only as souvenirs of the honored soldier, but also as works of art which are to be valued for their decorative qualities as well as historical.

"THE FREE CHRISTIAN."

The where and the how of religion have been exhaustively presented by G. J. Buck, of Waco, Tex., in a volume of some six hundred pages under the title of "The Free Christian." The author's ideas are original in the extreme, and in his efforts to reconcile the differences apparent to some students between science and the Scriptures he has brought forward some very strong and striking theories. The book will have served a good part in arousing an interest in the study of religion beyond our everyday practice of it. Copies can be procured from the author at $2.18, postpaid.

"LEE AND HIS GENERALS."

A work of much magnitude by Mr. George B. Matthews, of Washington, D. C., is the life-size portraiture of General Lee with twenty-six of his leading generals, only two of whom are now living. Its composition required the study of each face, form, and character from the best photographs and portraits extant. The reproductions are pleasing, and will appropriately decorate the finest Southern homes.

Copies may be had from the National Printing and Exhibit Company, 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. 50 cents.

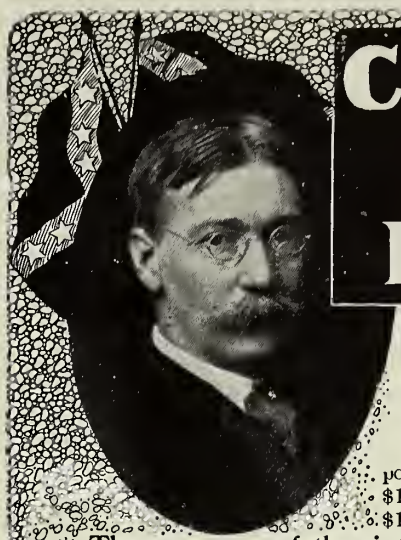
George Sibley, of Lonoke, Ark., writes in behalf of the widow of Henry Mueller, late a member of the Camp there, who left his wife in poor circumstances, and she is now almost destitute. In trying to aid her to secure a pension, Mr. Sibley asks that any who can testify as to the service of Comrade Mueller will kindly do so. He was a German who spoke the language poorly, and enlisted supposedly at New Orleans, where he did a very large and prosperous business as a cigar maker. His widow does not know in what command he served, and will appreciate any information that can be given to Mr. Sibley in her behalf.

Mrs. Mary A. Williams, the widow of William Williams, who in 1862 volunteered in Captain Langford's company, Grinsted's 33d Arkansas Regiment, needs a pension and requires two witnesses from that company or regiment as to his faithful service. Address her at Corsicana, Tex. Langford's company was organized at Old Salem Church, in Ouachita County, Ark. Replies can be sent to Mrs. Williams in care of Commander A. F. Wood, Camp Winkler, Corsicana, Tex.



MISS MILDRED RAY HARRISON,
Sponsor Pacific Division, Richmond Reunion.

Joseph E. Taulman, of Hubbard City, Tex., offers $5 for a good copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for January, 1893, the first number issued—Volume 1, No. 1. Write him in advance.



Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,
NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

America's Greatest Painter of War Subjects

Price of full set in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper with leather portfolio, $16.50; payable $1.50 monthly. Cash price $15.00. Individual pictures $3.50 each.

The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

Southern Art Pub. Co. - 102 Arcade, Nashville, Tenn.

"Lyrics of the Gray."

A book for Confederate Veterans, Southern Homes and Schools. Indorsed by leading Confederates everywhere. Price, 25 cents, postpaid; 5 copies for $1. Agents wanted.

T. C. Harbaugh, Casstown, Ohio.

FLAVELL'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER



Give exact circumference of abdomen at K, L, M.
Silk Elastic - - - $5.00
Thread Elastic - - 3.50
Goods sent by mail upon receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed.
Send for pamphlet of Elastic Stockings, Trusses, etc.
J. W. Flavell & Bro., 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Bull Dog MODEL B SUSPENDERS



50¢

SENSIBLE, USEFUL GIFTS for the HOLIDAYS

Attractively Packed in Handsome Single Pair Boxes

They contain more and better rubber than any other make, have gold-gilt non-rusting metal parts and strong cord ends that cannot wear through. The new back free action permits ease and comfort no matter what position the body may assume.

THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS, WHICH MEANS THREE TIMES THE SERVICE OF USUAL 50 CENT SORTS

The *MOST COMFORTABLE* suspender made for man, youth or boy in Light, Heavy or Extra Heavy Weights, Extra Long (No Extra Cost)

They make inexpensive gifts every man, youth or boy will gladly receive

HEWES & POTTER, Dept. 899, 87 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

Our useful Bull Dog Suspender Comb and Case mailed for 10c. postage, Instructive booklet, "Style, or How to Dress Correctly," free if you mention this publication

A. W. Rucker, of Elmore, Ala., and J. Warren Gardner, of Columbus, Miss., desire that all surviving members of Ferguson's old brigade of cavalry will meet at the Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Birmingham next year. Rucker and Gardner were members of the 56th Alabama Regiment, Companies A and K respectively. There is nothing that would give them more pleasure than to meet the boys and shake the hand of each and all, and especially of those they have not seen in more than forty-two years. Ferguson's Brigade and Ross's Texas Brigade were in the same division.

W. B. Stewart, of Arlington, Tenn., writes of an old veteran in his community who will celebrate his eighty-ninth year in November. Mr. Samuel Funk served during the war in the 43d Tennessee Regiment, and he has a son, the Rev. John Funk, who served in the same company with him. The elder Comrade Funk is hale and hearty still.

D. J. Dossey, of Wills Point, Tex., would like to hear from any and all surviving comrades of Company I, 17th Georgia Infantry, Benning's Brigade, A. N. V.



You can do a profitable clothing business without carrying a stock by getting a sample line from

Edward Rose & Co.

WHOLESALE TAILORS

CHICAGO

We supply merchants in good standing with sample lines from which to take orders. ¶ Only ONE sample line in any one place. ¶ We positively entertain no orders from the consumer direct. ¶ All orders must come through our regular representatives.

In trying to trace the flag which she presented to the 7th Arkansas Regiment, Mrs. Ida Clingman Humphrey, of Goldsboro, N. C., has a letter from Mr. Henry Bragg, of Imboden, Ark., stating that he carried this flag, which was marked "7th Arkansas Regiment." At the battle of Shiloh the staff was shot from his hand, but he recovered it and carried it with a four-foot staff through the conflict. The flag was afterwards used on dress parade several times, but was not again in battle. Upon the surrender at Greensboro the flag was taken by Colonel Gillespie to his home, either at LaGrange, Ga., or Macon, and given to his wife. Mrs. Humphrey will appreciate hearing from any of the descendants of Colonel Gillespie, as he is not now living, hoping in this way to secure further trace of the flag.

J. D. Allen, of Lakeland, Fla., would like to hear from any relatives or friends of Capt. Sam Hannah and Private Will Nicholson, of Company G, 50th Virginia Infantry. Captain Hannah was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and Comrade Allen helped to carry him off the field. He was also standing by the side of young Nicholson when the latter was killed at Gettysburg. Nicholson was a nephew of Captain Hannah. They were from Amherst County, Va.

H. C. Proctor, R. F. D. No. 1, DeKalb, Tex., inquires for one J. L. Gregory, of Washington, Mo., whom he last saw on the 3d of August, 1907, just after the Virginia Cavalry Association had met in reunion at Gainesville, Tex. Mr. Proctor is anxious to hear from him.

ROBERT E. LEE

General in Chief, Confederate States Army, 1861-1865. High-Class PHOTOGRAVURE, 9x12 Inches, from Original Photograph Taken in 1863. The Most LIFELIKE PICTURE of the Great General.

Read the following extracts from letters from those who have received the likeness:

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE: "I received the very handsome Photogravure of my father, for which accept my sincere thanks. It is the best full-face likeness of him, and though, of course, I possess many of him, I shall specially value THIS one. It will be, I am sure, much appreciated by the Robert E. Lee Camp and any other Southern society to which you may present it."

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE: "I have your Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, am glad to receive it; it is now framed and hangs over my desk, where I do all my work."

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT: "Accept my warm thanks for the proof copy of the photo of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which I shall value as an interesting likeness of that distinguished officer."

HON. JOHN S. WISE: "I think it is one of the best likenesses extant."

GEN. L. L. LOMAX: "It is decidedly the best likeness I have seen, and I intend to have it framed for my own home."

GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON: "The picture is a splendid one."

GEN. WILLIAM L. CABELL: "It is a fine picture, and I shall have it framed and placed in my parlor, where the young people of my country can see it and call to mind his many virtues."

GEN. G. W. C. LEE: "Your picture is a good reproduction of the original, and I value it on this account."

GEN. SAMUEL G. FRENCH: "I think it the best one of him to be obtained, and the one fond memory recalls."

GEN. R. F. HOKE: "It is very good of him, and lifelike, and recalls him to me as of yesterday."

GEN. M. C. BUTLER: "It is unquestionably the best likeness of my distinguished Commander, as I knew him during the war, I have ever seen."

ROBERT E. LEE CAMP, No. 1, RICHMOND, VA.: "Members of this Camp consider it a splendid likeness of our old Commander and prize it very highly. We will frame it and place it upon our Camp wall, where, for all time that we may last, it will be a reminder of the noble face of that grand man loved by all."

GEN. ALEX. P. STEWART: "The picture seems to me an admirable one, certainly as good a one if not the very best of any I have ever seen. '

GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT: "I regard the Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee which you sent me as one of the finest pictures of him which I have seen."

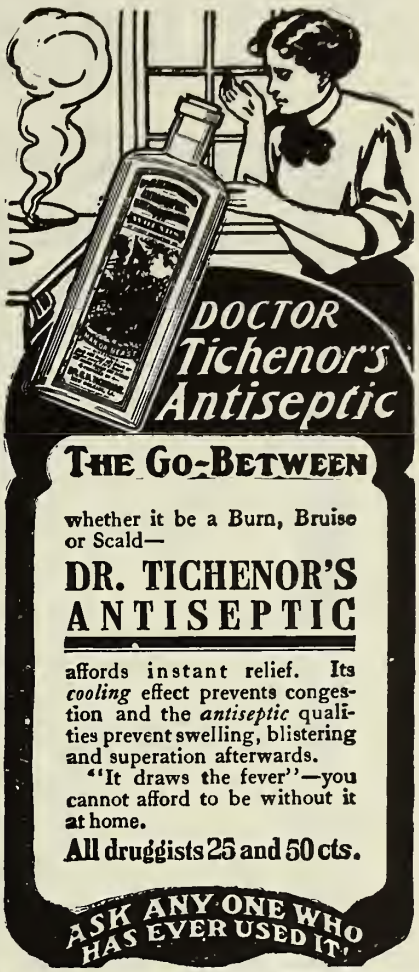
COMMANDER IN CHIEF (INDIA) LORD KITCHENER: "I am very much obliged to you for the striking likeness of Gen. Lee, which you have been good enough to send me and which I much value."

A Picture for the Home of Every Southerner. Price, $1

REMIT AMOUNT TO AMBROSE LEE PUBLISHING COMPANY
WILLIAMSBRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY,

and the picture will be promptly sent, without extra charge, to any address.

Orders and remittances may also be sent for this picture to S. A. Cunningham, "Confederate Veteran," Nashville, Tenn.





Catarrh, Asthma

CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP

E. C. C. Catarrh-Asthma Cure

Will Cure You. Costs Two or Three Cents a day if you are satisfied, and nothing if you are not.

Is perfectly Harmless, Convenient, Agreeable, and Marvelously Certain.

Succeeds because it Combines Common Sense Method with **Right Medicine.**

The Medicine is the discovery of an Eminent Physician, improved by us through years of study and experience.

The Instrument of its application is the best ever devised, and is our patent.

Its Cures of **CATARRH** won for it long ago the name of "The Little Wonder."

Its Cures of **ASTHMA** have been most astounding.

For **BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES** it is unrivalled.

Cures **COLDS** and prevents Pneumonia.

BAD BREATH it has never failed to correct. It Cures **INCIPIENT DEAFNESS** and restores **LOST SENSE OF SMELL.** It lays the Healing Balm directly, **CONTINUOUSLY** on the sore spot, whether at the top or the bottom of the breathing organs. **You change your climate without leaving your country.**

It does not hinder the breathing, and can be regulated to any force desired.

It has always been sold under **STRICT GUARANTEE—a Legal Paper** which would have ruined us long ago but for the astonishing Reliability of the Remedy.

We offer you Overwhelming Testimonials, but you will need none, since the thing will speak directly to your Common Sense.

AMPLE TRIAL to all that ask. Full information **SENT FREE.**

Write to-day, as you may not see this again. Address

E. C. C. Catarrh-Asthma Cure, 1340 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via BRISTOL and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Pass. Agent
Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. B. BEVILL, General Pass. Agent
Roanoke, Va.

One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World

is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the appoval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. U S. A. London, England. New York, N. Y.

Maxwell House Blend Coffee

The Coffee of the Hour

The finest product of one of the foremost coffee experts, managing one of the most complete coffee establishments in the country. ¶There's simply nothing so good in the coffee world as

Maxwell House Blend

Try it for proof and a better cup

PACKED AND SOLD IN SEALED CANS ONLY

Ask Your Grocer for It





CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

PROPRIETORS OF THE TWO LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE COFFEE PLANTS IN THE SOUTH

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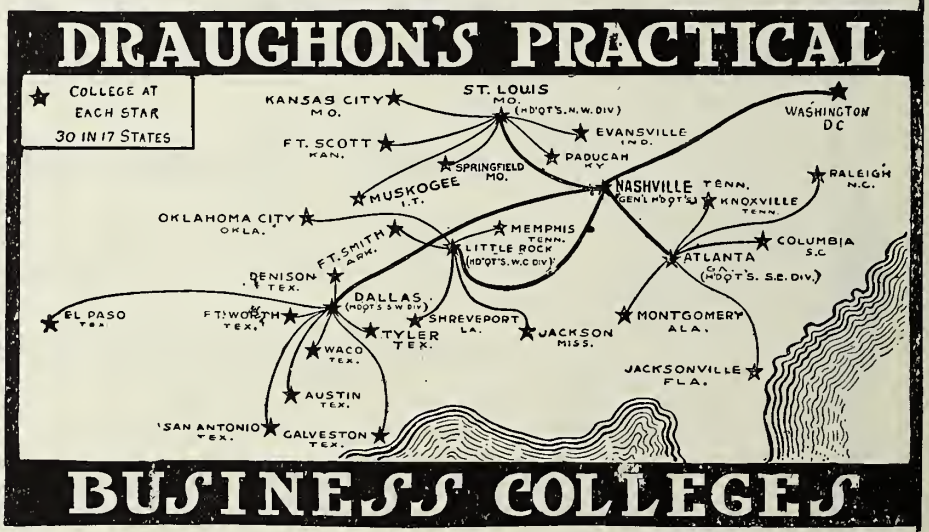
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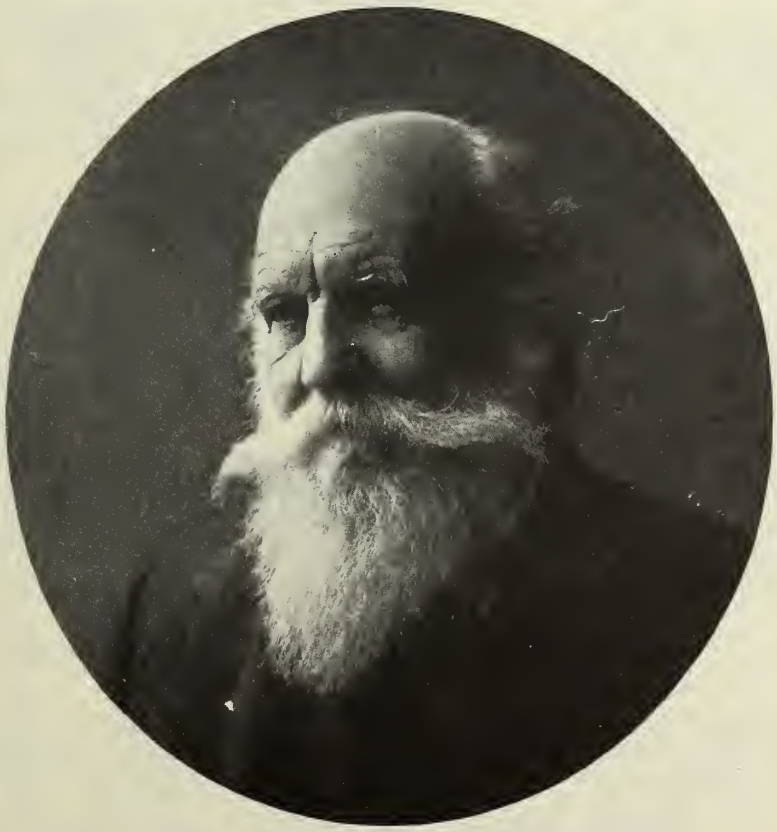
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VOL. XV NOVEMBER, 1907. NO. 11.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN. H. FORNEY

(See Pages 487, 488)

Selections from Neale's Southern Books

"The Neale Publishing Company has certainly placed those who love the South and her glorious history under a debt of no small proportions in the issue of many works by Southerners upon the actors and actions of their section."
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An address delivered at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of General Stuart at Richmond, Va., May 30, 1907.

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The old slave system drove hundreds and thousands of Southern white men from the cotton fields, as the records show that more than 1,000,000 Southern-born white men and women were living north of the Mason and Dixon line when war was declared between the sections, in 1861. It cannot be denied that even since the war there has been some prejudice among the Southern white boys and young men against manual labor in the cotton fields. Under the leadership and teaching, however, of the agricultural and mechanical colleges of the South our boys and young men, as well as the great masses of the people, have been filled with a spirit of industrial education which has made labor of all kinds equally honorable, and this old prejudice is, thank God, becoming a thing of the past.—*Prof. J. C. Hardy, in Southern Farm Magazine, of Baltimore, for November.*

A Texas soldier, trudging along one day all alone, met a Methodist circuit rider, and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it. "What army do you belong to?" asked the preacher. "I belong to the Texas Regiment, Van Dorn's," replied the soldier. "What army do you belong to?" "I belong to the army of the Lord," was the solemn reply. "Well, then, my friend," said the soldier dryly, "you've got a very long way from headquarters."

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Confederate Veteran.

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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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IMPORTANT TO EVERY VETERAN.

BY COL. G. N. SAUSSY, ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER GENERAL ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Sometime ago a comrade enfeebled by age and infirmities asked me to indorse his application for a State pension and certify to his faithfulness as a Georgia soldier in the Confederate army. This of course I cheerfully did, as he was a conscientious, deserving soldier. The thought then entered my mind which I now submit to the VETERAN.

Every Confederate veteran should at once secure from some surviving comrades a certificate of his services. Each State authorizing pensions properly requires certificates of service indorsed by living reputable witnesses; and as these old comrades are fast passing over the great divide, each survivor should at once procure a blank from the State or county officer furnishing them and get two of his surviving comrades to certify to his services. He may not need the pension at present; but the time may come when he might need the State's assistance, and then he might not find the witnesses needed to perfect his application. Almost every issue of the VETERAN has some appeal from a comrade or his widow for just some such witnesses.

Now let me advise every surviving comrade to procure one of these blanks, perfect his record while credible witnesses are available, and file the same against the day when he might have need for it. * * *

It may be years (and God grant it may never be!) before dire necessity compels the feeble old soldier to ask his State for its pittance, and then perhaps the necessary witnesses cannot be found to perfect his record. Comrade, act now in this matter. "Delays are dangerous."

[The VETERAN commends the foregoing most earnestly, and to the wealthiest of all veterans. Such a record ought to be framed in the home of every man who has a worthy record to leave for posterity. Another duty is commended: Furnish every child and grandchild the company and regiment, and especially the regiment, to which you belonged.]

ANNUAL REUNION NORTHWEST DIVISION, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.—William Ray, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to the Northwest Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, reports their annual Reunion, which was held in the city of Bozeman, Mont., on October 15, 1907. Paul A. Fusz was unanimously reëlected Major General of the Northwest Division and W. F. Kirby was elected Brigadier General of the Montana Brigade. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance of veterans and also of Southern friends. The next Reunion of the Northwest Division will be held in Portland, Oregon, the date for which has not yet been selected.



VIEW OF THE LANDS OWNED BY JEFFERSON DAVIS'S FATHER, FAIRVIEW IN THE DISTANCE.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Dr. E. S. Stuart, of Fairview, Ky., wrote interesting data about the birthplace of Jefferson Davis for the Review of that place in which he set forth interesting data from which the VETERAN makes extracts.]

About the year 1793 Samuel C. Davis emigrated from Georgia and settled in Kentucky. He opened and kept a wayfarers' rest, where he dispensed good cheer to man and his beast. At this early day there were only four places occupied between Hopkinsville and what is now Elkton. Here Mr. Davis continued to reside until about the year 1811, respected and honored by his neighbors for his frugal and open-handed hospitality. The partner of his life by her ever-alert and sympathetic interest succored the needy and afflicted around her, winning the sobriquet of "Aunt Winnie" through her practice of the works of the good Samaritan. Here Jefferson Davis was born in 1808.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to state that Mr. George Tillman lost his wife in 1805. Mrs. Davis took his daughter, Mary, who afterwards became the wife of Fielding Shanklin, to live with her. She died at the age of ninety-four years. "Polly" Tillman was living in the Davis family when Jefferson Davis was born, and was then in her twelfth year. The writer has often heard her recount many incidents of Davis's childhood, of her nursing and caring for him in his infancy. She always spoke of him and called him by the title of "Little Jeff." Having enjoyed the tender care of Mrs. Davis when motherless, there was little chance of mistake in her rearing.

The old Davis homestead has passed through the hands of a number of owners. Mr. Davis sold to —— Penn, and removed to the Jackson Purchase in 1811. Penn lived there until he sold it to Bear in 1818. Bear erected a pottery upon the property, traces of which can be seen to-day. In the twenties he sold to Henry Boyd, who was a smith by trade, and was killed by McKinney in Elkton. After his death George W. Boyd became the owner and occupant of the old Davis farm and premises. He was an admirer of fine stock and a patron of the turf. About 1840 he sold to one —— Davis, a negro trader, who remained only one or two years, and then exchanged the property for Col. William Morrow's Mt. Vernon farm. Morrow, after two or three years' occupancy, procured an act of the Legislature incorporating the town of Fairview in 1846. It embraced twenty acres, centrally located.

The act of incorporation appointed Dr. H. W. Darnall, John C. Lindsey, Lewis T. Templeton, Hugh B. Wilkins, and Wilson Shreve as the first trustees for the town. In 1847 Col. Nathaniel Burrus, County Surveyor for the county of Todd, under the direction and supervision of the above-named board of trustees, surveyed and marked off twenty lots of one-half acre each on either side of the said road; Main Street sixty feet wide, lots fronting eight poles by ten poles back. In June the lots were offered for sale, and all but two were disposed of. Morrow sold to Edward Ware in 1853 and removed to near Princeton, Ky. Ware sold to Willis Ellis in 1855, and Ellis to A. J. Kenner in 1859 or 1860, who remained thereon until the death of his wife and self in 1884-85. After his death the property was sold for a division among his children. The lot of nine acres upon which the church house stands was bought by J. T. Smith and by him transferred to J. W. Petrie in 1885.

At this period of time old Bethel Baptist Church had become so large and inconvenient in its location for attendance of all of its members that by agreement the Church was divided, one part erecting their house of worship in Pembroke and the other seeking a location at Fairview. After frequent and varied consultations, the idea became an accepted one to secure and erect upon the spot of ground occupied by the old Davis residence. Mr. Davis was consulted; and after the passage of a number of letters in relation to the idea, Capt. M. H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., proposed to buy three acres embracing the old Davis home, that Mr. Davis might present the same to the Church, and thus for all time dedicate his birthplace to the living God. This proposition



GEN. BUCKNER AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE AT FAIRVIEW.

was met by one from a citizen of Fairview that he would be one of ten men who would buy and pay for the nine acres of ground, have the property deeded to Mr. Davis, and thus enable Mr. Davis to present his birthplace as a thank offering to the living God. 'Tis needless to say this proposition was accepted, and Mr. Davis in 1886 presented it for the purposes indicated. Upon a marble tablet was recorded Mr. Davis's birth and date of presentation to Bethel Baptist Church. This



tablet was rescued from the burning building, which occurred August 23, 1900, and has been replaced in the new and improved structure erected on the same site.

The soil around Fairview is a rich, fertile limestone formation, well adapted to the production of tobacco, corn, wheat, clover, etc. The neat and tidy farms characterize their owners as thorough, wide-awake, and prosperous. As early as 1835 in this fertile section Mr. John S. Downer laid the foundation for the justly celebrated Forest Nurseries. In the United States Pomological Society he won for himself the position as chairman of the section on pears, by reason of which he became a recognized authority on that luscious fruit.

HOW FORNEY SAVED THE DAY AT MANASSAS.

BY W. W. DRAPER (MAJOR 10TH ALABAMA REGT.), ATLANTA, GA.

Permit me to give a little incident of the war which had big results. The 10th Alabama Infantry was commanded by Col. John H. Forney, a captain of the 10th United States Regulars prior to secession. He had seen service in the Nicaragua expedition in 1859 or 1860, and knew how to take advantage of conditions and also to take care of his men.

Early in July, 1861, we were sent from our rendezvous at Richmond to Strasburg, Va., where we debarked and marched to Winchester to confront General McDowell. In line of battle we received orders to make a "forced march across the Blue Ridge" to join Beauregard at Bull Run. We were green, raw troops, fat and full, numbering as a regiment about 1,100 officers and men. Colonel Forney, whom we thought then a heartless and cruel commander, would make us pull off our shoes and socks, roll up our breeches, and wade those cold mountain streams. We saw the wisdom of this later.

To the incident. We were then in E. Kirby Smith's Brigade with four other regiments. At nightfall, worn and tired, we halted in the road. As soon as stopped the men dropped down with knapsacks under their shoulders and snoozed off. It was "Fall in," march thirty or forty steps, and the same thing over and over again. Colonel Forney rode forward to see General Smith to learn the trouble, and he replied: "I do not know. Please ride forward and see." Upon his return, Colonel Forney said: "General, we have come to the Shenandoah River, and the army is being put over in a country ferryboat, about a company at a time. Permit me to march my regiment down to the river and rest till my time comes to cross." General Smith granted the request. We were sleeping soundly and sweetly when the sun rose, with heaven as our canopy and the earth our downy bed, as we were very tired. Our time had just come to cross. Colonel Forney rode his horse to the river to water him, and discovered an old, worn condition of the bank, which suggested that it was a former fording place. He put spurs to his horse and crossed the river, the water coming up on his saddle skirts. He returned and called: "Attention, 10th Alabama! Every man of you disrobe, tie your clothes on the back of your necks, take care of your guns, march in by fours, and await command on the other side." It was a scene. The rest of the army followed the example, and regiments were put across in thirty minutes where it would have taken hours to put them over by the flat ferryboat. The wagons, ambulances, and artillery all had to go in the flat (we had a wagon to each company then). It would have taken days to put all over in the flatboat. We then marched to Piedmont, the head of the railroad running to Manassas. Colonel Forney, being an old army officer, was put in the lead of the troops. He would march a regiment beside a train of box cars and designate Company A to occupy this car, Company B this, etc., and in fifteen minutes the train was off for Manassas. Gen. E. Kirby Smith's was the last brigade and the 10th Alabama the last regiment to leave Piedmont Station. His four other regiments reached Bull Run just in the nick of time. The battle had been raging for hours, and both sides were in doubt as to the result.

General Beauregard had called a courier and begun a dispatch to General Johnston, then at Manassas Junction, to prepare for a retreat, as he was uncertain of the result. Just then he espied troops coming in the distance. He adjusted his field glasses, and saw that they were our troops—Kirby Smith's four other regiments, full and strong. They had debarked four miles short of Manassas and came across the country to Bull Run, cheering, double-quicking, and raising a dust, which gave hope and courage to Beauregard and dismay to the enemy, which caused the panic and stampede. As Pat replied to the question why he ran, he said: "Those that did not run are there yet." The fording of the Shenandoah River was the cause of that historic and unequaled panic and our complete victory. There were two Union sympathizers, engineers, that caused a head-on collision; but they went to heaven, or elsewhere, at once. We learned to appreciate and love Colonel Forney before he was wounded at Dranesville, Va., on the 20th of December, 1861. He never came back to us, having been promoted and sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was made major general.

The 10th Alabama Regiment was the best in the army. This thought with all the regiments made the Southern army the best the world ever saw. In our regiment we had judges from the bench, lawyers of high rank from their offices, merchants of wealth from stores, farmers of large plantations, and numerous negroes who served through the war as privates. To give an idea of the morale of the 10th Alabama, we had in Congress at one time after the war four members—William H. Forney, John H. Caldwell, Taul Bradford, and Tod Hewitt—and at the same time Rufus Cobb was Governor of Alabama. The first four, also General Forney, have crossed over.

Errors in an article on pages 455 and 456, October VETERAN, by Capt. A. L. DeRosset will be corrected in December.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TWENTY THOUSAND LETTERS REQUESTED.

Friends of the VETERAN are all asked to write brief letters, so that they may be received by the editor on November 27. This date is for a sentimental reason. This request is not extravagant; it will be easy to comply. Some one said: "We hear from you once a month, but you don't hear from us." Think of that, friends. For nearly fifteen years messages of greeting and good will have gone to you, but no response ever comes from a multitude except in the mere commercial way of sending subscriptions. Think of how much you could cheer and help by a brief letter giving advice in regard to the VETERAN—if you think that worth while. Write of any errors in your subscription, in address and spelling of name, so that every address may be perfect.

Many have written communications that have not appeared—the VETERAN has been foundered with manuscripts for years. Write about these matters, assured that it is not from lack of merit that publication has been delayed. There is good in all that comes, and there are thousands of them on hand. Then there is quite an accumulation of photos and daguerreotypes from which addresses have disappeared. Describe any you have lost, that they may be used or returned.

Do write without fail, and let every one suggest the names of some to whom sample copies of the VETERAN may be sent. See if your subscription has expired; and if so, state whether you wish it continued. The VETERAN will be sent to anybody who will request it in the absolute faith that none would take advantage of credit. It is not discontinued at expiration unless requested, and then it is done invariably; so if you have sent notice and it continues to come, be assured that there is a mistake, as it is never sent intentionally to any person who does not want it.

Another thing very desirable is an agent in every town in the South. Suggest some one and send the name. Confer with such person if you can before writing. Whether you are a subscriber or not, if you read the VETERAN occasionally, write.

This request is made of every friend, not excepting those who are in the habit of writing. Think of how much courage and comfort would be contained in twenty thousand cheerful letters setting right every business transaction that ought to be corrected, and then of the multitude that would be made familiar with the publication through sample copies by every person addressed responding. This action would gratify Gen. Clement A. Evans, who wrote the great indorsement of the VETERAN which has been approved by the representatives of many thousands of heroic patriots—men and women.

Attention is called to that remarkable indorsement in this connection, hoping that it will be an incentive to every person included herein to comply with the request to write and at the time designated. If you have not read the indorsement referred to, see pages 471-474 of the October VETERAN. The only major general not included in that is former United States Senator J. H. Berry, of Arkansas. His letter completing the list, dated Bentonville, Ark., October 25, 1907, states:

"*Dear Mr. Cunningham:* I am very sorry that I was not present and that my name was not attached to the indorsement of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Richmond. In some way the matter escaped me, as I would have been most glad to have united with the other Commanders of Divisions in expressing my appreciation of the great service that has been rendered the people of the South by the publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It has done a great work for us all, and I most cordially indorse its course and thank you for the great ability you have shown and the earnest and successful work you have done for the Confederates of the South."

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, Ark., writes: "I notice that some of the Past Division and Brigade Commanders have signed the VETERAN 'indorsement.' You certainly are at great liberty to attach my name thereto, either as former Commander of the Arkansas Division or as the present Commander of the Third Division, Forrest Cavalry Corps."

An omission occurred inadvertently from the list published of prominent officials in the U. C. V. organization in the name of Gen. H. A. Tyler, commanding the Forrest Cavalry Corps, who was one of the first to give his signature.

The commendation of the VETERAN beyond question exceeds that of any publication that ever has existed, and now the personal pride of every Southerner should be to give it power. The time is fast approaching when every Confederate interest should be controlled, and all look to the VETERAN.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN H. FORNEY.

John H. Forney was born in Lincoln County, N. C., August 12, 1829, son of Jacob and Sabina Swope (Hoke) Forney; moved to Jacksonville, Ala., in 1835; appointed cadet United States Military Academy in June, 1848; brevetted second lieutenant in 1852 and first lieutenant in 1855; staff officer to Col. Charles F. Smith on exploring expedition to Pembina in 1855; commanded pioneer corps with Gen. A. S. Johnston in Utah campaign in 1857; instructor at West Point in 1860; first lieutenant 10th Infantry; resigned to accept service as colonel and aide to Governor of Alabama January 23, 1861, commanding at Pensacola, Fla.; resigned to accept captain of artillery, Confederate States Army, and inspector general with General Bragg; appointed colonel 10th Alabama Regiment; mustered for war June 4, 1861; brigadier general C. S. A. March 10, 1862, commanding Department Gulf Headquarters, Mobile; major general October 27, 1862, commanding district of Vicksburg; during siege held center line from railroad to graveyard; commanded parole camp, Enterprise, Miss., in July, 1863; ordered in July, 1864, to Trans-Mississippi Department to discipline and bring East a division of troops; four large brigades were concentrated at Hempstead, Tex., preparatory to running blockade from Galveston to St. Mark's, Fla., when General Lee surrendered; paroled at Galveston, and returned to his home in Alabama; died September 13, 1902, in Jacksonville, Ala.

His son, Jacob Forney, was for a number of years President of the State Normal School at Jacksonville, and at the time of his death, December 24, 1902, was Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy at the University of Alabama. He is survived by his wife, son, and daughter, who reside in Springville, Ala. General Forney's wife and four daughters, Misses Forney and Mesdames M. A. Stevenson and C. W. Daugette, are living in Jacksonville, Ala.

THE LAST AGONY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(From the Spectator, London, September 21, 1907.)

It has been said with much truth that the continuance of the great secession struggle for four years was either a paradox or a miracle. Yet even after Sherman's giant stride across the South in the winter of 1864-65 had proved the whole Confederacy to be a mere shell there were few who anticipated the sudden and utter collapse of April. The dauntless front which Lee presented against overwhelming odds imposed upon friend and foe alike, and the volumes before us (a mere fragment of the war literature of the South, which is accumulating so rapidly) prove conclusively that up to the very last there was no failure of heart and hope in his indomitable ranks.

"We relied not so much," writes Major Stiles, "on any special plans or hopes, but rather upon the inherently imperishable cause, the inherently unconquerable man. Fresh disaster each day did not affect our confidence. We were quite ready to admit—indeed, we had already contemplated—anything and everything this side of the ultimate disaster; but that, never!"

Brigadier Duke, of Morgan's Cavalry, who was almost the last man in the South to lay down his arms, pictures the indescribable dismay with which the veterans of Early's command learned of Lee's surrender: "If the light of heaven had gone out, a more utter despair and consternation would not have ensued. When the news first came, it perfectly paralyzed every one. Men looked at each other as if they had just heard a sentence of death and eternal ruin passed upon all."

Another of these writers, Senator Reagan, the Postmaster General, upon whom it devolved that sad April Sunday to break to Jefferson Davis the intelligence that Lee was in retreat, gives a striking description of the stupor into which the Southern capital was plunged "when that ill news was told:" "The booming of the guns of the enemy told of the approaching host, and preparations were hurriedly made for the departure of the governmental forces. The pen of man cannot be dipped in ink dark enough to draw the darkness of that night which fell over Richmond. Throughout the city reigned a quiet, undemonstrative confusion, such as the realization of the inevitable draws with it—hardly a soul in all the capital found rest in sleep, for on the morrow it was certain that the dream of an independent Confederacy would have blown over like a mist from the sea. Never before had Richmond felt that the doom of capture was in store for her. During four long years the armies of the enemy had been beaten away from her very gates; but now the sad realization of the inevitable seemed to possess the gallant Confederate citizens. During the years of conflict they had become inured to the rattle of their windows by the thunder of the Federal guns, but now all was suddenly changed."

Yet even on that last desperate retreat which ended at Appomattox Courthouse the courage of officers and men flamed high as ever. "All over, sir?" replied Major Stiles with the greatest sincerity, as he tells us, to the mournful ejaculation of a civilian friend too old to march in the ranks—"over, sir? Why, sir, it has just begun. We are now where a good many of us have for a good while longed to be. Richmond gone, nothing to take care of, foot loose, and, thank God! out of these miserable lines. Now we may be able to get what we have longed for for months—a fair fight in an open field."

The gallant Major, who had served his guns in the thick of the fight from the opening days of the war, was spared the closing scene at Appomattox by being taken prisoner a day or two earlier at Sailors Creek at the end of a murderous day. The finale of this, the last battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, in which Lee's rear guard under Ewell was isolated by overwhelming numbers, degenerated into a mere butchery and a confused mêlée of brutal personal conflicts. "I saw numbers of men," says Major Stiles, "kill each other with bayonets and the butts of muskets, and even bite each other's throats and ears and noses, rolling on the ground like wild beasts. I had cautioned my men against wearing 'Yankee overcoats,' especially in battle, but had not been able to enforce the order perfectly, and almost at my side I saw a young fellow of one of my companies jam the muzzle of his musket against the back of the head of his most intimate friend, clad in a Yankee overcoat, and blow his brains out. I was wedged in between fighting men, only my right arm free. I tried to strike the musket barrel up; but alas! my sword had broken in the clash, and I could not reach it. I well remember the yell of demoniac triumph with which that simple country lad of yesterday clubbed his musket and whirled savagely upon another victim."

Yet these men were to a large extent soft garrison troops, uninured to labor and hardship and privation and peril, tried almost beyond human endurance by the audacious pressure of the enemy's cavalry and by our lack of rest and food.

Major Stiles's Tribute to General Lee.

He was of all men most attractive to us, yet by no means most approachable. We loved him much, but we revered him more. We never criticised, never doubted him, never attributed to him either moral error or mental weakness—no, not even in our secret hearts or most audacious thoughts. I really believe it would have strained and blurred our strongest and clearest conceptions of the distinction between right and wrong to have entertained even for a moment the thought that he had ever acted from any other than the purest and loftiest motive. I never but once heard of such a suggestion, and then it so transported the hearers that military subordination was forgotten, and the colonel who heard it rushed with drawn sword against the major general who made it.

THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Fair, gentle hands their rarest flowers strew
O'er grassy mounds where Southland's heroes sleep,
And summer skies shed tears of crystal dew
And sleepless stars their nightly vigils keep;
While glory blazed upon the mountain steep
And vigilance impelled thy spirit on,
Thy virtues flowed in currents pure and deep
From limpid springs and sparkling fountains drawn.
Affection bows in sacred rev'rence here—
Gives honors due to valor's sacred trust;
At freedom's shrine she drops a silent tear,
As immortelles spring from the honored dust,
Where cypress bends and weeping willows wave
Their tender, drooping boughs o'er Stonewall Jackson's grave.

Portrait of Mrs. C. M. Goodlett.—The portrait of Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, first President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which was formally presented at the San Francisco Convention, 1905, is being preserved in the Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans.

WILCOX'S ALABAMIANS IN VIRGINIA.

BY B. F. PHILLIPS, ASHER, OKLA.

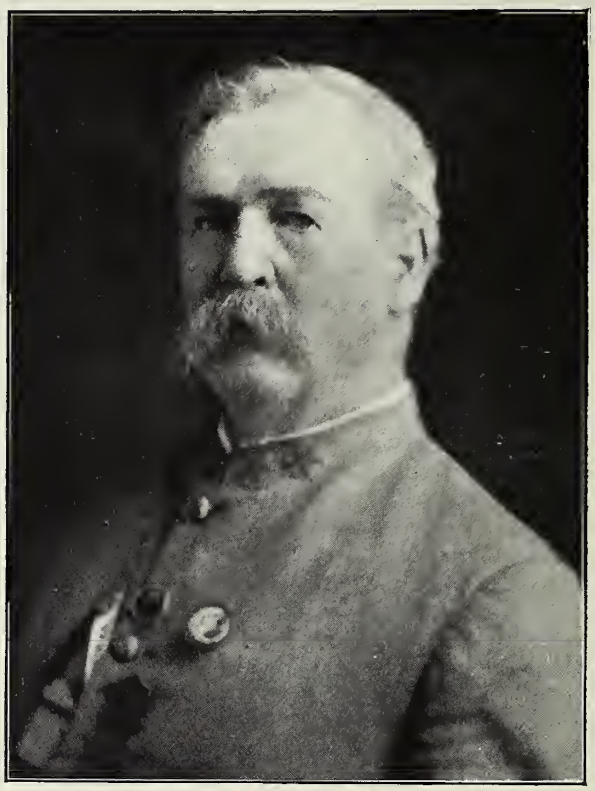
Through the request of friends and comrades I send to the VETERAN a short sketch of Gen. C. M. Wilcox's old brigade of Alabamians which was in the Virginia Army, Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, at the close of the war. Wilcox was first colonel of the 9th Alabama Regiment, to which I belonged, and was promoted to brigadier general before we went to Yorktown. He remained brigadier commander of the Alabama brigade until after the battle of Gettysburg. My brother, J. C. Phillips, drove his headquarters wagon while he was brigadier general. After the battle of Gettysburg, Wilcox was promoted to major general. Our brigade was in the famous battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days' Fight, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., North Anna, Cold Harbor, Deep Bottom, Salem Church, second battle of Fredericksburg, the battle of the Crater, and various others. The first battle we were in was at Williamsburg. The fight of Salem Church was on the 2d of May, 1863, where we fought a division of Federals and drove them back across the Rappahanock River. In this battle we had the heavy loss of one hundred and seventy-two men killed and wounded out of our regiment. . . . Many small engagements occurred between the two armies around Petersburg. The most noted one was down on the Welden railroad at the old salt works.

In July, 1864, the enemy undermined our breastworks in front of Battery No. 5 near Petersburg. On the morning of July 30 about daybreak the mine was sprung, which blew up Battery No. 5 and parts of the 18th and the 22d South Carolina Regiments. Early on that morning Mahone's old brigade charged to retake our breastworks, which had been captured by a division of negroes, who rushed into the Crater soon after the explosion of the mine. Mahone's men failing to retake the breastworks, they rushed into the left of the Crater; then Wright's old brigade of Georgians charged on the Crater, and were driven back with heavy loss. The old brigade of General Wilcox, which was composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments, was sent for. We went down a zigzag ravine until we came to the mouth of another ravine, then we marched up this ravine. About two o'clock in the afternoon a detail was made to send for water, and while waiting for its return General Mahone walked in front of the line and told us that the negroes in the Crater had holloed: "Remember Fort Pillow! No quarters!" He said it was a life-and-death struggle, and for us not to take any of them, but to load our guns, fix bayonets, and go stooped as far as we could without being seen, and then to rise and go in among them and give them h—; and we tried to obey orders. Just before the job was completed General Mahone sent orders to us not to kill quite all of them. I don't know how many were left, but there were thousands of them killed. We stayed at the Crater that night.

The next morning the Federals raised a flag of truce and came over to bury the negroes. I stood on the bank of the Crater and watched them dig pits between the two lines to bury the negroes in. The explosion of the mine, called the Crater, made a big hole in the ground; it seemed at least fifty feet deep, about one hundred feet wide, and about two hundred feet long. Grant commenced to tunnel our breastworks in a ravine behind his own works, some one hundred and fifty yards from our line and about fifty yards behind his own works.

On the night of the 31st of July our brigade was relieved from the Crater, and we went back to our former position, about a mile and a half from the Crater. There we remained until sometime in March. We were then sent over to near Drewry's Bluff, on the James River. About the 3d of April we evacuated Petersburg.

Near Amelia C. H. I was captured and kept until the day



B. F. PHILLIPS.

Lee surrendered, the 9th of April, 1865. I was then sent back to Point Lookout, Md., and kept in prison two months and one day. When captured, I weighed one hundred and sixty-eight pounds; and when released, on the 7th of June, I weighed one hundred and ten pounds.

I arrived at my old home, in Lauderdale County, Ala., on the 27th of June, 1865. I am now a member of Camp No. 1134, U. C. V., and Assistant Adjutant General Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. I belonged to Company I, 9th Alabama Regiment. Three brothers of us belonged to that company. The eldest, G. W. Phillips, was killed at Frayser's Farm in the Seven Days' Fight.

EXPENSIVE DIFFIDENCE.—Frank Schooler was in the Virginia Army, and after one of its hard battles he was going over the field and saw a dying Federal officer who had on a fine gold watch and chain. Frank said he hated to rob a dying man; and seeing that the officer would live but a short time, he concluded to go to a near-by spring and get a drink, then return and get the valuables from the dead man's pocket. When he returned, he found that some other fellow had gotten them, evidently not so scrupulous.—*W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.*

LOUISIANA REUNION AT SHREVEPORT.

The Times of Shreveport deserves expressions of gratitude from all Confederates for its elaborate report of the recent Reunion in that city. Besides, that paper urges editorially legislation by the State in behalf of monuments. The last Legislature appropriated $100,000 for this purpose, but because there was "no money available" the Governor vetoed the bill. The Times says practically: "It is the business of the State to find the money."

In his address of welcome, Mayor Bernstein said: "God forbid that we should forget the story learned at our mother's knee of the self-sacrifice and heroism of our fathers! The example of fearless devotion to duty which you brave warriors engraved on the pages of history will ever be to us a guide and an inspiration. You fought for a principle; you battled for a righteous cause. Principle is eternal and never dies. The South was defeated, but she preserved her self-respect and won the admiration of the world. Better that we should have fought and lost than that the proud South should have cowardly submitted to an invasion of its constitutional rights. We have no apology to make, nor is any expected by our brethren of the North, who have greater respect for us because of the fight you gave them. You fought the good fight; you kept the faith. The South accepts the results without bitterness, and none have a greater love for the stars and stripes than the soldiers in gray who battled under the stars and bars. To you, men of iron, I extend the city's welcome with the wish that time may deal gently with you and that we may see you all and shake your hands again next year.

'In parting, old friends, here's a health:
A cup of greeting to you all.
Whenever the evening's shades of life
Around your faithful spirits fall,
A hand to you and a health to you
And golden memory's wealth to you
For the old days, for the old trying days.'"

Following the address of welcome, Dr. McCloud introduced Maj. Gen. J. A. Prudhomme, Commanding the Louisiana Division, who responded to the welcome address in behalf of his comrades. He thanked the citizens of Shreveport, the Progressive League, the Louisiana State Fair Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and Camp LeRoy Stafford for the royal manner in which he and his comrades had been welcomed to the city of Shreveport. "It is always a source of great satisfaction, wherever we may be invited, that we always receive a hearty welcome from the people," said General Prudhomme. "It proves the esteem in which we are held and the love felt by the Confederate cause."

T. W. Castleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, was elected Major General Commanding the Division, succeeding General Prudhomme. It was decided to hold the next Reunion at a place and date to be later named by the Commanding General.

MANSFIELD BATTLE PARK ASSOCIATION

An appeal for aid in this worthy undertaking asks: "Are you a Southerner, and is the cause of the Confederacy dear to you? If so, you are interested in the commemoration of one of the most important battles won by the Confederacy in the State."

The Mansfield Battle Park Association, organized in June, 1906, has for its purpose the commemoration of the battle of Mansfield. It is proposed to purchase one hundred acres in which the important points of the battle were fought and establish the "Mansfield Battle Park." The place has much natural beauty, and can easily be made a spot that will fill every Southern heart with pride. To carry on the work which is planned, funds are necessary. Contributions are asked with a view to securing a liberal donation from the State at the next session of the Legislature.

Memberships to the Association are sought. The fee is fifty cents a year, and can be sent to Mrs. E. T. Robinson, Treasurer, Mansfield, La. Mrs. C. E. Jenkins is the President and Mrs. H. T. Liverman is the Secretary.

Additional information will be supplied by application to the Secretary.

NOTES FROM R. E. LEE CHAPTER, HOUSTON.

BY ABBIE F. SMITH, COR. SEC. R. E. LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The ladies of R. E. Lee Chapter are jubilant. The balance due on "The Spirit of the Confederacy" is now cash in hand—nearly $1,700. Mrs. O. T. Holt and Mrs. M. E. Bryan having secured the purse of Fortunatus, the monument fund is complete. Happy the Chapter that numbers such Daughters among its leaders.

The Chapter is grateful to all who proffered help. It is a matter of frequent comment in Chapter circles that the Houston Post and the Houston Chronicle have freely given thousands of dollars' worth of advertising space to the U. D. C. work. Often kindly words of commendation reach us, giving pleasure and encouragement as they pass from one to another; as, for instance, the sympathetic expression of Mr. Frank Clemmens, the young captain of the Leans of the ball game at a benefit for the Chapter, that he had never yet been able to do for the Daughters of the Confederacy all his heart dictated.

The recent celebration at Alhambra Hall of the anniversary of the battle of Sharpsburg was in every sense—historic, devotional, artistic, social—a success. The presence of survivors of Hood's Brigade was an inspiration. The manifest interest of the officers of Hood's Texas Brigade Junior, Messrs. J. B. Jaqua, Louis and Gustave Dittmar, and Henderson Yoakum, was a prophecy; in eyes of young and old shone beacon lights of patriotism. Members of our loyal clergy devoutly thanked God, who had given such sons to our country, and music and oratory did honor to the veterans.

A fine programme was delightfully rendered. By request of the visitors, the evening closed with the ringing strains of the yell, the Confederate war cry. Very gratifying to R. E. Lee Chapter were the visits of friends from beyond the line of Mason and Dixon, and even from the isles of the sea, whose presence was an appreciated tribute to our heroes.

"What things are lovely, of good report," O Daughters, "think on them."

UNCLE SAM'S PENSIONERS.—From the National Tribune information is obtained that on July 1, 1906, there were on the roll of Federal pensioners 985,971; and although there were added 31,034 to the list to June 30, 1907, there had been dropped during the year 49,634, making the list at latest report 967,371. The aggregate deaths of Civil War veterans were 29,208, making eight deaths for the year over an average of eighty per day. The amount paid in pensions for the year was $138,155,412, and the aggregate amount paid in pensions by the government to June 30, 1907, was $3,369,135,449.

STRONG STAFF OFFICIALS OF MARYLAND LINE.

Brig. Gen. Oswald Tilghman (Secretary of State), the Commander of the First Brigade, Maryland Division, has appointed as his staff the following: Adjutant General, Lieut. Col. James W. Denny; Inspector, Maj. Samuel D. Buck; Quartermaster, Maj. Louis W. Trail; Commissary, Maj. James L. Kernan; Judge Advocate, Maj. Fielder C. Slingluff; Surgeon, Maj. James G. Wiltshire, M.D.; Chaplains, Capts. Henry T. Sharp and Edward R. Rich; Aids-de-Camp, Capt. Edward S. Judge, James M. Garnett, William H. Brent, B. Frank Bond, Henry Holliday, Sr., and James B. Chastain.

The five Camps comprising General Tilghman's Brigade are as follows: James R. Herbert, Franklin Buchanan, Isaac R. Trimble, and Arnold Elzey, of Baltimore, and Charles S. Winder, at Easton. The Aids-de-Camp represent the Camps respectively. Major Trail and Chaplain Rich live at Easton, Md., while the other members of the staff are Baltimoreans.

Brig. Gen. Spencer C. Jones, of Rockville, commands the Second Brigade, composed of the Camps not in the First Brigade. These two Brigades compose the Maryland Division, U. C. V., under Maj. Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, with staff officers.

According to the constitution and by-laws of the U. C. V., each Camp corresponds with a Regiment, five Camps constituting one Brigade. There are twelve Camps in the Maryland Division. These comrades hold to the old name, "Maryland Line."

General Tilghman was captain of the Rock City Artillery, which at Port Hudson sank the Mississippi, which had among her officers Lieutenant (now Admiral) Dewey. General Tilghman is an ex-State Senator. His ancestor was Col. Tench Tilghman, of Washington's staff, who, by his famous ride across land and water, carried to the Congress in Philadelphia Washington's dispatch announcing the surrender of Cornwallis.

Colonel Denny is an ex-Congressman. He was connected with Gen. R. E. Lee's staff and headquarters. Major Kernan is the owner and proprietor of the Hotel Kernan and two theaters connected therewith. Dr. Wiltshire was a lieutenant under Mosby, and known as one of his best fighters and daring scouts.

General Tilghman's staff was appointed previous to the last Reunion U. C. V., held in Richmond, Va., and to aid the historical work in progress in Baltimore, which involves chiefly the eliminating from public schools of histories that are unfair and offensive to the South and the substituting therefor of histories by Southern authors, as was done some years since through the Confederate Camps in Virginia.

The historical and record work is under a joint committee from the four Camps in Baltimore, of which Col. Winfield Peters is chairman. He is the Maryland representative of the "Historical Committee" and of the "Committee on Southern School History" of the U. C. V. Association.

The work of benevolence, especially the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., is under the management of the Maryland Line, with the active assistance of the Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy.

JONESVILLE (S. C.) MONUMENT.

John Hames Chapter, U. D. C., was organized August 2, 1901, in the town of Jonesville, S. C. It was named in honor of a gallant soldier of Union District, S. C.

Captain Hames was born October 23, 1836, near Jonesville He volunteered in June, 1861, and went to Virginia as an "independent." Later, because of impaired health, he returned home. Soon afterwards a company of young men from his county was formed, and John Hames was elected its second lieutenant. That company became B of the 18th



JOHN HAMES.

Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, and was sent to Charleston. On the 6th of May, 1862, at Camp Guerin he was elected captain. The next month they were ordered to Virginia, and in the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, Captain Hames and his brother, Sergeant C. A. Hames, were both killed. Their bodies were brought home, and rest in Gilead Cemetery, near Jonesville.



THE MONUMENT.

The chief aim of this Chapter was to erect a monument to the Confederate soldiers of Union District. After nearly six years their hopes were realized, and on May 17, 1907, a granite shaft twenty-three feet high and seven and a half base was unveiled in the town of Jonesville.

On the second base is inscribed: "Confederate Soldiers." On the north side, "Erected by the John Hames Chapter, U. D. C., 1907," over which are carved crossed swords. Other inscriptions:

On the east side:

"The arms are stacked, the flags are furled,
The sound of battle no longer falls;
But our soldiers showed to a waiting world
How to answer when duty calls."

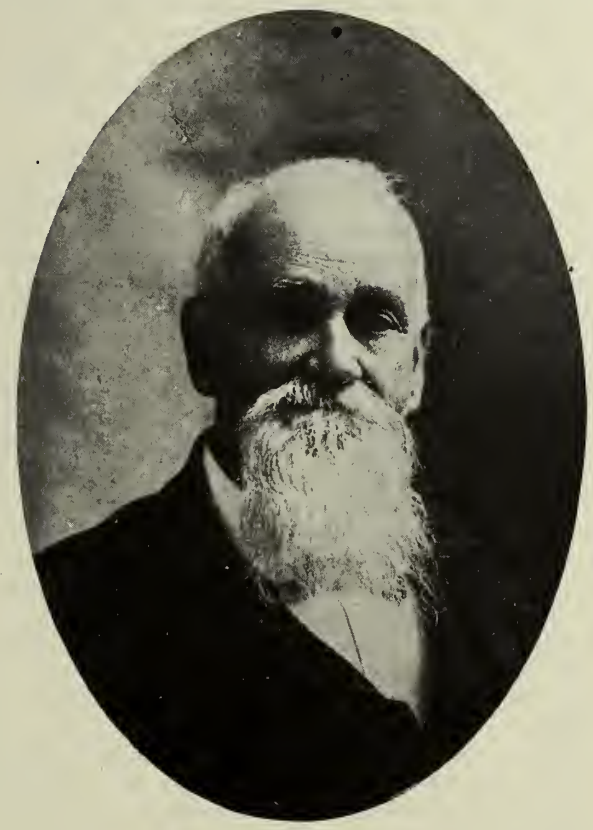
South side:

"From north to south, from east to west
Their ashes scattered lie;
But in the region of the blest
Their spirits sing on high."

An anchor is carved above this inscription. West side: "C. S. A., 1861-65. To the Confederate Dead of Union District." Crossed guns are above this inscription.

The monument is inclosed by a neat iron fence and occupies a prominent place in the town. The opening prayer at the unveiling was by the much-loved chaplain of the 18th Regiment, S. C. V., Rev. A. A. James; the address was by Col. W. W. Lumpkin, of Columbia, S. C.

Rev. A. A. James was born July 26, 1824, in Yorkville, S. C., where he attended the schools of the place until 1844, when he went to the Ebenezer Academy and prepared for college. Under the instruction of Rev. P. E. Bishop, he entered the junior class of Davidson College, North Carolina, in 1846, and graduated in 1848, taking the first honor in his class. He entered the Theological Seminary in Columbia



REV. A. A. JAMES.

in October, 1848, and graduated in 1851, going directly to his present pastoral charge. When the War between the States began, the 18th South Carolina Volunteers were organized with four companies from Union, two from Spartanburg, two from York, one from Anderson, one from Darlington, numbering one thousand men. The colonel, Gadberry, would not appoint a chaplain, but submitted the appointment to a vote of the regiment, and A. A. James was elected. He reported immediately for duty, and continued to hold services and minister to the sick and wounded until the close of the war. Then returning to his pastoral charge, he has preached regularly to the present time.

[The foregoing report comes from Miss Anna C. Hames, Secretary John Hames Chapter, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C.]

FLAG FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA RIFLES.

[Maj. John B. Moore, now of Colusa, Cal., wrote to the Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., of Anderson, S. C.:]

I see in the July VETERAN your report of the passing of eight comrades. Those old and decrepit soldiers now resting under the shade of the trees over the river were stalwart, handsome, determined, and brave soldiers in the Confederate army. You know not how grateful the old soldiers are for your love, care, sympathy, and honors conferred while living and the honors you are pleased to bestow in memory of our dead. May God's blessings (as I believe they do) rest upon your labor! The Confederate soldier fought for State rights and constitutional liberty; and these must yet be maintained.

My special interest in writing is to call your attention to R. H. Y. Lowry. He was orderly sergeant, as reported, but he was more: he was first to carry the flag of our regiment, Orr's Rifles. In 1862 on Sullivan's Island, on the west end of the old meetinghouse, stood Colonel Orr in full uniform, surrounded by his staff (and Crayton was one), also by many ladies and distinguished men from the city (Charleston), his regiment closed in a mass before him, when the ladies of that city presented the beautiful silken flag to the regiment. I think, though I am not certain, that it was Preston who made the presentation speech and delivered the flag to Colonel Orr. The speech, however, was able, patriotic, and touching. Colonel Orr received the flag, speaking in reply to Preston and extending thanks, and made one of the best speeches of his life. Then, turning to the ensign, he said: "Sergeant Lowry, I know this flag will never trail the dust till its folds cover your body."

J. C. MOORE'S BRIGADE, NOT W. P. ROGERS'S.

BY J. MONT WILSON, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The article on the first page of the VETERAN for June makes it appear that Col. William Rogers was commander of the brigade. The Federal adjutant so states in his letter. In justice to Brig. Gen. John C. Moore, who was the commander, this fact does not detract from the fame of Colonel Rogers.

General Moore's brigade was composed of the 2d Texas, 15th and 23d Arkansas, 35th Mississippi, and 42d Alabama Regiments. In driving the Federals for three miles through the fallen timber and obstructions described by the Federal adjutant, the 2d Texas and 15th Arkansas were cut off from the three other regiments, and General Moore was with them. Colonel Rogers, being the senior colonel, took charge of the two regiments, and drove everything before them till uniting with the balance of the brigade. But this was on Friday, the first day. Every officer and man in the 15th Arkansas admired Colonel Rogers, and I heard the lieutenant colonel of our regiment remark that if Colonel Rogers had lived he would have been made a major general. He certainly would have been made a brigadier. General Moore's gallantry as colonel of the 2d Texas at Shiloh made him a brigadier general when Lieutenant Colonel Rogers became colonel of the 2d Texas.

GEN. HORATIO C. KING AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY.

ADDRESS OF UNION VETERAN TO CONFEDERATES MAY 26, 1907.

Comrades and Friends: Hushed is the din of battle. The clash of resounding arms no more rends the air with its horrible discord. The cruel cannon are silent, and the death-dealing volleys of musketry echo in memory only. Under the sward in this God's beautiful half acre lie in peaceful repose the remains of manly men who fought with a desperation that confirmed their belief in the justice of their cause. They fought for their homes and for the principles in which they thoroughly believed, and thousands upon thousands laid down their lives inspired by patriotic motives and counted this sacrifice none too great. For four long, weary years the sunny Southland echoed the tread of vast battalions which marched and countermarched over its devastated fields and with desperate bravery contended for the mastery and for independence. Rattling muskets and bellowing guns were served valiantly by as brave partisans as ever responded to the call to arms. The men who composed both the Northern and Southern forces were never equaled by any armies the outside world has ever seen. They were not mere machines with little knowledge of the purpose for which they were brought into the field. Intelligent, keen, quick to apprehend and prompt to obey, each side held to their determined and bloody work until, exhausted of men and material resources, the South laid down its arms to a generous foe.

That the war was desperate and prolonged was due to the nativity and like temperament of the combatants. When the great orator and divine, Henry Ward Beecher, was in Europe, he was severely chaffed by an Englishman because of the North's frequent reverses in the great war then in progress. Mr. Beecher, a little nettled, replied: "Ah, my friend, please to bear in mind that we are not fighting Europeans; we are fighting Americans." So the magnificent valor exhibited on both sides in that unparalleled conflict is a common heritage of which all Americans are proud.

I share with you in the reflected glory of your immortal Lee and of the many brilliant officers who led you to victory and comforted and counseled you in final defeat. We were brothers then, simply estranged for a while by a difference of opinion on constitutional questions, and we are tenfold closer brothers now that these questions have been settled by the arbitrament of war, and settled forever.

Certainly one notable result of the struggle was that both sides learned to know each other better and to revise their opinions, which were mutually based upon imperfect knowledge. In the "Lady of Lyons" the peppery but gallant Damas is made to say, "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I have fought him;" and surely out of respect, when the last shot was fired, sprang the renewed esteem and friendship which animated the contending hosts, who shared their hardtack and coffee and drank something more stimulating than either from the same canteen.

Indeed, throughout the four years of bloody strife there never was a time that the North was not ready to treat with the South with a view to any compromise that did not involve the dismemberment of the Union.

No more remarkable spectacle has ever been witnessed in the world's history than the healing of the differences and dissensions arising out of that awful struggle. That it was greatly retarded by the wretched and disgraceful period of obstructive miscalled reconstruction, none but blind partisans will now deny. Had the men who had confronted each other on many a stubborn and bloody field been permitted to dictate the terms of settlement, the bitterness engendered by the war would have speedily subsided.

The two sections of our great country were educated and trained in diverse views of the powers devolved upon the States by the Constitution. It was State rights against State sovereignty. As happily expressed by a Southern poet, a brave Confederate soldier, Dr. Clarkson, of Virginia:

"They tell a legend of two knights of old,
Two haughty men, who on the highway met;
Of brave, of kindred stock were they, and yet
With fiery speech and anger uncontrolled
They each drew lance against kinsman bold
Because a shield, suspended 'tween the two,
To each brought only one side into view,
And one had said 'twas brass; the other, gold.

And so o'er this they fought—for thus 'tis told—
Till both were winded, when, in changing place,
Each saw the shield, but viewed its other face,
One fell. The other lowered his lance. Behold!
No more they strive. Their rash dissensions cease,
And each extends the open palm of peace!"

Out of the amazing conflict at which all civilized nations stood aghast the United States emerged with renewed vigor. With giant strides it has taken its place at the head of the column. The republic is no longer an experiment, and the reunited North and South in friendly rivalry work together. "That government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In the presence of the dead what unrighteous hand shall resurrect these buried animosities? And to this death must we and all who participated in that mighty conflict soon come. Death is ever a mystery, and yet it is "the old, old fashion—the fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the whole firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion, Death. O thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion of immortality!"

"Hate shuts her soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads;" and we give thanks for that broader humanity and brighter patriotism which has driven out hate, buried the animosities of the past, and drawn together in fraternal handclasp all who love their common country. The bitterness engendered by the war has happily subsided, and hand in hand every loyal son, North and South, "keeps step to the music of the Union," and those whom the God of battles has joined together let no man put asunder. In friendship, charity, and loyalty this nation shall go forward, prospering and to prosper, the beacon light of civilization and the controller for good of the destinies of the world.

It is the comforting belief of many that the disembodied spirits of the dead return to earth and hover over the scenes familiar to them in their former experience.

May we not imagine that the embattled hosts who met in sanguinary conflict here now look upon this gathering with emotions of gratitude and joy? In our mind's eye I behold the phantom specters of blue and gray, linked arm in arm, march in review. There is no roar of conflict, but a joyful uplift of thankfulness for peace and a restored Union.

"And in command supreme o'er all
March Grant and Lee, and at their side

The martyred Lincoln, at whose call
Unnumbered thousands fought and died."

As I look into your faces, as I mark your gray hairs and bent figures, it is hard to realize that but seemingly a few short years ago you were the lithe and active striplings who made the world stand in awe at your prowess and mighty deeds. But all of us have passed the crown of the hill and are nearing with rapid strides our eternal home. The problem of death is no more a mystery to me than the problem of birth. The supreme power that projected us upon the sphere will take care of us in another and better country when we have rounded out our earthly career and our work is done. I echo the feeling of my honored father, who met the grim reaper with cheerful courage, saying with a smile: "I am ready; it is simply to cross the street to meet my old friends again." So too I often recall and repeat the prophetic utterance of your immortal Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Rest! yea, rest and peace forever and forever. We await with equanimity the inevitable summons; and

"When life's campaign is at an end
And we are mustered out,
The Yankee cheer and Rebel yell
Will mingle in one shout;
We'll greet our old antagonists,
And then no more shall know
No Union nor Confederate
With Benny Havens O!"

PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY DR. R. L. M'CLUNG, CAPTAIN COMPANY K, 15TH ARK. REGT.

I was a prisoner of war, being captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862, and sent to Johnson's Island, and was released in September. I was afterwards in the siege of Port Hudson, La., and again captured and sent to Johnson's Island, to the same block and mess of my former occupancy. In a rat hunt we caught about five hundred wharf rats, piled them up and divided them out, then cooked and ate them. Prisoners offered to exchange gold dollars for rats—a dollar each—but could not buy them.

In the winter of 1863 four of us had our toes and heels frozen around the stoves. Every nail and every knot on the inside of the wall was covered with a shield of ice. We laid several plans to get out; but the Yanks always detected us in them until the last plan, which was not consummated before exchange was ordered. In our plan we elected the one-legged General Trimble to lead us out. We were to know our places and wait for orders, but the order never came. Lieutenant Bowles, from Kentucky, one moonlight night took about twenty-five men and made ladders out of their bed slats and started over the thirteen-foot wall around us. Lieutenant Bowles was shot dead, some of the men were clubbed back, while others got over the wall, about which time that old, long signal gun fired, and everybody who heard it for miles around knew what it meant. The next morning we were told that the woods were full of men, women, and children hunting for the escaped Rebels. The ground was covered with snow, and some of the men when returned to prison had frozen noses, ears, feet, and fingers.

Besides this rat question (to show our starvation), and in addition to the cold (for we were very scantily clothed), Major Pierson (I have never liked the name of Pierson since) placed an order on our bulletin board in these words: "Any prisoner preferring the oath of allegiance to returning to service in the Southern army will be placed in Block No. 1, and will be furnished sugar, coffee, and blankets. Report at once to Maj. W. S. Pierson, Commanding."

We had one Captain Stephens (I have forgotten his command) who wrote out a petition for the oath, and started after reveille one morning to the "big gate" to deposit his petition. It dropped from his pocket on the sidewalk, and was brought to our mess (Block 8, Mess 2). When Captain Stephens returned, we had a seance. Some kicked him out at the door; his colonel came along and was shown the paper, and the colonel slashed him with his cane and, with a by-word common to soldier life, told the Captain that he did not want to draw his blood, but he wished to chastise him. Captain Stephens's bed and his two blankets were thrown out at the door. He took them and went down near the lower pump, and made what is called a "dog tent" out of one blanket and put his straw bed and the other blanket under there, and there he remained for a long time, as Pierson did not fulfill his promise.

Major Pierson also wrote an order stating that any prisoner found digging a tunnel would be shot. Then we went to digging in earnest. A tunnel was started from the deadhouse. The dirt dug out was hid under the floor until that was filled, and then it was put between the ceiling and weather-boards. A Yankee sergeant came by one day and found it after it was nearly completed. He pushed his six-shooter down in the hole and fired, but luckily there was no one in the tunnel.

A Captain Meadows was shot through the knee one night by a sentinel without any cause as he was on the pathway to the sinks. He recovered, went back to the army, was recaptured, and placed in the same old room. He was afterwards shot through the other knee, but recovered.

Does anybody recollect the speech old "Brownlow" made from the wall, and how we bleated him off? And how, when a certain Yankee lieutenant would appear above the wall near by the blockhouse to call the names of a few who petitioned for the oath, the cry would resound over the prison of "Purp call, purp call?" Two little children were brought in by a Yankee one day, and how we crowded around to see them! Captain Fite would take his stand on an upper platform about the middle of the row and repeat that old Hardshell sermon, beginning with: "And he shall gnaw a file and flee to the land of Hepsedam, where the lion roars and the whang-doodle mourns for her firstborn." He would hold a thousand men spellbound by that old sermon. He would give it often of evenings. I well remember the cry of the soldier a Yankee shot there one day for deserting. I stayed on the Island the last time from July 28, 1863, to March 3, 1865.

Report comes from Lexington, Ky., that a book, "Story of the Great Republic," has been barred from the city schools there because of "alleged disrespect" shown therein to Gen. John H. Morgan, and that the author, H. A. Guerber, a New Jersey woman, is willing to make a change, so it may be continued in the public schools. Surely Kentuckians will not use a book the spirit of whose author would prompt such expression. We are hard up for books when we make such a compromise.



CAPT H. B. LOVE, OF PARIS, TEX., AND HIS TWELVE SURVIVING CHILDREN.

Capt. H. B. Love, Commander of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Paris, Tex., appears in the above picture with his twelve surviving children. He has been twice married, first to Miss "Puss" Fielding, of Athens, Ala., who was the mother of eight children—one dead. The second wife was Miss Mollie Forshee, whose father, George Forshee, was killed in the war. By that marriage there were seven children, five of whom, together with the seven surviving children of the first marriage, appear in the group with the father. The parents of Comrade Love, Thomas Love and Mary A. Crutcher, were born in Virginia, and were taken by their parents to Madison County, Ala., where they were married. There is a large family connection in the South.

TENNESSEE DIVISION OF CONFEDERATES.

The Tennessee Division, U. C. V., met at Covington on October 9, 1907, with a large attendance of delegates, and there were many visitors there at the time. The Pension Board and the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home both submitted reports, which were adopted and ordered spread upon the minutes. The pension report showed that Tennessee appropriates annually $300,000 for soldiers and $75,000 for widows, that there are now 4,011 soldiers and 1,129 widows on the rolls, that the highest pension paid soldiers is $300 and the lowest is $60 per year, and that the highest paid widows is $72 and the lowest is $60. The Trustees of the Home reported that there are now 114 inmates in the Home, and that the State appropriated a *per capita* of $135, with which the inmates are fed, clothed, and cared for.

Frank Cheatham Camp presented resolutions against the appointment of the "modern" woman to staff positions, which were unanimously adopted and ordered presented to the next General Convention, to be held in Birmingham.

Worthy Tribute to Old Negroes.

Gen. George W. Gordon offered the following preambles and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas there has ever been and still is a ready recognition throughout the Southern States of the faithful and praiseworthy course and conduct of the slaves toward their then owners and their many unprotected families during our interstate war, from 1861 to 1865; and whereas we deem it just and due to the good faith and good name of said slaves, as also to their former owners and to history, that this highly instructive and most significant fact be promulgated and perpetuated; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That it is the sense of the delegates and representatives of the Tennessee Division of the Federation of United Confederate Veterans here assembled that a stately and durable monument should be erected at some central and appropriate site in the South to the faithfulness and praiseworthiness and to the fidelity and allegiance of the slaves to their owners and to their families during the great American war mentioned.

"*Resolved,* That the Secretary be, and hereby is, instructed to prepare a copy of these preambles and resolutions to be offered for adoption at the next Reunion of the General Federation of United Confederates, at Birmingham, Ala., in 1908.

"*Resolved,* That it is the sense of the delegates of the Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans that the negroes who faithfully served as attachés, employees, or servants in the Confederate army till the close of the war should be pensioned by amendment to the pension laws now in operation in this State."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George W. Gordon, Major General, Commanding the Division; John M. Brooks, Clay Stacker, John H. McDowell, Brigadier Generals, Commanding respectively the First, Second, and Third Brigades; John P. Hickman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Hearty thanks were extended for the bountiful hospitality of the people of Covington.

The Division then adjourned to meet in Nashville on the second Wednesday in October, 1908.

W. H. Cleere, of Haleyville, Ala., asks information in regard to the Confederate service of Seborn L. Garrett, of Salem, Lee County, Ala., of the 6th Alabama Regiment, who, it seems, was captured somewhere on the 19th of October, 1864.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WEST POINT.

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN J. M. STONE CHAPTER.

In the beautiful little city of West Point, Miss., stands this imposing Confederate monument, unveiled on August 8, 1907. It is placed in Russell Park, named for its donor, Col. E. L. Russell, of Mobile, Ala., who generously donated the plot of ground as a location for the monument, and it was erected by the John M. Stone Chapter, U. D. C., of West Point This monument stands as a testimony of their belief in a righteous though defeated cause, as a token of their love and reverence for the soldiers who wore the gray, and as a realization of their fondest hopes after years of untiring efforts. The members of the John M. Stone Chapter have proven themselves worthy of the name "Daughters of the Confederacy." This shaft of stone to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier and to show to generations yet unborn the public spirit and patriotism of the women of the South will stand as a sentinel through coming years and remind us and our successors of their heroic deeds of valor.

August 8, 1907, is called West Point's greatest day. It is estimated that seven thousand people witnessed the unveiling ceremonies. A beautiful programme had been arranged, and was perfectly executed. A special train from Camp Columbus brought a battalion of infantry, with Adjutant General Fridge and staff, of the Mississippi National Guard, who joined in the parade, which, comprising veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, carriages containing the orator of the day and others on the programme, the West Point band, and elegantly decorated traps containing guests and citizens, made the most imposing parade seen in Mississippi for years. At five o'clock the unveiling ceremonies proper occurred.



MONUMENT AT WEST POINT, MISS.

T. M. Mosely, Commander of Camp Ben Robertson, was master of ceremonies. Following the salute by the rifle company was the invocation by Rev. H. M. Sydenstricker, after which the male quartet sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." The address of welcome was by Mrs. H. C. Terrell, President of John M. Stone Chapter, and some remarks were made by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President State Division, U. D. C. The response from veterans was by W S. Coleman, Adjutant of Camp Robertson. The monument was unveiled by Mrs. T. G. Ivy, Honorary President; and as the shaft was disclosed, she recited with pathos and feeling the beautiful lines of "The Conquered Banner." Hon. F. A. Critz introduced the speaker of the occasion, Dr. W. T. Bolling. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. S. Lewis. The programme was interspersed with selections by the band. The Confederate States were represented by young ladies, whose pretty faces and costumes brightened the scene.

An appropriate finale to the day was the reception given by Mrs. H. C. Terrell at her home, to which the whole town was bidden. The house and grounds were beautifully decorated in Confederate colors, and the hostess dispensed the most gracious hospitality.

The John M. Stone Chapter is now resting on the laurels of an achieved success, and points with pride to the monument which expresses in lasting and permanent form their sentiments, love, and patriotism.

The following inscriptions are on slabs between crossed swords: West side: "1861—Gloria Victis—1865." On space next below: "John M. Stone Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, pays tribute to the Confederate soldiers of Clay County."

The figures face north and south, that on the north representing a Confederate soldier at parade rest; the one on the south, a modern soldier and equipments. On the east side are the inscriptions:

"No nation rose so white and fair
Or fell so pure of crime."

"Clay County holds in proud and grateful remembrance her brave and loyal sons who preferred death to a betrayal of her dearest principles."

"Might Overcame!

Let not our sons forget that these unsullied heroes fought for right."

The monument is marble, resting on stone bases, and is forty-three feet high from bottom to pointed top. North of the monument there is a pole, from which the battle flag floats.

REMINISCENCES OF A MISSISSIPPIAN IN PEACE AND WAR.

"These reminiscences by Col. F. A. Montgomery," writes J. E. Brander, "stir the best and highest emotions of the heart. Every Southerner loves the story of his land and its people. Memory gives bygone happiness a sweeter charm, and dauntless courage wins from adversity immortal trophies. The distinguished author, a gallant soldier of the Southern cause and an eminent jurist, depicts these scenes of peace and war so lucidly and yet so forcefully that one seems to see again 'the light of other days' as well as its shadow. This book bears the impress of a 'vanished hand' and heart of a patriot—the hand and heart of a Confederate soldier."

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

Monument to that Gallant Cavalry Regiment.

Soon after the State of Texas seceded in 1861 B. F. Terry and T. S. Lubbock, prominent citizens of Texas, went to South Carolina and thence to Virginia, where, becoming attached to the staff of General Beauregard, they participated in the first battle of Manassas. Shortly after that battle they received a commission to organize a "cavalry regiment of skilled horsemen for immediate service." They returned to Texas and issued their call for volunteers. Responding to the call, the 8th Texas Cavalry, better known throughout the war as "Terry's Texas Rangers," enlisted and were sworn into service at Houston early in September, 1861.

The regiment was soon ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., where it formally organized and elected officers: B. F. Terry, Colonel; T. S. Lubbock, Lieutenant Colonel; Thomas H. Harrison, Major; B. A. Botts, Quartermaster; R. H. Simmons, Commissary; M. Royston, Adjutant; Dr. J. M. Weston, Surgeon; Dr. R. E. Hill, Assistant Surgeon; W. B. Sayers, Sergeant Major. The regiment was attached to the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and immediately began rigid discipline, drilling, etc., to prepare for battle.

On December 17, 1861, the regiment engaged in severe battle at Woodsonville, Ky. In leading a gallant charge Colonel Terry was mortally wounded. In his official report of the battle General Hardee says: "The conduct of the Rangers was marked by impetuous valor. In charging the enemy Colonel Terry was killed in the moment of victory. His regiment deplores the loss of a beloved and brave commander and the army one of its ablest officers." Lieutenant Colonel Lubbock was immediately elected colonel of the regiment; but he was lying seriously ill of typhoid fever at Nashville, where he died shortly afterwards, and Col. John A. Wharton was then elected colonel and Capt. John G. Walker lieutenant colonel.

When in February, 1862, General Johnston evacuated Bowling Green, falling back to Nashville, the Rangers formed the rear guard of his army, going with him to join Beauregard at Corinth.

On April 6, 7, and 8 they participated in the great battle of Shiloh, one of the greatest battles of the Civil War. In the three days' struggle the Confederates lost in killed and wounded nearly 10,000 men; while the Federal loss in killed, wounded, and missing was over 12,000; many officers of high rank falling on both sides. In that great battle Terry's Rangers fought bravely, making many desperate charges, and they lost many brave men. Clint Terry, the younger brother of Colonel Terry, was killed, Colonel Wharton and Lieutenant Colonel Walker were seriously wounded, as was Capt. Rufus Y. King, the only man now living who held rank as high as captain in the original organization of the regiment. Colonel Wharton remained in command of the regiment until forced to retire by complete exhaustion. During the remainder of the battle the regiment was under the command of Major Harrison, who led a desperate charge on the morning of the 8th. In the retreat which followed the battle of Shiloh the regiment assisted in protecting the rear of the army. After this the regiment was attached to the forces under command of Gen. Bedford Forrest. In July near Murfreesboro Forrest's command captured a battery of which it stood greatly in need, and among others Capt. Sam Ash was detailed to man the battery.

In September, 1862, the Rangers went with Bragg into Kentucky; and when he was afterwards forced to retreat from Kentucky, the Rangers with Wheeler's Cavalry protected his rear, contesting almost every mile of Buell's advance. In the battle of Bardstown the Rangers were cut off from the rest of Wheeler's command, and, making a desperate charge upon an overwhelming force of the enemy, cut their way through his lines and rejoined Wheeler's forces.

At Perryville Bragg gave the enemy battle, and on the 8th of October the Rangers were in one of the great cavalry charges of the war. In this battle Mark Evans, who had been made lieutenant colonel, while leading the regiment, was killed. For brave conduct in this battle the regiment was again highly complimented by General Bragg.

From Perryville Bragg retired and massed his army at Murfreesboro. The Rangers were actively engaged in the five days' battle around Murfreesboro, which ended January 3, 1863, and their loss in men and officers was large.

In the summer of 1863, under Forrest, who had become a major general, they scouted and fought almost daily in North Georgia and Tennessee until September 19, when they engaged in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, and were in constant action, making many desperate charges. After the first day of the battle, they were dispatched with Wheeler and Wharton to protect Bragg from the advancing Federal cavalry; and for several days, almost without sleep or rest, were constantly riding, scouting, and fighting around Chattanooga.

From Chickamauga they were sent to Knoxville, and were with Longstreet in his campaign against Burnside, which



THE MONUMENT TO TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

lasted throughout the winter, making many desperate charges in the battles around Knoxville and in upper East Tennessee.

At Strawberry Plains Major Jarmon and Lieutenant Dilworth were seriously wounded; and in the battle of Mossy Creek Maj. G. W. Littlefield, still but a boy, while acting as lieutenant colonel of the regiment, received a severe wound from a shell which tore practically all the flesh from his left hip. He returned to his command in 1864, but was by his wound forced to retire from the army.

From the summer of 1864 until the close of the war the Rangers were with Wheeler, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood in North Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina. The Rangers were in many of the battles of the memorable Atlanta campaign, which embraced ninety days of continuous fighting. The last battle in which the Rangers fought was at Bentonville, N. C., March 21, 1865, in which battle just before they made their last charge the young son of General Hardee, a mere boy, who twice before had proposed to join the Rangers, but because of his youth had been dissuaded, enlisted and entered into the charge, and was by the first volley instantly killed within a few yards of his father, who was in command.

For valor in battle many officers were promoted. Wharton became a major general, Harrison a brigadier, Gustave Cook a colonel, G. W. Littlefield and Pat Christian majors, and W. B. Sayers a captain and assistant adjutant on General Harrison's staff. All of them were several times seriously wounded in battle. Phelps was made a lieutenant, and at the close of the war was acting adjutant of the regiment. The Rangers did much service in Tennessee, and were much esteemed by those whom they defended.

It would be impossible now to recount the entire history of this remarkable regiment. It was organized with a membership of 1,173 men; they received many recruits, more than 1,700 men being enrolled during the war. At the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April 24, 1865, there were less than one hundred and fifty of the regiment in line. Many of them died from exposure and disease, many were killed in battle, many were seriously wounded and forced to retire from the service, and many became prisoners of war; but it is said that no one of them ever deserted the cause. They were the safest and swiftest horsemen, the surest and best shots, and of the coolest and bravest men that ever charged a battery.

Early in their enlistment Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston said to them: "With a little more drill you are the equals of the old guard of Napoleon." General Hardee, who was with them in many battles, said: "I always feel safe with the Rangers in front." General Bragg also said: "There is no danger of a surprise when the Rangers are between us and the enemy."

At the close of the war President Davis pronounced upon them the highest eulogy. He said: "The Terry Rangers have done all that could be expected or required of soldiers."

"Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their proud banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud."

Northern College Professor's Estimate of Jefferson Davis.—The following conversation is reported between the eminent author and lecturer, Guy Carlton Lee, and a college professor at the North: "Why did you write a lecture on Jefferson Davis?" said a well-known Northern college president to Prof. Guy Carleton Lee, of Johns Hopkins University, and before the distinguished historian could reply the president added: "You belittle your learning by bringing forth a man like Davis from the obscurity in which he rightly hides; moreover, you will be disliked by the North and accused of catering to the South."

GALLANT TOM M'NAUGHTON.

BY JOHN J. HOOD, JACKSON, MISS.

A soldier visiting Fort Donelson after a lapse of twenty-eight years wrote in the Nashville American March 10, 1890:

"A thousand Middle Tennesseeans, comprising the 41st Regiment, under command of the tried and brave Col. Robert Farquharson, disembarked from a steamboat February 13, 1862, at the Dover main landing. They marched up the street to the perpendicular turn leading to the courthouse. Here the head of the column was halted and the line was exposed to the cannon shot of the enemy.

"The writer was one of a half dozen at its head, neither of whom had any conception of the danger from shells bursting about them until a piece struck Capt. Thomas B. McNaughton, killing him instantly. While commissary of the regiment, McNaughton volunteered to go into the battle. He was instinctively a gentleman, and dressed as elegantly as if in command of an army on parade.



THOMAS B. M'NAUGHTON.

"Somehow, somewhere, he had procured a remarkable gun. While perhaps of great age, it was so remarkably preserved that its burnished gold and silver ornaments were as bright as if new. The gun is said to have been made at Damascus. His memorable words uttered just after the half dozen had been laughing at frightened young soldiers were: 'Well, Sally Ann, we were never in a fight, but may be soon.' There were more boys than men in the regiment. They sought refuge by fences and houses from well-directed canister, so that many of their faces were red with fright, as if painted. When the orders 'Forward; file right' were given, the regiment started up the main street toward the courthouse, and the first shocking information that went along the line was: 'McNaughton is dead.'

"Dr. J. W. Smith, who lived near Dover and does still, saw him fall, and said he was never tempted to take anything during the war but that beautiful gun. The gun was taken up by Lieut. H. W. L. Little, of the regiment, and was carried and used through the three days' battle, and stacked in the general line of surrendered guns. A Federal officer of high rank took the gun from stack, with others, on the morning of our surrender, and carried it away.

"McNaughton's body lay by the line of march as the command hurried by. The cape of his overcoat, thrown over his head, hid from view the awful mutilation of his shoulders and chest by the bombshell.

"It was my pleasure to have known intimately and as a brother Thomas B. McNaughton while attending college at Shelbyville, Tenn. When I first met him, he was clerking at John Nevins's bookstore. Young, bright, magnetic, genial,

manly, he had many friends among the students. He was of such charming personality that his acquaintances instinctively admired him. He was a fascinating conversationalist and a delightful entertainer, a close student, and highly cultured. He contributed to the press of Tennessee and elsewhere many brilliant poems and articles that adorned its glowing columns. When the war broke out, he had written enough for a volume and was arranging to have it published.

"From Shelbyville he went to Fayetteville, and was a partner of or traveled for Kelso. Almost wholly self-made, Tom McNaughton was a prominent and worthy son of his grand old State; and had he lived, he would have left his impress as a soldier and a literary man.

"He was close to me in thought, in sentiment, and in brotherly love, and I hold his memory, impearled in tears, sacred in my heart. When McNaughton fell, the first martyr of his regiment to that crushing disaster at Donelson, no nobler son of Tennessee could have been immolated in her cause."

MORTALITY IN SOUTHERN PRISONS.

BY W. F. ARNOLD, A RETIRED SURGEON OF THE U. S. NAVY.

The following incident occurred this afternoon [September 8] aboard the Central Railroad of New Jersey's ferryboat Somerville:

There were many Grand Army veterans on this boat, and as I stood on the apron forward I heard a touching recital by one of these to another about a woman in the near South who was looking for her son amongst a number of sick Union soldiers. The narrator told it as a personal experience. He said that he had assisted her as best he could, and that a hospital steward, as an attendant upon the sick, had consulted the records and pointed out to her a desperately ill man quite near as her son, neither the woman nor the almost dying man having recognized each other. He told of her agony of grief and of her tender caresses and attentions to her son, said that she had carried him unaided in her arms aboard a transport bound for Baltimore, and concluded by telling that her son had died within a quarter of an hour after reaching the vessel bound for Baltimore.

His listener said, "They killed him. They starved him. They did it deliberately;" and there was more of bitterness to the same effect.

Without explanation or apology, I asked this traducer of Confederates if he had ever heard of the hook-worm. He replied that he knew about it. I inquired further if he knew that when human beings were long in close contact with earth polluted by negroes or by others infected thus by them no care on their own part could protect them from hook-worm infection. He said that he did; then he added: "It produces the sleeping sickness." "No," I said; "it produces grave, essential anæmia. When this is established, the affected person may with difficulty be nourished; but such patients certainly could not have been nourished on the Confederate ration of 1863-65. Now, sir," I continued, "unless you are in position to prove, first, that this patient did not have hook-worm disease and, second, that he did not receive the Confederate ration, you have made slanderous charges of the gravest character."

Neither he nor his companion giving the reminiscence made any reply, so I turned away from them in a few moments and did not see them again.

I wish to secure fuller knowledge of and discussion upon the subject of the hook-worm disease, in regard to which most individual Southerners and almost all Southern health boards and even physicians appear to me to be indifferent. I believe that I am the first to indicate its rôle in the death rate of Union prisoners at the South. (See Memphis Medical Monthly, March, 1907.)

I shall be very glad indeed to receive personally or to read in the VETERAN the accounts of any and all Confederate veterans in relation to this disease. Address me at Navy Department, Bureau Medicine and Surgery, Washington, D. C.

A CONFEDERATE ANTHEM.

The following beautiful poem, the exquisite sentiment of which grows upon one in the rereading, was written by Mabel Porter Pitts and dedicated by her to the Daughters of the Confederacy on the occasion of the annual convention of the California Chapters at Monterey, Cal. Miss Pitts, while a native of Kentucky and a loyal daughter of the South, has resided in California during the past ten years. The second edition of her book, "In the Shadow of the Crag," is just from the press, and has been accorded a flattering reception by the critics. It is a handsome volume of four hundred pages, full gilt and illustrated.

My Colors.

Who could help but be true when the red of her cheeks
In the bunting blows?
Who could help but be brave when the blue of her eyes
Like a beacon glows
In the field of the myriad five-point stars?
What matter the shape, if 'tis stripes or bars,
Since the satin-white folds of the sacred ground
Hold the tint that her soft throat shows?

Who could help but be thrilled as it trembles and fills
On its stanchion there?
To my eyes it appears like the undulant folds
Of my lady's hair.
If at rest or afloat, in its graceful lines
Speaks pride, that my worshiping heart divines
In my dear lady's form, in my lady's face
That is true as the flag and fair.

Be the lists where they may, be the cause what it will,
I will gladly go
If the blue and the white and the glint of the red
In the bunting blow.
For her eyes and her cheeks and her fair white throat
I'll welcome the sound of the bugle's note,
I will pin her bright colors above my heart,
And will follow with friend or foe.

The young lady has been elected an honorary member and poet laureate of John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 739.—*San Jose Mercury.*

ERRORS CORRECTED.—Capt. W. G. Loyd corrects some mention of himself in connection with a notice of the Lewisburg (Tenn.) Confederate monument dedication (September VETERAN), stating: "I came not from Florida, but from Louisiana. I was born in Lewisburg, Tenn. When the war broke out, I was living in Alexandria, La., where I joined the 2d Louisiana Regiment of Infantry. I served in the Army of Northern Virginia during the four years. I went back to my adopted State, Louisiana, in the winter of 1865, and in May, 1867, returned to my native county, Marshall, in good old Tennessee, where I have lived for forty years."

DARE OF SOME OF FORREST'S MEN.

In the latter part of March, 1865—when the War between the States was on the verge of collapse, when General Grant had closed in on Richmond, when Sherman was burning his way through our homes, when Hood had been driven out of Tennessee, and when Gen. N. B. Forrest, with about three thousand men, was camped at West Point, Miss.—a feat of dash and dare occurred which showed the mettle of his men.

Ben Brown, of Company L, 3d Kentucky (now dead), and Tom J. Milner, of Company I, 12th Kentucky (now a leading physician at Greenville, Tex.), having failed to secure fresh horses at their homes in Kentucky, as ordered to do by their officers, came back into Mississippi and forced some farmers to give them some good horses for their broken-down ones. This would have been all right and no crime in Kentucky, simply a war necessity; but not so in Mississippi. Our boys needed those horses in defending Mississippi against the Federal invaders. Ben and Tom were followed, arrested, and put into the guardhouse by some of Forrest's Mississippi Cavalry and charged with stealing.

This prison was very close to Forrest's headquarters, was surrounded by many regiments of soldiers, companies of scouts, field artillery, etc., and was guarded by thirty soldiers, who kept about twenty prisoners in an upper room, with a stairway on the outside. Four guards stood at the foot of these steps, two at the top, and twenty-four were in reserve in the lower story, with double doors open at the stairway. Our Kentucky troops, Buford's Brigade, were camped some nine miles northeast, and pickets guarded every road.

Our prison comrades wrote to us and told us the whole story. We, through our officers, who freely sympathized with them, tried hard to get them released, but utterly failed. Ben and Tom were good, true soldiers; therefore fourteen veterans —namely, Add Brown, John Bushart, Bob Bushart, Newt Bushart, Rufus Johnson (all dead), Bill Murphy, Sam Stone, George Strather, John Smith, James H. Saunders, Don Singletary, Jap Nall, Mike Ward, W. P. Butler—hastily volunteered to go to the release of our comrades at any hazard.

After a hasty caucus, John Bushart and Don Singletary were sent to the prison to see the situation, warn our comrades of our intentions, and make every arrangement for our move that night at 11 P.M. After going into the prison and talking with Ben and Tom, Comrades Bushart and Singletary took in the lay of troops, Forrest's quarters, batteries, etc., and then went back toward camp, some five miles, and met their comrades. This squad of fourteen reached West Point in due time, and rode in between a fence and a small clump of hazel bushes within fifty yards of the prison and Forrest's headquarters. Add Brown and John Smith held all horses, John Bushart and Jap Nall took charge of a small cabin of jolly folks, who seemed to be dancing, and the rest of the men went quickly in the darkness of the night to the prison, surprising and capturing the guards on post. Each one of the rescuers was armed with two revolvers, and ready for war, if war must come. We knew our business. But little was said. It took us perhaps three minutes. The reserve guards were aroused, surprised, and confused; but they caught up their guns, and we had a hand-to-hand encounter, and barely escaped war to the finish. One shot or casualty would have meant death and destruction for many.

One of our men ordered them to be quiet and no harm would occur, and they obeyed. In the meantime James H. Saunders and Bill Murphy had secured Ben and Tom, and had warned the guards that we were taking one of their men along, and would kill him if they made an alarm; but had not taken either of their men. They were afraid to alarm until they called their roll and found no one missing. So our tactics worked to perfection. Every one was at his best and acted well his part. We escaped with our comrades, flanked all pickets, got into camp, cleaned the mud off our horses, hid our two comrades, and lay down just before a courier from Forrest's quarters dashed up and ordered roll call and absentees noted.

Capt. J. E. Morris (now Dr. Morris, of Madisonville, Tex.) was happy that all were present. But alas! our greatest trouble was yet to come. We had committed mutiny, and the penalty was death.

The next morning Gen. B. H. Lyon had Companies L, 3d Kentucky, and I, 12th Kentucky, arrested and put in the very prison we raided the night before; and the day following Generals Forrest, Lyon, and Jackson sat as a court of inquiry to find out the leaders or men who were guilty; but we were up to our business, and played a little tactics. We held a council and agreed that in this court we were not to know or tell anything on each other. We were to know nothing about our comrades, to forget it all, but to tell whatever we wanted to about ourselves except the truth of our trips. This worked well; we outgeneraled the generals, and all were released except Bob and John Bushart and John Beard. Yet the generals got no proof against them. A little later Captain Morris assisted in getting these released and exonerated. Ben Brown (now dead) and T. J. Milner (now a leading physician at Greenville, Tex.) were hid out near our camp and cared for.

General Forrest soon moved for a raid. We were on the scout when the war closed, and made our way home without ever being paroled.

In Memphis, Tenn., soon after the war First Lieut. Wiley Bushart talked over the above facts with General Forrest; and when the General learned that fourteen men had done this feat and outwitted his court, he said: "Lieutenant Bushart, that was the only time I was ever outgeneraled; and if I ever go into war again, I want every one of those men as my staff officers or couriers."

In 1906 (Capt.) Dr. Morris, of Madisonville, Tex., wrote to this scribe concerning this West Point raid in part as follows: "I am free to state that you were a brave, good, gallant soldier, and a gentleman possessing the highest type of manhood. The release of Ben Brown and Tom Milner (now Dr. Milner, of Greenville, Tex.) from the West Point Prison was, in my opinion, an honorable, manly, and valorous deed. I indorsed it. I was at Meridian, Miss., when Ben Brown was recaptured and brought there and thrown in the stockade in irons. In the meantime three of the Bushart boys were sent there by General Forrest on suspicion. We succeeded in freeing Ben Brown from cuffs and turning him loose; and as there were no charges against the Bushart boys, I demanded of the provost marshal their trial or release. He turned them over to me, and we returned to camp. Not only our regimental and brigade officers commended the raid, but, you remember, General Forrest himself after the surrender complimented the boys who were engaged on their bravery. You all were exonerated. Ben and Tom had obeyed orders in obtaining fresh horses. Your chivalry should go down in history among the brilliant of our victories. You fought a good fight."

"ECHOES OF THE CONFEDERACY."

BY H. L. PINER.

Recited by Marthy Cozby, Alze, Tex., at the State Reunion at Bowie, with request that it be published in the VETERAN.

They tell me that you have survived the long war and the crash of a new nation's fall,
And the vultures whose black aftermath was the feast of your dead hopes that lay over all;
And they tell me that Hannibal's troops were no braver in fighting for Carthage than you;
That the Trojans, whose armies were masses of courage, were not more courageous and true;
And they say that Napoleon's hosts fought no harder when France and her lilies were crushed
Than you fought for your own Southern lilies whose petals dropped blood for the hearts that were hushed;
They tell me you fought like the legions of Cæsar, with more than a Rome to defend;
That you battled like Cromwell's "Old Ironsides," with more than the crown of an England the end;
And they tell me that wherever brave men are mentioned the lips of love whisper your names;
And the poets who sing of things not earth say that you are your country's and Fame's;
And they tell me, as you would have died for the South when you mustered and fought in the gray,
That your lives, like the saints', are with reverence embalmed in your country's affections to-day.
And this is no legend, though history sometimes is silent where it should speak out,
And sometimes the histories taught to our children are tinctured with error and doubt.
All honor to every true soldier in blue who fought under Grant and his corps,
And God knows the brotherly, peace-loving Southerner doesn't want the war any more;
But since it is done, though the issues are dead, it is truth that forever abides;
And so let the histories taught to our children tell all of the truth on both sides.
Teach the children our soldiers were traitors? No! No! Ten thousand times over, still No!
But teach them the truth with proud lip and strong heart—truth that bows not its head to the foe.
Though the Confederacy be lost, there's more honor and glory to those who go down with the right
Than to those whose cheap triumphs are rooted in error and flourish on muscle and might.
Wrap the flag 'round the mem'ry of those who stood by it, let partisan censors be dumb,
And let no lying epitaph slander their ashes on paper in ages to come.
Take the children and show them one hundred and ten battle-fields where the forests are scarred
Like the men who sleep under them in their graves 'neath the sward;
Where the dead comrades you fought with shall listen and greet
All you say; tell the children who gather with uncovered heads and with unsandaled feet
That heroes, not traitors, sleep under those trees! And show them the valleys and hills
Made fertile with blood that was royal as King David's, with blood whose rich essence distills
In the dews of the evening, still quivering with life on the lilies and golden-rod there,
And let them hear Lee on the eve of some battle get down before Heaven in prayer;
And while his petition goes up to the God of the war for the South once again,
Let them hear in the hush and the fervor of prayer the troops reverently saying "Amen!"
Unfurl and present them the cross of Saint Andrew's, and tell them when that banner fell
It was snatched from Death's fingers and hoisted aloft to be hailed with that old Rebel yell.
And tell them the Red and the White and the Blue have their symbols outside of the war;
That the Red was your blood and the White was your honor and Blue were the skies you fought for!
Tell them how at the Second Manassas and Franklin and Shiloh and Gettysburg—O
Tell them how in these battles and others that banner was carried, God only can know



MARTHY COZBY.

How gallantly carried right over the enemy's breastworks, with hail of hot lead
And the batteries mowing them down like a scythe—on to death—marching over the dead,
Till the stars of Saint Andrew's in glory were gleaming full down in the face of the foe
And that old Rebel yell made your courage beat high as that banner still waved to and fro.
That old Rebel yell! How I hunger to hear it before those who gave it are dead—
To feel the earth quiver and hills make obeisance to Lee and the armies he led!
Let historians searching for chivalric deeds but acknowledge and write Southern men
In the annals of Knighthood, and each ex-Confederate would prove himself knightly again.

For let England or Europe make war on this land, ex-Confederates wearing the gray
Would marshal with soldiers who fought in the Blue to whip England or Europe to-day!

I believe that the heroic mothers and daughters, the sweethearts, and sisters and wives
Did as much for the South in the silence of love as the soldiers who gave it their lives.
While the husbands and brothers and fathers bore arms, Southern women were soldiers at home,
And they were as true, patriotic, and loyal as lived under heaven's blue dome.
And they fought none the less that they shouldered no guns, for they battled with Famine and Want
Where Pillage and Plunder preside at the board, and specters of Poverty haunt
The fireside, and Murder grinds out the last hope of the land 'neath the wheels of his ponderous car,
And the vampires of war suck the blood of the children, who know not the meaning of war.
It was here and like this that the women endured; here alone did they grapple with Death
In a more horrid form than the soldiers encountered while facing the cannon's hot breath.
They were watchful by day; they were wakeful by night; and, like Ruth, they most faithfully cleaved,
And many a lady and lassie have died of the wounds which the soldiers received!
And the fingers that swept the lute strings and the harp made the socks for the soldiers' bare feet,
And the hands that knew how to rear soldiers from birth made the bread for the soldiers to eat.
And many a Joan of Arc left at home sent her brave spirit battling a-field,
And many a Spartan commanded her boy to return with or on his own shield.
And never a groan from the valley of Death but an answer came back from the hills
Where the women stood guard, like the Marys at Calvary, weeping the weeping that kills!
And never a soldier grew weary and faltered but some woman's voice from afar
Stopped singing her little one's lullaby song to sing "Dixie" for those at the war!
And they toiled in the meadows and fields every day, and they carded and spun every night,
And the click of the shuttle was heard in the loom for each click of the trigger in fight!
And whenever the soldier's canteen was turned dry, then the larder was empty at home;
You suffered in body; they hungered in soul for the soldier who might never come.
And they loved native country whose blood they inherited—loved her at every heart beat
With a love that was high as her mountains and deep as the oceans that sing at her feet!
In the camp, on the march, pierced with saber or shell, crucifixion was your bitter part;
But they bore the griefs and the anguish of war—the Gethsemane's travail of heart!
And so when the harvest of souls shall appear and the reapers shall gather the grain
And the Angel shall shout "Resurrection!" for those that have died and those that were slain,
A million of women who fought this same fight will ascend through the blossoming sod
And go up through the lilies that bloomed o'er them here to live on as the lilies of God!

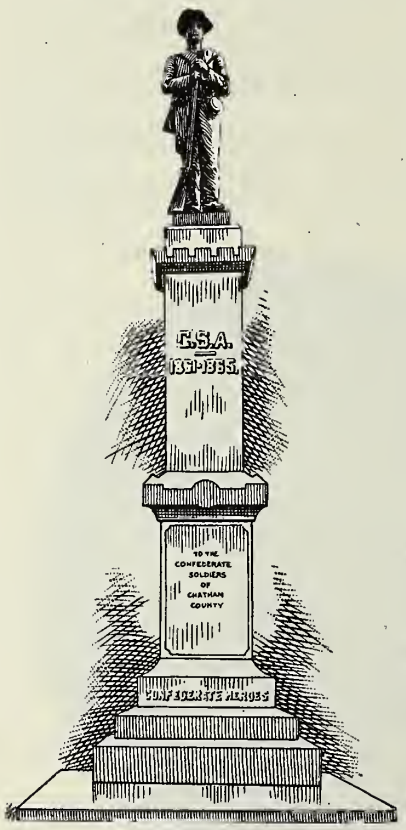
I believe when the archives of God shall unbosom the things that forever endure
Southern valor, immortal as truth and as love, will abide there forever secure;
For courage like yours, Southern men, cannot die; it was born of your blood and your tears;
And the life that you gave it was your life immortal; it cannot be measured in years.
Human rights must forever be rights; they can never, should never, will never be wrongs;
And the truth shall be sifted through long generations and classified where it belongs.
The sleeve you call empty—ah! it is not empty; but honor its meshes enfold,
And holy the timber of that wooden leg as the cedar-built temple of old!
And the scars you call ugly are symbols of beauty whose meaning the years will unroll—
That the body was bruised, lacerated, disfigured to keep you a beautiful soul!
I believe when the Angel of Judgment shall call for the brave and heroic to rise
That the hosts of the North will come forth in the Blue to conform with the blue of the skies,
For no men were common who conquered such soldiers as fought under Jackson and Lee;
They fought hard, and they had to fight hard from the Mason and Dixon line down to the sea.
I believe when the trumpet shall sound the long roll of the men of eternal renown,
Where every bright name shall be jeweled with stars and each star shall emblazon a crown—
I believe that a million of graves will burst wide, and a million who sleep in the Gray
Will marshal themselves as they did on the field, not afraid of the great Judgment Day!
For men who have fought and endured like the South, where the very earth which they have trod
Is made holy with blood and with right and with honor—such men cannot fear to meet God!
Fame sent out her messenger over the ages to seek for the chieftains of time
And to bring to her temple the heroes whose characters make all the ages sublime;
And the messenger came with the worthies of earth, and they sat in this temple of Fame's,
While Fame frescoed the walls of that temple in gold with Celebrity's magical names.
In this panel she carved "Alexander the Great;" in this one, "Æneas of Troy;"
Here, "Achilles;" here, "Hector;" here, "Cyrus;" here, "Hannibal, true to his oath from a boy;"
Here, "William of Orange," "Napoleon," "Leonidas," "Ajax," "Kosciusko," and "Tell;"
"Lafayette," "Agamemnon," "The Scipios," "Cromwell," and "Bruce;" and "The Cæsars" as well;
Then high over these did she fashion the names of "McClellan" and "Grant" and all those
Who manfully fought in the Blue—whom we honor as friends, whom we honored as foes;

Then higher again she engraved a design and wrote "Lincoln!" and "Jefferson Davis!" too;
For she found a great soul who had fought in the Gray for each one that had fought in the Blue!
Then high over all did she sculpture the name of "Washington, Sire of the Free!"
And, standing on tiptoe, she stenciled in gold: "Stonewall Jackson!" and "Robert E. Lee!"
In the lives of such heroes an infinite meaning lies hidden beyond human ken;
God wanted to show to a wondering people that he was still making great men!
You are old and gray-haired—how we honor that gray! For the gray was the color you wore;
You have made it the emblem of patriotism, the symbol of truth evermore!
Shall their monument be of Parian marble like that from which sculptors of old
Have carved forms of the mythical heroes and gods of a heavenly mold?
Not of marble, for marble will break and discolor and waste with the changes of time.
Shall we make of iron? 'Twill rust. Or of brass? It will tarnish. Of gold for the smile
Of the serpent of Avarice? No! Shall it be then of diamonds and rubies and pearls?
No! for these have a price in the markets wherever the banner of commerce unfurls!
Like a temple not builded with hands, without hammer or saw, let the column be built
In the faith and the love and the life of the race who count priceless the blood you have spilt!
But this monument, soldiers, you have it already in history and in the arts;
You have it wherever there is a humanity, wherever there are human hearts.
This testament lives in the loins of the race for survivors and those 'neath the sod,
And on through the blood of the ages it flows to the bloodless white ocean of God.
Ah, the Blue and the Gray! As they fell on the field, let them sleep there in each other's arms,
Like children grown weary and fretful, at rest in the same mother's bosom and charms!
Dead soldiers in each other's arms! Gracious God, make the living on both sides affectionate too!
For O when the Blue puts its arms 'round the Gray, let the Gray put its arms 'round the Blue;
And there in the hush of a new-plighted love let the hearts that passed under the rod
Swear eternal fealty to fealty eternal—one country, one faith, and one God!

Commission of Maj. Benjamin McCulloch, U. S. Army.—J. P. Ledbetter, of Coleman, Tex., writes: "I have in my possession the original document appointing Benjamin McCulloch quartermaster, with rank of major, in the United States army, dated July 18, 1846, and signed by James K. Polk, President of the United States. If any near relative or close friend should desire to preserve this as a relic or keepsake in sacred memory of the illustrious Confederate general and soldier, I will cheerfully surrender this document to whomsoever may be shown to be thus entitled to it. I will take pleasure in corresponding with any one interested."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT PITTSBORO, N. C.

A very handsome monument was unveiled on the 23d of August, 1907, to the Confederate soldiers of Chatham County, N. C., at Pittsboro, the county seat, with most impressive ceremonies and in the presence of the largest crowd ever assembled in that county. The orator of the day was Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, who at the early age of fifteen was adjutant of the 35th North Carolina Regiment, and when only seventeen was lieutenant colonel of the 70th North Carolina Regiment, and who has done more than any other man to preserve the history of North Carolina soldiers. He was appropriately introduced by Col. H. A. London, the Adjutant General of the North Carolina Division of the U. C. V., who acted as master of ceremonies.



The monument was presented in an appropriate address by Mrs. H. A. London, the President of the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., under whose auspices and by whose efforts the monument had been erected. It was received with an appropriate response by Lieut. O. A. Hanner, of Company F, 26th North Carolina Regiment.

The chief marshal of the occasion was Col. John R. Lane, the last colonel of the famous 26th North Carolina Regiment, which lost more men (killed and wounded) at Gettysburg than any other regiment in either army in any battle during the War between the States. Colonel Lane wore his old uniform; and although seventy-two years old, he rode a spirited horse at the head of the procession, erect as an Indian, with all the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier.

This monument is the labor of love of a few devoted ladies, who for nearly four years have struggled most persistently in securing the funds for its erection. It is one of the handsomest monuments in North Carolina, and is made of polished Mt. Airy (N. C.) granite, surmounted with a seven-foot statue of a Confederate soldier made of standard government bronze. The total height of the monument and statue is twenty-seven feet, and it is erected in front of the courthouse. The contractor was C. J. Harlin, proprietor of the Durham (N. C.) Marble Works.

For sale—Gavels made of tree under which Gen. Turner Ashby died. Price, $2.50. For particulars, address Miss S. Alice Cowan, Harrisonburg, Va.

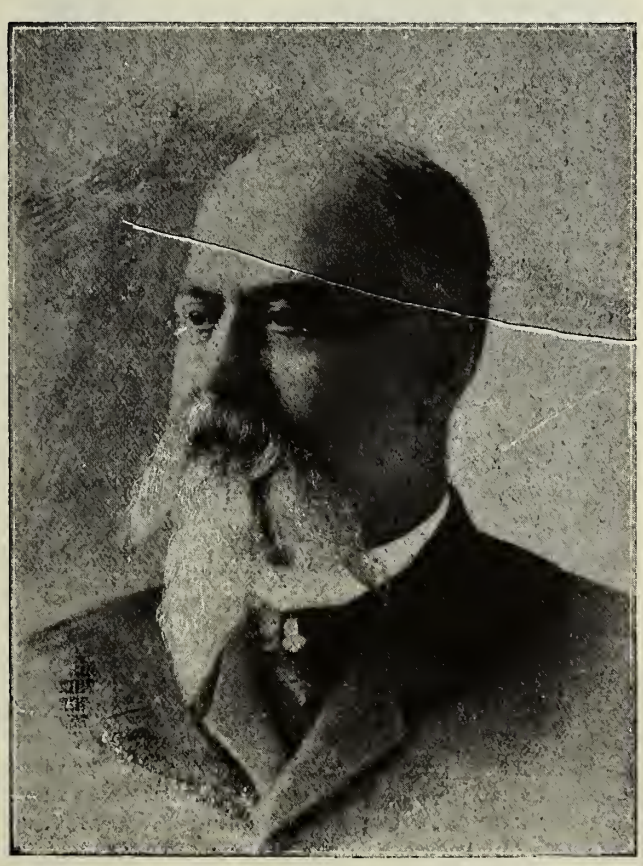
HOW FORT GREGG WAS DEFENDED.

BY BUXTON R. CONERLY.

Fort Gregg was situated about two miles southwest of Petersburg, Va., and was one of the many earthworks, or redoubts, that General Lee had constructed for artillery in the rear of his main line of defenses covering the cities of Richmond and Petersburg. Its form was semicircular, and a space was left open in the rear for the entrance of wagons and artillery. The earth was thrown up from the outside, forming a ditch twelve or fourteen feet wide and from four to six feet deep. The walls were from six to eight feet wide at the top, and the ground on the inside next to the wall was raised for the cannon and for men to stand on. A considerable quantity of artillery ammunition was in the fort, consisting of grape, canister, bombshells, and solid shots, stacked in pyramid form.

The disaster on the right wing of General Lee's army at Five Forks, causing the loss of the Southside Railroad, forced the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. The position at and near Fort Gregg evidently increased and became of importance from this time to that portion of our army in the trenches around Petersburg, as it covered the pontoon bridges that had been thrown across the Appomattox River west of the town, over which our artillery wagon trains and troops were crossing in their retreat.

During the latter part of March, 1865, our brigade, composed of the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Mississippi Regiments, commanded by Gen. N. H. Harris, occupied a position between the Appomattox and James Rivers, watching and guarding the line from Dutch Gap, on the James, southward deployed.



GEN. N. H. HARRIS.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, we received orders to move, leaving about one-third of our men on the picket line in front of this position. We marched rapidly in the direction of Petersburg, following the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike road until within about two miles of Petersburg, when we left the main road, turned to the right, and crossed the Appomattox River on a pontoon bridge about two miles west of the town. We then crossed the Southside railroad and marched by Forts Gregg and Alexander (or Whitworth, as it was called by some). We moved to a position about four hundred yards in front of these forts and formed in line of battle, with skirmishers well thrown out to the front. Every foot of ground was familiar to us, for here we had spent the greater part of the preceding winter, and had guarded this part of our line for several months. Our old uncovered winter quarters were just behind us. Long lines of Federal infantry were advancing on our front, batteries of artillery were coming into position, and as far as we could see to the right and left the enemy's guns and bayonets glistened in the rays of the morning sun, now well up over the hills in the east. Our skirmishers soon became hotly engaged in our front, and the leaden hail was striking our ranks.

"Stand like iron, my brave boys!" said General Harris as he walked along the line. "Stand like iron!"

Our skirmishers were soon driven in, and our brigade opened fire on the advancing Federal line with deadly aim and effect. They gained the shelter of a sunken road about one hundred and fifty yards in front of us. Continuous firing was kept up from this position for about one hour. On the right and left of this position the Federal troops continued to advance, threatening to enfilade us in both flanks. Quite a number of our men fell killed and wounded in this position. General Harris, seeing that our position was untenable, ordered us to fall back to the shelter of Forts Gregg and Alexander, leaving a skirmish line to hold the enemy in check. Our brigade began the backward move in a storm of shot from the enemy's sheltered position in the sunken road and the crest of hills on the right and left flanks, behind which they were rapidly increasing in strength. General Harris led the greater part of the brigade into Fort Alexander, and Lieutenant Colonel Duncan, of the 19th Mississippi Regiment, led the remainder (about two hundred men, principally from the 12th and 16th Mississippi Regiments) into Fort Gregg. The enemy, discovering this movement, rushed forward with loud huzzas, and our skirmishers were pressed back over the open field by overwhelming numbers; but, taking the advantage of every protection the ground offered to rest a moment and load, they never failed to give them a parting salute as they retired from one position to another. During this time the men in the fort had gathered all the loose guns they could find scattered over the field around and near the fort. The Federal forces had advanced to this place early in the morning (before we arrived), but had been driven away by Gen. A. P. Hill, leaving quite a number of rifles scattered over the field. The men quickly gathered them together, not forgetting their experience in the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, where they used the captured guns against the enemy, which practically gave them the advantage of repeating rifles, as they had from two to four guns each all loaded. In addition to the artillery ammunition in Fort Gregg, there were also several boxes of rifle ammunition—about one thousand rounds to the box.

About the time we were as well prepared as we could be under the circumstances the enemy appeared in such overwhelming numbers that Colonel Duncan decided to evacuate the fort. We marched out of the fort to the rear about one hundred yards, when we met a courier, who handed Colonel Duncan a paper, which he read aloud:

"'Hold the fort at all hazards. R. E. Lee.'"

The men immediately returned to the fort, as no other order was necessary, and assumed their position around the walls. Our soldiers understood the conditions, and every one knew that he must delay the advance of the enemy to gain time for his comrades. The Federal troops at this time had reached a point about three hundred yards in front of Fort Gregg, and were moving on Fort Alexander at the same time behind or under cover of our winter quarter huts, which had been set on fire, and the smoke obscured their movements. Fort Alexander was about three hundred yards to the right of Fort Gregg, and was at this time under the command of General Harris. The fighting on other parts of the line to our right and left stopped for a while, as if the men were watching the results of the movements about Fort Gregg. Colonel Duncan watched the men and told them not to fire until the word was given. With his sword flashing in the sunlight of that beautiful Sunday morning, he insisted (with his appeals to the State pride of Mississippians) that we should obey his orders. All around the walls of Fort Gregg was the cry of the officers with drawn swords, "Keep down, men; keep down"—officers who had never quailed on any field, from the First Manassas to that hour, and to name their record would be to write the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. Soldiers that knew them, with their suspense drawn to a tension indescribable, yielded to the order, and waited with apparent patience until that magnificent line of Federal soldiers was within less than one hundred yards of us, and not the flash of a single rifle had yet defied them. The last order of our officers, "Steady, boys!" was interrupted by the cracking of rifles sending their death-dealing missiles with telling effect. Gibbon's men fell fast and thick; his line staggered and finally broke in confusion, seeking shelter behind the crest of a ridge. A great cheer went up from our lines on the right and left, and our boys responded with their customary yell of triumph and defiance from Fort Gregg.

Reënforcements were hurried forward by the enemy from their sheltered position behind the hill, and the second line came forward at a double-quick in broken and scattered ranks. We opened on them at a distance of three hundred yards, firing as fast as we could. They staggered up to within one hundred yards of us, when the greater part of their line broke and ran back under cover; the others (perhaps three or four hundred) reached the ditch in our front. They were not strong enough to take us, and could not retreat without running the gantlet of death. Before we could turn our attention to the enemy in the ditch, reënforcements were hurried to their assistance, and a third line came rushing on us with loud huzzas from their covered position behind the hill, but in broken and scattered ranks. The greater part of them succeeded in getting in the ditch, and completely surrounded us. During this time the men in Fort Alexander assisted Fort Gregg to some extent with an enfilading fire from that fort. It seemed that General Harris at this moment, believing that we were captured, evacuated Fort Alexander to save his men. Our men deployed so as to cover every part of the walls of the fort and detailed twenty-five men to hold the gate in the rear. Now the solid-shot cannon balls and bomb-shells found in the fort came into use. Our men hurled them on the heads of the enemy in the ditch. The fuses of bomb-shells were fired and rolled on them. This work did not stop until all, or nearly all, of the solid cannon balls and shells were gone. Brick chimneys built to tents for artillerymen were thrown down and the bricks thrown at the enemy. Numbers of efforts to scale the walls were made; but the Federal soldiers would not act together, and consequently the most daring ones were shot down on the walls and fell on their comrades below. A color bearer fell on the fort, with his flag falling over on our side. During all this time the men at the gate were engaged in a death struggle, and the last one fell at his post. The Federal troops, having no further resistance, then began pouring in from the rear, and firing as they came. So many of our men had now fallen that the resistance was weak all around, and the Federal troops began pouring over the walls, where a hand-to-hand encounter ensued on the crest, and our brave men went down in death by overpowering numbers. Quiet soon followed, and about thirty survivors were marched to the rear as prisoners of war and sent to Point Lookout Prison.



BUXTON R. CONERLY, GULFPORT, MISS.

[Buxton R. Conerly, of Mississippi, was born in February, 1848, the son of Owen Conerly and Ann Louise Stephens, of English descent. In 1864, just as he was entering his seventeenth year, he went to Virginia and joined the Quitman Guards, Company E, 16th Mississippi Regiment, then commanded by Col. Samuel E. Baker, of Natchez. He received his first baptism of fire at the battle of the Wilderness, and from that time on to the close of the war he was in it all, being one of the thirty survivors of Fort Gregg. His home is now at Marshall, Tex.]

General Harris evacuated Fort Alexander about the time we were surrounded, and made his way to the rest of the army, in the retreat to Appomattox C. H. The men of our brigade left on the lines between the Appomattox and the James also were in the retreat and the final surrender at Appomattox.

Our brave Lieutenant Colonel Duncan was left in Fort Gregg, wounded in the head, in an unconscious condition, rolling in the blood of his fallen comrades, when we were marched out.

Our bullet-ridden flag that had been borne proudly on so many victorious fields had been planted on its last rampart, waved its last defiance, and gone down on the bodies and laved in the blood of its brave followers and defenders, who here made a chapter for the story of the Army of Northern Virginia and left a gem for their mother State to place in the crown of her soldiers who had responded to her call to arms and faithfully performed their last duty.

THE CONFEDERATE HALF DOLLAR.

IN THE COLLECTION OF TELAMON CUYLER.

This silver coin was designed for, and struck by authority of, the provisional government of the Confederate States of America, which, as then constituted, was composed of the following "sovereign States of America"—namely, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas (as shown by the signatures of the members of the several State delegations on the Constitution adopted 11th March, A.D., 1861, at Montgomery). There are seven stars and seven stripes on the shield. Above is the "Liberty Cap." The wreath is composed of maturing branches of cotton and a stalk of sugar cane.



This print of the Confederate half dollar has been privately printed for Telamon Cuyler as a contribution to American history. The impression is limited to one hundred copies, of which this is No. 70.

The following note came with the print herewith engraved: "Presented with my kindest regards to Mr. S. A. Cunningham as a slight token of my regard and appreciation of his efforts to preserve our Confederate history.

TELAMON CUYLER, 61 East 72d Street, New York."

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

A. C. Jones, of Three Creeks, Ark., writes:

"The very interesting article in the September VETERAN about General Lee at Sharpsburg reminds me of an incident of that great battle which, in justice to the troops referred to, should be recorded upon the pages of Confederate history.

"I refer to that desperate struggle on our left from early dawn till midday. Jackson had barely been able to hold his own against great odds, when he was reënforced by two brigades under General Walker. The advance brigade was composed of the 27th and 46th North Carolina, 30th Virginia, and 3d Arkansas. As this brigade went into action the enemy made an advance movement, partially breaking our lines and forcing back by might of numbers the left wing, comprising the 30th Virginia and the 46th North Carolina; but the 27th North Carolina and the 3d Arkansas not only held their own but made a countercharge, driving the enemy back from their advance position and penetrating the center of their line. This charge was through the historic cornfield near the Quaker Church. Its effect was decisive on that part of the field, as thereafter McClellan directed his attack entirely on our right. It is proper to state that the charge was led by General Cook, of the 27th Virginia, Colonel Manning, who ranked him, being shot from his horse at the first onset.

"To corroborate this statement, I have in my possession, obtained from the department at Washington City, a map of the battlefield of Sharpsburg, drawn by United States engineers, which shows the exact position of every regiment of both armies at every stage of the battle, and which shows these two regiments in the midst of the charge, at one time almost completely enveloped by the enemy's lines."

A TENNESSEE PRIVATE IN VIRGINIA.

BY T. H. BENTON, COLUMBUS, KY.

The statement by Capt. W. P. Tolley in the February VETERAN in regard to the Gaines Mill battle is recalled. It was my misfortune to take part in that great battle as a member of Company C, 14th Tennessee Regiment. I was one of the boys to cross the mill race. We crossed the race and bore a little to the right, went up a little ravine, forming our battle line just under the hill. From there we charged the enemy, gained their works, and captured six pieces of artillery. Our color bearer in the charge planted his colors on the cannon. His name was Taylor. He was tendered a nice saber for his bravery, but declined to accept it. In the first charge the enemy repulsed us and got one of our wounded boys, Dick Pike, and carried him to their field hospital. General McClellan came around and said to Dick that he didn't think the "Johnnies" could drive him from that position. In the next charge we carried everything before us, capturing the artillery. Our company lost heavily. Archer's Brigade was in the second charge. We kept them on the run from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, where they took a stand and resisted stubbornly. We fought them until nine o'clock that night before we drove them from their position.

The North Carolinians had the biggest loss in that battle of seven days before Richmond. I was also in the battle of Seven Pines, in which Gen. Bob Hatton was killed. He was promoted to brigadier general on the evening before the battle. The attack was made in the morning, and the North Carolinians and other troops fought and drove them until in the afternoon, when we were double-quicked four miles to reënforce them. When we got to where they were fighting, President Davis and members of his Cabinet were out there. I shall never forget what President Davis said to General Hatton, which was: "General Hatton, I want you Tennesseans to charge those people. The North Carolinians have been charging them all day, and have driven them but three miles." "All right, Mr. President, if you say so," replied General Hatton. We hadn't been in the fight very long before General Hatton was killed. We fought there until after dark that night. The next morning they had crossed the river, but we came very near capturing them all the night before.

General Hatton was one of the South's most gallant and gifted men. He was eminent in public life. His wife, Mrs. S. K. Hatton, and their two daughters, Mrs. W. E. Towson and Miss Manie Hatton, are at present residing in Nashville.

TENNESSEE, A GRAVE OR A FREE HOME.

BY H. K. NELSON, ADAIRVILLE, KY.

A few of us "old boys" yet remain who remember how severe were the times when Hood's army marched from Lovejoy Station, in Georgia, to Nashville, Tenn. We flanked Atlanta about the middle of September, and marched back up the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga in the rear of Sherman (who at the same time swung loose from Atlanta to march to the sea), marching by day and by night, tearing up the railroad, until we reached Dalton, Ga., where General Cheatham, who then commanded General Hardee's old corps, captured the garrison, consisting of about five hundred negro troops, together with a battery of artillery.

That night we had a picnic. The commissary stores belonging to the garrison and the sutler's stock contained many luxuries, some of which made some of the boys and officers feel too exuberant. We left Dalton by way of Gadsden, Ala., taking the negro prisoners with us for a day or so. Many of these negroes our soldiers recognized as their fathers' servants, and had them to carry our knapsacks, etc.

The three corps, Cheatham's, Stewart's, and Lee's, marched by separate routes, each of which was designated by specific marks on the trees, that "stragglers" might be able to follow their respective commands. One evening after having bivouacked General Cheatham ("Old Frank," we called him) came along and called for the "barefooted boys." He went with them to the slaughter pen and had them to take the beef hides and cut moccasins and whang them on their feet, turning the hairy side in. However ridiculous it may have looked, those moccasins served a good purpose.

Do you remember, boys, how we used to charge the "sorghum patches" and carry with us the stalks for that delicious juice, and how we would climb the persimmon trees and eat the fruit thereof, which would sometimes make our mouths assume the position of that of the "Whistling School-Teacher?" Don't some of you remember that one day we halted to rest near a dwelling which stood near the roadside, a double log house, and that three young ladies in the yard sang, "I am a Rebel soldier and fighting for my home," and that when they had finished the old Rebel yell thrilled every one present?

One evening while crossing Sand Mountain we had stacked arms for the night, when a big deer with horns ran out of the bushes, leaping over the guns, and was soon out of sight. Not one of the boys tried to catch him, but every fellow wished that his gun had been "loaded." After marching across Sand Mountain and going down into the valley, Cheatham's old division, then commanded by Gen. John C. Brown, was detained near Decatur, Ala., to watch the Yankees, while the main army, with the wagon train, moved on down the river to Tuscumbia. All of that division will remember how hungry we were while there. While we remained there, October 27 to 29, all the ration we drew was an ear and a half of corn to the man. It was reported that a load of fodder was on the way, but the wagon broke down before it got to us. We picked up the grains of corn that the artillery horses lost and roasted them in the ashes, and parched all the acorns we could find under the oak trees, of which we made coffee or ate. Then we broke camp and followed the other part of the army on to Tuscumbia, where we waited a few days for the pontoon bridge on which to cross over to Florence. One night the Federals tried to practice a ruse by coming down the river in a boat with the necessary implements to cut loose our bridge; but just when they got there our boys were wide awake and "took them in." After crossing the river, we camped a few days, waiting for the artillery and wagon trains to cross. One night some of the boys killed General Gist's milch cow, and after dividing out the beef put the cow's head on a pole and stood it up in front of the General's tent. I heard this.

We then marched for Tennessee. The weather was very bad. We encountered rain, snow, ice, and mud. Orders were very strict. We were forbidden to straggle, forage, kill any hogs, or visit any henhouses, yet some such things were done. Two boys who killed a hog which they said "tried" to "bite" them were overtaken by one of our generals, who made them carry the hog suspended from a fence rail all day.

It was snowing hard one evening late when we stopped to camp for the night, and some of the boys cut down a tree, which fell on others, killing three of them. Another night in desperation some of the boys went to "Marse Frank's" headquarters and took a barrel of "hard-tack" from his tent, and also a nicely cooked ham of fresh pork. One day we heard cheering in front of us; and when we got to the State line, we found suspended from one tree to another across the road a canvas with the inscription: "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." Then we knew what the cheering meant. Proudly we marched across the State line under the canvas, thinking whether it would be a grave or a free home. We marched the quickstep to Columbia. Then Cheatham's Corps flanked Columbia and crossed Duck River some four miles above, and made a forced march to cut off Schofield's army at Spring Hill. What a tiresome march that was! We reached Spring Hill about sunset. We all remember the sad mistake made there when, on the 29th of November, 1864, we slept on arms within gunshot of our enemies, who were passing up the turnpike for Franklin in the most confused manner—infantry, cavalry, artillery, wagons, and ambulances in a conglomeration. It was some one's fault that Schofield's army was not captured or cut off that night, and that awful slaughter at Franklin would have been averted.

Some of us went into the Yankee lines that night, and on reporting to our general heard the conditions discussed. On the morning of the 30th we started for Franklin. By the roadside we saw many wagons with the teams killed in harness, giving evidence of the presence of our cavalry and the consternation of the enemy. That was a stony pike to the vicinity of Franklin. A sad accident happened on the way. Three men were riding on a caisson when the friction caused the powder to ignite, blowing them high into the air and killing all three instantly.

Another incident. The poem, "O No! He'll Not Need Them Again," was written of Gen. Pat Cleburne, who had a presentiment of his death. While riding along his line he noticed a captain, an old friend of his, marching barefooted with his feet bleeding. The General got down from his horse and asked the captain to please pull off his boots. On his doing so, the General told him to put them on, that he would not need them again, and, bidding the captain good-by, rode away, and was soon killed in that condition.

In the afternoon about three o'clock we reached the top of Winstead Hill, where we could view Franklin and all the Federal fortifications. When we had halted there a short while, General Hood rode over the crest of the hill, examined the situation with his field glasses, and, returning to the line, said to an officer: "General, we will make the fight." Just

then every man's face was a study, and we thought of the inscription at the State line "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." Which should it be?

From the top of the hill to the main line of the enemy's works must have been a mile and a half over quite a level plain which we must cross in full view of the Yankees. Our officers began to move in hot haste, getting ready to lead their respective commands. How well I remember the sad expression of General Granberry's face, and General Strahl looked as if he were marching into an "open grave." Then we started down the slope in columns of brigades, with our brigade band in front, and they played until the pickets began firing. The bands then stopped and we wheeled into line for the charge. We did not advance a skirmish line, but moved in solid line of battle, while the bombshells from the Federal batteries were bursting thick and fast over our heads, and their Minie balls audibly warned us of the "grave." Not a man halted or hesitated. We rushed over their outer line, capturing some, while others retreated, which was a great protection to us. By the time the few of them that did escape were inside their main line we were up against the outside.

For a short time it appeared uncertain who would be the victors; but the Federals' main line of works was just south of the Carter House garden, by the cotton gin and the locust grove. A few of us crossed over the works, only to lie down on our faces and wait for the morning. The right of our brigade was next to the Columbia Pike, and the left extended by the Carter House. I saw the Yankees charge Colonel Heiman's brigade at Fort Donelson, and stood upon the breastworks after the charge and looked at the piles of dead. I was with Gregg's small brigade in the battle of Raymond, Miss., where we fought a corps of Grant's army for six hours, coming off the field in the evening twilight, leaving about one-third of the brigade on the field; I was at Chickamauga when on Sunday morning the roar of the artillery was so constant that you could hardly distinguish one gun from another, and participated in the charge across the Dyer field, where we captured sixteen steel rifle pieces of artillery; I stood on Missionary Ridge and saw the Federals climb the rocky hillside and threw stones at them; I was at Resaca when the Yankees charged our works with such wholesale slaughter; I was at the "Dead Angle" when the Yankees charged Cheatham's boys and planted their flag on our works; I was at Jonesboro when they rushed upon the unfinished works of Colonel Caldwell's men; I was in that hard battle at Atlanta on the 22d of July, 1864, when General McPherson, of the other side, and our Gen. W. H. T. Walker were killed; but a more resolute and determined charge was never made by an army than was made on that ever-memorable evening of the 30th of November, 1864. On the next morning there were pools of blood, and the dead lay in piles against the breastworks—some prostrate, some across others, and some leaning against the works, dead with their guns in their hands.

The battle of Franklin was most disastrous, and in casualties over a limited area stands without a parallel in the annals of history, while the loss of general officers exceeded any two battles of the war. Brown's Division lost Strahl, Gist, and Carter, who were killed; Gordon was captured and General Brown was wounded. In Cleburne's Division Cleburne, Granberry, and Adams were killed. The few of us who were left began the search for missing comrades, and again I could not but recall the inscription on the canvas at the State line: "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." When some of us would recognize a dead comrade, we would write the name, command, and regiment on a slip of paper, and place it between the cold and contracted fingers or pin it on his sleeve, then go on in search of others. I remember finding my friend, Arthur Fulkerson, sergeant major of the 19th Tennessee, a short distance from the works with a slip of paper between his fingers. When I saw so many slain and so few left, I thought of the boy who "stood on the burning deck," etc.

Soon the work of burying the dead began. The old men of the surrounding country began to arrive in vehicles of various kinds, inquiring for their sons and friends, that, if they were dead, they might take their remains home for burial. Some of these boys who had been buried were taken up and carried home. Having cared for the wounded and finished burying the dead, we started on the 2d of December for Nashville, almost entirely without officers, a mere handful of hungry, discouraged, demoralized, half-clad soldiers, to meet an army largely reënforced by General Thomas, well disciplined, well fed, and comfortably clothed, of at least three times our number, only to be overwhelmed, driven by force of numbers from our position, retreating through muddy fields and over slippery hills, and finally out of Tennessee, when again I thought of the inscription on the canvas.

Boys, I have written this because we are getting very scarce, and the few of us who are left will have to talk often and very fast or we will not get into history. Many personal things should be told, that the future generations, may know what we endured.

The foregoing interesting paper will be appreciated by Hood's army survivors. There is a question as to whether General Cheatham was called "Old" Frank or "Marse" Frank. The term was endearing, as all of his men loved him. The VETERAN would like to hear from those who remember.

This article was submitted to ex-Gov. James D. Porter, of Tennessee, who was on General Cheatham's staff, and he adds the following: "Dr. C. D. Elliott, of Nashville, was the author of the banner. It was suspended across the road, and under it the army marched. Dr. Elliott was disappointed at the greeting given it by the first soldier, who called out to him, 'Nary grave for me, old man;' and it was repeated by the entire line, to the disgust of Elliott."

Concerning the manner of addressing General Cheatham, Governor Porter says: "It was 'Marse Frank.' It is a mistake that a barrel of hard-tack and a ham were taken. 'Marse Frank' did not have either. He lived just like his soldiers: and when corn was issued to the men, it was also issued to him and his staff."

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. K. Phillips writes as follows: "Among those who followed the 'Wizard of the Saddle,' Gen. N. B. Forrest, was W. F. Nelson, who lived at Hillsboro, in Coffee County, Tenn. He was born in Warren County in 1833, and enlisted in the Civil War at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1861, joining Churchill's regiment at Little Rock. He was in the battles of Springfield, Mo., Pea Ridge, Ark., Farmington, Miss., Richmond, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was left sick at Jackson, Miss., when Johnston evacuated, where he was finally mustered out of service. Comrade Nelson is now in his seventieth year, awaiting the reaper of time. He is a consistent Christian and worships with the M. E. Church. He is anxious to correspond with old comrades who associated with him in the service."



"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now our comrades sleeping."

Francis M. Ives.

Francis Marion Ives died in Portsmouth, Va., July 4, 1907, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Light Artillery, Grimes's Battery, in which he served to the end of the war, participating in the great battles in Virginia.

Comrade Ives had been living in Florence, S. C., for a number of years, and was making his annual visit to relatives in Portsmouth, Va., at the time of his death. He was a brave soldier and an honored member of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va.

Lieut. Thomas Henry Gleason.

Thomas Gleason died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., September 18, 1907, aged seventy-three years. He entered the Confederate service April 20, 1861, as a sergeant in Company B, 3d Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V. He was promoted to first lieutenant, and was wounded in the first battle of Cold Harbor and at Gettysburg.

He was a gallant soldier, a true friend, and a man held in high esteem by all who knew him, and especially so by the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a member.

[The foregoing notice came from Adjt. Thomas Shannon.]

J. N. Rushing.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 654, U. C. V., at Baird, Tex., passed resolutions in regard to J. N. Rushing, "the true soldier," who was "found ready for the call," which came to him at his home, in Weatherford, Tex., on October 1, 1907. Comrade Rushing was a member of Company E, 13th Texas Infantry. Locating in Baird in the early eighties, he interested himself in the organization of Camp Albert Sidney Johnston, and to his death he was ever true, ever faithful to its welfare. As a citizen of Callahan County and of Baird, he was ever ready to aid in all enterprises for the good of both. He stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens.

A consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, by his outward life he lived close to the tenets of his creed. A few years ago, on account of his health, he moved to Weatherford, Tex., but still held property here and his Camp membership.

As faithfully as he served his Camp, his Church, and his county did he serve his State as a member of the Legislature, which is attested by many salutary laws upon its statue books of which he was the originator.

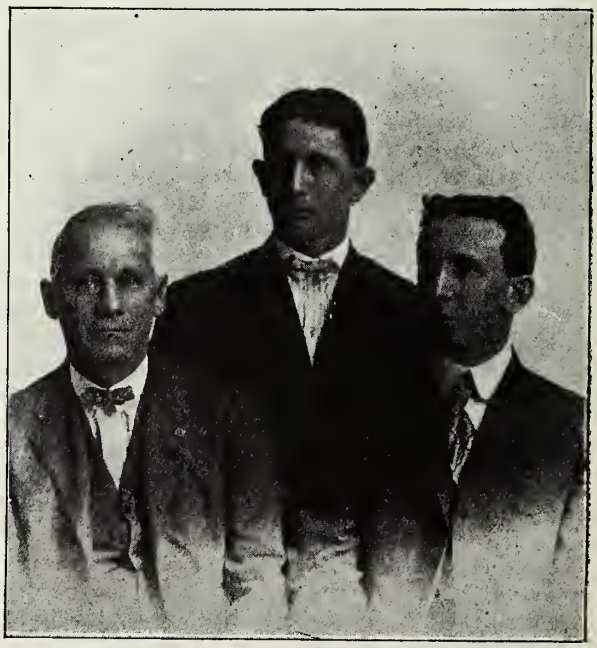
The resolutions were signed officially by J. E. W. Lane, Adjutant, and W. C. Powell, Commander.

Simeon D. Slaughter.

Simeon Drake Slaughter was born in Harrodsburg, Ky., June 23, 1843. While an infant his parents removed to the old historic Fisher residence, near Danville, the first two-story brick residence east of the Kentucky River, and the ell of which is still in good condition. Here he grew to manhood and spent most of his life, removing about six years ago to Muskogee, Ind. T., where he engaged actively in business till forced by failing health to retire a few months ago. Death came to him as comrades were going to the Richmond Reunion, which he was anxious to attend, that he might answer roll call, as "Quirk's old scouts are getting scarce."

Comrade Slaughter enlisted in the Confederate cavalry in the winter of 1862 as a member of Capt. Tom Quirk's scouts, under Morgan, a company of men ninety per cent of whom were of the old squadron disbanded in the Lebanon (Tenn.) fight May 5, 1862. Sim Slaughter was accounted one of the safest and best scouts of the company, and it was while on the Ohio raid and the company almost entirely used up that by his alertness the life of Maj. Thomas Thorp was saved, and on other occasions his bravery and coolness helped to avert death and disaster. While a prisoner in Camp Douglas after the failure of the Ohio raid he acted as principal director in the tunneling undertaken for the liberation of the prisoners, though he failed in making his escape. He was with the guards of President Davis in their march southward from Richmond in 1865. He returned home a poorer yet unreconstructed man and took up his life work as a farmer.

Comrade Slaughter was married in 1873 to Miss Ollie Bohannon, of Woodford County, Ky., who survives him with two sons and a daughter, as also a comrade brother, Dr. B G. Slaughter, of Winchester, Tenn., a much-scarred veteran.



SIMEON D. SLAUGHTER AND SONS.

The family will remain at Muskogee, where the young men are successfully conducting business. The picture given shows him as he was only a few days before his death, with his two sons, whose names are among those first enrolled on the roster of D. M. Wisdom Camp, S. C. V., at Muskogee.

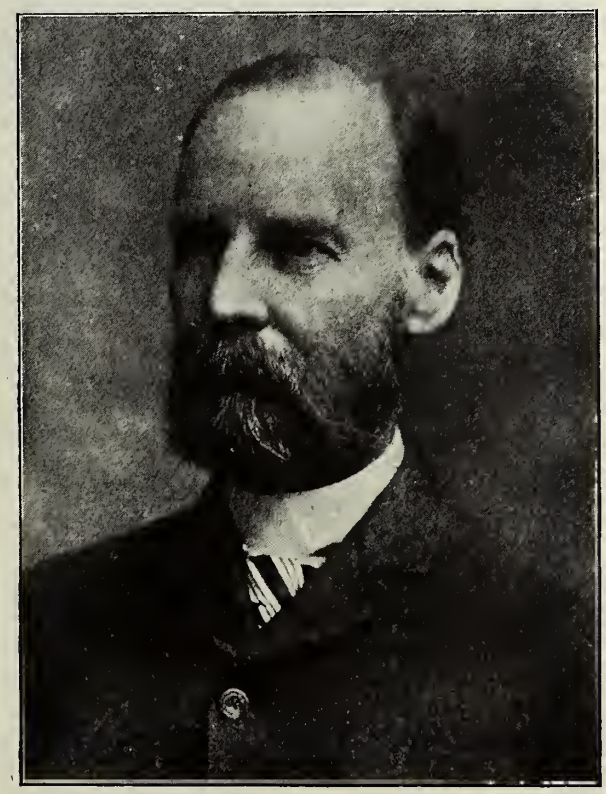
Capt. H. M. Marchant.

Another Confederate soldier has fallen! Capt. Henry Mortimer Marchant, of the Army of Northern Virginia, has at last received his discharge, and leaves his old comrades standing with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts. Captain Marchant died in Washington, D. C., February 24, 1907. He was the Second Lieutenant Commander of Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., by whom his remains were borne to the Arlington Cemetery and buried in the Confederate section, which he, with his Camp, had successfully labored to establish.

Captain Henry Mortimer Marchant, born January 27, 1843, was the son of Jordan M. Marchant, of Norfolk, Va., and Elvira Weston Marchant (née Lawrence), and the grandson of Jordan M. Marchant, also of the same city, and Frances Keeling Marchant, formerly Mrs. Frances K. Shepherd, of Portsmouth, Va. He was the nephew of Mrs. Susan Marchant Farragut, the first wife of Admiral Farragut, the nephew of Mrs. Edna Marchant Porter, first wife of Commodore William H. Porter, and the nephew of Mrs. Fanny Marchant Gardner, wife of Commodore William H. Gardner, United States navy.

On the Marchant side he was of Huguenot blood, his ancestors having gone to England during the days of the French persecution. Through the Lawrences, Masons, and Hodges, he was of English extraction. His parents moved from Virginia when he was six years old, and his first return thereto was when, in 1861, he marched there to aid in its defense, a beardless youth responding to the call for men to defend his beloved Southland.

He was present at San Antonio, Tex., February 18, 1861, under Ben McCulloch, at the surrender of General Twiggs, United States army, with all the military supplies belonging to the Department of Texas. Returning to his home, in Gonzales, Tex., his energies were devoted to aiding in the organization of the company which later became Company A, of the renowned 4th Texas Regiment of Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Though so young, his energy and efficiency caused his selection as orderly sergeant, and from that time till the close of the war he was constantly with the command except when wounded. For more than a year he commanded his company with the use of only his left arm, owing to having been desperately wounded in the right shoulder at Sharpsburg.



CAPT. HENRY M. MARCHANT.

The military history of Captain Marchant is embodied in that of his company and regiment, from which he was inseparable from the beginning to the close of the war, except for the brief period when confined to his bed in the hospital at Richmond.

Distinguished for his untiring energy, unfailing cheerfulness on the march, and his intrepid courage and gallantry on the battlefield, he was ever gentle and considerate with his comrades, who so loved and esteemed him that forty years after the war his soldierly qualities are remembered with high honor and distinction by all who knew him.

Serving as first sergeant of Company A, 4th Texas Infantry, upon the organization of the company, he was elected second lieutenant May 25, 1862, promoted to first lieutenant May 9, 1863, and to captain May 6, 1864.

In civil life the traits of character which distinguished him in war were exemplified by a faithful discharge of every duty. In public life later he was Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Austin, Tex., during President Cleveland's first administration, and later Special Agent, Department of Justice, under Attorney-General A. H. Garland.

He was a member of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., and engaged zealously in its work, taking special interest in the endeavor to effect honorable care of the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery and the Northern States. He was also an active member of the Order of the Southern Cross.

His widow was the daughter of J. L. Stevens and Elizabeth Eaves, of Virginia, and resides in Washington City. His only surviving sister, Mrs. Medora Marchant Little, resides in El Paso, Tex.

The Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., lovingly tenders its soldierly sympathy and heartfelt condolence to his widow and sister in their great bereavement, and shares with them in their sorrow for our mutual loss.

Deaths in Camp at McKinney, Tex.

C. H. Lake, Adjutant at McKinney, Tex., reports the deaths for the past year in their Camp: Capt. W. A. Rhea, Company D, 6th Texas Cavalry; J. W. Pafford, Company B, 48th Virginia Infantry; P. G. Montgomery, Company G, 19th Tennessee Infantry; Capt. T. M. Boon, Company K, 3d and 5th Missouri Infantry (consolidated); E. Swain, Company H, 10th Georgia Infantry.

Whittle.—R. M. Whittle, born in Alabama in 1845, was taken by his parents to Alcorn County, Miss., while a small child. When the War between the States began, he enlisted for the South, serving with the 11th Mississippi Cavalry under Gen. N. B. Forrest, making a fearless soldier, always at his post, always cheerful. After the war, he removed to Van Alstyne, Tex., where he remained until his death, July 24, 1907. Comrade Whittle was never married.

Col. Robert Enoch Withers.

Col. R. E. Withers died at his home, in Wytheville, Va., September 21, 1907. He rendered distinguished service to his State and country, both as soldier and statesman, in his long life of eighty-six years. He was the oldest son of Dr. Robert W. and Susan Alexander Withers, and was born at Rock Castle, Va., September 18, 1821, and was reared in the country. He was educated in the neighborhood schools, and finished at Woodbourne Classical School, conducted by Samuel J. Miller, in Pittsylvania County, Va. He studied medicine and taught school while reading for his profession, attended lectures, and graduated at the University of Virginia in 1841. Afterwards he was one of the resident physicians at the Baltimore Almshouse Hospital. He practiced medicine in his native county until 1858, when he removed to Danville, where he practiced until 1861. He married February 3, 1846, Mary Virginia, eldest daughter of Joseph E. and Elizabeth Gwathnie Royal, of Lynchburg, Va., who bore him twelve children, two of whom died in childhood.

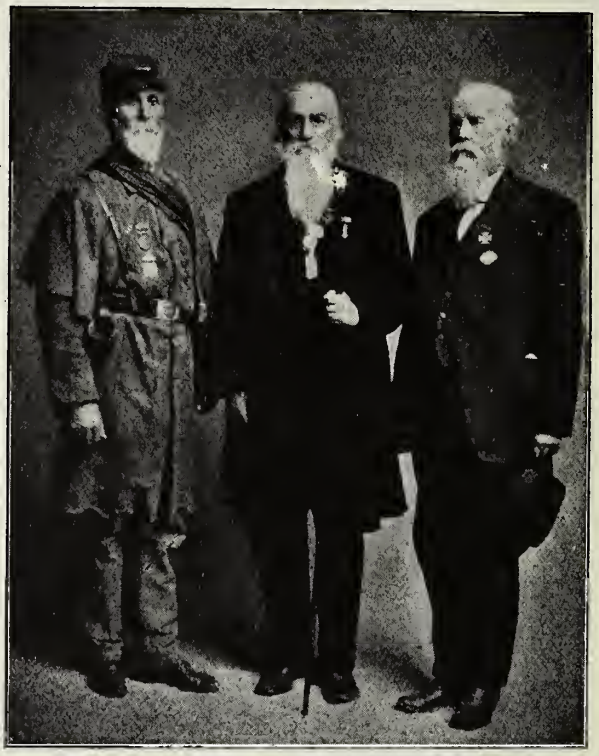
Colonel Withers took two companies of infantry from Danville, Va., to Richmond, and was mustered into service on April 22, 1861, with the rank of major. He was made colonel of the 18th Virginia Regiment of Infantry. He served with this regiment in the battles of First Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and Gaines's Mills, at which latter place he was shot from his horse while leading the final charge and received five wounds, two through the body. He rejoined his command twice; but was never again fit for active duty, and was transferred to the invalid corps and placed in command of the prison post at Danville, where he surrendered to Wright's Corps, of the Federal army, and was paroled on the 21st of April, 1865.

Colonel Withers removed to Lynchburg in 1866, and was the first editor of the Lynchburg News, which soon became a leading paper of the section. He was nominated for Governor in 1868, and made an active, extended, and able canvass of the State. He was the first public man in Virginia to raise the race issue, which he did in his first speech, which was made in the city of Petersburg before an audience of three thousand people, about half of whom were negroes. In this speech he announced to the negroes that he neither asked nor expected their votes, and appealed only to the white race. He later withdrew from the race for Governor and removed his family to Russell County and conducted a large grazing farm for some years. He was made an elector at large on the Greeley ticket, and canvassed the State in its support.

In 1873 he contested with General Kemper the nomination for Governor of the State, but was defeated. He was then offered the second place on the ticket by the unanimous vote of the convention, and accepted it. He again actively canvassed the State, and the ticket was elected by a large majority. As Lieutenant Governor he presided over the State Senate, and was nominated and elected United States Senator after a long and arduous struggle by the Virginia Legislature. He took his seat in the United States Senate March 4, 1875, and served until 1881, being succeeded by General Mahone, who was the head of the "Readjusters."

After serving his term in the Senate, Colonel Withers retired to his farm near Wytheville, and devoted his attention to it until after the election in 1884. Under the Cleveland administration he was appointed Consul to Hongkong, China. He sailed for Hongkong, accompanied by his family, in June, 1885, having been complimented on the eve of his departure by a public banquet given in his honor by the citizens of his town and county. He served four years as Consul, and resigned on the election of President Harrison. He returned to Wytheville, where he afterwards resided.

Colonel Withers devoted much time and attention to the order of Masonry, having successively filled all of the offices of the Blue Lodge, Chapter and Commandery of the State organization, as well as the Grand Encampment Knights Templars of the United States. He was chosen Grand Commander



COLONEL WITHERS (IN CENTER) AND TWO OF HIS SOLDIERS.

of that order in San Francisco in 1883. He traveled the long journey from Hongkong to St. Louis in 1886 to attend the Grand Conclave of the Grand Encampment held in that city. He took all of the degrees in the Scottish Rite, including the thirty-second. He was for many years prominently identified with the Episcopal Church, and was lay deputy to the General Conventions of his Church.

As citizen, soldier, and statesman, in all of the varied positions that he held, Colonel Withers measured up to the full standard of the upright and perfect man. In no position had he failed to measure up to its most exacting requirements; but the crowning glory of his well-spent life was in his domestic circle as husband, father, friend, and neighbor.

Woods.—Camp Slaughter, U. C. V., of Albany, Ga., lost a faithful member in the death of W. A. Woods, which occurred in August, 1907. His early life was passed in the State of Alabama, and his first service for the Confederacy was with the 18th Alabama Regiment. He was transferred to the 5th Georgia Regiment, in both of which commands he served with patriotism and gallantry. He had lived to an advanced age (years not given); but whenever possible, he would meet with the Camp, taking an eager interest in its work. Resolutions to his honor were passed by the Camp, by which his memory is held in respect and affection.

J. W. Lindsey.

John W. Lindsey was born near Double Springs, Putnam County, Tenn., in July, 1840; and at sixteen years of age removed to Nashville, where he engaged in business with the noted firm of Irby Morgan & Co., dry goods merchants, continuing with this firm till the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederate army. He was first made sergeant in Nelson's Artillery, and participated in the battles of Columbus, Ky., and Island No. 10. At the latter place he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island for six months or more, when he was exchanged. He reenlisted and was elected a first lieutenant in Maj. William Winslow's Battalion, which was ordered to Mobile, Ala., and in that vicinity it was on guard duty for about two years. The battalion was then ordered to Georgia to help retard Sherman in his march to the sea. In this campaign the entire battalion was captured and confined in the Federal prison at Ship Island for three months, guarded by negro soldiers.



J. W. LINDSEY.

While at Ship Island Mr. Lindsey was a great sufferer. He was still a prisoner there when President Lincoln was shot. After his release, he returned to Nashville, and for many years was connected with the wholesale clothing firm of B. H. Cooke & Co. He retired from this firm principally on account of bad health, and later organized the firm of Lindsey, Goodbar & Co., wholesale hat dealers, in Memphis. He sold out his business interests there after the epidemic of yellow fever, in 1878-79, and returned to Nashville, where he organized the wholesale hat firm of J. W. Lindsey & Co., in which he remained for several years. Recently he had been connected with the Royal Milling Company with his son, R. C. Lindsey.

Mr. Lindsey was a man of unimpeachable integrity, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. To the last he was loyal to the South, and on his deathbed frequently talked of old days in the army and of old comrades whose memories he revered. He was an honorary member of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment.

A. B. Crawley.

A. B. Crawley, corporal of Company G, 8th Kentucky Infantry, died August 6, 1907, near Cadiz, Ky. He was a native of Charlotte County, Va., but enlisted in Kentucky in 1861. He was captured with his regiment at Fort Donelson, and was in prison seven months. After being exchanged, he was with his regiment at Coffeeville, Miss., Baker's Creek, Big Black River, around Vicksburg, Jackson, Paducah, Ky. Later at Guntown, Miss., he was under Forrest; also at Tupelo, Harrisburg, Old Town Creek, Johnsonville, with Hood's advance into Tennessee, at Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Murfreesboro. He was of the rear guard of Hood's army back to the Tennessee River, and was surrendered with his company and regiment at Columbus, Miss., May 15, 1865.

Comrade Crawley made an ideal soldier, a splendid citizen, and died with the love and esteem of his neighbors.

Capt. W. B. Johnson.

W. B. Johnson was born in Alabama, his parents removing to Mississippi when he was a child. He served in the war with Mexico, enlisting with the Mississippi Rifles, which became Company F, 2d Regiment Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, General Wool's Brigade, Taylor's Division, U. S. A. He was in all the campaigns of that regiment. Returning to Mississippi at the close of that war, he engaged in the mercantile business until the secession of Mississippi, when he was among the first to respond to her call for volunteers. He raised a company of infantry and was elected captain, the company being mustered in as Company H, 3d Regiment Mississippi Infantry, with which he served honorably and faithfully during the war.

Captain Johnson went to Texas in 1866 and engaged in mercantile business. He died at Matador, Tex., in March, 1907, having shortly passed his seventy-ninth birthday. He was a lifelong Church member, and had lived an exemplary Christian life, being loved and honored by all who knew him. Five sons and two daughters are left. He was a member of the Masonic order, and was buried with its rites.

Robert B. Morris.

Robert B. Morris passed peacefully into the beyond on the 28th of June, after a serious operation at the Virginia Hospital, in Richmond, Va. He enlisted in Company C, Fluvanna Rifle Guards, organized at Palmyra, Va., with Capt. Robert H. Poore commanding, which was attached to the 14th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, and of that incomparable host known as Pickett's Division. Comrade Morris served with this regiment in its many sanguinary conflicts until its surrender. Though an invalid for many years, he attended the last Reunion in Richmond, and greeted many comrades he had not seen since that fateful day at Appomattox C. H.

In early life Comrade Morris was married to Miss Bettie Brightwell, a faithful and loyal companion through the vicissitudes of life. With her are eight children surviving—six sons and two daughters. He was a member of Fluvanna Camp, U. C. V., and with his casket wrapped in the sacred emblem of his beloved Southland his comrades bore him to his last resting place.

Francis Carrera Sollee.

Francis C. Sollee was born in Charleston, S. C., in September, 1834, and educated in that city, graduating from the high school in 1849. He early became prominently identified with the business life of the city, but removed to Florida in 1853. He was one of the original members of the Palmetto Guards of Charleston, organized in 1851, and was also of the original membership of the Jacksonville Light Infantry and first lieutenant in 1859. He was in the last war with the Seminole Indians as second lieutenant of Hart's company of mounted volunteers, 1858-59.

Entering the service of Florida as first lieutenant of the 4th Light Infantry at the commencement of the War between the States, he assisted in erecting a battery at the mouth of

St. John's River—Fort Steel. He resigned from that position, and was then commissioned by Governor Perry to raise a company of infantry which was called the Confederate Rifles. Disbanding that company in 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, Ga., and was shortly promoted to sergeant of the battery. He was afterwards transferred to Florida and made instructor of tactics for the 10th Florida Infantry under Col. C. F. Hopkins, and later was appointed quartermaster of the regiment.

He was appointed by General Finegan to the command of a 68-pound rifle gun mounted on a flat hand car on the railroad, in the operations against the Federal forces occupying Jacksonville, and had several encounters with gunboats and with a Federal battery mounted on the railway. He participated in the battle of Olustee, and went to Virginia with Finegan's brigade and was present at the second battle of Cold Harbor and at the siege of Petersburg.

He returned to Florida very sick shortly before the surrender of General Lee. He returned to Jacksonville in 1865, and commenced life over again as a clerk in the employ of Brock's line of steamers as master of the steamer Hattie, plying between Jacksonville and Lake Harney, for about two years. He went to Texas with a view to settling there, but returned to Florida. He was for four years assistant postmaster at Jacksonville, and for eight years served as inspector, deputy collector, and acting collector of customs.

Dr. Thomas J. Scott.

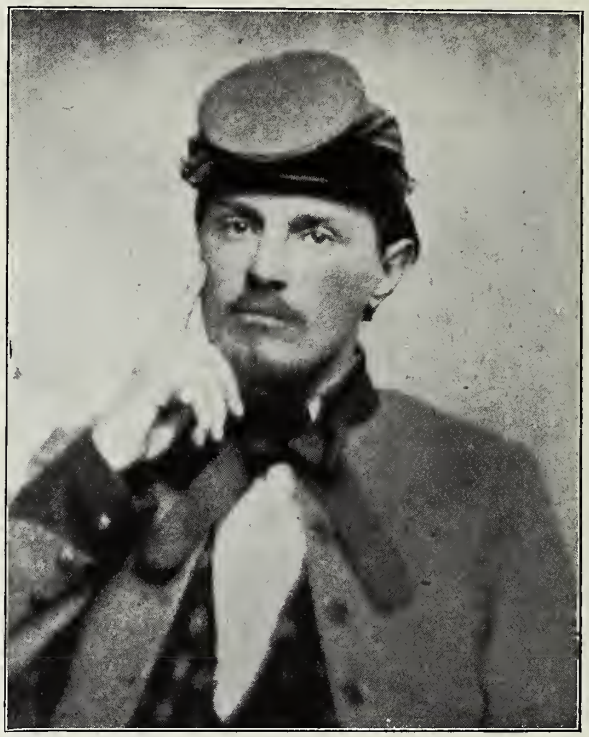
Dr. Thomas J. Scott was born in Mooresville, Ala., January 28, 1838. He was educated at Huntsville, Ala., and at Princeton, Ark. He graduated from the Vicksburg (Miss.) Medical College, and from the New Orleans College of Surgery in 1859. He began the practice of medicine at Arkadelphia, Ark. Dr. Scott's direct ancestors served in all of the wars for independence from the Revolution down, and Dr. Scott himself was an honored Confederate war veteran.

When the first call for volunteers from Arkansas came, in 1861, Dr. Scott enlisted in Company A, 1st Arkansas Infantry, and in May, 1861, his command was sent to Virginia. It served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston during the first year of the war. He was one of those Arkansas boys who at Manassas Junction gave the famous Rebel yell that turned the tide of that battle. He was called from the field to the hospital to attend to the soldiers wounded in that battle, and served as assistant surgeon under Johnston until January, 1862, when a vacancy occurred on Gen. Joe Wheeler's staff, and Dr. Scott was appointed to fill the position of chief surgeon under Wheeler, which position he held until the close of the war.

Dr. Scott and several other Arkadelphians were captured during the siege of Savannah. They escaped on rafts made of rice boats and crossed the river to the South Carolina side. When near Greensboro, they came up with President Davis and his family, Cabinet, and escort. Dr. Scott was among those who guarded the presidential party. Recrossing the Savannah River, the party camped near Whitesboro. On the morning of May 4 the guards were drawn up to the President's tent, and from a pay wagon each soldier received $26.50 of Mexican money, when they were disbanded.

They started for the homes they had not seen for four terrible years. Just at nightfall they came upon a squad of Federals, who fed them and treated them well and the next morning gave them paroles.

Dr. Scott returned to Arkadelphia and practiced his profession there until 1878, when he moved to Hot Springs, Ark. In 1882 he was elected President of the Board of Physicians of that place, and soon won the gratitude of that people. In 1897 he moved to Houston, Tex., and remained there until



DR. THOMAS J. SCOTT.

Texas called for volunteer physicians to go to the flood sufferers. Dr. Scott answered the call, and served the State in that capacity until no longer needed. He had become so well pleased with the climate of the coast that he made his home there until his death, October 1, 1906.

During the epidemic of smallpox at Hot Springs Dr. Scott, though not an immune, administered to the stricken.

At his death Dr. Scott was surgeon for his U. C. V. Camp and local surgeon Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fé Railroad.

[This data is from Mrs. Laura Winfield Butler, née Scott.]

H. A. Sublett.

H. A. Sublett was born at Lascassas, Tenn., December 27, 1841; and died near Trenton, Tenn., May 30, 1907. He joined the Confederate army at Murfreesboro in the early part of 1861, enlisting in Company C, 18th Tennessee Regiment. His first captain was J. B. Palmer, afterwards brigadier general. He was of the first soldiers quartered at Camp Trousdale. He shared in the vicissitudes of this army to Shiloh. He then went with General Bragg through the Kentucky campaign, and in all the battles from Perryville to Mission Ridge; then under Joseph E. Johnston in his hundred days' campaign to near Atlanta. He was captured later, and spent the rest of the war in Camp Chase Prison. He was honorably paroled when the war was over. Through all this he was only slightly wounded once, and his comrades testify as to his heroic conduct as a soldier. When the war was over, with malice toward none who had opposed him he took up the battle of life in the same determined spirit, the dominant principle of his life being an abiding love and devotion to his Southland, yet ever true to whatever flag floated over him.

Mrs. Adelaide E. Lyon.

Mrs. A. E. Lyon was born at Cheek's Crossroads, Hawkins County, Tenn., December 9, 1817. She died at the residence of her son-in-law, Capt. B. L. Ridley, in Murfreesboro, Tenn., October 6, 1907, lacking two months of completing her ninetieth year. She was the daughter of David A. Deaderick, of Knoxville, who died in 1873, and a niece of the late James W. Deaderick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Her mother, who died at her birth, was Adelaide E. Jackson, the eldest sister of Gen. Alfred E. Jackson, a well-known Confederate brigadier general.

Mrs. Lyon was most carefully reared as a member of her grandmother Deaderick's family, and for this grandmother she ever entertained a most tender and devoted affection. In 1837 she was married to Rev. James A. Lyon, a Presbyterian minister and the pastor of the Church at Rogersville, Tenn. In 1841 she removed with her husband and two small sons to Columbus, Miss. In that place Dr. Lyon ministered to the Presbyterian Church for nearly a quarter of a century, and exerted a most potential and beneficent influence in the community, which is still recognized. He was *con amore* a Southerner to the core, and was conscientiously a pro-slavery man; but he was much opposed to the secession movement, largely because of the belief, with almost prophetic prescience, that our cause must fail in the end. For this reason he was for a while ungenerously criticised by many of his warmest friends who, in the heat of the hour, deemed him lacking in civic patriotism. But when the crucial test came, he sent to the front his two available sons, who faithfully served in the Confederate army to the end and who made excellent records.

Dr. Lyon was one of the most eminent ministers of his Church in the South, and as one of the leaders was active in the organization of the Southern branch of the Presbyterian Church, at Augusta, Ga., in 1861. He was the Moderator of its third General Assembly, in 1863, at Columbia, S. C.

With her husband's views Mrs. Lyon coincided. She was at all times his sympathetic coworker, and in the true scriptural sense his "helpmeet."

Columbus, as is well known, became a very important military point as the war progressed as the seat of ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary departments, etc. Large hospitals were located there also, and hundreds of the Confederate sick and wounded were sent there. At first these hospitals were well supplied, and the patriotic and enthusiastic ladies vied with one another in gentle ministrations. Dainties, delicacies, flowers, and other evidences of interest and attention were profuse; but as the war dragged its weary length along, as the shadows began to lengthen and the dismal clouds gathered thick, then it was that Mrs. Lyon became more conspicuous in her ministrations. Her slender figure was seen day after day, in sunshine or in rain, wending her way to the hospital, bearing in her hands a pitcher of milk, some palatable light bread, or something else suited to the condition of the poor boys lying on their hard hospital couches. Nor did she administer alone to the physical man, but spoke words of tenderness and comfort and directed their thoughts along spiritual lines, as she was so eminently qualified to do. This self-imposed service continued for her country, for humanity, and for her Master.



MRS. A. E. LYON AND HER FIVE CHILDREN,
Taken on her eighty-fifth birthday.

At the age of seventeen years Mrs. Lyon formally united with the Presbyterian Church—the Church in which she was reared—at Jonesboro, Tenn. She was a Calvinist of the most pronounced type, and in her religious life she was a rigid constructionist—a strict observer of the Sabbath day and at all times a most faithful attendant upon the ministrations of her Church and kindred meetings. If her place was vacant, her associates knew that her absence was imperative. Practically all her life she set apart one-tenth of her gross income, which she was pleased to denominate the "Lord's money," to be scrupulously devoted to charitable and religious purposes.

Her husband died in Mississippi in 1882. Three children preceded her to the grave—two daughters in early childhood (1849), and a son, Judge Theodoric C. Lyon, of Columbus, Miss., in 1884. Five children survive: Dr. A. A. Lyon and Mrs. John W. (Judge) Childress, Nashville; Prof. James A. Lyon (Southwestern Presbyterian University), Clarksville, Tenn.; Mrs. Eagleton M. Smith, Holly Springs, Miss.; and Mrs. B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Lyon made her domicile in Tennessee with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Ridley. Her winters were usually spent with her daughter, Mrs. Smith, at Holly Springs, and her summers largely in her cottage at Monteagle, where she had gone for many years.

Thus has passed away from earth and its sorrows to her final reward a faithful woman who had dedicated her long life to service in the truest meaning of that term.

Charles B. Price.

One of the old Confederate veterans was Charles B. Price, born in Lebanon, Va., in 1843; and his death occurred near Hansonville, Ky., in February, 1907. As a true patriot, he answered the call of the South for soldiers, entering the service as a private in Company C, 37th Virginia Regiment, Jackson's Division. He was in many battles, never shrinking from duty, and remained with this regiment till the battle of Cedar Run, where he was wounded. After recovering sufficiently to rejoin the army, he entered the 16th Virginia Cavalry, and remained with it till the surrender. He then returned to his native county and married Miss Ellen Dickenson, who survives him with two daughters. Comrade Price was a member of McElhenny Camp at Lebanon, and in January had received his cross of honor from H. H. Dickenson Chapter, U. D. C., of that place.

Rev. William Catesby Latane.

William Catesby Latane, son of Dr. James H. and Janet J. Latane, was born at Mahockney, his father's home in Essex County, Va., July 19, 1847. Young as he was, he enlisted the last year of the war; and although ready for every duty, he was ordered to the front too late to be of service.

Immediately after the war he was sent to Judge Coleman's school in Fredericksburg, and later went to the University of Virginia. Afterwards he studied law, and in 1872 he entered the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Va. He was ordained by Bishop Whittle in June, 1875, and in September, 1875, took charge of Washington Parish, in Westmoreland County, which he served acceptably and faithfully until October 1, 1888, when he accepted a call to Leeds Parish, Fauquier County.

He was married in November, 1876, to Miss Sue Wilson, of Wakefield. He was called back to his old field in 1889, and continued in charge of this work till October 1, 1906, when failing health forced him to resign. While he had the best medical attention, the tender care of an affectionate and devoted wife and loyal children, and the loving sympathy of all who knew him, death, "that loves a shining mark," took him away on December 22, 1906. He bore his affliction with Christian fortitude and yielded peacefully to the inevitable.

R. B. Spillman, who knew him intimately, writes that "he was all that a pure, high-toned Christian gentleman could be, 'a living epistle known and read of all men.' To know him was to love him. His Church, his neighbors, his Camp, and countless friends will ever mourn their loss. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

Gen. Jacob H. Sharp.

Gen. Robert Lowry, Major General Commanding Mississippi Division, U. C. V., writes officially of Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, who died recently at Columbus, Miss.: "It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of our gifted and noble comrade, Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, on the evening of the 15th inst. In all the heroic qualities that constitute a capable and trusted military commander he was conspicuous. He had a courage that never failed or quailed, an unusual alertness that anticipated surprises and quickly took advantage of opportunities, and a magnetic leadership that imparted enthusiasm and heroism to his command. No braver soldier ever enlisted under the banner of his country, and no more dauntless leader ever drew a sword in defense of his country's honor. He had splendid virtues as a commander and citizen that will ever make his memory a priceless possession. In the councils of his State he held honored place and rendered valued services."

General Sharp had lived in comparative seclusion on his Lowndes County farm, having taken no part officially in public life except one or two terms in the Legislature. He entered the Confederate service as a private in Blythe's famous Mississippi battalion, later of the 44th Mississippi Regiment. He rose to be captain in this command, and then was made colonel at Chickamauga in 1863. He was promoted again for gallantry on the field of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, succeeding the late Gen. William F. Tucker, who was disabled by wounds. Having shared all of its services and perils, General Sharp surrendered the remnants of his brigade as a part of Gen. Joe Johnston's army at Durham Station, N. C., April 26, 1865.

High tribute is paid General Sharp for his superb service in the battle of Franklin. (See pages 500-503 in Veteran, volume for 1902, November issue.)

The personal characteristics of the man were well known. "To the humblest soldier from Lowndes County he was always Jake; to the commander of the army he was General Sharp; but at all times and under all circumstances he was the same kind, genial, and gallant gentleman, beloved by officers and men alike."

General Sharp was born in North Carolina in 1833 and reared in Lowndes County, Miss., where he died September 15, 1907, in his seventy-fourth year. He was educated at Athens, Ga., a classmate of Gen. John B. Gordon.

Col. W. J. Woodward.

The announcement of the death of Col. W. J. Woodward, of Wilmington, N. C., will cause much sorrow in the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances throughout the South as well as in his native State. His death occurred on October 11, after a severe lingering illness of some weeks.

William Joseph Woodward was born in Fayetteville, N. C., in September, 1843. At the outbreak of the Civil War he cast his lot with the Confederacy, enlisting in a company of the famous Bethel Regiment. He was afterwards detailed to important work in connection with the arsenal at Fayetteville, remaining at this post of duty until the surrender at Appomattox. Soon after the war he went to New York, engaging in business there for five years. Later he removed to Florida, and in 1886 he went to Wilmington in connection with the large cotton-exporting firm of Alexander Sprunt & Son. At the time of his death he was traffic manager of the large shipping interests of that house, and also secretary of the Champion Compress and Warehouse Company, an allied corporation of the firm. During his residence in Wilmington Colonel Woodward had drawn to himself a company of friends such as few men enjoy.



COL. W. J. WOODWARD.

His interest in young men, one of his distinguishing traits, had so endeared him to many of the younger generation that his death comes as a personal loss. Kindly in his disposition, genial, and ever ready to help the poor and minister to the

suffering, he possessed qualities which greatly endeared him to his fellow-man. His integrity was unquestioned, and his urbanity impressed all with whom he came in contact. He was noted for his strong fraternal spirit, and stood high in the affairs of the Knights of Pythias, being one of the founders of the lodge in his city, and at one time serving as Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of his State. He was ever active in the affairs of the United Confederate Veterans, being a prominent staff officer. He was ever a prominent figure at the general Reunions U. C. V., serving his Division Commander and Chief Commander in important relations.

Colonel Woodward is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Jane Worth, of Wilmington, and eight children. His venerable mother, Mrs. A. J. Woodward, of Fayetteville, also survives him.

Mrs. Alice Smith Baker.

Most pathetic was the death of the cultured and generally beloved Mrs. Alice Smith Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Fresno, Cal., after a married life of only three months, her death occurring at Aberdeen, Miss., August 6, 1907.

Born in the heart of the South, she was brought up in the traditions that enabled the Southern women of the last generation to endure the hardships of the world's greatest struggle for principle with courage surpassing that of the soldier, and her devotion to those principles preëminently fitted her to represent the West at the Confederate Reunion, which she did as sponsor for the Pacific Coast Division at the Convention in New Orleans in 1906.

Of her father's family, the aged head, Dr. John D. Smith, too feeble to bear arms, was held as a hostage by the Federal troops. His five grown sons—John D., Newton H., Thomas H., Joseph H., and R. W. Smith—were volunteer soldiers in the service of their State, Tennessee. His five daughters married Confederate officers, among them being Col. John F. Newsom, who commanded the 19th Tennessee Regiment in Bell's Brigade under General Forrest; Capt. A. B. Cook, also of Bell's Brigade; Capt. W. P. Wood, of General Wheeler's command; and Capt. Thomas Vance, a veteran of the Mexican War. Her maternal grandfather, Samuel E. Kerr, served four years in Company C, 28th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, and was wounded in both legs in front of Atlanta. Her own father was a boy of fourteen when the war closed.



MRS. ALICE SMITH BAKER.

While on her way to the Reunion at New Orleans Mrs. Baker (then Alice Smith) and her father were in San Francisco when the earthquake of April 18, 1906, occurred. Her father returned to his home at Fresno; but she continued on her mission under escort of Dr. Harrison, of Los Angeles, and creditably performed her duties as representative for the Western Division. Later she visited her father's old home in Henderson, Tenn., also relatives in Mississippi; and it was while acting as bridesmaid for a cousin at Jackson, Tenn., that she met Robert D. Baker, grandson of a gallant Confederate soldier who died on the field of battle, to whom she was married in April, 1907, at Memphis, Tenn.

A loving and dutiful daughter, a woman of rare mental attainments, of gracious presence and true and tender heart, Alice Smith Baker, cut off in her happy young womanhood, had the honor of being in herself one of those "angels of peace" who are binding all sections of our country closer together; and these ties, though based largely upon sentiment, are the strongest. She was a member of the Tyree Bell Chapter, U. D. C., at Fresno.

Hon. Benjamin H. Bunn.

Comrade Benjamin H. Bunn, of Nash County, N. C., died August 25, 1907, at the place where he was born October 19, 1844. Though only a boy in 1861, he promptly enlisted in Company I, 30th North Carolina Regiment. He took a transfer to Company A, 47th North Carolina, in 1862, then camping at Drury's Bluff. From first to last as a soldier he was patriotic and brave, active and efficient. He was chosen to fill the first vacancies that occurred in the line officers of his company; and when the second lieutenant was killed at Bristow and the first at second Cold Harbor, he was promoted to their places successively. Comrade Bunn was wounded at Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, where he received a shock from a bursting shell which killed two members of his company; but he joined his company when it recrossed the Potomac, and participated in the remainder of the campaign of 1863, wintering at Orange C. H. and on the Rapidan. He was continuously on duty from the Wilderness to Petersburg in 1864, having commanded his company in the brilliant affair at Reams Station on August 25, 1864.

There was no closing of the campaign of 1864, but a continuation into 1865; and on March 25, 1865, he was again painfully wounded by a Minie ball passing through his hand, which ball killed his commanding officer of the picket line. When Richmond was evacuated, he left the hospital, and, walking, reached home the day of the surrender at Appomattox.

His boyhood closed with the closing of the great war; and choosing law as his profession, he plunged into reconstruction politics, and never let up work until the South was again free. In law he was eminently successful, winding up a strenuous life at the top of his profession. In politics too he

attained high distinction, holding the leadership of his county through life, having represented that people in the convention of 1875 and in the Legislature. He also represented his district as presidential elector and through three Congresses.

But immeasurably above and far beyond all his other triumphs he left the wife of his busy life looking many years younger than she is and eight grown and educated daughters and sons, every one of whom is apparently without a single physical, mental, or social blemish.

Silas Ewing Carter.

Capt. S. E. Carter was a native of Texas, born in Nacogdoches County October 15, 1843. The family resided in several different counties. When the Civil War began, he enlisted with Company D, 31st Texas Infantry, and was made first lieutenant. Later he served as captain of the company which he commanded during the last year of the war, but never received a commission as captain. He ever led his men in trying places. His mature life was nearly all spent at Hillsboro, where as a citizen he was as worthy as when a soldier in the service. As a merchant he established a fine reputation for fair dealing and with open purse for public enterprises.

A local paper states: "One of the prettiest features of his life was the tender devotion which ever existed between himself and the devoted wife and children who survive him, and this was noted by all who enjoyed an acquaintance with the family. The anguish of their bereavement is beyond expression. We may indeed weep and mourn with those who mourn; but our voices are hushed, our tongues are silent when we would speak words of consolation to those prostrated with such grief. The only message we are capable of sending to these stricken ones in this anguish of their bereaved lives is the soft, gentle words of our Saviour: 'Lo, I am with you alway.'"

Clopton.—At his home, at Thayer, Oregon County, Mo., B. M. Clopton, a member of Col. J. R. Woodside Camp, No. 751, died. He belonged to the 1st Kentucky Infantry, and was in the First Manassas, Gettysburg, and many other battles. At the time of his death he was police judge of the city of Thayer. He leaves many friends to regret his death.

Mrs. Mary de Verdery Akin.

Mary de Verdery, the daughter of A. F. and Susan Burton de Verdery, was born July 6, 1830, in Augusta, Ga. The family moved later to Floyd County, Ga. She was married October 12, 1848, at Chieftain's (the former home of the Cherokee chief, John Ridge), near Rome, Ga., to Col. Warren Akin. Colonel Akin was a distinguished lawyer, being considered the leader of the Cherokee bar. He was a stanch Whig, and in 1859 he ran against Joseph E. Brown for Governor. He did not seek the nomination and was not at the convention. In 1861 he was elected to the House of Representatives from Cass County, and was chosen Speaker of the House. He was the only man in the history of Georgia elected to this position without previous legislative experience. He was able, active, and forceful in public life. It was mainly through his efforts that the name of Cass County was changed to Bartow, in honor of Col. Francis S. Bartow, who gave his life to the Confederacy. While serving as Speaker he was in 1863 elected to the Confederate Congress. He was also a local Methodist minister and trustee of Emory College. It is understood that while he was in the Confederate Congress he was a close and trusted friend of President Davis.

Some two years after their marriage Mrs. Akin joined the Methodist Church at Cassville, Ga., and until deafness came upon her she was an active Church worker. She was especially active in missionary societies and Sunday school for many years, during part of which time her son, John, was the superintendent of the Sunday school. She was a life member of the Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Akin was the mother of thirteen children. Her death occurred suddenly in the evening of October 17, 1907, after an illness of about ten days.



MARY DE VERDERY AKIN.

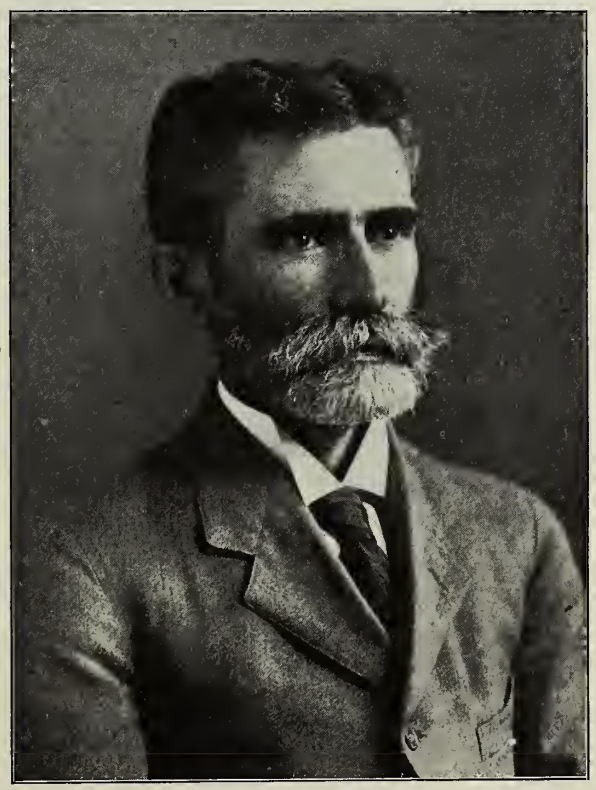
Judge John W. Akin.

John W. Akin was born at Cassville, Ga., on June 10, 1859; and died October 18, 1907. He was matriculated at Emory College in 1874, graduating four years later with distinction. He received the Boynton medal, given for the best essay written by a member of the senior class, and was also the best Latin and Greek scholar in the college. He married in early life Miss Frances Trippe Johnson, a daughter of Col. Abda Johnson. Colonel Johnson commanded the 40th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., and he was a distinguished lawyer. Mr. Akin is survived by his widow and three children—Mary de Verdery, Lillian Gatewood, and Frances Berto. He was active in good works. He was President of the Public School Board of Cartersville from the time the schools were organized, about twenty years ago, until his death. He made many speeches and wrote many articles, one of which, "The Aggressions of the Federal Courts," was commented on editorially in the leading newspapers of the United States from Maine to California. The Legislature of Wyoming by joint resolution indorsed it, and there were many thousands of copies printed and distributed in that State and in the State of Kansas by their State officials. His "Fourth Form of Government," delivered before the Alumnus Society of Emory Col-

lege many years ago, in which he used the term "government by injunction," was largely commented upon. From the corporate litigation in North Carolina, Alabama, and other States it seems that these speeches were prophetic. He also made many literary addresses, notably "Sidney Lanier" and "The Poet Bleckley." In addition to these, he made many speeches about the Confederate States and people. His speech on "The Shackling of Jefferson Davis" was commented upon through the Associated Press and widely copied. A notable speech designated "The Uncrowned King" was delivered before the Daughters of the Confederacy at Macon, Ga., several years ago, and is a fair sample of his productions on that line. It will revive the gifted Grady. He is also the author of "Akin's Lodge Manual and Masonic Law Digest," which is the standard for Georgia. In it is contained one of the two services for a lodge of sorrow in the English language. He made many Masonic addresses, and was Past Master, Past High Priest, Past Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge, and a Thirty-Second degree Mason.

In 1902 and again in 1904 he was elected to the House of Representatives of Georgia by the largest majorities ever given any candidate in Bartow, his native county, although he had four opponents. In 1906 he was sent to the Senate without opposition, and was overwhelmingly elected president of that body, being opposed by four exceedingly strong and popular men. He was for nine years Secretary of the Georgia Bar Association, and was then elected President thereof. He was admitted to the bar in 1878.

The editor shares specially in the sorrow over the loss and in the joy that will ever remain for the lives of great usefulness of Mrs. Akin and her son, Judge John Akin. Mrs. Akin's long career in Cartersville was a benediction to all the people. At a crisis to the editor, as illustrating her character, when the one in whom he was more interested than in all the world beside was attacked with an illness that proved fatal, Mrs. Akin furnished her carriage for passage to the railway station and walked in the street by the carriage door that she might render instantly any possible service.



JUDGE JOHN W. AKIN.

Judge Akin was as ardent for the Confederate principles and those who had espoused them as if he himself had endured the hardships of the camp, the marches, and the battles. Ere long his great address at Macon, Ga., upon the "Uncrowned King" (Jefferson Davis) may be expected in these pages.

The funeral of Mrs. Akin was conducted by the Rev. Dr. R. J. Bigham in the Presbyterian Church at Cartersville, at 9 A.M. October 20, and the burial was at Cassville, seven miles away, by the side of her husband, and near the Confederate Cemetery, in which there are monuments erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Judge Akin's funeral was conducted in the afternoon of the same day in the Sam Jones Tabernacle, conducted by Dr. Bigham, Gov. Hoke Smith and members of the State Legislature taking part. The Masonic Fraternity took charge there and conducted the burial in the new cemetery, near where Bill Arp is buried.

Maj. M. J. Norman.

On August 13, 1907, Maj. M. J. Norman answered the roll call beyond the river. He was Commander of Capt. J. R. Woodside Camp, No. 751, Alton, Mo., and had served as captain of Company I, 4th Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade, taking part in all the battles with the Missouri Division up to and including the siege of Vicksburg, and distinguishing himself as a brave and generous officer. After the surrender of Vicksburg, he returned to the West and was made major of Colonel Fristoe's Missouri Cavalry.

Major Norman endeared himself to the citizens of Oregon County by returning in 1862 and taking all the county records, boxing and concealing them in a cave, where they were secure until after the war, when found in good preservation. He was clerk at this time; and when ordered to Corinth, Miss., he had foresight enough to know the fate of the county; so obtaining permission from General Price, he returned and saved the records. The courthouse had been burned during this period. His death was keenly felt by all who knew him.

Edward F. Porter.

Edward F. Porter was born near Montrose, Va., in November, 1839; and entered the army at the commencement of hostilities as second lieutenant of Company E, 55th Virginia Infantry, Capt. Bailey Jett commanding the company. Early in 1863 he was transferred to Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and served as a private in that branch of the army to the surrender. He removed to Washington soon after the war, having married his cousin, Miss Mary F. Porter, and was for some time engaged in business with the late Maj. Henry L. Biscoe. He afterwards lived in Maryland for a short time, and then again took up his residence in Westmoreland County, where he engaged in successful business until stricken with a lingering illness, which continued until his death, on August 24, 1907.

While never actively identified with the Camp U. C. V., Comrade Porter took an active interest in all that pertained to the Confederate cause, and aided with his musical voice and talents in making successful the annual Reunions of the veterans.

Capt. E. F. Spears.

Capt. E. F. Spears, of Company G, 2d Kentucky Infantry, died August 29, 1907. He was the youngest captain in the Orphan Brigade, and served from the beginning to the end. He was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson, imprisoned six months, then exchanged. He was badly wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., August 30, 1864; but as soon as able he returned to his command, and served to the close of the war in the mounted infantry.

Comrade J. A. McDonald, of Kansas City, who was of Company G, 2d Kentucky Infantry, in sending the above, writes: "Only two other members of this company survive—J. J. McCarrington, of Nicholasville, Ky., and John Mahone, of Bourbon County, Ky."

Col. Rolfe S. Saunders—"In the Midst of Life."

Two friends met on a public highway in Nashville one evening in September. Each was glad to see the other and expressed his pleasure in assuring words. The senior was Col. Rolfe S. Saunders, who, though seventy and seven years of age, expressed himself as in the best of health. Chatting through the better portion of an hour, one of the last injunctions by Colonel Saunders was in behalf of circulating the Veteran among those who fought for the Union in the sixties. He had previously urged a vigorous method for securing their interest and again pressed it, declaring that at least ten thousand of them would gladly take it. He had ever taken a zealous interest in the Veteran and was an ardent Southerner.

Through friendly interest in Colonel Saunders, more prudent hours were suggested in an argument against his taking the 2 A.M. train for his home at Athens, Ala., to which he replied that he had spent some weeks in the mountains of North Carolina, was feeling fine; that he would go to bed, sleep awhile, then take the train indicated, be at home for breakfast, and by noon he would not realize he had lost any sleep. He afterwards called upon Mr. W. J. Ewing, Managing Editor of the Nashville American.

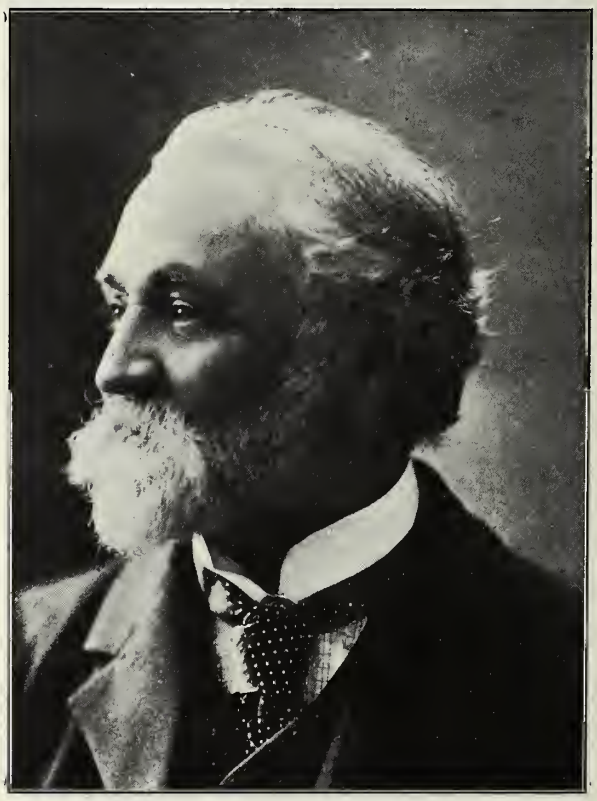
The only other thing yet known of his movements was that he fell from a street car by the Union Station about nine o'clock that evening, an hour after the above conversation. He was taken to an infirmary, unable to speak, where he lingered for nearly a week, dying, however, very suddenly. Mrs. Saunders came as quickly as possible, and remained near him to the end.

Editorially the American says of him: "Rolfe Saunders had lived long, had a wide experience, and had a remarkably large acquaintance among men. He had lived in many large towns between New York and New Orleans, and had known more prominent men than perhaps any other private citizen. He had dined with Daniel Webster, was intimately acquainted with Horace Greeley and the leading editors of Mr. Greeley's day, and was personally acquainted with many Presidents of the United States. He was a delegate to the Charleston Convention in 1857, and was for many years engaged in journalism in Alabama, Tennessee, and Washington. Rolfe Saunders had many friends and no enemies. He was genial, amiable, and always cheerful. He cared nothing for money; his wants were few and simple, and he was always ready to do a friend a favor. * * * One of his peculiarities was to remain away as much as possible from the town in which he lived. If working on a Nashville paper, he would spend more of his time in Memphis than in Nashville; if on a Memphis paper, he would be found in Nashville oftener than in Memphis. He was married three times, and leaves a widow at Athens, Ala., and several children. With a cheery 'Good night,' he left the American editorial rooms thirty minutes before he was fatally stricken. A genial soul passes in the death of Rolfe Saunders."

It was his happy disposition to look on the bright side of life.

Rolfe Smith Saunders was born in Wilson County, near Lebanon, Tenn., in 1831. His father had been a Revolutionary soldier, and died when Colonel Saunders was about nine years old. Four years later his mother married again, and Rolfe left home to make his own way in the world. He was a devoted friend to Judge Robert Caruthers, whose wife was a near relative. (Judge Caruthers was elected Governor by the Confederates during the war.)

About 1852 Rolfe Saunders married, near Columbia, Tenn., Eliza Anderson, a lovely woman, who lived but three years and left one child, James Caruthers Saunders, who now lives in Newport, R. I. In 1860 Colonel Saunders married Miss Billings, of Columbus, Ga. He was editing a paper in Knoxville, Tenn., at that time, and bought a large farm near that city, to which he moved a few years later. His second wife died in the early nineties, and in 1895 he was married to



COL. ROLFE S. SAUNDERS.

Mrs. R. V. Howard, of Athens, Ala., and made that town his home, though his business kept him much away. He had many friends in Athens, his adopted home.

Of the second union there were three daughters: Mary (Mrs. Lockwood), who died in Savannah, Ga., three years ago; Betty M., now Mrs. William Sample, whose husband is in the United States army and now stationed at Fort Wright, Spokane, Wash.; and Caroline, now Mrs. Withers Clay, of Birmingham, Ala.

A FRIENDSHIP THAT ENDURES.

This little record of past events may be of interest to many readers of the VETERAN and perhaps find a parallel in the experiences of some other comrades:

Two Confederate soldiers were H. C. Hoggard, of Norfolk, Va., now having a real estate agency in that city, and Elijah S. Johnson, formerly of Albemarle County, Va., but for some years past a merchant of New Decatur, Ala.

H. C. Hoggard entered the cavalry service at less than



ELIJAH S. JOHNSON,
15th Virginia Cavalry,
New Decatur, Ala.

HORATIO C. HOGGARD,
15th Virginia Cavalry,
Norfolk, Va.

sixteen years of age at Norfolk during the winter of 1861-62, and served through the entire war in the 15th Virginia Regiment, Gen. W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps. E. S. Johnson served the first eighteen months of the war in the 18th Virginia Infantry, and the remainder of the war in the same regiment with Hoggard; and it was then that a strong friendship began and continued to grow stronger as time and circumstances went on.

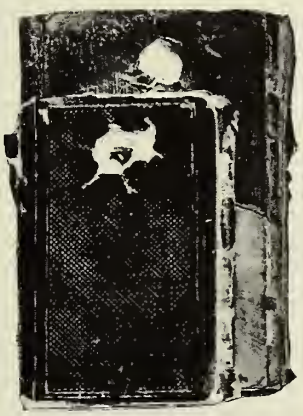
On the 13th of September, 1863, during a severe cavalry and artillery fight, beginning near Brandy Station and extending over every inch of ground from there to Culpeper C. H., between our forces under Stuart, with two brigades numbering about 7,000, and Sheridan, with about 30,000 Federal troops, E. S. Johnson was struck twice by rifle balls, either of which would have caused his death had they not been intercepted—one by his diary, Testament, and a bunch of letters, the ball going through all and dropping into his breast pocket without breaking the skin; the other struck his belt buckle in the center and bent it in, leaving a large black spot on the flesh underneath, but not breaking the skin. The only effect from it was a very sick stomach. H. C. Hoggard in the same fight received quite a severe wound in the shoulder, and was in the Chimborazo Hospital, at Richmond, for several months.

Other experiences as related by Comrade Hoggard are:

"In the latter part of April, 1864, we began fighting Sheridan at Spottsylvania C. H. and in the Wilderness. Sheridan was relieved by an infantry force, and we had to fight it for several days until we were relieved by our infantry. Then began a series of battles between us and Sheridan all the way to Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, where our noble Stuart received his death wound, and where I was made a prisoner May 10, 1864. We fought every day for eighteen days. Our army consisted of two light batteries and about 6,000 men, and Sheridan's command was understood to comprise nearly 30,000. We prevented them from getting into Richmond, but the fighting continued for seven days at Meadow Bridge and Gaines Mill. On the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, E. S. Johnson was made a prisoner also and brought to where some thirty of us were held. We were all taken first to Fortress Monroe, and a few days later to Point Lookout Prison, where we remained for over ten weary months. We had poor rations, bad water, and very bad treatment generally. Many times the negro guards were allowed to shoot into the crowd as we were going into the soup houses. Johnson and I became more and more attached to each other while in prison.

"I escaped during the last of March, 1865, and was carried on a steamer, along with about 1,300 other prisoners going to be exchanged, up the James River to a landing near Richmond, where we landed and made our way to the capital. My name was not among the 1,300. I simply worked my way out without detection, and reached Richmond with the others without being exchanged and without the Federals knowing of my presence. E. S. Johnson got out on a dead man's name a few days later and went to Richmond. In a few days Richmond was evacuated, and on the 9th of April the Confederacy was no more, so far as the Army of Northern Virginia was concerned.

"After the war every one had to scuffle for a living, and we two drifted apart. Up to the Reunion at New Orleans in 1906 each thought the other dead. It was then that I found out where Johnson was living, and a correspondence began and plans were made for a meeting. It was decided that Johnson should visit me and then the Jamestown Exposition; so, after a separation of over forty-two years, we had a reunion of our own. We greeted each other with a good, old-fashioned hug, and had our pictures taken together. In the picture of the diary and Testament the diary was slipped down, so as to show that the ball went all the way through. The diary has been of much interest. In it is recorded: 'We have drawn no rations for three days, and I am hungry.' On the next day: 'No rations yet, four days, and I am awfully hungry.' Another date would say: 'I have had a fine dinner and saw some lovely girls.' Then the various fights were recorded, 'Picket posts, rabbit hunts, and no rabbit caught;' and for 'one pound of salt paid 87 cents;' for 'one pound of sugar, $1;' for 'twelve pounds of bacon, $4.25,' etc. And whenever on a raid or in a fight or on picket duty, you would always find recorded, 'Had a nice time with young ladies,' or 'Got a good dinner or breakfast.'



"The years which have intervened have made many changes as to age and color of hair, but the friendship continues just the same."

N. L. Poole, Cleburne, Tex., wishes to ascertain the company and regiment in which Emmett Collins and Boyd Collins served during the war. They were with the Texas troops captured at Arkansas Post. This is for the benefit of the widow of Emmett Collins. He was kept in Rock Island until the close of the war, and died at Jefferson, Tex.

"RACIAL INTEGRITY: AND OTHER FEATURES OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM."

Under the above title Prof. A. H. Shannon has brought together an array of facts and figures of the deepest interest to students of the negro problem. The census of 1870 returned 584,049 mulattoes; that of 1890, 1,132,060, an increase of almost one hundred per cent in twenty years, showing that amalgamation has made as great progress numerically in twenty years of freedom as in two hundred and forty years of slavery with the decade of the Civil War added. There are now nearly or quite 2,000,000 mulattoes. Among the causes producing this result, special attention is given to the prevalent suspension in our dealings with this race of moral and ethical principles, as is illustrated in politics, philanthropy, and in religious activities.

The chapter dealing with racial integrity contains the gist of the volume. Three other chapters are added, however, dealing respectively with the problem of the city, slavery, and the educational problem. The chapter dealing with the problem of the city is a discussion of the economic and moral problems incident to the herding of the negroes in the cities and towns. This leads to a discussion of the steps taken by the Southern States in dealing with the vagrancy problem.

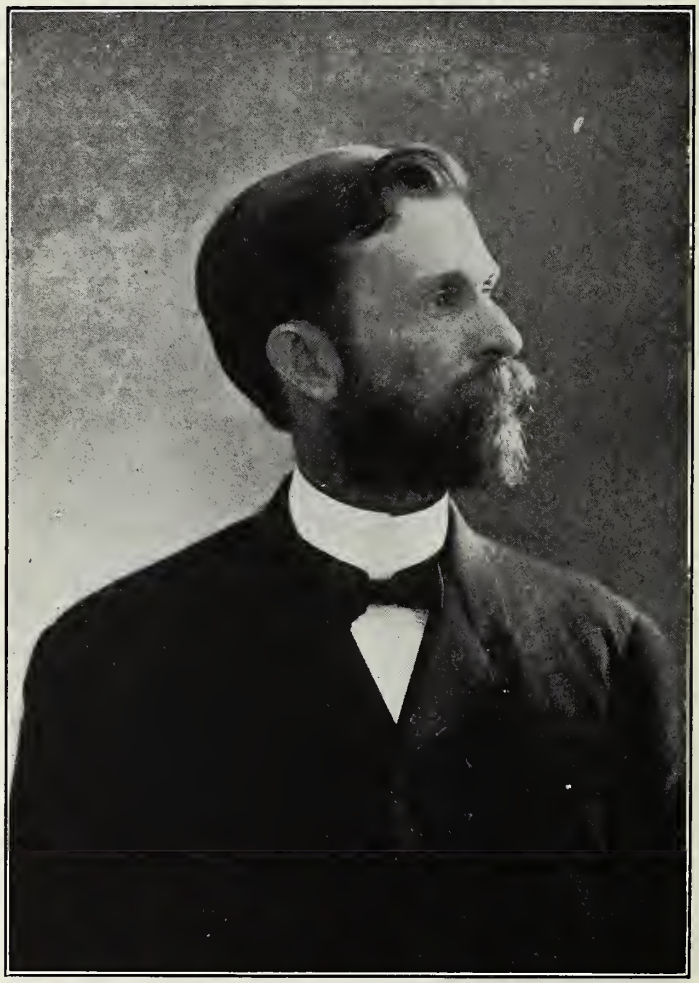
The chapter dealing with slavery discusses the attitude of the civilized nations toward the institution at the time it was fastened upon America and earlier; also conditions existing in Africa, the slave trade, and the progress of the race under slavery. The chapter dealing with the educational problem is worthy of the most careful study. It takes up the physical basis for intellectual activity upon the part of the negro, reviews and criticises the efforts made in behalf of the race, discusses the needs of the race, and gives at some length conditions sure to obtain in the South if any large class of the negroes remain economically inefficient and morally degraded.

Professor Smith, in the color line, approaches this problem from the scientific standpoint. Professor Shannon approaches it from the standpoint of the moral and ethical principles involved, reaching conclusions which must help both races. The book is essentially a plea for the highest and best interests of both races.

This is a book which should possess an intense interest for all students of Southern sociological problems, but especially for students of the negro problem and for all veterans of the Civil War.

Order of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Price, postpaid, $1.25.

"ESCAPE AND SUICIDE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH."—Like Banquo's ghost, the spirit of restless John Wilkes Booth still walks abroad, keeping alive doubt in the minds of many as to his fate after the assassination of Lincoln. That he did escape from his pursuers and lived many years in Texas and in the Territories is the story set forth in a late publication under the title of "Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," by Finis L. Bates, of Memphis, Tenn., whose claim is to have known Booth in his later life under the name of John St. Helen while living in Texas, and later still to have known of him under other names in the West, and who tells of his suicide in 1903 at Enid, Okla. Mr. Bates brings forward some powerful proof in the identification of the picture of St. Helen as that of Booth by different people who had known the latter in his early life, and he announces "as a physical fact that John Wilkes Booth was not killed on that 26th of April in 1865 at the Garrett home in Virginia." All this makes a very interesting story; and whether or not the proof is convincing, the statements are very plausible and show very clearly how his escape could have been accomplished. But it will be necessary to read the book to realize fully the strength of the proofs presented. Copies can be procured of the author for $1.50.



PROF. A. H. SHANNON,
Author of "Racial Integrity: And Other Features of the Negro Problem."

GEN. R. E. LEE ON TRAVELER.

This full life-size painting by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, of Nashville, Tenn., so widely and highly approved, is a leading attraction at the Jamestown Exposition. Good photographs from the splendid canvas may still be had on cash order to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The prices are: Size 20x24 inches, $3; size 12x15 inches, $2. Mounted on best white cardboard, with wide margin ready for framing. The above was painted from a photo made at Washington College in 1868.

A patron of the VETERAN asks that something be published of Maj. Gen. Robert E. Rhodes, who was a native of Virginia, but commanded a brigade of Alabamians during the Peninsula campaign, and was killed in the battle of Winchester between Sheridan and Early in the autumn of 1864.

Books for Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans

THE BOY IN GRAY

BY GEORGE G. SMITH

In a neat work of nearly 300 pages, the author, a member of Phillips's Legion, Georgia Volunteers, has narrated most interestingly many of the thrilling scenes of the war. He has written the book in the interest of peace—that the young people of the Southland might know how nobly their fathers bore themselves in the war, and how grandly their mothers and sisters toiled at home. The book should be found in every Southern home. It is beautifully bound in gray cloth and gold. 266 pages. Price, postpaid, 60 cents.

Address THE EPWORTH ERA, Nashville, Tenn.

A NARRATIVE of the CIVIL WAR

BY A. E. SNYDER

This is a truthful narrative of the facts and events of the great War between the States, the Civil War, written in a plain style and chronologically arranged. It is designed especially for the young people of the South, and covers the entire subject in a way that makes it intensely interesting and of great value to all who wish to know correctly about the war and its various phases. The book is handsomely bound and contains many interesting illustrations. Price, postpaid, 60 cents. Send all orders to

THE EPWORTH ERA, Nashville, Tenn.

A good idea is secured from a correspondent who is collecting material for a memorial volume, for which she is securing articles, poems, etc., for use in celebrating a certain day. As we very often have requests for such material, it is thought well to suggest that each Chapter of Confederate Daughters have its Historian to make such a volume for use as occasion may require. It would also be well to set down in that all good suggestions for celebrating these memorial days, such as any good programme that has been carried out elsewhere or any good ideas that may come from others. Such a volume would be of great value as a ready reference.

The sixth Reunion of the Northwest Division, U. C. V., was held in Bozeman, Mont., October 15, 1907, with a large attendance of veterans and friends, and an enthusiastic meeting was held. Officers elected for the following year were Paul A. Fusz, Major General Commanding Northwest Division, and J. L. Kirby, Brigadier General of Montana Division. A cordial invitation was extended by J. W. Smith, a former Tennesseean, to meet in Portland next year; so the next meeting will be held there, date to be selected later. The social features of this occasion were also very enjoyable.

At the annual Reunion of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., held in Los Angeles, Cal., in September, 1907, Maj. Gen. William C. Harrison was reëlected Commander and Col. Victor Montgomery, of Santa Ana, was elected Brigadier General to command the California Brigade. It was decided to admit the sons and lineal descendants of Confederate veterans into the Camps as associate members. The attendance was large and the Reunion a success in every way.

WANTED.—Purchasers for the beautiful Southern picture, "From Manassas," designed by a Confederate veteran; size, 32x22. Lithographed in rich, appropriate colors, ready for framing. Unique in design. On right margin in battle array stand the boys in gray with peerless R. E. Lee; on left margin, also in battle array, stand the boys in blue with dauntless U. S. Grant. In the space between run three lines of rail fence, the rails being the staff on which is written the words of the old war song, "When this cruel war is over," the four stanzas being given beneath. Price, unframed, $1; handsomely framed, $3.50. Agents also wanted to sell this picture. Address Mrs. Belle Thompson, Box 28, Hasty, N. C.



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Read the following extracts from letters from those who have received the likeness:

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE: "I received the very handsome Photogravure of my father, for which accept my sincere thanks. It is the best full-face likeness of him, and though, of course, I possess many of him, I shall specially value THIS one. It will be, I am sure, much appreciated by the Robert E. Lee Camp and any other Southern society to which you may present it."

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE: "I have your Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, am glad to receive it; it is now framed and hangs over my desk, where I do all my work."

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT: "Accept my warm thanks for the proof copy of the photo of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which I shall value as an interesting likeness of that distinguished officer."

HON. JOHN S. WISE: "I think it is one of the best likenesses extant."

GEN. L. L. LOMAX: "It is decidedly the best likeness I have seen, and I intend to have it framed for my own home."

GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON: "The picture is a splendid one."

GEN. WILLIAM L. CABELL: "It is a fine picture, and I shall have it framed and placed in my parlor, where the young people of my country can see it and call to mind his many virtues."

GEN. G. W. C. LEE: "Your picture is a good reproduction of the original, and I value it on this account."

GEN. SAMUEL G. FRENCH: "I think it the best one of him to be obtained, and the one fond memory recalls."

GEN. R. F. HOKE: "It is very good of him, and lifelike, and recalls him to me as of yesterday."

GEN. M. C. BUTLER: "It is unquestionably the best likeness of my distinguished Commander, as I knew him during the war, I have ever seen."

ROBERT E. LEE CAMP, No. 1, RICHMOND, VA.: "Members of this Camp consider it a splendid likeness of our old Commander and prize it very highly. We will frame it and place it upon our Camp wall, where, for all time that we may last, it will be a reminder of the noble face of that grand man loved by all."

GEN. ALEX. P. STEWART: "The picture seems to me an admirable one, certainly as good a one if not the very best of any I have ever seen."

GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT: "I regard the Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee which you sent me as one of the finest pictures of him which I have seen."

COMMANDER IN CHIEF (INDIA) LORD KITCHENER: "I am very much obliged to you for the striking likeness of Gen. Lee, which you have been good enough to send me and which I much value."

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AND OTHER AMERICAN FLAGS

BY PELEG D. HARRISON

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I was much interested in this valuable Flag book, particularly the part containing a history of the flags of our Southland.—*M. A. Jackson, Widow of Gen. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, Charlotte, N. C.*

The standard text-book on the subject treated.—*John W. Gordon, Major Confederate States Army, and Chairman United Confederate Veterans, Richmond Reunion, 1907.*

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THE ARTS SHOP, Dept. C, Nashville, Tenn.

THE OLD CONFED.

BY ALLIE STEDMAN, PARAGOULD, ARK.

Blessings on thee, old Confed,
With wrinkled brow and snow-white head;
Your once bright eye is growing dim;
Your brawny arm and sturdy limb
That served you in the long ago
On gory field against the foe
Are growing weaker year by year;
Your heart that never once knew fear
Beats just as loyally to-day
As when, in homespun coat of gray,
A noble, brave, and earnest band,
You fought for right and Dixieland.

Your ranks are thinning day by day—
Another comrade turns away
To answer to the drum and fife
That call him from this weary life
To peaceful sleep. His rest is sweet,
And never more his tired feet
Shall stumble on the march nor fall;
He's answered to the last roll call.

You've left to us an honored name
No prince of royal blood can claim,
A truly noble heritage.
And plainly written on the page
Of memories that cannot die
Your valorous deeds shall ever lie;
Your fame shall never fade away;
'Twill live forever and a day
And through the countless ages sound.
For greater theme cannot be found.

O, how we love you, Old Confed!
Blessings on that dear gray head!

FOR SALE.

A $5,000 Virginia farm for sale, half mile from depot on Tidewater and Western Railroad. One hundred and sixty acres of land, with a large six-room brick house, slate roof, basement, three porches, four halls, seven closets, cook room joining back porch. Land well watered by springs and creeks, and there are three lithia springs near the house, also a well of pure water in the yard. Twenty acres of original growth. Can give possession at once. Cause of sale, age and infirmities.

For other information address Hugh F. Goodman, Ballsville, Powhatan County, Va.

LOST.—While in transit from Selma, Ala., to Pilot Knob, Mo., in 1866 a sword, lettered on blade "St. J. O. H. Bumpass." Mrs. Benjamin Gum, Alton, Mo., a sister of Officer Bumpass, would like to get the sword.

J. N. Downey, of Templeton, Cal., writes: "I have had a great desire ever since the occurrence to know how many men were in Fredericksburg a few weeks before the first battle when a squad of the 1st Indiana Cavalry forded the river at Falmouth and rode down through the city. I know there were some soldiers besides the Home Guards. Will some Johnny please tell me through the VETERAN or otherwise?"

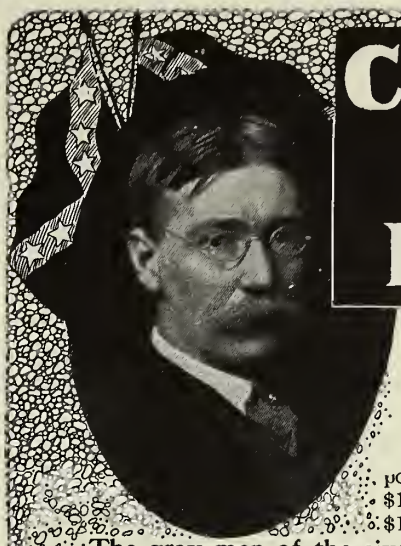
A book of poems that should find ready sale in the South is "Lyrics of the Gray," by T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, who has contributed so much to the VETERAN in the last few years. He will pay a good commission to agents to sell this book, and it should be especially easy for young boys and girls to make some money in this way. Write to him for terms.

G. E. Ennis, of Comanche, Tex., requests any survivors of Company C, Wirt Adams's Cavalry, C. S. A., to write him, as he wishes to establish his record and secure a pension. Comrade Ennis is a worthy Confederate veteran, very destitute, and has not been able to furnish two living witnesses on his record, which the law requires. He will appreciate a response from any survivors who remember him.

Judge J. W. Currie writes from Bandera, Tex.: "John McCurdy was a member of Company I, 65th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Capt. Henry Smith under Col. W. G. Foster. He is making application for a pension, and wishes the address of some of his old comrades in arms. McCurdy is a resident of this county and a worthy old man."

Mrs. M. J. Byrom Mays, of Grimes, Okla., wishes to find some soldier, North or South, who can testify as to her service as matron in the Bragg Hospital. She was employed by Drs. Gore and Gamble, of Kentucky, and went into the hospital at Ringgold, Ga., in the spring of 1863, remaining in the service until the spring of 1865. Mrs. Mays is seventy-four years old. She has applied for a nurse's pension, and will be grateful for any assistance in that direction.

SORE EYES Dr ISAAC THOMPSONS EYE WATER



Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,
NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

America's Greatest Painter of War Subjects

Price of full set in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper with leather portfolio, $16.50; payable $1.50 monthly. Cash price $15.00. Individual pictures $3.50 each.

The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

Southern Art Pub. Co. - 102 Arcade, Nashville, Tenn.

George Sibley, of Camp McIntosh, Lonoke, Ark., asks that any comrade who knew Henry Mueller in the army will kindly verify his service, so as to enable his widow, who is old, poor, and crippled, to obtain a pension. Comrade Mueller did not inform his family as to what command he served in. He was a native of Saxony, Germany, and a scholarly man.

A correspondent asks for a poem in which a line runs thus: "Morgan the raider, and Morgan's men."



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REUNION AT RICHMOND.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Men of the old gray guard,
  You who glorified arms
In the heyday of youth,
  Nor faltered at war's alarms—
From every mountain crest,
  From every verdant vale,
Where comrades sleep in death—
  Virginia bids you "Hail!"

Ne'er shall your glory fade
  While moons shall wax and wane
And Fame her vigils keep
  O'er thousands of your slain.
Come, know good cheer these days
  At Richmond, on the James;
Forgotten ne'er shall be
  Your glory-gilded names.

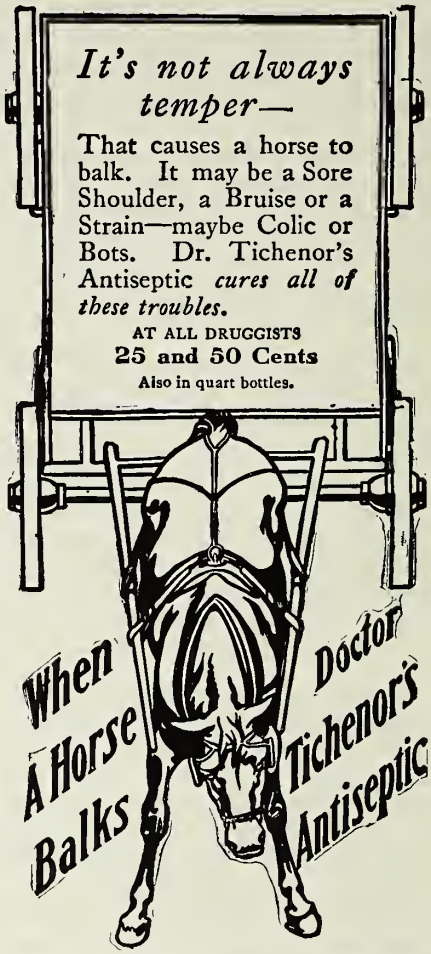
Beneath the tattered gray
  Beat hearts both brave and true,
And now, when you are old,
  This one thing we will do:
Through all the years to come
  Our proudest boast shall be,
Our fathers fought and died,
  Led by Jackson and Lee.

No iron heel of war
  Doth now afflict our land;
Peace with her victories
  Hath waved her magic wand.
Through all the aisles of Time,
  Till dawns eternal day,
Shall shine the deeds of men
  Who glorified the gray.

Archie Owens, of Chester, S. C. (R. F. D. No. 1, Box 34), asks information as to where his brother Jim was killed. He enlisted from Arkansas, going to Star City or Pine Bluff at the first of the war, and was killed in 1864; but it has never been known where or when. Comrade Owens will be thankful to hear from some comrade or friend.

Any comrade who served with James H. Biggs, who enlisted at Norfolk, Va., in the spring of 1861 and died from wounds received during the summer of that year, will confer a favor by writing to Davis Biggs, Jefferson, Tex.

Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water



It's not always temper—

That causes a horse to balk. It may be a Sore Shoulder, a Bruise or a Strain—maybe Colic or Bots. Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic *cures all of these troubles.*

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Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

The Well Informed of the World.

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physicians and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

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President Roosevelt Likes It

"I like this Coffee," he said, as he sipped the amber fluid which had been poured out by Mrs. John M. Gray, Jr., and handed to him by Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence.

"This is the kind of stuff I like, 'i George, when I hunt bears."

The above is an extract from the "Nashville Banner" of October 22, and relates to the coffee served President Roosevelt by the Ladies of the Hermitage Association during his recent visit to Andrew Jackson's old home. This was

Maxwell House Blend Coffee

the most [illegible] that ever graced a dining table. It pleased the President's palate a[illegible] yours.

Stimulating and invigorating, heart cheering and satisfying.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

CKEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

Proprietors of the two largest and most complete coffee plants in the South

NASHVILLE, TENN., and HOUSTON, TEX.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV. DECEMBER, 1907. NO. 12.



WAY DOWN IN DIXIE—WILL SANTA CLAUS COME?

Selected from Neale's Southern Books

"The Neale Publishing Company has certainly placed those who love the South and her glorious history under a debt of no small proportions in the issue of many works by Southerners upon the actors and actions of their section."—The Sun, Baltimore, Md.

When Hearts Were True. Stories of the Middle Plantation. By Willoughby Reade. 12mo, $1; postage, 8 cents.

In tone and style these stories of Virginia are delightful, for Mr. Reade's work is characterized by precision and reserve, a self-control that has a charm of its own, and a charm inseparable from the finished product. He tells a story with directness and candor, with little ornamentation and circumlocution: he knows thoroughly—intimately—the life of which he writes, and his sympathy is broad and tender.

Betty Pembroke. By Elizabeth Hazlewood Hancock. Postpaid, $1.50.

If there is a sweeter heroine than Betty Pembroke, she has not been seen in these latter days. And if her counterpart—a flesh-and-blood Betty—really lives in the Old Dominion, she had better not admit it, that's all. For who would not desire Betty? Who would not cross "hill, stream, and scar" to ask Betty to marry him? —Betty Pembroke, tender, faithful, roguish, debonair, "queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls," the dearest heroine of them all—Betty, a Virginia maid.

The Conquest. By Daisy Fitzhugh Ayres. 12mo, $1.50.

Baltimore American: "Mrs. Ayres has told a brilliant story with directness. It is a powerful novel, clean and wholesome, with a virile honesty that would be almost barbaric in its strength but for the swift and tender touches of refinement which veil and soften its most fearless outbursts of expression."

Louisville Courier-Journal: "Mrs. Ayres has written a splendid book; one deserving a big success."

Four Years under Marse Robert. By Maj. Robert Styles, Major of Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. Octavo. Frontispiece by W. L. Sheppard. $2; postage, 14 cents.

London Spectator: "It deserves, together with the other works that we have bracketed with it [publications of this company], to be read and pondered over by those who wish to understand the mechanism and capabilities of a national army, as well as the spirit which animated the solid South while its lifeblood was being slowly drained away."

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page: "I have rarely read a volume relating to the war which has interested me so much."

Jefferson, Cabell, and the University of Virginia. By John S. Patton, Librarian to the University of Virginia. Octavo, illustrated, $2; postage, 16 cents.

Baltimore News: "The book is well written and interesting throughout, and should be a welcome addition to the library, not only to all friends of the University, but to all who are interested in the life of Thomas Jefferson or the history of the Old Dominion."

Major General J. E. B. Stuart, Commander of the Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. By Judge Theodore S. Garnett, his Aid-de-Camp. 12mo, illustrated, $1; postage, 8 cents.

An address delivered at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of General Stuart at Richmond, Va., May 30, 1907.

A History of Southern Literature. By Carl Holliday, M.A., recently instructor of English literature in the University of Virginia, now head of the English Department in Cox College. Octavo, $2.50; postage, 16 cts.

Baltimore Sun: "It is well written, the arrangement of the text is scientific, and the balance is well considered."

Savannah News: "This history of Southern literature is, therefore, not of interest solely to the South—it will be welcomed in the country generally as exploiting and perpetuating the fame of many writers whose works are most truly American."

Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee. By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D. Octavo, illustrated, $2; postage, 18 cents.

Richmond Times-Dispatch: "Dr. Jones cannot be too highly praised for the work he has accomplished. His book should be in every Southern home."

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York. By Captain John W. Headley. Octavo, illustrated, $2; postage, 18 cents.

Charleston News and Courier: "There is an immense amount of material in this book, which will be found of the utmost use to the student of the times."

General Elisha Franklin Paxton: Memoirs Composed of His Letters from Camp and Field. By John Gallatin Paxton, his son. Octavo, frontispiece, $1.50; postage, 10 cents.

On September 21, 1863, Gen. Robert E. Lee reported: "Many valuable officers and men were killed or wounded in the faithful discharge of duty. Among the former, Brigadier General Paxton fell while leading his brigade with conspicuous courage in the assault on the enemy's works at Chancellorsville."

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Memories: With Special Reference to Secession and the Civil War. By John H. Reagan, LL.D., Postmaster General of the Confederacy, sometime United States Senator, author of the Interstate Commerce Law. Octavo, illustrated, $3; postage, 20 cents.

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The Political Opinions of Thomas Jefferson: An Essay. By John Walter Wayland, Ph.D., Assistant and Fellow in History, University of Virginia. With an introduction by Richard Heath Dabney, Ph.D., Professor of History, University of Virginia. 12mo, $1.25; postage, 10 cents.

Dr. Richard Heath Dabney: "Where are we to find a book in which the quintessence of Jefferson's political views is given in clear and readable style, yet sufficiently brief to find readers among the busy, rushing people of today? Dr. Wayland's is just such a book."

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R. W. Norwood, of Plant City, Fla., asks that some members of the cavalry company enlisted under Capt. Jim Tibbs at Morton, Scott County, Miss., write to him. His father, E. W. Norwood, who enlisted then, is now dead, and the son wishes to communicate with some of his comrades.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
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FIFTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE COMPLETED.

The VETERAN for January is to contain more reading than has any number in its history. It begins the sixteenth volume! In the fifteen years the circulation aggregated well into the millions of copies.

Ah, the changes in fifteen years! In glancing over the volumes it seems that more than half its contributors have crossed "over the river." But they contributed to the great record that will be found in libraries North and South and in the best preserved homes for generations and generations of the future. What responsibility there is in living and in doing! *Do the right with thy might.*

In all the years of its existence there has not been such widespread commendation of the VETERAN as now. Looking back, it has seemed a long, long struggle with shoulder to wheel all the while until the recent official action of men and women whereby the VETERAN can certainly keep well in the road without struggle; and yet its main patrons are moving with setting suns, and it behooves them to get its principles rooted in the minds of posterity. The more successful the enterprise, the more diligent should all of its friends be, as by united and diligent effort so much more can be accomplished.

Advertisers are beginning to realize the high merit of the VETERAN. Its rates are lower than any "class" publication in existence. The wisest plan is to use it regularly through the year. Small space used all the time is better than spasmodic use occasionally. Apply for terms by the year.

ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy held their annual Convention in Norfolk, Va., November 13-17, too late for any detailed account of proceedings in this issue of the VETERAN. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex., was elected President; Mrs. Martin S. Willard, North Carolina, First Vice President; Mrs. C. Poe, Maryland, Second Vice President; Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Alabama, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Williams, Kentucky, Treasurer; Mrs. L. H. Rains, Georgia, Custodian of Crosses of Honor.

In the retirement of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General for the past two years, the VETERAN pays loyal tribute to her services. Every man and woman in the South should remember that Mrs. Henderson realized her great responsibilities and that she was ever zealous in the performance of her varied duties. She evidently had her preferences and was influenced by them ("it is human to err"); but there is no question that at all times duty was before favoritism, and that she sought to be absolutely just to all members and to each section of the country. The VETERAN cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing gratitude to Mrs. Henderson for doing her best throughout her official career as a coworker for all that it stands for.

Mrs. Stone has been one of the ablest and most zealous workers in the organization since it was founded, and it may well be predicted that she will be tireless for the advancement of the sacred interests involved.

Details of the reports of the Divisions will appear in each VETERAN for several months. An entire issue might well be devoted to valuable reports of the proceedings.

ABOUT OFFICERS IN THE TWO ARMIES.

A violent commotion occurred through the publication of an article by Capt. A. L. DeRosset, of Wilmington, N. C., to which reference is made on page 538. General Chalaron was promptly interviewed by leading publishers of the country, and authorized this statement given to the New York World:

"I deny having made the statement about letters of General Grant, General Thomas, and Admiral Farragut attributed to me by Capt. A. L. DeRosset in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of October, 1907.

"Captain DeRosset must have misunderstood what remarks I may have made about the Davis papers in our conversation when the Captain visited Memorial Hall two years ago. I have never seen such letters, nor do I know of their existence.

"It is to be regretted that he did not verify his recollection of that conversation by writing to me before the publication of his article."

The Boston Herald prints an interview with Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who in his characteristic way says: "I think it is a lie." That same paper reports an interview in Washington with Gen. John C. Black, Civil Service Commissioner, who in better language said: "Captain Grant was among the first to respond to Lincoln's call for troops. Following that call, several meetings were held in Illinois. One of the very

first of these meetings was at Galena, and Captain Grant, then a clerk in his father's tannery, presided at the Galena meeting. His record and career from that moment have been known to all the American people."

General Black's interview comports exactly with a statement to the editor of the VETERAN when in conversation on the subject with Gen. Fred D. Grant soon after the publication appeared. General Grant referred to the fact that his father espoused the cause of the Union at once, participating in the public meeting referred to by General Black.

The publication brings to light testimony unquestioned that General Thomas was very much inclined to enlist for his native Southland, and would most probably have done so but for the zeal of his wife to retain his office in the United States army. His letter to Governor Letcher is made public. Fighting as he did for the Union, there have never been charges of unsoldierly or cruel conduct in his career through the war.

In the VETERAN for June, 1904, pages 274-276, there is an interesting sketch by one of his officers about his "regard for the South," which it was pleasing to print to his credit.

Hon. Z. W. Ewing, of Tennessee, ex-Speaker of the Senate, and who is on the roll of honor of those distinguished for gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga, states in regard to Gen. John A. Logan: "I was in command of a company made up from the various companies of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, and in my company under this detail was the Rev. Mr. Goodall, a minister of the Christian Church. Mr. Goodall was under me in this detached company for a year or more, and up to the time he was killed, in front of Petersburg, on the morning of June 17, 1864. Mr. Goodall was as good a soldier as ever wore the gray, was honorable and upright, and I think incapable of making an intentional false statement. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was living in Southern Illinois, and he told me time and again that John A. Logan, then in Congress, afterwards a distinguished general of the United States army and also distinguished in civil life, made up a company in Southern Illinois for the purpose of going South and tendering the services of himself and company to the Confederacy. Mr. Goodall was a member of this company enlisting under Captain Logan. Mr. Goodall understood that President Lincoln, upon hearing that Logan was going South, offered him a colonelcy in the United States army, which offer he accepted. Mr. Goodall, not being influenced by this change on the part of his captain, came South and enlisted, and was afterwards detailed and served, as has been stated, until, true to his convictions, faithful to the end, he lost his life fighting for what he believed was right."

It is a coincidence that in the "War Records of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XXX., Part II., page 478, Col. John S. Fulton, 44th Tennessee Infantry, who commanded Johnson's Brigade in the battle of Chickamauga, states as to these two men: "I am pleased to notice the conduct of Private Turner Goodall, of the provost guard, who, in the thick of the battle on Sunday evening, seeing the men all so gallantly at work and hard pressed, came up with his gun and fought manfully through the hottest of the fight, and by words of encouragement to his fellow-soldiers and example did his whole duty as a soldier and provost guard. * * * I would also mention Lieutenant Ewing, of the provost guard, from the 17th Tennessee Regiment, who, finding that the officers of his company had all been placed *hors de combat,* asked permission and returned to take command of his company on Sunday morning. He is a worthy and promising officer."

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

The Jefferson Davis Home Association is perfecting titles to certain interests at Fairview, Ky., and will ere long give opportunity to all who desire the preservation of the birthplace of the South's most distinguished son of later generations—Jefferson Davis.

MYSTERY OF AN APPEAL FROM ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Much disturbance has been caused by publication in the VETERAN for September concerning a "Bazaar of States" which was to have been held under the auspices of the Sam Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Joseph. Upon investigation it has been found that this notice was sent to the VETERAN late in 1906 for publication early in 1907; but upon request later its publication was withheld, and the notice should have been destroyed. However, its appearance with other held-over proofs a few months back did not revive memory of the request to withdraw, and, considering the object a most worthy one, it was published with a view to helping the project along This explanation is made freely to relieve any one of the responsibility of its publication except as to the oversight in this office. Mrs. Marcia A. Bailey (the VETERAN had it Miss Bailey), to whom its authorship is credited, writes a disclaimer as to having any connection with it, and the President of the Chapter also enters a protest against its recent appearance. The VETERAN assumes responsibility through the oversight, with apologies to the good women who have been caused such annoyance.

Much credit is due patriotic Confederate women in that section, and it is desired to help them in every worthy undertaking. The VETERAN is absolutely impartial in what may be a controversy, but wishes through its columns to further the work of any Chapter or the whole organization undertaken in a coöperative spirit.

On November 19, 1907, the President of the Sam Davis Chapter wrote: "Letters and donations are being sent from all over the South to the party who wrote the article."

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

The annual meeting of Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, which antedates several years the United Confederate Veterans, was held at Covington, Tenn., October 8 and 9. There was good attendance for a meeting at one end of the State, and the hospitality of the people of Covington was gracious and unstinted. Capt. C. D. Simonton was master of ceremonies, and gave his entire time to the pleasant work of seeing that everybody was well looked after.

A striking feature of the occasion was the interest manifested by the young people in the old soldiers. In order that everybody might see each veteran, it was insisted that they march through the main streets of the town; and although many were feeble, but few failed to join in the procession.

Maj. Z. W. Ewing, of Pulaski, was chosen President; and of the other officers, Capt. I. N. Rainey was chosen a Vice President and J. P. Hickman Secretary. Colonel Hickman has been the Secretary throughout the history of twenty-one years, and he was active in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, of which organization he has been Adjutant General for the Tennessee Division throughout its history.



GENS. FREDERICK D. GRANT AND STEPHEN D. LEE WITH A PARTY ON VICKSBURG BATTLEFIELD.

The ladies in picture are Mrs. Bennett and a daughter of Corporal Tanner. The men in front row are Gen. O. O. Howard (his empty sleeve hidden), Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Gen. Fred D. Grant, Colonel Barnum, Bishop Fallows (smooth face), and General McGinnis. Standing by the flag pole will be seen the sculptor, Mr. H. H. Kitson, who is engaged upon the memorial to Gen. Lloyd Tilghman to be placed in Paducah, Ky. General McGinnis stands erect—over four score.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

In April, 1865, while the Federal army comprising the Army of the Tennessee Department was camped about the State Capitol of North Carolina, the officers organized a society by the above name. The call was issued by Gen. Frank Blair, and Gen. John A. Rawlins was chosen President. The rule has been with that Society, as with the U. C. V., to retain its chief officer; so General Rawlins was continued until his death, in 1869, when Gen. W. T. Sherman was elected continuously until his death, which occurred in 1891. Then Maj. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge was chosen, and he has been the President continuously since that time. Col. Cornelius Cadle, of the Shiloh Battlefield Park Commission, has been the Recording Secretary since General Dodge has been President.

Of the twelve Vice Presidents elected each year, one is a woman, who is expected to respond to a toast at the annual banquet. This was the first meeting held in the South since its organization, except one held in Louisville, Ky., in 1869. There is hardly any expense to the organization, as no salaries are paid, and they have a fund of $12,000 in United States government bonds for incidentals; while the cost of membership is $10, with annual dues of $1.

The meeting at Vicksburg was upon invitation, the Society seeking to have as many Confederate guests as practicable.

On August 24 General Dodge wrote the VETERAN office:

"I inclose you the circular of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for its meeting at Vicksburg on the 7th and 8th of November. You will notice that we make a special invitation to the Confederate veterans, and that several of the distinguished officers will be there to take part in the exercises, especially Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who is Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

"It will give the Society great pleasure to have you attend as its guest and take part with us in the reunion, and I hope you will certainly be there, for I know you will find our comrades very glad to meet and greet you.

"I would also like to have you give notice of this meeting in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so your subscribers may know of it. We have no other way of reaching them that I know of, although I suppose the local committee at Vicksburg will take some measures in this direction. I wish to say it will give me great personal pleasure to have you attend."

In a later letter he said: "You know it was the two armies of the Tennessee that were engaged in the campaign of Vicksburg, and the survivors of one army have invited the other army down to visit them, and we are coming with the greatest of pleasure. Anything you can say in the VETERAN with reference to the meeting will greatly oblige us."

There was a liberal attendance of Confederates at this meeting. It was not a large gathering in numbers of either army, but highly representative, and the sentiment was as fraternal as ever can exist.

Gen. Fred Grant made the main address of the occasion. Two references in it, one as to the numbers on each side and the other a complimentary reference to negro troops, were objectionable to Southerners; but in every other respect nothing occurred that was not as perfectly agreeable to the Southern side as to the other. This expression refers to all the conferences in the meetings and the outings on the Battlefield Park. No finer tribute, in fact, could have been made to the valor and the endurance of Confederates than by their captors.

On the other hand, the Confederates were never more at ease than in reciprocating the splendid sentiments of patriotism and good will. Col. W. A. Montgomery, who has been

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the United Confederate Veterans for many years, and who commanded the 2d Mississippi Regiment in the Spanish-American War, in his address the next day protested against General Grant's figures as to the relative numbers at the siege, producing figures from the records at Washington very different to those of General Grant. He did it so splendidly as to procure the enthusiastic indorsement of all present, and before that session closed General Grant responded as generously as was any act of his father at Appomattox or elsewhere, stating that he had given "estimates" of the Confederates. Then he spoke at length of the tendency of both sides to use figures creditable to themselves with honest intention. General Grant throughout the meetings established for himself that esteem which makes him a worthy representative of his distinguished father in all that was liberal and high-minded, while his Kentucky wife prides herself in being a Southerner.

Gen. O. O. Howard, a classmate of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, mellow in his years of Christian service, celebrating his seventy-seventh birthday, took occasion to confess that he had been wrong in his opinions of the Southern people.

Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, the President of the Society, is near General Howard's age, and yet he is a man of large affairs in New York. He was unstinted at all times in showing his esteem for the Confederate guests.

W. T. Sherman, the younger son of General Sherman, a lawyer of New York, was present, but not conspicuous. He was treated with cordial courtesy.

Many of the less conspicuous officers were delightfully cordial and complimentary. Protests were made by some of those that there were no Confederate flags displayed, and they were promised the luxury of being able to see some of them.

Governor Vardaman's address was received most cordially by all present, and he urged as many as could do so to visit Jackson, that he might be able to extend to them courtesies at the capital.

Major Griffith, of Vicksburg, in his address of welcome, after telling the Society that they were survivors of one of the greatest armies the world has ever known and expatiating upon the prowess of many of their leaders, said: "Your opponents were your equals, officers and men."

Mr. Cunningham invited the Society to hold its next reunion in Nashville, and it appeared that the invitation would be accepted; but there had already been an agreement among the officials to go to St. Louis next year.

Jerome Hill, of Memphis, urged Memphis for the next meeting place, but Nashville has precedence when they come South again.

A VIRGINIAN'S TRIBUTE TO GEN. U. S. GRANT.

In his address to the Virginia veterans of the Confederacy, Col. William H. Stewart said at a recent Reunion:

"Some men are here who stacked their arms in surrender at Appomattox, and they will never forget the tender consideration of the commander in chief of the Union armies. (Cheers.) As the star of hope went down behind the blackest cloud that ever bedimmed human vision, when a battery commenced to salute their victory, he promptly ordered the gunners to cease firing; and instead of exultation, he offered bread to the hungry captives. (Applause.)

"They remember how his manhood stood for paroled prisoners when the viciousness of revenge demanded violation of his pledge on that fateful battlefield. I know I can say that every veteran here who surrendered at Appomattox C. H. remembers with gratitude the graciousness and goodness of General Grant to surrendered soldiers, remembers with the 'gratitude which is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.' I am glad to tell the world how we appreciated the nobleness of General Grant.

"He was a great captain in battle, but greater in victory. 'Let us have peace' was more fruitful of good to his country and will be remembered longer than any of his achievements on the battlefield."

Addresses of Camp Morton Prisoners.—The Veteran requests the post office addresses of survivors who were imprisoned at Camp Morton in 1862 from February to September. Please give prompt attention.

State Divisions of United Confederate Veterans have been held during the last few weeks with the same devotion and zeal as in former years. Two features become more and more paramount—personal devotion between Veterans and their zeal for true records of what was done in the sixties. The States of Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia deserve elaborate reports of proceedings herein.

The U. D. C. Convention at Norfolk voted unanimously that the surplus remaining after the completion of the Jefferson Davis monument, in Richmond, be given to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association in New Orleans. Mrs. Behan thanked the Convention for its action, and stated that the corner stone of the Jefferson Davis monument would be laid in New Orleans June 3, 1908, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis. This work is under the auspices of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of New Orleans, La.

Tribute to Gracie's Brigade.—Mr. Archibald Gracie, of Washington, D. C., 1527 Sixteenth Street, is preparing to publish important historic works at as early date as practicable. His first book will be a "Tribute to General Gracie and to Gracie's Brigade." It is highly commendable that a young man reared in the North is taking the time and expending the necessary funds to honor the memory of his father and the men who so loyally served under him in the Confederate army.

H. E. Jones, Agent Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, Cucharas, Colo., writes of an old sword or saber in his possession which was sent home during the war by his uncle, also a cavalry saddle. The name of Lieut. J. W. Gillock is carved on the handle, and he is anxious to get in communication with Lieutenant Gillock or his family. Mr. Jones's uncle was captain of an Ohio regiment, and sent these things home as having been captured.

Dr. Joseph A. Mudd, of Hyattsville, Md., wants every man who fought under Col. Joseph Porter in North Missouri to send him his address. He also asks for the address of the man (or some member of his family) whom he jerked out of bed on Monday night, July 28, 1862, a few hours after the battle of Moore's Mill, Calloway County, Mo., and made pilot their little squad over the North Missouri railroad. Missouri exchanges friendly to the preservation of Confederate history will please copy.

THAT ARMISTICE ON KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

In the VETERAN for October, page 459, appeared a picture of a scene during the armistice between the two armies that the Federal wounded and dead might be removed from the burning area. In connection with that a statement was made that the Confederates proposed this armistice for the purpose mentioned. The following correction of that statement is made by Hon. James D. Porter, ex-Governor of Tennessee, who was in that battle as Cheatham's chief of staff:

"The removal of the Federal wounded and dead was, under the circumstances, one of the most pathetic incidents of the war; but it is not true that the suggestion of an armistice was initiated by our commanders, but application was made in the usual form by General Sherman for a suspension of hostilities in order to enable him to remove his wounded and bury his dead. We were masters of the field, and it was not a part of our duty to ask for suspension of hostilities.

"It may surprise you and may be a surprise to many of our soldiers in the battle of Chickamauga when I say that the Federal dead not removed during the action remained there just where they fell after that fight and while we were fighting the battle of Missionary Ridge. Indeed, they remained just where they fell for six weeks. I was on the battlefield several weeks after the battle and saw them. It is explained to some persons not familiar with the rules of war that where a victorious army passes over a field of battle it is not under obligations to bury the enemy's dead. We were not criticised by any Federal authorities, as they knew that was the rule of war."

CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY REGIMENTS.

B. A. O. NORRIS, GRAHAM, TEX.

On page 410 of the VETERAN for September L. S. Flateau states that the famous Vicksburg Battery was one of the companies composing the only regiment of artillery in the Confederate army. In this statement Comrade Flateau is in error, as I was a member of the 1st South Carolina Regiment, and there was a 2d South Carolina Artillery. We engaged in the defense of Charleston until Sherman's march to the sea.

I think I am right when I state that this was the only place besieged that did not yield to the forces besieging it. It was stronger and abler to repel any attack on the day that it was evacuated than ever before. There are officers of this regiment living, as are many of its members, who were on the ground when the "Star of the West" was fired upon. One of its members, Bob Anderson (from Anderson District), was in the United States army and stationed at Castle Pinckney (if not in charge), a fort in the bay, and was literally torn to pieces by a mortar shell from the enemy's guns after manning a mortar battery all night long. * * *

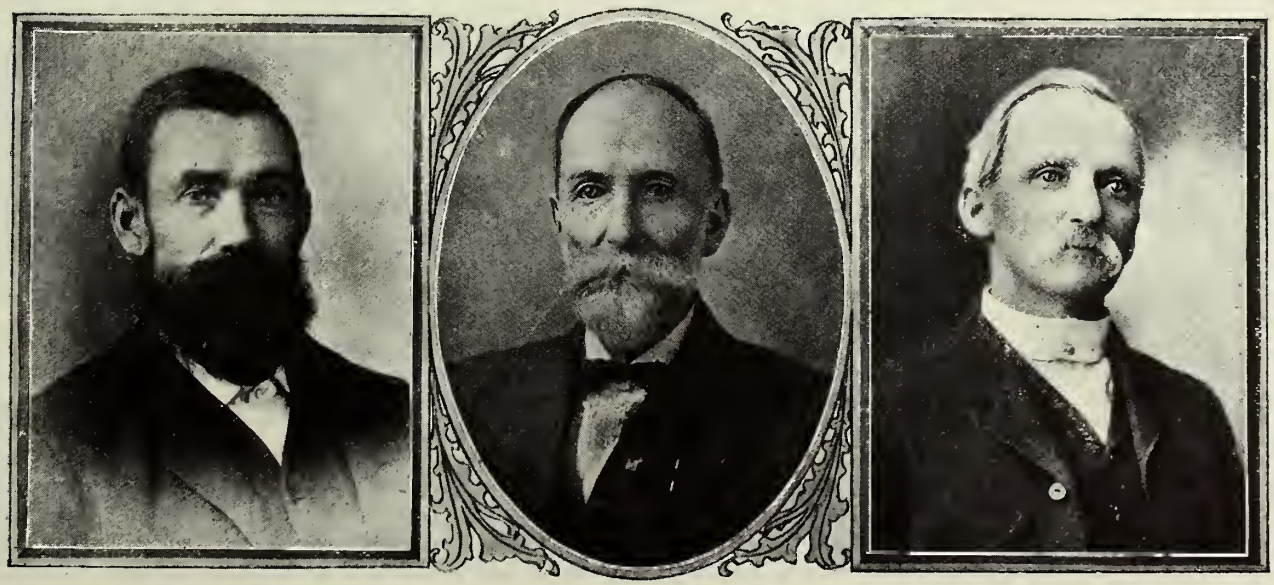
The war is over, but the principles remain. I was captured with my captain, Blake, and others on the morning following the last stand General Johnston made at Bentonville, N. C., and was carried by way of Newbern, N. C., to Hart's Island, N. Y., and assigned to Squad 26. I took the oath on the 17th of June and returned to my old home, at Anderson, S. C., arriving there July 10, 1865, before I was nineteen years of age. I would be glad to hear from any old comrades.

In order to get this matter correct, the VETERAN wrote to Washington, and an official replied: "The only source from which the desired information could be obtained would be from the adjutant general, and I do not know that it could be obtained even there."

By careful inspection of the best authorities at hand the VETERAN gives twelve regiments of artillery as follows:

Louisiana, 1st Artillery Regiment, Col. Paul O. Hebert.
Mississippi, 1st Artillery Regiment, Col. W. T. Withers.
North Carolina, 1st Art. Reg., Col. J. A. J. Bradford.
South Carolina, 1st Artillery Regiment, Col. J. A. Wagener.
South Carolina, 2d Artillery Regiment, Col. T. G. Lamar.
South Carolina, 3d Artillery Regiment, Col. R. H. Anderson.
Tennessee, 1st Heavy Artillery, Col. A. Jackson, Jr.
Texas, 1st Artillery, Col. Joseph J. Cook.
Virginia, 1st Artillery, Col. George W. Randolph.
Virginia, 2d Heavy Artillery, Col. Robert Tansill.
Virginia, 3d Artillery (Local Defense), Col. J. C. Porter.
Virginia, 4th Artillery, Col. John T. Goode. Later this regiment was made the 34th Virginia Infantry, March, 1864.

GALLANT, FAITHFUL VETERANS AT GLASGOW, KY.



WILLIAM WOOD. CAPT. T. G. PAGE. J. A. MURRAY.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THAT DE ROSSET CORRESPONDENCE.

Widespread publicity has been given the VETERAN in connection with the article of Capt. A. L. De Rosset, of Wilmington, N. C., appearing in the October number, pages 455-456, headed "Interesting Statement by Judge Robert Ould." The offensive part of the article is on the latter page, wherein the author quotes a conversation with Gen. J. A. Chalaron, Custodian of the Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans, to the effect that U. S. Grant, George H. Thomas (a Virginian), and Farragut (a Tennesseean) had tendered their services to President Davis for the Confederate army and navy.

The eminence that these three gentlemen attained in the service of the United States afterwards made the publication startling, and one Colonel Stuart, of Chicago, "challenges" the authorities in New Orleans to produce the proof. The editor of the VETERAN was surprised by the statement, and would not have printed it from ordinary sources. He personally knew both the gentlemen, however, and ever had such implicit faith in their integrity that he could not but accept the account. He does not feel that it would have been any great crime or personal disgrace if such a tender of services had been made. In support of this assertion, he recalls reading about that great and grand man, Albert Sidney Johnston, wherein he thought his course in connection with his part in the war would be best for his family. The statement, the exact wording of which cannot be recalled at this writing, was a painful surprise, and it has caused much meditation on the subject of professional life. The soldier makes war a business, as does the merchant, the lawyer, the farmer, or even the minister of his occupation. Besides, as good men as any of these tendered their services to President Davis to fight for the South. These included as patriotic men even of Northern birth as ever lived. By this meditation it was concluded that the trained officer as a rule did not entertain that spontaneous zeal of patriotism that induced many men to sacrifice large estates and leave their wives and children to undergo hardships that would not have been endured for all the money on earth. Neither was there any prospective glory for them. They expected no rank of degree, but simply with gun and cartridge box to maintain God-given rights. It is currently believed that the distinguished John A. Logan was really organizing a command in Southern Illinois to fight for State rights with the South when he accepted a promising offer to fight for the Union.

So far as the VETERAN is concerned, its readers will bear testimony that it has never sought conspicuous place by sensations, but that it has courageously stood for the truth without exaggeration. General Chalaron having denied promptly that he made such a statement to Captain De Rosset, the VETERAN accepts it without waiting for response from Captain De Rosset. He had urged the importance of the publication.

It is not asserted by Chalaron that such letters were not written to President Davis. If they had been, it would have been like that man to keep them from the public, through his exalted sense of personal consideration and the Golden Rule.

This manifestly unfortunate publication has been discussed with Gen. Fred D. Grant, to whom several copies of the VETERAN had been sent, and the conference was not in the slightest disagreeable.

ABOUT THE TERM "NEW SOUTH."

Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record, Baltimore, has published in a book of seventy-two pages a wonderful array of "Facts about the South," in which he deals mainly with commercial resources, yet he possesses that degree of sentiment whereby that which is of greater value than material prosperity is dealt with. He states in "Achievements of the Old South" the spirit which was able to survive the wreck of the war:

"The 'New South,' a term which is so popular with many people, is supposed to represent a country of different ideas and different business methods from those which prevailed in ante-bellum days. The origin of the term has been a subject of much discussion, but the writer has rarely seen it ascribed to what he believes to have been the first use of it. During the war, when Port Royal, S. C., was occupied by Northern forces, a paper called The New South was established by one of the officers. This was probably the first time that the term was applied to the Southern States. Its use now, as intended to convey the meaning that the progress of the South of late years is something entirely new and foreign to this section, something which has been brought about by an infusion of outside energy and money, is wholly unjust to the South of the past and present. It is an improper use of the term, or rather an abuse of it. There is a new South—a South which is making a vigorous effort to regain the relative position held in 1860 as compared with the whole country, a South which has met and solved many of the hardest problems ever faced by any section of our country—but without the Old South the New South would have been an impossibility. The South of to-day is no novel creation. It is an evolution. After suffering and prostration, it has been relieved of its great incubus, and is becoming more and more able to hold its own with other sections in trade and manufacturing.

"It needs but little investigation to show that prior to the war the South was fully abreast of the times in all business interests, and that the wonderful industrial growth which it has made since 1880 has been due mainly to Southern men and Southern money. The South heartily welcomes the investment of outside capital and the immigration of all good people, regardless of their political predilections; but insists that it shall receive from the world the measure of credit to which it is entitled for the accomplishments of its own people, and it justly points to the Old South and its work as proof of the broad business ability and energy which found new expression in the revival of activity after 1876. In the Old South were bold railroad builders, aggressive for an expansion of foreign commerce, far-seeing nationalists in statesmanship, practical and unselfish promoters of their country's greatness and profoundly successful in education. In finance and banking the Old South had no superior in any other section. In 1860 it had thirty per cent of the banking capital of the entire country. Louisiana ranked as the fourth State in the Union in the amount of banking capital in that year, and Louisiana banks were second in the country in specie holdings in 1860, New York alone being ahead."

HONOR BETWEEN SOLDIERS IN SERVICE.

BY JOHN W. TRITSCH, LOGAN, OHIO.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is read with interest by me as one who wore the blue, and it is one of the best magazines that come into my home. It contains nothing objectionable for any home, and is worthy to both sides.

The 90th Ohio Regiment, to which I belonged and of which association I am Secretary and Treasurer, faced the 1st Arkansas, of Polk's Brigade and Pat Cleburne's Division, nearly all the way from Chattanooga to Atlanta in 1864. We became quite well acquainted with them, and found them honorable, brave, and gallant soldiers. On the Kennesaw Mountain line we were within a stone's throw of their works from the 20th of June until the 2d of July, and during a part of that time we entered into a truce not to fire at each other unless we came out of our works in line of battle, and the old First Arkansas was true to her promise. This gave us an opportunity to meet between the lines and do a little trading in the way of coffee, tobacco, knives, newspapers, etc., and we would play cards with them for several hours.

And now I wish to speak of an incident I observed at this place, and it may be that some of the 1st Arkansas boys will remember it. I should like to hear from any of them. One afternoon one of their boys called over to us and wanted to know where the 17th Ohio was, as he had a brother in that regiment and would like to see him; that his name was Bope, and he was from Lancaster, Ohio. We told him that the 17th was only a short distance to our right, and we would go over and tell him. He came back with us, and the two brothers met halfway between the lines and shook hands and talked a half hour or more. When our man came back, we asked him what his brother said. It was for him to send word home to the family at Lancaster that he was "rebel to the backbone," and he was going to "stay with them to the end." A few years ago I saw the comrade from the 17th Ohio, and he told me that the brother in the 1st Arkansas passed through the war safely, and returned to Arkansas, where he died.

Other incidents of like character took place between the Yanks and Johnnies, and the boys who stood on the firing line from start to finish on both sides were honorable in their treatment of their foes when prisoners. * * * On the 27th of June, 1864, at Kennesaw we charged their works and were driven back with great loss, and the woods caught fire; but they were humane and allowed us to carry back our dead and wounded to keep them from burning.

MARKING CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN THE NORTH.

The Madison (Wis.) Democrat reports the presence in that city of Col. William Elliott, who has charge of placing markers at the graves of our Confederate dead of Northern prisons. The Democrat of current issue states:

"Confederate prisoners are buried in sixty-one cemeteries extending over the Northern States from Boston in the East to Santa Fé in the West. Colonel Elliott must cover this vast territory. After a few days in Madison, he leaves for Rock Island, Ill., thence to other points along the Mississippi. The contract for the headstones was let to the Blue Ridge Marble Company, of Nelson, Ga., at $2.50 apiece. They are made of Georgia marble, which 'does not fall prey to exposure.'

"Colonel Elliott ascertains the name of each deceased Confederate prisoner, rank, company, regiment, and State, and has these facts noted on the headstones. In Madison these features of his duties will not be onerous because each grave has a wooden marker with name, rank, company, regiment, and State. These markers were placed on the graves through the efforts of the late Mrs. Alice W. Waterman, assisted by citizens. Colonel Elliott appreciates the work of this noble woman and the generosity of Madison people who assisted her.

"There are one hundred and thirty-nine graves in 'Confederate Rest' at Madison.

"Mrs. Waterman, being of Southern birth, naturally loved the South, and she had the grounds inclosed with a board fence and ornamented with beautiful shade trees and hedges, and every grave was properly marked with a headboard. She died in 1897 at the home of Major Oakley.

"Colonel Elliott served as a member of Congress for sixteen years from the Charleston District of South Carolina as a Democrat. He says: 'It is a source of much pleasure to note how the services of Mrs. Waterman and those who so kindly assisted her are treasured.' He has so far been treated most kindly both by Union soldiers and the people in general."



A MEMORIAL TO MRS. ALICE WATERMAN—THE CEMETERY UNDER HER SUPERVISION.

FINEGAN'S FLORIDA BRIGADE.

BY U. H. HANE, LAKELAND, FLA.

The Florida troops that served under Gen. Joseph Finegan played no small part in the service of the Confederacy. General Finegan was in command of all the forces in Florida for some time. He fortified St. John's Bluff, at the mouth of the St. John's River, to keep that valuable stream open for Southern crafts and prevent the destruction threatened by the Federals. The work was well done, and resisted an attack of three vessels of the United States navy—the Paul Jones, Isaac P. Smith, and the Water Witch—which had been sent to destroy the fortification. Many broadside shots were delivered, by which two of our men were killed and two others wounded. We had but a small infantry force to support the works, which had to be evacuated, as the enemy landed a largely superior force. Plunder and devastation were soon commenced by the Yanks, as the river was open to them.

The troops there were then employed in guarding some of the most important points on the seacoast until General Seymour, from Hilton Head, landed a large force of white and negro troops at Jacksonville to play the game that Sherman afterwards played on his march to the sea, but General Finegan succeeded in getting reënforcements and stopped his career by the battle of Olustee. General Finegan had planned to swamp Seymour's entire army, but the heroic General Colquit, ever anxious to meet the enemy, brought on a hasty action which resulted in Seymour's defeat. The victory to our arms would have been more glorious if a sufficient cavalry force had been on hand, as Seymour would never have reached his ships at Jacksonville.

Our army had nothing to cause excitement for some time after that until General Finegan was called to reënforce General Lee in Virginia. We were halted on our way at Charleston, S. C., to keep back the landing of an infantry force on James Island. From there we headed for Virginia, and joined General Lee's army at Hanover Junction. It was fight and go forward until we reached Cold Harbor, where Grant had several thousand more men slaughtered. Our division commander, General Mahone, in his fine, sharp voice asked a little fellow in our company (H, 10th Florida Regiment), named Ward, to climb a tree and give him the exact point of a Yankee battery that was giving us trouble. After it was silenced, it was said that Finegan's men were proud to dig holes, climb trees, and fight Yankees. A part of our breastworks was captured, and General Finegan was ordered to retake the works, which was nicely done with but small loss. Many of the Yankees had whisky in their canteens. After that the fighting was light until we reached Petersburg, where it was frequent in the trenches and cutting off raiding expeditions against the railroads south of Petersburg.

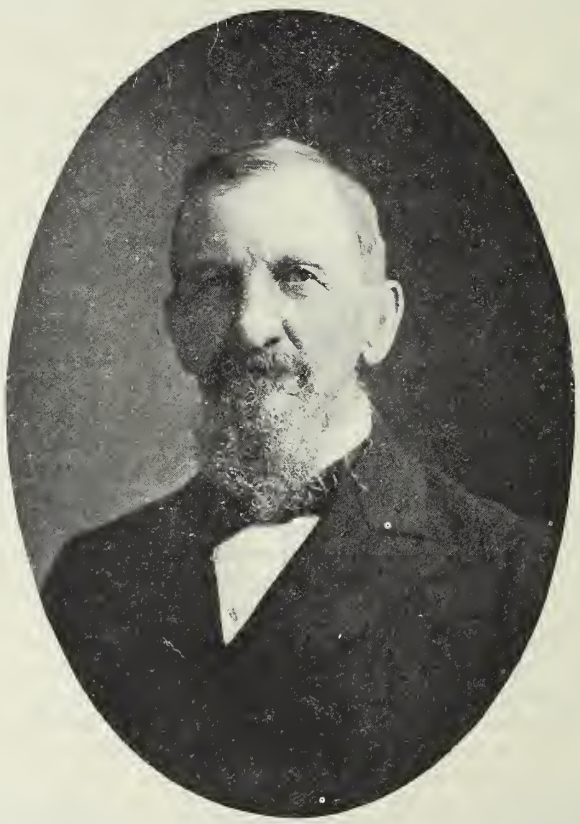
The battle of Ream's Station was no skirmish. Finegan's Brigade, with some others of our division, put Wilson's and Kant's Cavalry out of business. It took them some time to recruit. We captured seven pieces of artillery, a number of wagons and ambulances, horses, saddles, bridles, blankets, muskets, a lot of provisions (some already cooked), a number of prisoners and negroes, a fine carriage packed with ladies' wearing apparel, baby clothing, jewelry and silverware, books, etc., plundered from defenseless homes. General Finegan's great-granddaughter, little Miss Effie Parramore, is the mascot of our Camp U. C. V., No. 1543, of Lakeland, Fla., where we often see her and are glad, for we are reminded of him under whom we served and loved so well.

A REMARKABLE QUARTET.

BY GEN. J. A. CHALARON, NEW ORLEANS.

At the meeting of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, No. 2, U. C. V., held on the 10th of October, I made them acquainted with the fact that on the same day in the interval since the last meeting I had received letters from three venerable Confederate veterans and a visit from a fourth one, whose combined ages amounted to three hundred and forty-four years. The men were distinguished soldiers and citizens.

First came Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, eighty-six years old, now residing at Biloxi, Miss., in full enjoyment of his mental faculties, though enfeebled in body. He wrote me about



Alex. P. Stewart

the position of the guns I commanded in the battle of Missionary Ridge and the correct location assigned them in the report that is about to appear of the Commission for the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park, of which he is a member.

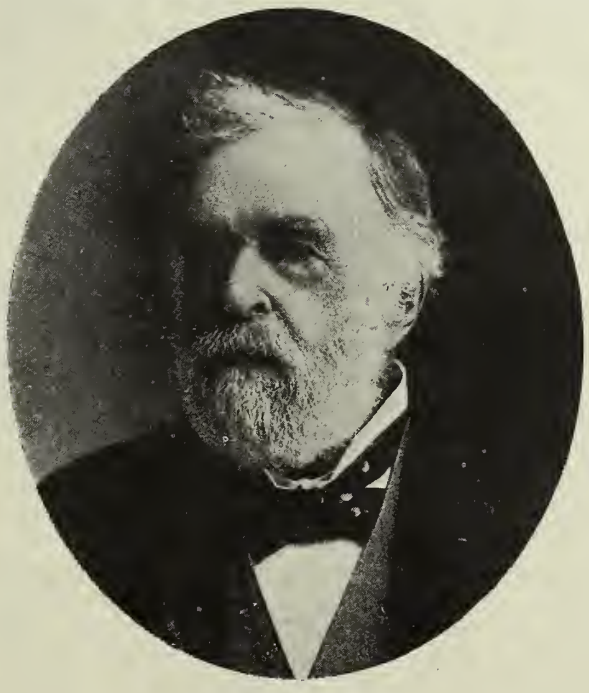
Next came a letter from Col. Winchester Hall, eighty-eight years old, who resides at Pocomoke City, Md., who wrote me concerning the pension laws of Louisiana. Colonel Hall commanded the 26th Regiment Louisiana Infantry, was wounded during the siege of Vicksburg, and while disabled was assigned to one of the military courts, from which he resigned and returned to his regiment as soon as recovered from his wound. He was in command of it at the surrender. He has written a history of his regiment, and two years ago wrote and published a book, "Self-Development," that is highly spoken of by competent judges.

Then followed a letter from Private Henry Vining Ogden, of the 5th Company Washington Artillery, eighty-five years

old, and residing at Milwaukee, Wis. He was one of my soldiers, and his letter began: "My dear Captain, I come to report again before life slips away." Private Ogden, by common consent of officers and men, was the finest soldier of the 5th Company W. A. He is a Northern man by birth, born at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Coming South when quite young, the breaking out of the war found him Manager of the Agency of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company in New Orleans, with a large salary. He resigned his position and enlisted in the 15th Company as a private, and throughout the war declined all promotion, serving most of the time as a driver by preference. He was the oldest man in the company, and was known to all and respected by all as the "Old Gentleman." He never missed a battle, and had eight horses killed under him. No finer type of a gentleman entered the Confederate army. After the war the insurance company as soon as possible gave him back his position at an increased salary; and when he was partially paralyzed, some ten years ago, he was retired with an ample pension, and has since resided in Milwaukee, Wis., where he has a son practicing medicine. There was no citizen of New Orleans more highly esteemed by all than Private Henry V. Ogden.

Private Ogden has written, and is now revising, a "History of the Cotton Seed Oil Industry of the South," and wrote that he would complete it if he had three months more of life. In his letter to me he had asked about the first orderly sergeant of the 5th Company, now Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell; and while these letters were before me, who should call to see me but the Revcrend Bakewell, as active as a cat, as erect as an Indian, as striking in appearance as Cardinal Richelieu, and eighty-five years old?

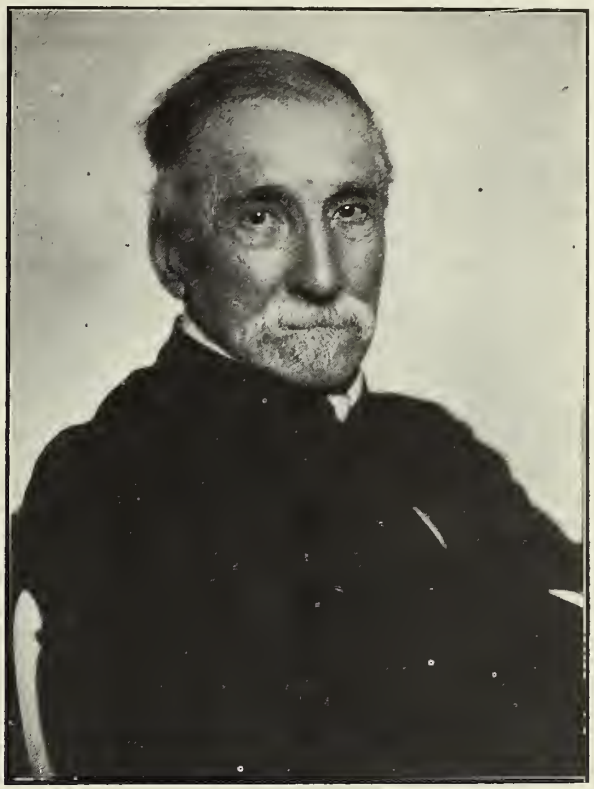
Bakewell was the first orderly sergeant of the 5th Company, Washington Artillery. He was a merchant in New Orleans when he enlisted, and served in the company in the Shiloh and Corinth campaigns, and availed himself of the discharge



COL. WINCHESTER HALL.

offered men over age to retire and pursue his preparation for the ministry, to which he was admitted soon after, and then became a chaplain in the Confederate army. He is pastor of one of our city Churches, Chaplain of all the Confederate Camps of New Orleans, and Chaplain General of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V.

No wonder the Association was moved with admiration and



REV. A. GORDON BAKEWELL.

respect for such venerable and distinguished Confederates. A suggestion came that, as of old the gladiators on entering the arena saluted Cæsar before dying, for these Confederate veterans now standing on the brink of the grave, the Roman custom be reversed and the Association salute them by making them honorary members of their body. The idea was carried out with enthusiasm, the assembly rising to vote the honor by acclamation. Gen. A. P. Stewart being already an honorary member of the Association, the vote in his case was a renewed expression of the love and devotion the Association entertains for him. The honorary roll was therefore only increased by the names of Col. Winchester Hall, 26th. Louisiana Regiment Infantry; Orderly Sergeant A. G. Bakewell, 5th Company, Washington Artillery; and Private Henry Vining Ogden, 5th Company, Washington Artillery.

The VETERAN is disappointed in its failure to have a picture of Comrade Ogden for this remarkable quartet. It may appear later.

BENEFIT OF BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.—The song "Louisiana," dedicated to the memory of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, is being sold by the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., for the benefit of the Beauregard Monument Fund of Chapter No. 72 at twenty-five cents, four copies for one dollar, postpaid. Orders may be sent to Miss D. Gautreaux, 1212 Constantinople Street, or to Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, 1442 Louisiana Avenue, New Orleans, La.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Its Organization, Aims, and What It Has Accomplished.

[This paper was written for the Veteran by Maj. Robert Mann Woods, 6448 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago, Past Department Commander of Illinois, who took an active part in forming the organization, as may be seen.]

This is the largest, most powerful, and influential military organization ever formed, and the Society has been of much use and benefit and is doing a greater work of charity for the veterans, soldiers, and sailors of the Union army and their wives and children and for the widows and orphans of comrades than any other organization in the world. At the same time it is bringing to the aged veterans of the great war the respect and admiration of the people of the country. It also inculcates the principles of patriotism in the young people of the country, respect for the flag of our Union, and love of liberty and respect for law and order and for the constitution as the palladium of our liberties.

This Society was devised and organized by Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, surgeon of the 14th Illinois Infantry, and his associates. Those most immediately connected with him in this work were the members of his staff announced in his first general order, issued from Springfield, Ill., April 1, 1866. It names as the officers on duty at these headquarters, Col. Jules C. Webber, Aid-de-Camp and Chief of Staff; Maj. Robert M. Woods, Adjutant General; Col. John M. Snyder, Quartermaster General; Lieut. John S. Phelps, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. John A. Lightfoot, Assistant Adjutant General; and is officially signed, "By order of Benjamin F. Stephenson, Commanding Department. Official: Robert M. Woods, Adjutant General."

The first ritual was written by Dr. Stephenson; the constitution and by-laws were written by Maj. Robert M. Woods, Adjutant General, who also got up the forms for charter, reports, returns, etc. Its declaration of principles is as follows: "The soldiers and sailors of the volunteer army and navy of the United States during the rebellion of 1861-65, actuated by the impulses and convictions of eternal right and confirmed in the strong bonds of fellowship by the toils, the dangers, and the victories of a long and vigorously waged war, feel themselves called upon to declare in definite form of words and in determined coöperative action those principles and rules which should guide the earnest patriot, the enlightened freeman, and the Christian citizen in his course of action; and to agree upon those plans and laws which should govern them in a united and systematic working method with which in some measure shall be effected the preservation of the grand results of the war, the fruits of their labor and toil, so as to benefit the deserving and worthy."

The results which are designed to be accomplished by this organization are as follows:

"1. The preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together with the strong cords of love and affection the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges, and marches.

"2. To make these ties available in works and results of kindness, of favor, and material aid to those in need of assistance.

"3. To make provision, where it is not already done, for the support, care, and education of the orphans of soldiers and sailors and for the maintenance of the widows of our deceased comrades.

"4. For the protection and assistance of disabled soldiers and sailors whether disabled by wounds, sickness, old age, or misfortune.

"5. For the establishment and defense of the late soldiery of the United States, morally, socially, and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country and to a recognition of such services and claims by the American people."

To this declaration of principles the first National Convention of the order added the following paragraph:

"6. The maintenance of true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the national constitution and laws, manifested by the discontinuance of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason, or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights, and justice to all men."

With the above objects in view, the first Post was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866, and by July 12 sixty posts had been organized in Illinois.

On July 12 a convention of soldiers and sailors met at Springfield to ratify the former proceedings. The meeting was presided over by Col. Walter B. Scates. Gens. Benjamin M. Prentiss and James M. True were Vice Presidents and Maj. Robert M. Woods was Secretary.

At this convention Gen. John M. Palmer was elected Department Commander, leaving Commander in Chief Stephenson free to continue the organization. In the meantime he had dispatched Adjutant General Woods to organize the Departments of Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri, and other States. By November enough Departments were organized to justify calling a national convention, which met at Indianapolis, Ind., November 20, 1866. As Dr. Stephenson was a poor man and needed the salary of Adjutant General, he declined election as Commander in Chief, and was appointed to that office. Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut was elected Commander in Chief. That completed the national organization of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The order proved acceptable to the veterans of the war. It took care of the veteran from his muster in till the day of his death. Thus on approaching an outpost the soldier is halted by a sentinel. He approaches and gives the countersign. He is mustered into the service. He finds officers similar to those of any Army Post—Commander, Adjutant, Quartermaster, Officer of the Day and of the Guard. In sickness he is attended by the Surgeon of the Post, in death by the Chaplain, and as his soul rises to heaven the bugler sounds the taps. The Post attends his funeral and buries him with impressive ceremonies, a corporal's guard fires the salute over his grave, and for years his grave is kept green and decorated every Memorial Day. The order obliterates former rank, and every officer and soldier or sailor on entering the Post becomes simply a COMRADE.

During its forty years of existence it has been of incalculable value to its membership and the country. It has elevated the veterans in the esteem of the people of this country and secured their respect and admiration. It has secured for the veterans the presidency of the United States six times, and its members have filled the office of Governor in nearly all the Northern States and numberless other offices of honor and trust in all departments of civil life. It has secured for its

members and for the widows and orphans of deceased comrades more money in pensions than all the governments on earth have paid for all the wars that ever occurred. It has dotted the country with Soldiers' Homes, Soldiers' Orphans' Homes, and Soldiers' Widows' Homes, and has made the pensioners of the Civil War the best cared for veterans that ever existed. It has taught lessons of patriotism and fidelity to the flag and constitution to the rising generations of this country. It has raised the star-spangled banner to the highest pinnacle of glory, and its beneficent effect will be for ages to come a monument to the valor and courage and the final victory of the Union in that momentous struggle.

It is well worthy of note that the original Adjutant General of this large organization, after passing its two score years, is a subscriber to the VETERAN, and volunteers to supply this succinct account of its history. Very little is stranger than that this organization, largely political in its character, controlling the national vote in several instances (as is alleged), even through reconstruction times, is now so thoroughly cordial to the Confederates. This fact is gratefully announced, and yet the VETERAN is comforted in the knowledge that many gallant soldiers of the Union army ever have refused to affiliate with the G. A. R. for the reason that it meddled too much with politics. Ah, the anguish and the horror of reconstruction! The men who engineered it can never atone for the infamies committed. The men of the South who endured the hard, hard years of the war were so intensely interested in the principles of government founded by the fathers that they have been anxious to sacrifice all but principle that it be restored. Human instincts would cry for vengeance; but these men submitted, and have ever been ready to accept fraternity from the other side when in right spirit overture has been made.

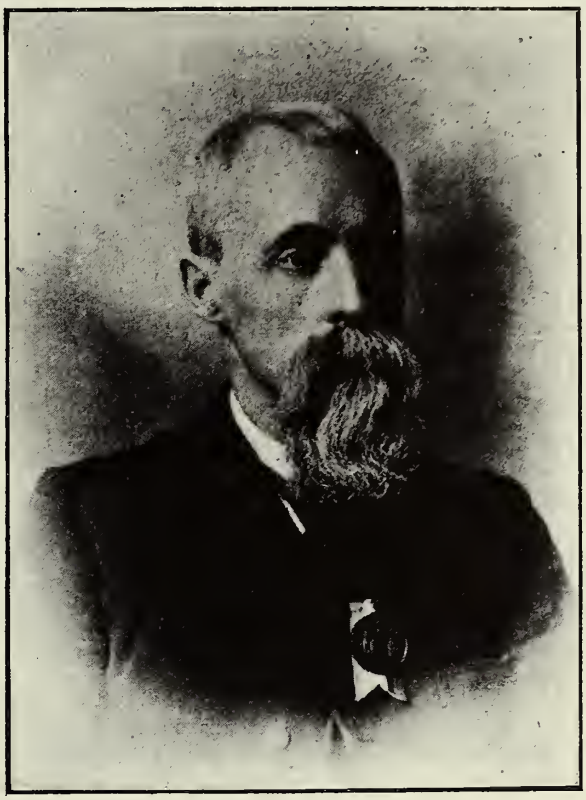
Maj. Robert Mann Woods has in public addresses shown the right spirit, and a recent publication by a woman, Miss Mary H. Stephenson, furnishes another evidence of good will that is greeted with satisfaction. She writes: "My father was a surgeon in the Union army during the Civil War, and afterwards founded the Grand Army of the Republic. He was one of the earliest and stanchest members of the Republican party. But I wish to express my high regard for Southern character. If to love your own State and your own section of country, whether it be North, South, East, West, or Middle West, be sectionalism, I fear we will all have to plead guilty. If to honor and defend the heroism, nobility of principle, and fidelity to conviction of right shown by one's ancestors, even though they may have been partially in error (so judged by others), is sectionalism, I fear all of us who are genuine men and women must plead guilty. The citizens of our Southern States are among our noblest and best fellow-countrymen. They do not now contend for either secession or slavery. What more do we want? Do we require that they should repudiate and execrate their fathers? Let us take a little dose of 'put yourself in his place.' Is it not about time we quit raising the howl 'Rebels' or 'secesh' every time a Southerner lifts ever so little the veil of the past? Would we not be better employed in trying to understand them and their peculiar industrial, economic, and social problems? Personally, I consider the Southern people among the most lovable on the face of the globe."

[The above extracts from Miss Mary Stephenson's letter are from the Cumberland Presbyterian Banner.]

TRIBUTE OF A CONFEDERATE TO A FEDERAL.

Dr. A. M. Trawick, of Nashville, who for fourteen years was physician to the late William H. Cole, furnishes a sketch of "his friend:"

"William H. Cole was born in Covert, N. Y., September 19, 1840, and at the outbreak of the Civil War he was following a quiet and peaceful life upon the farm. In response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers in July, 1862, Mr. Cole enlisted with Company C, of the 12th Regiment of New York



WILLIAM H. COLE.

Volunteers, and was appointed one of its corporals. During his service he participated in the battles of Harper's Ferry and Gettysburg. In the latter battle he was severely wounded in the right thigh on July 3. Again at Mine Run he was wounded in the right leg. He fought at Morton's Ford and the Wilderness, and in the latter battle was severely wounded in the right hand, which crippled him for life. He was discharged on account of wounds at Philadelphia, Pa., July 7, 1865.

"He was a man of firm convictions, courageous, and always ready to respond to every call of duty. He possessed in a rare way those finer qualities of character that mark the true gentleman—patience, gentleness, humility—and ever extended his hand in a brotherly grasp to his 'comrades who wore the gray.' He was engaged in the hardware business in Fayette, Ohio, until about two years ago, when he moved to Nashville, although he had been visiting in Nashville from time to time for fourteen years."

A LOT OF ERRORS CORRECTED.—Maj. Sidney Herbert, of the Savannah (Ga.) Morning News, the veteran military writer, makes correction of some errors in the October number of the VETERAN, pages 458, 459, in the name of General Finegan and

Kenesaw, both correctly spelled with only one n. He also says that Fort McRee, in Pensacola Harbor, Fla., is incorrectly called Fort McRae. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's name is often printed, even in histories, as Albert Sydney Johnston, while that of Capt. Sydney Smith Lee, U. S. N. (father of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee), is improperly given as Sidney Smith Lee. Gen. Granville M. Dodge, referred to in the October number as a "retired United States army officer," was never in the regular United States army, and never retired, but was a major general of volunteers and resigned in 1866. His name is not Granville, but Grenville Mellen Dodge, after a distinguished son of the late Chief Justice Prentiss Mellen, of Maine.

Mr. C. B. Haley, of Nashville, states: "In regard to 'Kennesaw' the Postal Guide uses two n's; the Century Dictionary authorizes either one or two n's. I was born and reared at Marietta (near Kennesaw Mountain), and always saw the word spelled with two n's in that section of Georgia."

The thanks of the VETERAN are due Major Herbert for these corrections, the errors occurring through carelessness.

COMPANY L, SIXTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

Comrade W. H. Kearny sends from Trezevant, Tenn., a list of the survivors of Company L, 6th Tennessee Infantry. The list is so unusual that inquiry was made of Col. George C. Porter, who commanded the regiment, and he reported as follows:

"Company L was not in the original organization of the 6th Tennessee, in May, 1861, at Camp Beauregard, in Jackson, Tenn., but came to the regiment directly after the battle of Shiloh, joining us on the 12th of April at Corinth, Miss. The first captain was M. D. Merriwether, and the second was W. W. Folsom. L. B. Everman, S. L. Gannaway, and S. B. Pearson were the lieutenants.

"Of Lieutenant Everman, who weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds, it is said that he was the coolest man ever seen under fire. If there was at any time a halt in line, even under the heaviest fire of musketry and artillery, he would take out his notebook and write down observations and data of what was going on as coolly and collectedly as though he were in his own Jackson workshop.

"This company (L) was one hundred strong when it came to my regiment at Corinth, and they were nearly all married men. When lined up, the company looked nearly as large as the rest of my regiment after the battle of Shiloh, in which I lost over two hundred men in three minutes at the time we charged the Hornets' Nest a few minutes before General Johnston was killed. These gallant, matured, middle-aged men, going into the war at the time they did and under the circumstances and conditions that they did and making the fine soldiers they made during the rest of the war, furnish one of the greatest exhibitions of patriotism, valor, and heroism that ever came under my observation. I am glad to know there are so many of these splendid old heroes still in the land they fought so gallantly to defend."

The surviving members of Company L, 6th Tennessee Infantry, as given: John J. Boone, Lieut. J. B. Pearson, W. T. Anderson, R. H. Cartmell, Capt. M. M. Merriwether, H. D. O'Neill, R. D. Whitworth, James T. Watson, at Jackson, Tenn.; William Anderson, Carroll, Tenn.; Drew Brock, Stokes, Tenn.; W. A. Gardner, Juno, Tenn.; J. N. Harris, Covington, Tenn.; J. J. Pardue, of Middle Tennessee; John M. Smith, Humboldt, Tenn.; Atha Thomas, Medon, Tenn.; W. H. Kearney, Trezevant, Tenn.; Robert Fenner, Osceola, Ark.; Capt. W. W. Folsom, Hope, Ark.; A. F. Huntsman, Little Rock, Ark.; James Greer, Dallas, Tex.; Dr. W. J. W. Kerr, Corsicana, Tex.

THE OLD SWORD ON THE WALL.

Where the warm spring sunlight streaming
Through the window sets it gleaming
With a soft and silver sparkle in the dim and dusky hall,
With its tassel torn and tattered
And its blade deep bruised and battered,
Like a veteran scarred and weary, hangs the old sword on the wall.

None can tell its stirring story,
None can sing its deeds of glory,
None can say which cause it struck for or from what limp hand it fell.
On the battlefield they found it,
Where the dead lay thick around it,
Friend and foe, a gory tangle, tossed and torn by shot and shell.
Who, I wonder, was its wearer?
Was its stricken soldier bearer?
Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall and straight and brave and true?
Dusky locks and lashes had he?
Or was he some Northern laddie,
Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and with eyes and coat of blue?

From New England's fields of daisies
Or from Dixie's bowered mazes
Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I wonder, was his name?
Did some sister, wife, or mother
Mourn a husband, son, or brother?
Did some sweetheart look with longing for a love who never came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever
Keeps its secret, answering never;
But the grim old blade shall blossom on this mild memorial day.
I will wreathe its hilt with roses
For the soldier who reposes
Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in his garb of blue or gray.

May the flowers be fair above him,
May the bright buds bend and love him,
May his sleep be deep and dreamless till the last great bugle call,
And may North and South grow nearer
To each other's heart and dearer
For the memory of their heroes and the old sword on the wall!

In sending the above Mr. L. L. Losey, of Chicago, writes: "The inclosed poem came to me in manuscript from a friend who assures me that he has never seen it in type, and that, so far as he knows, it is anonymous."

[This beautiful poem was copied in the VETERAN several years ago from the Saturday Evening Post, and its author is Joe Lincoln.—EDITOR.]

CHRISTMAS AND RESULT OF VOLUNTEERING.

FROM SKETCH BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE.

Christmas day at Tunnel Hill in 1863 was a brilliant wintry day. Snow lay upon the ground, and as the sun rose the mountains put on their tiaras of diamonds in honor of the occasion. When this had been attended to, the unprecedented happened: the Confederate States of America issued rations of whisky to the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. In those days eighty-two of our counties had not gone "dry," and most of us took "our medicine." One of my comrades with a foresight unusual and commendable, looking far into the future which should sweep all on to "dryness" in every county, declined to partake of the unusual "ration" provided for him by a benevolent government, and gave his share to me. I never did have any luck in looking into the future or in foretelling what was going to happen in Kentucky or elsewhere; consequently I took care of his share and my own also. Like the Scotch girl's baby, each share was "such a little one" that no untoward results followed my combining and disposing of the two in one; but I have long since fallen into line with the ninety Kentucky counties and voted myself "dry" also.

The degenerate youth of to-day must have his perfumed bath in a steam-heated room. I had mine that Christmas day in a stream which murmured by the camp and had an icy margin. There was no perfume other than that of the smoking camp fires, and there was no steam heat to speak of.

Once out of the bath, there was fresh "linen" made of King Cotton's snowy product, and then, still more wonderful, a new gray uniform which through some happy dispensation of fate had come to me as a holiday gift, and fitted me perfectly. Once the new uniform was donned and the damp locks smoothed, it was time to go to the colonel's headquarters, whither I had been bidden to dinner. Invitations to dinner with the colonel reminded one of angels' visits—they did not happen very often, and no one ever stayed away who had received one. * * *

Good old Tom Richards was our regimental bugler, the very best one in the army. He was my friend. We had drunk out of the same canteen when its contents were various—sometimes there was water in it. Tom had found a partridge net—something that few persons of to-day know anything about—and had gone out and captured an entire covey of partridges. There were no game wardens connected with the army at that time. The colonel and Thomas and the other headquarters people had these partridges for dinner, and I was there as a guest. * * *

Now dinner was over and the scene changed. At the head of a detail, I proceeded to relieve a picked force some miles from camp. There was no supper that evening, and we had the same cold for breakfast next morning. Think of those partridges of yesterday—call them quail if you want to—but think of them and contrast the no fare of the next morning. I have heard of the feeling of the "morning after" from those who have been there and know it; but they did not and could not know my feelings on the 26th when I thought of the dinner on the previous day. Another night, and relief came unexpectedly in the early morning of the 27th. We returned to the camp to find all excited.

Our general, that little Wizard of War, "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, had planned a raid upon the enemy, and every one wanted to go. The order came that none but those whose horses were in good condition could go on the raid. My horse had been shot under me on the retreat from Missionary Ridge a month previous, and had not yet recovered. But I wanted to go on that expedition, and I went. There is always a way to do things if you go about them with both heart and head working in unison. Mine worked all right that day, and I went along with General Wheeler.

Afterwards, in the retirement of a Federal prison away up North, when I gave the subject calm consideration, I was sorry that I had gone along with the General. He did not especially need me. We found the enemy for whom we were looking, found him numerously, and he also seemed to have been looking for us. There was a mix-up, the usual shouting and shooting; and when I untangled myself from the results of the affair, it was to find that my horse had been shot and its body was calmly reposing upon one of my legs. My comrades had retired in the direction whence they came, and left me to my own devices. Some Federal soldiers came along and relieved the situation by pulling me out from under my late charger and informing me that I was a prisoner of war. I had been suspecting for several minutes that I was something of that kind; and when a stout Teutonic Yankee gave me a prod with his bayonet, saying genially, "You tamn Rebel, I kills you," I knew that I was a prisoner. I went along with my new friends for several days, and was then sent to a Northern prison, where for many months I gave myself up to a serious contemplation of the unique situations into which an active and energetic youngster can force himself without unusual effort.

I had dined with my colonel on Christmas day, wearing no higher insignia of rank than a sergeant's chevrons; on the 27th I had begged to be let go on a raid, and was humored; on the 28th I was a dismounted cavalryman and a prisoner.

In those days of serious contemplation I concluded that it would have been just as well had I let General Wheeler make that one raid without my assistance.

INQUIRIES BY AND OF VETERANS.

T. M. Merritt, of Jackson, Miss., writes of the surrender of Fort Henry and of prison comrades: "I was a member of Company H, 4th Regiment Mississippi Infantry. We were sent to Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, in November, 1861. A detail was made from the 4th of twelve men to man one of the guns in the fort. I was one of the twelve, and was made gunner. The enemy attacked the fort February 6, 1862; and after a bombardment of an hour and a half, Gen. Lloyd Tilghman surrendered. We had fifty to sixty men. We had two killed, one mortally and five slightly wounded. We were sent to Paducah, Ky., and were kept in the room in which General Tilghman drilled his company for about ten days. From Paducah we were sent to Alton, Ill. There we found quite a number of Missourians—good men—who fought under General Price. Among them was a Colonel McGoffin, who had been in irons; but on account of his poor health his shackles had been removed, but he was still kept in solitary confinement. One night Colonel McGoffin and about thirty others made their escape through a tunnel. There was also a Colonel Parker, who wore ball and chain. He was accused of bushwhacking. He was left in prison when we were exchanged in September, 1862. I would like to know what became of Dick Martin, John McCrosky, Townsend, and of the men from Fort Henry—Tom Moran, Daugherty, Selkirk, Cubine, and Frank (Red) Gavin, of the artillery company."

GENERAL LEE'S READINESS TO LEAD HIS MEN.

BY JOHN RITCHEY, WINONA, MISS.

In the Epworth Era of July 25 a paragraph in an article, "Where Bishop Asbury Died," stirred some memories of Spottsylvania C. H. I belonged to A. P. Hill's Corps, Mahone's Division, Harris's Mississippi Brigade, and Company K, 12th Mississippi Regiment, and was on the ambulance corps at that time. We came on the field of action in the Wilderness just at the time Longstreet was brought off the field. We were soon faced west, lying in the road. Soon we were charged by Northern troops, who came rushing forward, driving in our pickets, when we were ordered to fire and charge, which we did, driving them across the river. We were immediately recalled and marched east through the battlefield of the day before, where the woods were burning right over the dead and wounded; but we had no time to stop for anything except now and then to move some poor wounded fellow into a place where the fire had burned over.

After many encounters with the enemy, we crossed the Potomac River and did picket duty for a day and night, when a courier came at full speed and brought orders for Harris's Brigade to double-quick to Spottsylvania C. H., four miles northeast, which we did. Upon our arrival at the road leading from the west into and about a half mile from the town we halted. Just north of us were General Lee and his staff. General Lee seemed to be very much absorbed with the view he was taking through his glass, when a shell burst among the company staff, killing two couriers' horses. General Lee rode rapidly to our brigade and asked: "Whose brigade is this?" The answer was given. Then he asked: "Where is the general?" He was told on the right. He quickly added: "I want to see him; but never mind, I'll command this brigade myself. Left face, forward, march."

We had gone about a half mile, and were passing through a gap in an old worm fence, when General Harris came up with the head of the column, then marching by the left, which put the ambulance corps in front of General Lee. General Harris saluted General Lee, when General Lee said, "General, I'll lead your brigade myself;" but many of the men said, "No, General Lee, you cannot lead us. We will go; and if men can take the place, we will take it. But you must go to the rear;" whereupon a great shout went up, "Lee to the rear!" General Lee dismounted and gave us a guide (we understood him to be a major on General Rhodes's staff), who led us about a half mile northwest into General Gordon's line, running north and south about three hundred yards west of an acute angle.

When we were ordered to go farther east, we changed by the right in front and walked right into the enemy's line in column, and without an order we formed line on the right by file into line, charged the works, drove the enemy out, and held that difficult place for nineteen hours, withstanding seventeen successive charges, and piling the dead and dying of the enemy in a great heap where they came into range of our guns. In the meantime General Lee built another line of works in our rear that cut off the angle which was left between the hostile forces. And here we lay until Grant moved to our right in an attempt to reach Richmond before us, in which he signally failed.

[The splendid article in the Epworth Era contains quite a similar account of General Lee seeking to lead his troops against the enemy. The event occurred in the vicinity of Bishop Asbury's grave.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

DEAD CAMPS IN TEXAS DIVISION.

ADJUTANT GENERAL JACKSON'S POSITION CONCERNING THEIR ELIMINATION.

It is my desire to acquaint you with my apparent determination to get rid of all dead Camps in the U. C. V. organization of the Texas Division, and to this end call your attention to the facts as enumerated. All minutes of the U. C. V. Texas Division exhibit a disposition on the part of Camps to make no proper reports, as is required by the constitution and by-laws, notwithstanding every effort has been made by Division Adjutants to have them do so. In 1902 it occurred to the minds of Col. S. P. Green and myself that a great deal of the trouble was caused by dead and defunct Camps.

In a circular letter dated May 26, 1902, on the subject, which was mailed to every Camp then on the rolls of the five Brigades in Texas (numbering two hundred and ninety-five Camps), only twelve Camps were reported as dead to July, 1902, and were dropped by resolution of the Committee on Resolutions as follows. "We respectfully recommend the adoption of the following resolution: Whenever it is made to appear to the satisfaction of the Major General Commanding that any Camp heretofore borne on the rolls of this Division has from any cause ceased to exist as an organization of Confederate Veterans, he shall direct the Adjutant General to drop such Camp from his roster." This resolution was passed at the eleventh annual Reunion U. C. V., at Dallas, Tex., July 30 and 31, 1902. This resolution gave predicate to the elimination of dead Camps from the rolls.

Adjutant General Green's report to the twelfth annual Reunion U. C. V., held at Sherman, Tex., July 15 and 16, 1903, referred to this matter, and his report, as usual, went to the Resolution Committee, which in turn made the following recommendations relating thereto: "In reference to that part of the Adjutant General's report which refers to nonpayment of *per capita* tax, as provided by the constitution, we would recommend that the Adjutant General be requested to notify all such Camps of the importance and necessity of making their annual payment to their respective Brigades; and when they neglect and refuse to pay the same, that he be authorized to drop all such Camps from the rolls."

Adjutant General Green died June 29, 1904, a short time before the meeting of the thirteenth annual Reunion, held at Temple, Tex., July 20 and 21, 1904, at which Reunion I filed my report as Adjutant General, having been promoted, as per General Order, No. 55, July 2, 1904, from Assistant Adjutant General to that of Adjutant General, with rank of Colonel. My report received the courteous consideration of the Committee on Resolutions, and as follows: "We have examined the report of the Adjutant General and find it correct. Thomas H. Edgar, J. B. Clark, Seth Mills, A. F. Wood, R. E. Beckham, Committee."

My next report was made at the fourteenth annual Reunion U. C. V., held at Galveston, Tex., July 19 and 20, 1905, in which I made the statement that there were seventy-nine Camps in the Texas Division failing to make reports for five years—viz., 1901 to 1905, inclusive—and stated "they should be stricken from the rolls as dead Camps, and should be separated from the living." The committee's action on the Adjutant General's report is as follows: "General Polley, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported upon the report of the Adjutant General as follows: 'The report is approved with the amendment that all Camps which have not reported for the past five years, as stated, be dropped from

the roll.' A. T. Watts, J. B. Polley, F. T. Roche, Oliver Steele, Frank Rainey." My financial report was also adopted by the same committee, and reads as follows: "We, your committee, have examined the above financial report and find it correct."

The seventy-nine delinquent Camps were dropped from the roll of Camps of the Texas Division, U. C. V., and published in the minutes of the fourteenth and fifteenth annual reports by number, name, and location of each Camp so dropped, and up to this time but three have been reinstated. Doubtless the act of the Resolution Committee at Galveston, Tex., prompted Major General Mickle to view the deplorable condition of the entire U. C. V. Association and his causing the dropping from his rolls of four hundred and fourteen dead Camps, seventy-five of which he found in the Texas Division, as per his list submitted to Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Columbus, Miss., from New Orleans April 3, 1906, and submitted to the Convention in that city April 25-27, which authorized him by resolution to drop dead Camps from his roll, as referred to above—a most righteous and sensible act. Attention is called to the minutes of the fifteenth annual Reunion, held at Dallas, Tex., October 25 and 26, 1906, among which the Adjutant General reported forty-six Camps still on roll of Camps in arrears for five years or more, and suggested their being dropped from the rolls, etc., and referred to the Committee on Resolutions, who, it appears, made a report as follows: "Adjutant General's report is fully approved with the exception of his recommendation regarding the dropping of delinquent Camps from the roll. J. D. Shaw, John H. Traylor, Frank Templeton, E. W. Taylor, Committee on Resolutions."

The facts are that the Committee on Resolutions made no written report touching the Adjutant General's report, but permitted it to go back to the Convention for its consideration, and the Chair permitted a vote to be taken to table the same, which came near carrying on account of a motion and speech made by one having a fancied grievance and taking advantage of the chairman's inexperience and want of a proper understanding of the question at issue and my inability to defend my position on account of ill health.

This brings us to the sixteenth annual Reunion, at Bowie, Tex., August 21 and 22, 1907, when the Adjutant General's report was found correct and accepted, a copy of which was mailed to the Veteran September 26, 1907, together with the report of the Resolution Committee referring to same.

I have no fault to find with the report made by the Resolution Committee at Bowie, Tex., as it is open for those who read to judge of the merits of both reports; but the treatment received at the fifteenth annual Reunion, at Dallas, Tex., October 25 and 26, 1906, was needlessly severe, without just cause, and without fair treatment.

This is to explain the object had in view of separating the dead from the living that the "fittest" should survive.

The Veteran has observed that comrades, especially in Texas, have had much controversy in regard to Camps that make no reports to their State Division. For several years some Texas Camps have kept up their dues with the general organization, ignoring the source of their existence. Adjutant General Jackson has simply followed the precedent and the law in recommending the dropping of Camps that are persistently silent.

While the Veteran believes that each side to the controversy contends for what it regards the best thing to do, it pleads for zeal on the part of all living comrades to maintain their organizations and pay dues to the State and general organizations. Do let us stand up and stand together while we live.

STORIES OF THE WAR AND PRISON LIFE.

BY JAMES L. COOPER, EAST STATION, NASHVILLE, TENN.

When I saw the picture of the Rev. P. T. Martin in a recent number of the Veteran, I said: "Well, I haven't seen him for twenty years, but that's 'Old Pink Martin.'" What a host of memories of Mill Springs and Camp Chase Prison his kindly, honest face brings to me! Tell his wife, if he has one (and Methodist preachers are usually provided in that respect), that he is the best cook in Tennessee; and if he gives her any back talk about poor cooking, to send him to the kitchen.

I enjoyed every word of his article, as I always do these personal items. One column of something that happened to one of the "boys" is worth many pages of proceedings of Camps of Sons and Daughters.

At that time I was a member of Company C, the "Sewanee Rifles," the color company of the 20th Tennessee. J. C. Rice was captain, and among the officers were J. C. Thompson and Duval McNairy, prominent citizens of Nashville, Tenn.

I was wounded and captured by the 37th Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Bradleigh, the night after the battle. Colonel Bradleigh resembled General Zollicoffer so much in his general appearance that I walked into his lines, thinking I was with our own men. I was placed in charge of Captain Choate, from Columbus, Ohio, and but few prisoners ever met with such treatment as I received. He took me into his tent to sleep with him, gave me a change of underclothing and anything else I would accept, and offered to give or lend me money. I was taken by him to see the body of General Zollicoffer the day after the battle. It was lying on a cot in a small tent almost without any clothing. He had a large nose and prominent brow, and some high officer remarked as we came up that he was a perfect type of the old Roman senators. The other Confederate dead were treated with scant ceremony, being brought up on stretchers and tossed into large pits twelve or fifteen feet square and a foot or two of dirt heaped over them. I was standing by one of these pits with Captain Choate when some poor fellow was pitched in and happened to fall on his back with his face toward us. "That's a member of my regiment, the 20th Tennessee," I said. "That's Dave Scales;" but it wasn't Dave, who is yet very much alive. After a few days, being only slightly wounded, I was put to nursing the wounded Confederates, and afterwards spent several months in Camp Chase Prison.

On being exchanged, I rejoined my regiment at Vicksburg during the summer. I never saw Captain Choate again. He called upon my father, at my request, when his command passed through Nashville shortly after this, to assure him of my safety, as I had been reported killed. Much to my grief and regret, Captain Choate was killed in the battle of Jonesboro, near the end of the war, where we were again in opposing ranks, possibly facing each other. He made a record as a gallant officer, and was major at the time of his death.

The present generation can't realize what excitement the battle of Mill Springs caused in Nashville. General Zollicoffer and his staff were from Nashville, also Rutledge's battery

of artillery, two companies of the 20th Tennessee, and a battalion of cavalry. There was a company of cavalry the members of which called themselves the "Bull Pups," and it was said that the streets of Nashville were full of them next morning at sunrise. (The distance is perhaps about one hundred and fifty miles.) Of course this was not true; but we could all have reached Nashville the next day if we had kept up the gait we started with from the battlefield.

Confederate prisoners were a rarity at that time; and when we were ordered back to Somerset, near the battle ground, about a dozen of us were sent to General Thomas's headquarters for examination, and taken into a large room where he and his staff and a lot of officers were assembled. As the youngest of the bunch (I was only seventeen), I seemed to be singled out for their special attention. The first question from them was: "What are you fighting for?" I could hardly answer that question satisfactorily to myself. . . . General Thomas ("Old Pap") said: "You are a very young soldier. Will you fight again if I release you?" Visions of home and a parole loomed up before me, and I hardly knew what to say. "Speak up," he said; "speak up, tell the truth." I managed to stammer, "I reckon I would;" and he turned away with the remark, "Then we'll be certain not to let you go." I had been in close quarters during the battle, and had several bullet holes through my clothing in addition to the one through my flesh, and a good many comments were made upon them by the younger members of his staff. There was one hole in the tail of my coat, and they couldn't understand why the bullet did not hit me; and I well remember my feelings of youthful wrath when one vile Yankee insinuated that the coat tail was probably standing straight out behind. This remark was the more galling because it was so plausible. . . .

Among the killed from Nashville were Maj. Henry Fogg, of General Zollicoffer's staff, and Evan Shields, who was serving upon his staff on that occasion. Lieut. Bailie Peyton, from Gallatin, was also killed within a few feet of the enemy's line. Most of the "old boys" who were present on that occasion have passed away; but I still meet upon the streets occasionally Capt. Mark Cockrill, Capt. Bill Shute, Brad Nichol, and the aforesaid Dave Scales, and some of the few surviving members of Company C. As long as I am above the sod myself, there will be a warm place in my heart for every one of them.

LIBERTY IN FATIGUE MARCH.

BY C. D. EVANS, DARLINGTON, S. C.

Readers of the VETERAN will understand somewhat the reason why soldiers of the Confederate army were able to march three miles to two covered by the Federal army in the same time when they are told that in the march there was little regard for formation. Each man was allowed to take his own gait, and, provided he kept near his allotted place, he was not interfered with by the officers. No matter how wide the road was, it was filled with men who were going at that swift, easy gait which accomplished results which were the wonder of our enemies.

We had been marching all of the previous day, and were still going along at the same rapid rate late into the night when two soldiers who belonged to different companies in the regiment came together in the road. Both were doing their best. One said to the other: "What is the meaning of this rapid march?" The reply was: "I think we are going into a fight!" "You do?" asked the other. "Yes, I think we will be under fire before twelve o'clock to-morrow." The man ran his hand into his haversack and, pulling out about half of a hard-tack and a very small piece of bacon, said: "This is all I have. You think we are going into a fight to-morrow. I may be killed; I will eat this now, so as to be sure of it." Suiting the action to the words, he immediately swallowed what he held in his hand, not knowing where his next supply was to come from.

The Irishman in Stonewall Jackson's command who said that the ration was "three foights a day and one male a week" gave, as only an Irishman could, a true picture of the Confederate soldier.

TRAINER OF TRAVELER—FRANK PAGE.

The readers of the VETERAN are just now especially interested in Traveler, General Lee's war horse. A history of him has been published several times, but the first man who ever rode him has not yet been mentioned. The photograph here presented is a good likeness of Frank Page, as he was known to the people of Lewisburg, W. Va., when he was performing the duties of janitor at the school building and bank. He was born in 1846 a slave, the property of Mr. A. D. Johnston, near Blue Sulphur Springs, Va. (now West Virginia); and when quite a lad, he broke the colt "Jeff" which afterwards became the favorite Traveler of General Lee. This servant handled horses with much skill, and "breaking the colts" was his business. So he came to have the honor of being the first rider of Jeff (Traveler), and trained him for exhibition at the Lewisburg Fair in 1860.



Mr. Alexander Johnston writes in regard to this matter: "I secured the inclosed photograph shortly before the death of Frank Page especially for the VETERAN. The mounting and placing in position of the bones of Traveler reminds me of delay in sending this picture. I am a son of the Mr. A. D. Johnston mentioned, and know the facts in the case."

In March last the Richmond Times-Dispatch said: "The bones of Traveler, General Lee's favorite war horse, will soon be properly mounted and the skeleton placed on exhibition. most likely in the proposed Lee Museum at Lexington."

In that same paper the statement was made that arrangements had been completed for shipping the bones of the famous horse to a natural science concern for proper mounting. It is understood that the structure will be skeleton, and that the bones have been so well preserved as to appear white when mounted.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, in writing of the horse, states:

"There is not much to tell, though it was pathetic that a horse that bore the brunt of the whole Civil War, endured so much, and ran so many risks when he might have looked forward to a peaceful and honored old age should have been taken off by lockjaw. He did not long survive his master. It was in the June following General Lee's death that his end came. I was sitting in the veranda of our home in Lexington

with my brother, Gen. Custis Lee, when Traveler, always a privileged character, but of course a special pet since his master's death, came browsing around in the yard, and, seeing some one on the piazza, advanced whinnying for the lump of sugar that he always expected. I entered the house to procure him one, and when I returned with it found my brother examining his foot, saying: 'This horse seems to be lame.' A very small nail or tack was extracted, and the wound was so slight that it did not even bleed.

"After eating his sugar with relish and being caressed, he moved leisurely away. In the course of a day or two the hostler reported him unwell. We had no veterinarian in Lexington; but the two doctors who had attended my father during his last illness devoted themselves assiduously to the sufferings of his famous war horse. Everything that skill and devotion could do was done. He was chloroformed, liquid nourishment forced down his throat, and, when he could no longer stand upright, a feather bed was laid on the stable floor to give him all the relief possible.

"Our little town—indeed, the whole neighborhood—was intensely sympathetic. Not only the gentlemen of the town but the farmers around came to offer suggestions and condolences. It was all of no avail. The efforts to relieve him merely prolonged his sufferings, which, when all hope was gone, I advocated putting an end to at once. But my brother could not bring himself to that, though poor Traveler's groans and cries were heartrending in the extreme, and could be plainly heard in the house. I don't think any of us were able to sleep that last night, and it was really a relief when all was over. When I went to look at him after death, from being a powerful, well-grown horse he seemed to have dwindled away to the size of a colt, and I am sure we almost felt that we had lost a member of the family. * * * I often heard my father state that at the end of the most arduous day, with often the night thrown in, he was apparently as fresh and lively as when first mounted. He was bought for a second or spare horse; but as one after another of the more showy steeds, notably a superb charger presented by the gentlemen of Richmond and named after our Confederate capital, succumbed to the fortunes of war Traveler came gradually to the front and remained there, my father riding him not only at Appomattox but on his sad return to Richmond."

ACCURATE COPY OF THE PARTHENON.



The above is the scene at the Parthenon, Nashville, when the tablet to Architect Smith was unveiled. This architect, a Virginian, was captain in the Confederate army, and died while colonel of the 1st Tennessee Regiment in the Philippines just as the command was about to engage in battle. It is generally known that this reproduction is in the Centennial Park at Nashville.

The walls of the Parthenon are of massive brick, but the columns are of inferior staff. Since its erection, the city of Nashville has acquired the park with a perpetual revenue from the Street Railway Company, whereby the park is already of great beauty, and the Parthenon has been so substantially repaired that it is expected to remain for generations "a thing of beauty."

DARING DEED OF SCOUTS.

[From advance sheets of Col. U. R. Brooks's forthcoming book of "Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession" Hugh Scott writes of perilous scout services.]

I was detailed as a scout in Hogan's squad of scouts for Gen. Wade Hampton. The scouts were in the rear of the Federal army. We had been sent to watch the Orange and Alexander Railroad. We started out on Saturday evening—three mounted men, Bolick, Freeman, and myself, and about five or six on foot—and reached there that evening about an hour by sun, and that night we went into ambuscade until the next morning. We were not far from Brentsville, Va.

The next morning Shadbourne (George D. Shadbourne, who was chief of scouts) said: "You three mounted men go up and enter the town." We went into the town, and the people said: "What are you doing here? Don't you see the Yankees over there?" We replied: "We came here to get breakfast." We got breakfast while a lady held our horses. We could see the Yankees three or four hundred yards away. They got down and hitched their horses. As we were going down the hill I said: "They are playing a trick on us by going around here to cut us off from the ford." So we went back to the blind, or ambuscade, we had on a hill.

At three o'clock that evening Shadbourne again ordered us to ride back into town. The Yankees were there, and they saddled their horses and came for us. We fell back through the pines to get back to the foot of the hill. They were dressed up in gaudy style—gauntlets, gloves, and plumes. Bolick asked the officer who was in command of this squad. He answered, "I am;" when Bolick asked, "Who are you?" The answer: "I am Major Lamar, of General Crawford's staff." Bolick then said: "Major, there are only three of us here; but it is a good place to fight, and we will fight it out in detail." After a few more words, Bolick pulled his carbine and fired one shot at him. Then we left; and as we went by the ambush, the Yanks were pretty close on us, and I told Bolick to take to the woods. We ran around a hill and came out about the foot of the hill. Three Yankees had passed the blind. One of the Yankees shoved his pistol right against Bolick and shot him, and I shoved my pistol right against the Yankee and shot him through the shoulder. Bolick fell from his horse. I ran these three fellows up the road for quite a distance. As I returned I passed Bolick, when he looked up at me and said: "Scott, I am killed." I told him I would come back. I went up the hill to the ambush to see what damage we had done. There were twenty-one Yankees in the party, and we had killed seventeen of them. The major had his hat turned up in front, and we shot him in the forehead. We got only one horse out of the lot. This occurred on Sunday, the 14th of February, 1863.

We carried Bolick down into the pines about one hundred yards, thinking he was dead. Two days afterwards we went back with a two-horse wagon and coffin to get Bolick. He had his hands clasped around a little sapling, which showed he was not dead when we left him. We buried him at Arrington's Crossroads.

Bolick was anxious to marry a young lady at Arrington's Crossroads, and he had told her the morning before he was killed: "I am going to be killed the first fight I get into." She had jilted him. We carried his body to the crossroads and buried him right at the young lady's house.

[This sketch is somewhat condensed from the original.]

A GEORGIA WOMAN'S WAR EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. SUSAN E. TILLERY, DUBLIN, GA.

I have become so interested in the VETERAN that I want to give you some of my experiences. I was reared in Irwinton, Ga.; but during the war my father moved to his farm, about six miles from town, where we were near neighbors to my friend, Miss Sallie Clay.

At Gordon, Ga., on the Central Railroad, there was established a home for the sick and wounded soldiers. Each week some ladies were appointed to visit this home and carry baskets of refreshments for the soldiers; so the week I am referring to Miss Sallie Clay and I filled our baskets with the best we could get and went on the mission. It was a Tuesday morning in November. We arrived at Gordon about nine o'clock, and not more than an hour later news came that the Yankees were coming into Macon and destroying everything in their reach; so we decided to go home as quickly as possible. As it happened, a train for Savannah came down from Macon and was stopped just long enough for us to get on. From Toomsboro we had to walk to our homes, as our return was not expected until the next day. The distance was about four miles, and of course we were excited and frightened. We spread the news to everybody we saw that Sherman's army was coming and was destroying everything.

The people had but little time in which to hide their stock. Father had his taken down in the swamp and tied out. The next day he sent a negro boy, Bob, to look after the stock, which he reported all right. Bob was sent down again on Thursday morning to feed and water them; and not returning, father went down that afternoon to look after him and the stock. Bob was gone, but the stock was all right. The next morning an old neighbor told us that Bob had gone to the Yankees, that he saw him go through Toomsboro the day before on Mr. Clay's fine gray, with one of Mrs. Clay's quilts for a saddle blanket. That was the last of Bob for several weeks; but late one afternoon as the family at home were sitting on the front porch we saw some one crossing the field (it was a rare thing to see a man), and it proved to be Bob. Father had threatened to kill him if he ever returned, so he got up to get his gun from over the door. We children began to cry, and mother took hold of him and begged him to desist from his purpose. Upon questioning Bob as to why he went to the Yankees, he said that after feeding the stock he thought he would go up to the "big road" and hide, so he could see the Yankees as they passed. Suddenly two of them dashed upon him and said that they had been looking for him, that they wanted him to go with them, that they would give him ten dollars in silver every month and a fine horse to ride, and that they wanted him to ride by General Sherman and wait upon him. That sounded so big to Bob that he decided to go. Continuing, Bob said: "They let me ride the fine gray they took from old Mr. Clay to Ball's Ferry, and there told me to light, which of course I did. They then branded me across the shoulders with three letters, 'A. S. A.,' which came near killing me, and they made me walk all the way from there to Savannah. I made my escape from them in the edge of the city. I am glad to get back to Mars George." But father said, "You ungrateful rascal! I wish they had killed you," to which Bob replied, "They came very near doing that. No more Yankees for me, for I am perished nearly to death. They made me burn bridges, build breastworks, and do all kinds of hard work." Bob was nearly naked, not even a shirt to his back. He turned his back for us to see the brand. He stayed with us until the last of 1865. I don't know what became of him afterwards.

I had a memorable experience that week. Our neighbor, Mr. Clay, as every one else, was trying to prevent his possessions from being destroyed; so he had all his best bedding and most valuable things loaded on a wagon and sent to the river swamps, where he sent also his stock. The old lady and Miss Sallie, their daughter, were the only persons remaining. This was on Wednesday, and by Thursday evening the whole country was alive with Yankees, plundering, burning up ginhouses, and taking all the stock, chickens, etc., they could find, and breaking up what they could not use of rich and poor alike. Mrs. Clay became very uneasy about the old man, for fear they might find him. She had no one to send to see about him but Sallie, and was afraid for her to go unless I would go with her. My father at first refused to let me go, but they were so distressed and miserable that he consented; so we started out about two o'clock, stealing our way the best we could through fields and woods and briers, going the safest way, as we thought, to the swamp. As we were going down the last hill, which put us very near Mr. Clay's camp, we heard the sound of horses and looked back, and O! it seemed that the whole country was filled with them. The Yankees were making for the camp. As it happened, there was a tremendous gully at the foot of the hill; so we rolled over into it, among the briers, thorns, and everything else that could hurt. They passed within a few yards of us, and there we lay almost breathless until they all passed. They went whooping and hollowing at every breath. The good Lord blessed us in that they did not see us. We did not know what to do. It was then dusk, freezing cold, and we were about three miles from home. The first thing was to get out of that big gully without being seen or heard. We scrambled out alive, with our clothes torn nearly off and our flesh so torn that we came out bleeding. Such briers I have never seen since. We were nearly frozen, as it was an awfully cold day in November. Just as we got up the hill we saw the flames from Dr. Taylor's ginhouse, and that added to our fright. We were looking every minute for the Yankees to grab us; but as good luck for us we were very near the home of Mrs. Lord, Sallie's sister. We went in the back way and met her starting out in search of us. She said that the Yankees had just left her house after killing all her chickens and robbing her meat house, and that they were left without anything. She had two little negroes with her, so she went with us nearly to our homes. It was then very late, and I had a mile farther to go than Sallie. We got to Mrs. Clay's all right, and she started home with us; but we hadn't gone far till we met my two younger sisters and our old cook coming through the field with a torch to see if they could find or

hear anything of me. My father's health was so feeble, and they were the only ones to send.

I shall never forget that awful experience, and shall always be thankful to God for taking care of us. The Yankees found Mr. Clay, and got all of his stock and destroyed all the other things, but spared his life. I was the main dependence of the neighborhood for spending the night with different families and looking out for the Yankees. For several days after our trip I could hardly walk, I was so scratched up and sore.

I am getting old now, but my recollections of the four years' war are fresh in my memory, and I don't think I ever forgot anything that happened through the war. During that same week of Sherman's raid through Wilkinson County Judge Bower, an old resident of Irwinton, had all of his best beds and bedding sent down to his plantation, about a mile from town, and thought he had them hidden securely from the Yankees; but they found them, of course. They ripped the feather beds open and burned the other things. Not being satisfied with that, they took off the top of his fine carriage and put planks across the wheels and used it as a dray, went to his barn and shelled all the corn they wanted, hitched up his oxen, and drove right by the Judge's door, going to mill with it. He managed in some way to keep his old gun and new overcoat from them all the week; so Saturday morning, being so cold and thinking all were gone, he put on his overcoat and took his chair on the front porch, with his gun across his lap, swearing vengeance against the despoilers. Just then two straggling Yankees walked up from the back yard, and were right on him before he knew it. They said, "Good morning, sir," to which he did not respond. One of them then remarked that it was an awful cold morning, and said to the Judge: "You seem to be well protected from it." Then one of them felt his coat, and in a breath they had his coat and gun and were gone. Poor old fellow! he didn't live long after the war closed.

Mr. W. E. Duncan, as true a soldier as was in the Confederate army, is a good friend of mine, and it was through him that I got acquainted with the VETERAN. If my experiences are interesting enough to publish, all right; but if not, I shall enjoy reading those of others. I love to read and talk about the war, as I had so many friends and relatives, besides my two brothers, in the Confederate army. My husband also was a Confederate soldier.

BURIAL PLACE OF GEN. B. R. JOHNSON.

R. D. Fletcher wrote from Thayer, Ill., in August: "Sometime ago I had business at Miles Station, about forty miles south of here, and upon information that Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson was buried there I walked out to the cemetery to satisfy myself, and found it true. His monument is a plain white marble shaft about fifteen feet high inscribed:

'Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson
Died Sept. 12, 1880,
Aged 62 years, 11 months, and 5 days.'

A friend had this verse cut below:

'A valiant leader, true-hearted and sincere;
An honored soldier who held his honor dear;
A cultured scholar with mind both deep and broad;
An honest man, the noblest work of God.'"

Our Virginia comrades hardly appreciate the great qualities of this major general. He was Northern reared; but, having espoused the cause of the South, his faithfulness and efficiency grow continually with those who knew him and his service.

WALTER GIBSON PETER EXECUTED AT FRANKLIN.

BY CHARLES H. NOURSE, M.D., DARNESTOWN, MD.

The article in the VETERAN for August upon the execution of the two Confederates at Franklin, Tenn., recalls the history of the younger of the two.

Walter Gibson Peter was the youngest son of Maj. George Peter, of near Darnestown, Montgomery County, Md. Major Peter commanded a battalion of the United States Militia at the battle of Bladensburg, near Washington City, when the British entered the capital and burned its public buildings in 1812. Subsequently he removed to Montgomery County, Md., and was a large landed proprietor, noted in all county affairs, a large-hearted, most hospitable gentleman, a genial host, a true Democrat and Southerner. He was related to the Custis and Lee families. His youngest son, W. Gibson Peter, at the outbreak of the Civil War helped to organize a company of cavalry made up of young men in his vicinity, and was chosen to a lieutenancy of the same. Later the company was disbanded, and "Gip," as we called him, went over to Virginia to my father's, the Rev. Charles H. Nourse, of Leesburg, and made his home with us. My father's second wife was the widow of John Parke Custis Peter, of Seneca, near Darnestown, and a cousin of W. Gibson Peter. Lieutenant Peter roomed with me; and when the battle of Ball's Bluff came on, he volunteered as aid-de-camp to Col. Walter H. Jenifer, 8th Virginia Cavalry, who was in command of the cavalry operating that day with General Evans, of South Carolina, who commanded the troops at Leesburg.

I was sixteen years old at that time, and Lieutenant Peter returned in the afternoon. When I was watering his horse, which was completely jaded, he showed me five bullet holes about him—through his hat, his coat in shoulder, under his arm, etc.—all made while delivering orders upon the field. He remarked, "It is not very funny, Charlie, is it? But we are right, and I am going into the service regularly," which he did. He joined Col. "Lige" White's company, A, I believe, and was elected to a lieutenancy. He remained there for a short while only, owing to the urgent request of his cousin, Orton Williams, that he come to him under General Bragg. He was a generous, warm-hearted, gallant man, six feet in height, straight as an arrow, a splendid horseman, and every inch a soldier. His greatest ambition was to serve the South and in meritorious service to win a star on his collar, the same rank his father before him had attained. This he wrote to me just before the fatal trip he made in Tennessee with Col. Orton Williams. His eldest sister, Miss Sarah Agnes Peter, had warned him to beware of Orton Williams. "He is so foolhardy and rash; do, my brother!" She had reared him almost from babyhood, after the death of his mother. His execution broke her heart, and she died soon afterwards. A more gallant man never espoused our Southern cause. The news of his death came to me from two schoolmates, Maryland boys, on the battlefield at Gettysburg just after I had received his last letter saying that he was going into Kentucky.

Williams was always known in the family as "Orton Williams," and was a brother of Mrs. Kate Upshur, whose husband was Captain Upshur, of the United States navy or army. The old Peter home is near here, and some of his people are now in our village and several others are residents of our county. E. C. Peter is a prominent attorney, and his brother, Robert Peter, is also a lawyer.

ABOUT RE-ENLISTMENTS FOR THE WAR.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRAND ISLE, LA.

Concerning the discussion between some of our veterans in regard to reënlistments for the war, I have noticed considerable good-natured rivalry of claims to distinction. Comrade Hockersmith awoke rather late on the subject of reënlistments, or else his pen played him a trick. Next comes Comrade Plicker, of Lynchburg, Va., who claims that Company H, of the 28th Virginia Regiment, reënlisted for the war in November, 1861. Then Colonel DeRossett, of North Carolina, claims that the first ten regiments of State troops from that State enlisted for the war. I remember that when certain enlistments were made in Louisiana, and New Orleans especially, we started out as on a "picnic," and no one believed that it would last six months. That "picnic" idea prevailed largely among the Tarheels. But whatever ideas obtained at the time, it is true that the Tarheels stuck it out. As to reënlistments, my company, DeGournay's 5th Company, Copen's Louisiana Zouaves, was organized in March, 1861, in New Orleans, signed for one year, and reënlisted for three years, or the war. This was Cornwallis's headquarters near Yorktown, Va., and in February, 1862, exact date not remembered. Reënlistments had occurred previously no doubt.

We do not claim to have been the first to enlist for the war, but we know that as individuals more than nine-tenths of us were in for "the whole war to stay," regardless of time specified in the articles. And then, after all, what does it matter if we were there at the wind-up? Why split hairs when all were animated by the same sentiments from the start to the finish?

[T. L. Taylor, Bailey, Tenn., writes on this subject:]

On May 15, 1861, the 4th Tennessee Regiment was sworn into service as State troops; but on August 17, 1861, it swore allegiance to the Confederate cause. On April 25, 1862, the regiment reënlisted for two years, or the war, and on the 17th of January, 1864, you will find it again reënlisting. The first troops to reënlist at Dalton, Ga., were the 13th and 14th Tennessee Regiments, and about the same hour General Strahl's Brigade also, composed of the following Tennessee Regiments: 4th, 5th, 19th, 24th, 31st, and 33d.

General Johnston issued General Order, No. 10—viz.:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, DALTON, GA.,
January 17, 1864.

"General Johnston has received official information that at a meeting in Strahl's Brigade this morning, at which nine-tenths of the command were present, the following resolution was adopted by acclamation, not a dissenting voice being heard: 'Resolved, That we, the officers and soldiers of Strahl's Brigade, do this day agree to enlist for the war, determined never to lay down our arms until our homes are rescued from the enemy and the Confederacy permanently established among the nations of the earth.'

"Information was previously received that the 13th and 154th Regiments Tennessee Infantry, Vaughan's Brigade, Hindman's Division, had reënlisted for the war. The noble and patriotic resolutions of these brave Tennesseans to 'enlist for the war' is offered to the army as an example worthy of being followed by all who love their homes and country.

"Will not this army by immediate action gain the proud distinction of being the first to revolunteer in a holy cause and pledge its service to the government until peace is conquered? By command of GENERAL JOHNSTON.

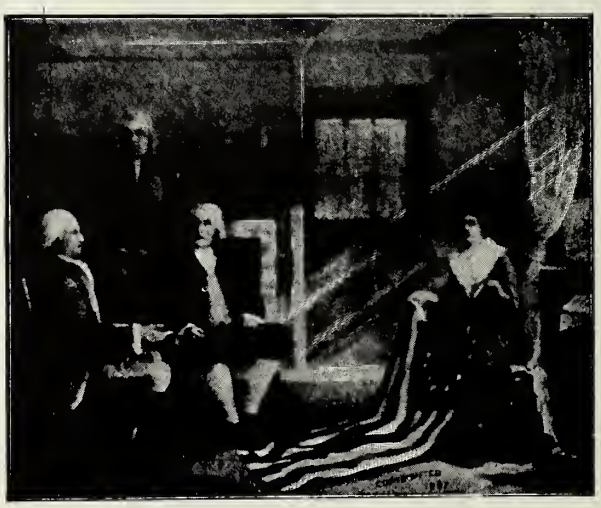
"GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT, *A. A. G.*"

ORIGINAL FLAG—"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Correspondence between Mr. George Armistead, of Baltimore, a nephew of Gen. L. A. Armistead, C. S. A., and a grandson of Col. George Armistead, who defended Fort McHenry against the British in 1814, with Mr. John W. Frazier, of Philadelphia, has brought out a curious reminiscence in the Sun in connection with the restoration of General Armistead's sword, which was lost at Gettysburg.

Mr. Frazier describes the presentation of the sword: "When Gen. L. A. Armistead, who commanded the advance brigade of Pickett's Division, crossed the stone wall of Cemetery Ridge, at the 'Bloody Angle' of Gettysburg, he drew his sword and, placing his hat on its point, waved it aloft as a conspicuous guidon for his heroic followers. General Armistead and about one hundred of his men (practically all that remained of his brigade upon reaching Cemetery Ridge) penetrated about one hundred feet inside the Union lines, held by the Philadelphia brigade. At that point General Armistead, surrounded by men of the Philadelphia brigade, fell mortally wounded, and the sword which dropped from his hand was picked up by Sergeant Michael Specht, and remained in his possession until September, 1906, when it was returned to Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress, President of Pickett's Division, with impressive ceremonies, at the Gettysburg reunion of the Philadelphia Brigade and Pickett's Division." (See June VETERAN, page 255.)

As Adjutant of the Philadelphia Brigade Association Mr. Frazier received a letter from George Armistead, stating: "We tried again and again to recover the sword of General Armistead after the battle of Gettysburg, but could find no trace of it, and am indeed glad to know of it after all these years. I shall see that it is placed in the Confederate Museum in Richmond. General Armistead's remains repose in Old St. Paul's churchyard, Baltimore, and General Armistead sleeps by the side of Col. George Armistead, who in the gallant defense of Fort McHenry against the British in 1814 inspired



WASHINGTON INSPECTING THE FLAG.

the poet, Francis Scott Key, to write our national anthen, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' That same old flag that Key strained his eyes 'in the morn's early light' to see 'streaming so gallantly over the ramparts' remains to this day in the possession of our family."

PLEA FOR OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, of Sherman, Tex., has published in behalf of Old Blandford Church, near Petersburg, a circular letter in which he states:

"The siege of Petersburg, Va., is well known by readers of Confederate history. Situated on the southeast of the historic city, in its suburbs, is the no less historic Blandford Cemetery, with its truly historic Old Blandford Church. This cemetery is located between the city and the line of earthworks of both Confederate and Federal armies, and had many of its antique tombstones shivered by the Federal shot and shell. The old church was built of brick brought over as ballast in ships from England in the early colonial days of Virginia. For a number of years anterior to the War between the States it had not been used as a house of worship; but some years ago the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg rehabilitated it, and it is now supplied with nice pews, etc. I quote the following from a letter to me from Mrs. George W. Cardwell, one of the members of this Memorial Association, who lives near the old cemetery: 'I am living here; and with Old Blandford Church, with its historic walls rising in front of me, a memorial not only of the war of 1861-65 but of colonial days as well, I am impressed more and more with the fact that such memorials cannot be too well preserved to tell the children of coming generations of the great struggles and wonderful heroism of the people of our glorious Southland.'

"The old church has suitable places for memorial windows to be donated by each Southern State in its chosen hero. Our Ladies' Memorial Association is anxious that the whole South respond, that we may preserve a building dear in memory to thousands and full of historic interest to the whole country as the third oldest church in America; and when complete with these windows, it will be, to quote Mr. Tiffany as an authority, 'one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in America.'

"The cost of each window is $400, and I am writing to you as a public-spirited man and as a member of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., hoping that each State will donate a window and give the subject heartfelt interest.

"Four windows have already been placed in the church by different States. An easy way to raise the money, and quickly, is to get each school child to contribute five cents.

"Petersburg having been besieged for nearly ten months by Grant's overwhelming numbers, and the old cemetery with its noted church being the innocent victim of many a shot and shell, makes the appeal of this Memorial Association necessary."

Send contributions to Mrs. George W. Cardwell, 257 Main Street, Petersburg, Va.

FAITHFUL CAPT. THOMAS C. HOLLIDAY.

In an address made recently by Maj. Charles M. Steadman at Chapel Hill, N. C., to the university alumni he said: "Captain Holliday was a native of Mississippi, but his ancestors were from North Carolina. Col. John Holliday, his father, and his mother, who was a daughter of Gen. Jesse Speight, were both born and reared in Greene County, N. C. He was adjutant general of Davis's Mississippi Brigade, Heth's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, and was on its extreme right. The Federal troops with an immensely superior force flanked the brigade, and it was subjected to a withering enfilade fire. Holliday was ordered to carry a message to Major General Heth 'to reënforce the right.' Through a hurricane of fire he rode, his face radiant with that brightness which always delighted and charmed his friends. As he reached the plank road he fell from his horse, badly wounded and stunned. Too weak to speak above a whisper, he pointed toward a staff officer of the division, who was brought to him. As the officer kneeled by his side he said to him in tones made weak by the approach of death, 'Reënforce the right,' and then his great heart stood still. The happy associations and tender memories of his boyhood days and the hours passed at this university, which was always dear to him and about which he talked with delight by the camp fire upon many a winter's night, faded from his vision as he rejoiced in the consciousness that he had fulfilled the trust which had been confided to him. In the colder regions of the North its people have erected costly monuments to the memory of its soldiers who won distinction and renown during the Civil War, and it is well. Here in the South, in the campus of this university, through which they ofttimes strolled with their comrades and friends beneath the great trees under whose shades they lingered long years ago, should be erected a monument to the memory of Lieut. Col. John T. Jones and Capt. T. C. Holliday. It should be built by the alumni and students of this institution, which has been honored by the heroism of their death."

Colonel Jones was of the 26th North Carolina Infantry, and both fell in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, VA.

BY D. H. BRUCE, JOPPA, TENN.

Having seen a few articles about the battle of New Market, Va., fought in May, 1864, written by those who claim to have seen it, some of which I believe to be erroneous, I give my version as I saw it, believing that history should be correct. As the captain of an infantry company—A, 51st Virginia—I could not see all the field of battle, of course, and can give only part of it.

We were stationed about the center of the line of battle on the left of the pike and some little distance from it. When we got our lines formed after our regiment had run in the rain through a field freshly planted in corn and tramped it into a "loblolly" of mud, we were on level land in a wheat field, where the growing grain was about knee-high. The Yankees were in a meadow, from seventy-five to one hundred yards off, without protection to either side. Our regiment was in or near the center. Next to us on our right was the Cadet Corps from the Virginia Military Academy; on their right was Imboden's Brigade. On our left I recall Edgar's, Clark's, and Derrick's Battalions. There were others, but I cannot recall them.

Our regiment lay down and the Yankees stood up. We were facing down the valley to the east, and we stayed in that position and fired as fast as we could load for one hour and fifteen minutes, according to a man who was not in the battle and noted the time.

In front of the left wing of our regiment, a little over a hundred yards from us, was a battery of artillery which played on us with shell, grape, canister, and shrapnel. After we had fought for a considerable time, I saw Imboden's men giving way, and also saw that the cadet boys were confused and giving way. I had been noticing the cadet boys (and boys they were at that time) on the right of our regiment, right out of school, and we were old veterans. I was curious

to see how they would stand fire, and I saw them stand and fight like regulars. I never saw soldiers fight better than they did. They stood up and took it in military style, while we, who had been there three years in many battles and knew the danger of Yankee lead, lay as flat on the ground as we could get.

When the cadets gave way, Lieutenant Colonel Wolfe, commanding our regiment, standing behind me, said: "Captain, what had we better do?" I answered, "You are the colonel," meaning that he was my superior and it was his place to command the regiment. I did not think our regiment would run, as I had never seen it driven off a field in three years. I didn't see Colonel Wolfe any more in the battle; suppose he went to the head of the regiment. My company was doing fine work. It was made up of boys out of the mountains of Wise County, Va.—all good shots and not excitable. I could see the Yankees in front of us falling right and left. I said to the boys: "Draw low and fire at their knees; don't overshoot; keep steady; we will whip them." I seemed to feel that we would whip them.

There were four companies of our regiment on our right. My company was A, and belonged at the head of the regiment; but when on the march we walked so fast that the command could not keep up, and General Wharton put us back in the right center. Those companies on our right gave way one at a time, slowly falling back; they dropped down to try to stay under the shot and shell from the enemy that seemed to keep the air blue. I called to the company next to mine to stand firm, as I was not going to run. My men always told me they never would run until I did, and I believed them. The officer tried to hold his company, but could not. I saw something had to be done, and saw no officer of higher rank than myself. The time had come for no foolishness; at least half our command was giving way.

A few steps behind us there was a little lane with low fencing—an old worm rail fence. Behind this lane was the cornfield, tramped into a "loblolly." I thought that if I undertook to run my company through that muddy field we would all get killed, so I concluded to fall back in the lane and get behind the fence and the right would rally on us. I dropped my company back and tried it, but the other men failed to rally. Corporal John Wampler, of my company, a six-footer, got up and looked over the field and exclaimed: "Captain, the Yankees are running on the left." I saw some two or three hundred yards off Derrick's Battalion going toward the enemy. I gave the command, "Attention!" which brought my company to their feet; then I told them to "Forward! Double-quick! Charge!" My company and the whole left raised that old Rebel yell, and at them we went. The right, when they saw us going forward, turned and came back with a yell. When we got halfway to them, I saw they had their horses to the artillery and were starting. I gave the command to "Fire left oblique into that artillery!" It seems that I can still see the guns of my company turned in a left oblique direction and firing. All the riders on the artillery horses who were not hit jumped off and struck the ground on a run. They turned everything loose. My company went straight forward to the right of the artillery. By the time we got halfway to the Yankee line they were running, going their best, but shooting back and hitting a good many of our men. They had a reserve line behind, but the first line ran through it and tangled it so badly that it went too.

After we had run them a good way, Sergeant Wampler, than whom a better soldier never fought, now a Southern Methodist preacher, threw his hand to his shoulder and said: "Captain, I am wounded." I answered, after placing my hand on my right thigh: "I am wounded too; both of us are badly wounded." I told my first lieutenant, Kennedy, to take charge of the company, and I stood and watched them go out of sight on a run. Our men captured, so I understood, about fifteen hundred prisoners.

Our regiment went into the battle with about five hundred men, five per cent of whom were killed and wounded. I have seen it stated in papers that the Cadet Corps captured that artillery. If they captured any artillery, it was not the six pieces that my company fired left oblique into. That battery was left oblique from my company, and the cadets were beyond four companies to our right. I have thought that maybe after we had run the Yankees off they came across the artillery and took possession of it and, like boys, thought they had captured it. I would not take any honor from them, for they were brave.

An article sometime ago in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, I understood, stated that Edgar's Battalion ran over our regiment and captured the artillery. No battalion or regiment ever ran over our regiment and took our front in any battle.

The cadets and Edgar's Battalion did not both capture it. I have given this account as I saw and understood the battle

[Without familiarity with that battle, the editor suggests that the cadets may have captured another battery.—Veteran.]

GREAT SPEECH BY AL G. FIELD.

[Many people who don't go to mistrel shows would hardly expect their most conspicuous representative, Al G. Field, to give such lofty expressions as in the following address by Mr. Field at the memorial service in Camp Chase Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio. It will give pleasure and inspiration. This great-hearted patriot has more at heart than has any other—a memorial to dear old Dan Emmet, the author of "Dixie."]

In time of peace it is difficult for those among us who did not live amid the stirring scenes and tragic events of the days that made this spot sacred to fully comprehend the issues involved in the controversy that caused the most momentous war Christendom has ever known.

Universal peace is the dream of the idealist—a dream that will never be realized while human nature is constituted as it is. In the life of nations, as in the life of men, questions so difficult of solution, differences so great, and matters so deep and vital that they cannot be settled by arbitration will forever exist, and as a last resort war will be the arbitrator. Civilization without wars would relapse into weakness and decay. Peace hath its victories and war its lessons, out of which comes human progress. Who can gainsay the fact that that great civil war between the North and South has not advanced this country in all the walks of life—in civilization, education, and commerce—to say nothing of the lessons of love and forbearance instilled in the minds of the people of this country, healing the wounds of dissension made by years of wrangling, and thus bringing the people of all sections nearer to each other than since the War of 1812?

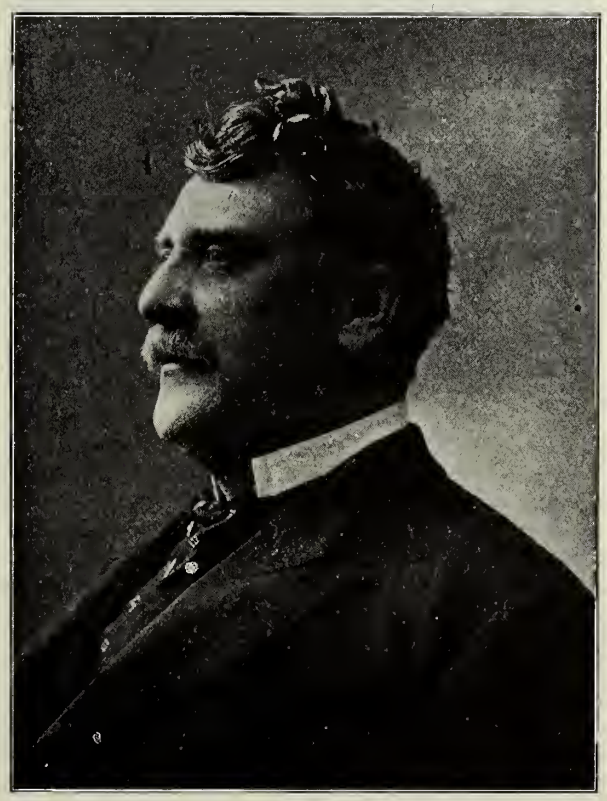
As we stand on this sacred spot, our hearts and feelings submissive to that most powerful of all human emotions—sympathy—forgetting all the animosities of the past, remembering only that those whose memories we are here to honor were citizens of our common country, were of our kind, we drop a tear on the graves of the dead.

"Sleeping under the sod and dew, awaiting the judgment day;
Tears and love for the blue, love and tears for the gray.'

From the first day I read the inscription upon that arch that spans the entrance to this bivouac of the dead its appropriateness has been more and more deeply impressed upon my mind. I understand the word "Americans" was engraved upon that arch at the suggestion of a brave soldier, prompted by the respect a brave man has for a fallen foe. It is actions of this character that bind the old soldiers of the North and South so closely that when we strew the little mounds of earth with sweetest flowers, moistened with tears of sorrow, we do not look for an inscription upon the headstone of the grave; we do not care whether he wore the blue or the gray—we only know there is an arch of love extending from North to South, South to North, over our country's soldier dead, its corner stone patriotism, and inscribed upon its apex in letters of living light is the talismanic word "Americans."

This inscription "Americans" is more than appropriate as applied to the dead whose memory we are here to honor. They were citizens of that section of our country—the sunny South—first settled by English-speaking people—a hardy race that not only fought the battles that made this country the refuge of the oppressed of all the world, but a race that established social and legislative conditions that are the foundation of all our greatness. The legislative branches of our government are based upon the popular form of government instituted at Jamestown, Va. It was in Virginia that our greatness was born; Virginia was the cradle of the virtues of American citizenship. And Virginia was all of the South in those days, from Florida to Canada, even extending into this great State of Ohio.

The genesis of older nations may be shrouded in obscurity,



MR. AL G. FIELD.

but there is no glamour over the place or the people where America was born. And while America is a homogeneous country (millions of foreigners have landed upon its shores), yet it is a distinctive fact that Virginia in the South has not increased in population from this emigration; the increase in that section has been from the lineal descendants of those first settlers. The customs, laws, and social conditions of those who landed at Jamestown are preserved and practiced even unto this day by the people of the South.

Preserving their traditions, the people of the South are as free from anything un-American as they were the day this republic was born. There never was an anarchist born in the South. This American republic—first among the nations of the earth—had its beginning in the South. From that first settlement at Jamestown grew all the settlements from Florida to Canada. The glorious achievements of the descendants of those first settlers in giving America her independence make every citizen of this country proud of the title "American."

For more than two hundred years the people of Virginia and the South planted and harvested until the staple products of their land ruled the markets of the world. The wealth of the South was untold, its prosperity unequaled, its resources unlimited. Then came the great war between the North and South—a war of such gigantic proportions that the whole world looked on in awe, a war that made the American soldier the admiration of the armies of the world, a war that has made America the foremost power in the world.

After five years of strenuous strife, marked by deeds of daring equaling anything recorded in poesy or mythology, came the end at Appomattox. The men of the South turned their faces homeward and began, where their ancestors had begun more than two hundred years before, to rehabilitate and build anew the South—a land once as fair and beautiful as ever sun shone upon, but then devastated as no country ever was in civilized warfare. They were buoyed up by that high-born pride known only to a brave and chivalrous people. With faith in their strength and love for home and its sanctity unequaled, with a determination inherited from their ancestors in the short space of forty years, the new South has been made even to surpass the Old South, accomplishing more in the forty years than had been accomplished in all the years intervening between the settlement at Jamestown and that last memorable day at Appomattox.

On the spot where blackened chimneys and smoldering ruins were all that was left of thriving villages magnificent cities have been builded, the breastworks thrown up for the defense of homes are leveled to the earth, and waving fields of grain are growing over the sod once drenched with brothers' blood. The people of the South have brought order out of chaos; prosperity rules where ruin prevailed. The South has again taken her proud position in trade and commerce and in all that goes to make a country and a people great—a proud and happy people, whose hospitality and generosity are proverbial the world over, a people whose loyalty is paramount, a people worthy of their ancestors, true to their traditions. May they sleep well under this beautiful arch!

Alfred Griffith Field.

Al G. Field was born in Loudoun County, Va., but emigrated to Ohio in 1870. He has been a resident of Columbus, Ohio, since that time. Mr. Field takes a great interest in Camp Chase Cemetery, located in Columbus.

WORD FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

BY CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, WASHINGTON, IND.

A copy of your excellent magazine came into my hands. As a veteran of the Civil War, who served nearly four years in the Federal army, the perusal of its pages was deeply interesting. I was one of thousands on the Federal side, as on the Confederate, who entered into service out of considerations of a sense of duty, bearing no animosity and no ill feeling.

When the war began and the call for seventy-five thousand men was made, I helped organize the first company of volunteers from South Indiana. I was a newspaper editor (now "Nestor of South Indiana journalism," retired); and while the people stood aghast at the call for so many men, I wrote that "if the government won with a million men it would be little less than a miracle," and was laughed at. My ancestors were all of Southern blood, and I knew their spirit and pluck, their chivalry and heroism; and while I could not see a just cause for secession, I recognized the possibility that if I had lived south of Mason and Dixon's line there might have been a difference of vision.

My first experience in "grim-visaged war" was in the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862. I commanded Company G, 42d Indiana V. V. I., and in thirty minutes lost twenty-two out of fifty-two men, six killed outright, and I with the others received an unpleasant reminder of Confederate accurate shooting. We fought, in part, John Morgan's Cavalry, together with, as we understood, a regiment of Louisiana Tigers, and over the same spot of ground till the wounded and dead were mixed. An incident is still vividly photographed on memory's page: We were being flanked right and left. At the command "Fall back!" I told my company to obey; but, being lame, I could not "double-quick." Water was scarce, but I had a canteen full. One of our comrades asked for water, and drank half. Passing on, I saw the upturned face of a boy not out of his teens, head against a tree, eyes fast fixing in death, and he said: "Captain, please give me water; I am dying." He was a pretty boy, no doubt some mother's darling. The canteen passed into his hands, and he drank the last drop, and I got no water until twelve o'clock the following day.

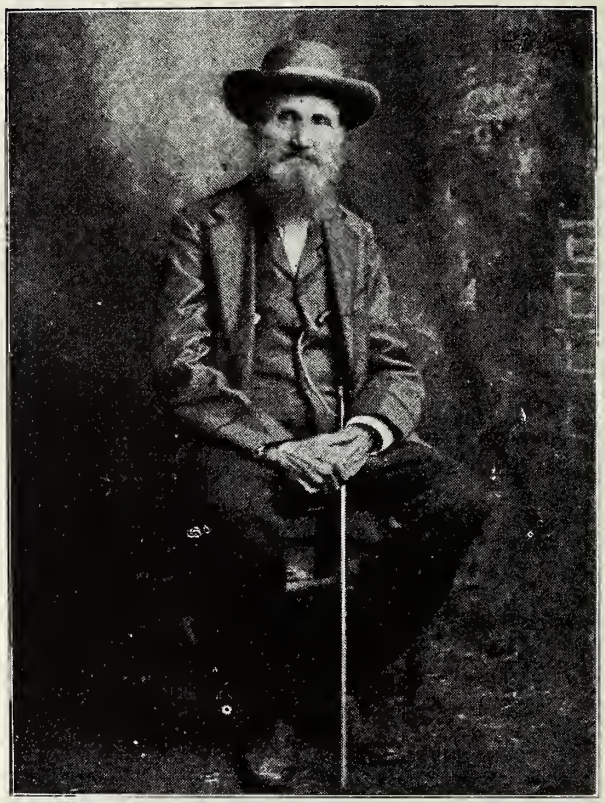
There has been speculation galore as to whether the battle of Perryville, Ky., would have been fought except for a blunder; but be that as it may, one thing is sure: we were whipped, though there were under Gen. Tom Crittenden (our side) a brigade of men in sight of us not ordered to fire a gun. We learned to understand by that fight that the enemy meant business, and prepared for the next struggle at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Together with return proof of the foregoing, Major Horrall writes a postscript: "If space is offered, I'll give under your chosen head line, 'Word from the Other Side,' sketches of incidents humorous and pathetic, gleaned from the Federal side of the firing line, for I was in forty-two battles and skirmishes, being for the most part staff officer, brigade inspector, and ordnance officer, with thereby exceptional advantages."

Rev. James Omelvena, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Washington, Ind., pays tribute to Major Horrall's authorship of a history of the 42d Indiana Regiment, which is regarded as "the most perfect history of any regiment yet published." The author is growing venerable with his seventy-ninth year. The VETERAN greets his patriotic utterances and reciprocates his good will most cordially.

REUNIONS OF COMPANIES.

The best of all reunions are those in which members of the same company in the service meet with their families in a quiet way. Occasionally an account is sent the VETERAN of such reunions. A report of such a gathering comes from the Southern Sentinel, at Ripley, Miss. It is of a day spent with Capt. A. C. Rucker a few miles out of that town. Captain Rucker commanded Company B, 34th Mississippi Regiment. He gave a splendid dinner to the seven survivors of the company who lived in Tippah County. There are other survivors, but they lived in other States, and attendance was impracticable. These seven survivors were Capt. A. C. Rucker, Capt. Thomas Spight, Capt. H. A. Stubbs, Alder Joseph Pearce, J. A. Kinney, M. S. Phyfer, and T. A. Hunt. Only seven! This company was made up in the early part of 1862. It was led by Captain Rucker until he was wounded and had to give up the service, when he was succeeded by Captain Spight.



CAPT. A. C. RUCKER.

Capt. A. C. Rucker commanded Company B, 34th Mississippi Regiment, which company was made up in Tippah County in the early part of 1862. Captain Rucker led this company in the thick of the fight until wounded, and thereby forced to give up the service. He was succeeded by Hon. Thomas Spight, who is now and has for a number of years been a member of Congress representing the Second Mississippi District. Captain Rucker is a gentleman of the old school, a model citizen and thorough Christian gentleman. He has been a member of the Ripley Masonic Lodge for sixty years, and has held every office of the Blue Lodge from being the youngest entered apprentice present to the Master in the East. He has also held several civil offices in his county. He is a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and takes a deep

interest in social and political matters in his county. On the 19th of last June Captain Rucker tendered a reunion and dinner to the survivors in Tippah County of his old company, and it was a happy day at his elegant country home, three miles north of Ripley. Mr. Rucker is a close reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and attends all the reunions in his county when able to make the trips.

SEVEN CONFEDERATES OF ARLINGTON, TENN.

Beginning at left of group, first row, are Capt. K. Garrett (with cane in hand), Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry; Dr. J. P. Bone, Company B, Forrest's Cavalry; W. B. Stewart, 154th Tennessee Infantry and 12th Tennessee Cavalry; R.



S. Donelson, Company H, 13th Tennessee Infantry. Standing just behind these are J. C. Land, Company I, 51st Tennessee Infantry and 12th Tennessee Cavalry; J. W. Zellner, Company E, 13th Tennessee Infantry; J. S. Wyatt, Company A, 38th Tennessee Infantry.

NORTH CAROLINA U. C. V. REUNION.

Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr was reëlected October 16, 1907, as the Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V. A most enthusiastic meeting of the organization is reported. All the present officers were reëlected with General Carr, as follows: Brigadier Generals—First Brigade, P. C. Carlton, of Statesville; Second Brigade, W. L. London, of Pittsboro; Third Brigade, James I. Metts, of Wilmington; Fourth Brigade, James M. Ray, of Asheville. The reëlection of all of the officers was by unanimous vote.

The meeting was presided over by General Carr, and Adjutant General H. A. London, of Pittsboro, acted as secretary. A decided majority of the Camps were represented. Adjutant General London stated that there were eighty-six Camps in North Carolina, but that only forty-five of these were entitled to votes, as the dues of the others had not been paid to the General Reunion Convention, and that at the General Reunion in Richmond North Carolina did not have its full number of votes because the dues of some Camps were not paid.

Resolutions of thanks were most cordially recorded to Judge Walter Clark (Justice of the State Supreme Court) and to Col. F. A. Oud for the great work in behalf of correct history.

FIRST CONFEDERATE GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY CHARLES B. MARTIN, SHUBUTA, MISS.

The picture in the October VETERAN representing a scene on Kennesaw Mountain reminds me forcibly of one which occurred on the left of the Confederate line between Powder Springs and Kennesaw Mountain, of which I was a witness.

Sherman was trying to turn our left flank, which was held by Hardee's Corps, Cheatham's and Cleburne's Divisions being on the extreme left. We were attacked by a heavy force, which charged through an old field that had grown up in sedge grass nearly waist-high, which caught fire from exploding shells and canister. When the grass was seen to be on fire, the shooting ceased, and soon, as by instinct, Confederates and Federals were together engaged in removing the wounded out of the reach of the flames, and the assault was not renewed that day.

I was relating this to two veterans in Selma, Ala., in 1892, and while talking we were joined by a stranger unknown to either of us. At the completion of my story I remarked: "There are few who would believe this true had they not witnessed it." The stranger then said: "I will testify to the truth of it, as I was on the other side." I grasped his hand and said: "Comrade, I am glad to meet you. What command did you belong to?" "I was of the artillery in a battery that you fellows called the 'Leather Breeches' battery," he said. "Yes," I replied, "and that made me 'hide out' many times." This man's name was S. W. Kasier, of Kenton, Ohio.

I belonged to Walker's Division of Hardee's Corps, which was on the right of the corps, but was not engaged.

HOW RICHMOND WAS DEFENDED.

BY MILES CARY, POCAHONTAS, VA.

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Dates we often forget; facts, never. Just in what year of our Civil War it became necessary to have a home guard for the protection of Richmond, I cannot say; but at the time of which I write this home guard was known as the Richmond Defenses, was commanded by Gen. G. W. C. Lee, and was made up of the employees of the Confederate States government. There were a Tredegar Iron Works Battalion, an Arsenal Battalion, an Armory Battalion, and a Departmental Battalion, the latter commanded by Major Henley. The Hoxall Crenshaw Mills were grinding for the government. Capt. Phil A. Welford was post commissary for the government, and employed me in a minor position. I was of a company under Captain Dill, a native of Baltimore, who had served in the Maryland Line, and, becoming unfit for active service, had raised Company K. Our drill room was on the west line of 12th Street, between Main and Cary, just in the rear of what was then the American Hotel. In case of an attack on Richmond, the bell in the Capitol Square would ring, and then the bells in the different engine houses were to take it up. The other battalions would move from their respective workshops; but as the members of the Departmental Battalion were scattered all over the town, we were to assemble on the Capitol Square and move from there.

On the rainy afternoon of March 4, 1864, we were sum-

moned to the square. Gen. Custis Lee was present, and we were told that Dahlgren, a celebrated Federal raider, was rapidly approaching Richmond from the west via the Westham Plank Road, and also that the Armory Battalion had been sent out to meet him. General Lee instructed Colonel Griggs, chief of ordnance, to issue sixty rounds, and then we all knew that at last we had a chance. Our route was up Grace to Fifth Street, thence across Fifth to Main, and up Main to a cross street that led us into Cary Street at the Westham House, then to the right up the Westham Plank Road. By this time night had fallen. I thought that I had known it to rain and had known dark nights; but the only way to describe that rain was as pelting and the darkness as intense. It was impossible to move in marching order (files of four), nor was it attempted—route step and arms at will—as we splashed through the mud, our officers urging us on at every step. Little need to urge us with the lights of dear old Richmond at our backs and the enemy in our front.

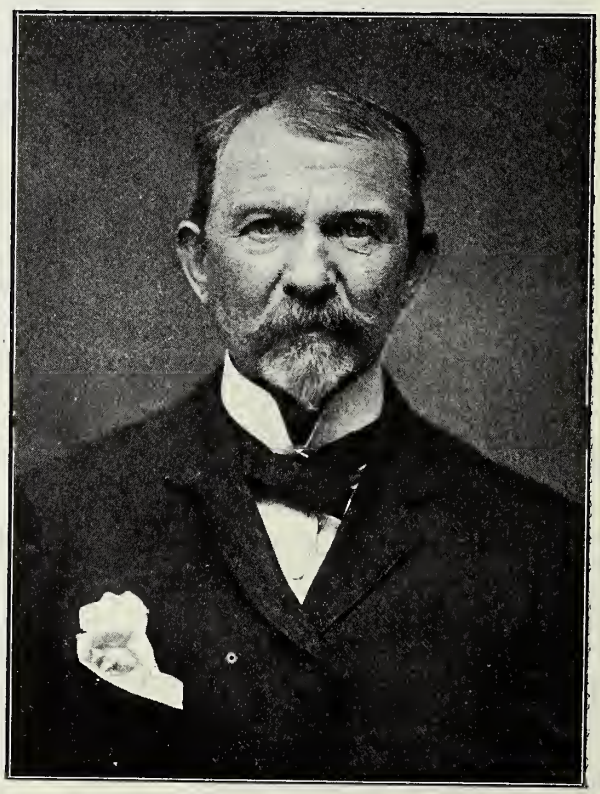
When four miles out, opposite the farm of a Mr. Benjamin Green on the right of the road, we suddenly heard firing and the galloping of horses, and then the sound of men running. It was the Armory Battalion, and small blame to them, as the first thing they knew they were being ridden down by cavalry, every man a tried and proved soldier. After routing the Armory Battalion, Dahlgren wisely decided that on such a night and on unknown ground it would be best to fall back on a meadow over which he had passed, dismount his men, and fight them as infantry. As Major Henley was on his deathbed, Captain Dill was in command of our battalion. The gap in the fence through which the Armory Battalion had entered the field was found, and we took up their former position. Instead of ordering a company forward as skirmishers, as is usual on such occasions, Captain Dill, well knowing that he could get all the men he wanted, chose to ask for five volunteers from each company to act as skirmishers. My father and an elder brother were at rest in beautiful Hollywood; and as I stood in the pelting rain with the lights of old Richmond at my back, the lines came floating in my mind:

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires—
God and your native land!"

As Captain Dill, coming from the left of the line in asking for volunteers, reached our line I at once made up my mind. There they were in our front and Richmond in our backs. We had them to whip, and the sooner we got at it the better. Stepping to the front, I said: "Here is one, Captain." Grey Dowell, next to me, said: "Here is another." The names of the other three I never knew. The enemy were armed with the first magazine gun, a Spencer carbine, carrying nine rounds, while we had the Springfield musket. Any old soldier will know the disadvantage of having to bite his cartridge under the cape of his overcoat to keep his powder dry.

Captain Dill put the five volunteers under my charge, saying: "March one hundred yards to the front, deploy at fifteen paces, and report to Captain Babcock, whom you will find on the right." I found Captain Babcock; but had I not taken the precaution to count my paces, so dark was the night and so blinding the rain, I could never have found my proper position on the skirmish line. After the enemy had dismounted, they had to form column of attack, which, owing to the darkness, took them some time. After a while we could hear the command, "Forward! quick time, march!" and as they came splashing through the grass and water shoe-deep, I was just thinking, "Will Captain Babcock let them run over us?" when just in the nick of time (they could not have been twenty yards from us) came the command calm and deliberate and clear as the sound of a silver trumpet: "Ready! Keep cool, boys; fire low. Fire!" We let them have it.

Our duty as skirmishers having been done, Captain Babcock should have ordered us to fall back on the main line. If he gave such an order, I did not hear it; and as the first duty of a soldier is obedience, I stood my ground. They were all around us. No light save the flashes of their guns, and all we had to do when a gun flashed was to aim in that direction and let them have it. We had heard that Dahlgren wore a cork leg, and all along I had been thinking if I could only get him I would be a made chap. He passed right by me, and as the enemy swept our skirmishers back on the main line I followed them up, banging away in their rear. When they met our main line, they turned; and as the lights from Richmond hung low at their backs, I could plainly see Dahlgren, as he was mounted. I ran possibly twenty yards to cut him off. Dahlgren has long since gone to that God before whom each in our turn must appear; and whatever else he might have been, he was a daring soldier and a "Beau Sabreur." My bayonet could not have been three feet from his chest when my cap burst, my powder being wet. In an instant he knew an enemy was in his front, and, rising in his stirrups, with a downward stroke of his saber he cut for my head. The "Guard against cavalry" was all that saved me. His saber, glancing from my gun, cut entirely through the cape and deep into the left breast of my overcoat, shearing the skin off the wrist of my left arm, and then, spurring his horse, he struck for my chest; but his horse, striking against me, swerved me aside, and I caught the point of his saber deep



MILES CARY.

in the bone of my left forearm, midway between shoulder and elbow. As he passed over me his horse trod on my left thigh. Down I went, gun one way and I the other. I worked my wrist and found that the tendons had not been cut, and turned on my face to keep from being trampled on by our main line as they came on, firing as they came and cheering like mad devils. As they came up to me I stood up. Somebody, stumbling against a man on the ground, said: "Here is one." It was Grey Dowell with a flesh wound through the thigh and bleeding badly.

The enemy were running for their horses, completely routed; the fight was over, dear old Richmond was saved, and we were as happy as lords. We could hear the command from the enemy, "By fours from the right; forward, trot, march!" and they were off for good. There was nothing for us to do but march back to Richmond, carrying the "glad tidings of great joy." Captain Babcock sent for an ambulance which had followed us out, into which Grey Dowell was lifted, and he also told me to get in, as my wounds had become very painful by that time. While yet on the field several had tied handkerchiefs around Grey's leg as best they could, and some one had also tied a wet handkerchief around my wrist. In fact, everything was wet. Nothing could remain dry under that downpour of water. When we got in sight of Sidney Baptist Church, we saw a light streaming from the front door of a Mr. Moran, who was a brick mason. His family, as well as some neighbors, were waiting in fear and trembling, having learned from some of the Armory Battalion who had passed them of the result of the fight on their part, and not knowing but that our battalion would have a like fate.

Mr. Moran and the driver lifted Grey out and laid him on a lounge in the front room, and Mr. Moran then went for a doctor. An elderly lady (the mother of Mr. Moran, I supposed), looking at me, said, "I'm doctor enough for this little fellow," and left the room. In a few minutes she returned, holding in one hand a broom on which she had collected a mass of cobwebs, and in the other a bandage. Sitting in a chair by me, she took my arm in her lap and, untying the wet handkerchief from my wrist and wiping away the blood, slapped the cobwebs on my wrist and fastened the bandage as deftly as if she had done nothing else all her life. It stopped the bleeding all right, but it was many a day before the black mark of the cobwebs wore out of my skin.

I was still in bed—my memory fails me as to the exact date, but from what afterwards occurred every word is engraven on my mind and will remain as long as life lasts.

"I hereby recommend that a furlough for thirty days be granted to Private Miles Cary, of Company K, Henley's Departmental Battalion, for gallant and meritorious conduct on the night of March 4, 1864, at Green's Farm, he being slightly wounded while skirmishing with the enemy.

DILL, *Captain Company K, Commanding Battalion.*"

Major Henley had been buried by the battalion while I was laid up. The next for approval was Gen. G. W. C. Lee. His office was in the Customhouse, the first door to the right as you entered from Bank Street. When I entered his office with my precious slip of paper in my hand, I found myself in front of the usual wire screen running the width of the room, cutting it off from the office proper. In this wire screen there were two pigeonholes. At the one just opposite the door sat a gentleman writing. On the ledge of the window next to Bank Street Gen. Custis Lee was sitting, and in an arm-chair, talking with him, sat that greatest soldier and most finished gentleman of all time—Robert Edward Lee. I handed my much-valued little slip of paper to the gentleman at the desk, with the request that he would hand it to Gen. Custis Lee, which he did. Gen. Custis Lee read it, and then handed it to his great father. I had moved to the right, and was standing by the screen at the other pigeonhole when the two generals walked up to me. My heart was in my throat—somehow I seemed to feel what was coming. By this time several others had come from some inner room, and were standing just behind the Generals Lee. Looking down at me with his kindly brown eyes, "Marse Robert" asked: "How old are you, my lad?" "I will be sixteen on the 5th of June, General." Turning from me, I distinctly heard him say to those behind him: "As long as the boys fight so they will be quite a time whipping us." Then turning to me, he said: "I will approve this myself." Some one handed him a pen, and on the back of my little slip of paper he wrote: "Approved. R. E. Lee, General."

I could not have spoken a word had my life depended upon it. I could only look the gratitude that I felt. As I went out I thought that I would have it framed and hung under the Cary coat-of-arms, that when I should have a son he might know that his "daddy" would under no circumstances turn his back on an enemy when Richmond was in danger. As I went up Bank Street I met Charlie Bargamin, who was coming from the Capitol Square at the Tenth Street gate. With what I still think was pardonable pride I pulled out my furlough and showed it to him. As he handed it back he said: "I would rather have that slip of paper than ride at the head of the finest brigade in the service." I said nothing, but I thought: "Yes; there are many fine brigades and many fine fellows riding at their heads, but I am the only chap with a slip of paper like that." Charlie was at that time in business with his father and an elder brother, Clifford. Their place of business was at the southwest corner of Main and Ninth Streets. Their sign read: "Geo. A. Bargamin & Sons, Dealers in Mantels, Stoves, Hardware and Tinware, etc."

I intended to send my precious furlough home to my mother for safe-keeping; but as it was not found among her papers at her death, in 1867, it is therefore lost to me, except through this account of how some four hundred untried men and boys were pitted against five times their number of tried and proven soldiers, picked for that especial duty, and beat them, thereby saving Richmond. And if this account should be seen by Captain Dill, I am sure he would rewrite the furlough and mail it to me here just as I have stated it was written.

As to my further service in the cause of the Confederacy, on the 14th of October, 1864, I enlisted in the Crenshaw Battery of Richmond, Capt. Thomas Eilett, and spiked my gun (one of ninety-three pieces) on a field two miles from Appomattox C. H., on that memorable Sunday, April 9, 1865.

"But all too long through seas unknown and dark
(With Spencer's parable I close my tale)
By shoal and rock hast steered my bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail;
And as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land."



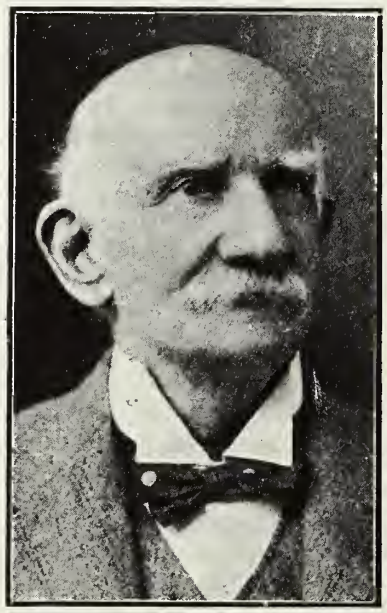
"These are the patriot braves who side by side
Stood to their arms and dashed the foeman's pride,
That Greeks might ne'er to haughty victor bow
Nor thraldom's yoke nor dire oppression know.
They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast
(Such was the doom of heaven) these warriors rest."

Walter S. Crawford.

Walter S. Crawford was born in New Orleans August 26, 1838; and died there April 24, 1907. His residence had been in that city continuously since birth, with the exception of the years he served in the Confederate army.

From the memorial resolutions passed by the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, Camp No. 2, U. C. V., the following tribute is taken:

"Among the first to respond to the South's call to arms was Walter Crawford, and he was one of the very last to surrender. He first saw service in the Crescent Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers. In 1862 he enlisted in Fenner's Louisiana Battery of Field Artillery, and participated with his command in all the battles that made the Army of Tennessee immortal in the annals of history.



W. S. CRAWFORD.

"Courteous and gentle toward all as a citizen, courageous and unflinching in the discharge of every duty as a soldier, Walter S. Crawford was a man whose memory will be lovingly cherished by all who had the privilege of knowing him, and will be for those who survive him as an incentive to give, as he gave, the best that is in them.

"In the death of Comrade Crawford the State of Louisiana suffered the loss of one of her most worthy sons, distinguished as he was by the possession of all the virtues and graces of the gentleman, the citizen, and the soldier, who earned the gratitude of his State by his sufferings in and devotion to her cause in peace and in war, and won for himself the undying love and affection of innumerable friends."

Comrade Crawford is survived by his wife, one son, and two daughters, and also a sister and brother (Richard H. Crawford, of New Orleans, also of Fenner's Battery).

Gen. H. B. Lyon.

At a meeting of the Second Kentucky Brigade, U. C. V., held at Kuttawa, Ky., August 3, Messrs. Henry George and J. W. Hollingsworth were selected to prepare a tribute to the memory of Gen. H. B. Lyon, who died quite suddenly on his farm, near Eddyville, Ky., on April 25, 1907. In their report they said:

"General Lyon was a graduate of West Point; and when the War between the States was declared, he was a lieutenant in the United States army and out on the Indian reservation. At the very beginning of the war he resigned his position there and hastened home to offer his services to the Confederacy. He at once raised and organized a company for a battery of field artillery. He was soon thereafter elected lieutenant colonel of the 8th Kentucky Infantry, and in that capacity commanded that regiment in the battle of Fort Donelson, where he made himself conspicuous for his cool courage and the intelligent manner in which he handled his regiment He surrendered there with the army, and was taken as a prisoner of war to Johnson's Island. He was held for seven months, at the expiration of which time (an agreement between the North and South for an exchange of prisoners having been made) he, with his regiment, was sent South. He entered into active service again, and ere long he was engaged in battle at Baker's Creek, Miss. He was sent to Vicksburg with his regiment, and was there shut in with Pemberton's army. His regiment having been mounted, he was granted permission to fight his way through General Grant's lines, and in this he was successful without the loss of a man. For several weeks he operated in the rear of General Grant's army, and did valiant service for the Confederacy; and when Vicksburg was forced to surrender, he went to Jackson, Miss., and was in the severe battle fought there on the 11th and 12th of July, 1863.

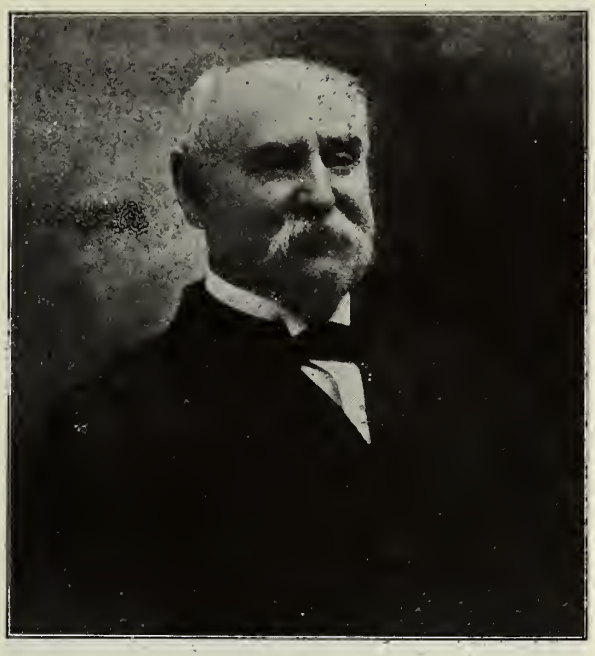
"Comrades will recall the cool, undaunted courage of General Lyon on this occasion, and where he charged the enemy, losing half of his regiment in a few minutes. Notwithstanding his loss was so great, he forced the enemy to retreat, leaving in front of his command forty-five or fifty, more of the enemy dead than his regiment numbered when the fight began.

"In March, 1864, the 3d, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Regiments were brigaded together, and General Lyon was given the command. Lyon's Brigade was with Forrest during his memorable campaign into Middle Tennessee. He fought at Athens, Sulphur, Pulaski, and all other battles under General Forrest. He brought on that fearful engagement at Brice's Crossroads, or Tishomingo Creek, as some call it, where General Forrest gained his most signal victory, one of the most complete victories gained by any general during the war, and which General Forrest himself afterwards said was largely due to the undaunted courage of Gen. H. B. Lyon and his Kentuckians.

"After this he was given a detached command, and with it made a raid into Kentucky in the rear of General Thomas. That raid demonstrated the fact that he was fully competent to lead an independent command; and had he been given an opportunity, he could and would have written his name high up on the walls of fame as a general and leader of men.

"General Lyon was a true, courageous man in all the walks of life. As soldier, legislator, and citizen, he was without hypocrisy or guile. A blunt, honest man, and totally without fear, he spoke his mind on all occasions. Whether it was to applaud a good deed or to denounce infamy, it was no trouble

to secure his opinion of men or measures; and we all can truthfully say that in his death the State has lost one of its



GEN. H. B. LYON.

truest and best citizens, the United Confederate Veterans one of their most courageous comrades, and his family a true husband and loving father."

Capt. W. W. Bailey.

At the annual Reunion of Ben T. Embrey Camp, held on the 7th and 8th of August at Gravel Hill, Pope County, Ark., the Memorial Committee reported eight deaths among the members of the Camp during the past year. Among them was that of Capt. W. W. Bailey, whose death occurred February 19, 1907. He enlisted in Company K, 2d Mississippi Regiment, and served through the war. Sometime after the war he went to Arkansas and located in Franklin County, which he represented in the State Legislature for a time. Some fifteen years ago he located at Atkins, where he died. Comrade Bailey was about seventy-two years old, and left several children and grandchildren.

Deaths in One of the Virginia Camps.

As Chairman of the Committee on Necrology for Westmoreland Camp of Confederate Veterans, Montrose, Va., Dr. M. M. Walker sends several sketches of members which were read before the Camp on last Reunion day, September 26:

Robertson.—Died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., September 1, 1907, Thomas Carolanius Robertson, in the sixty-third year of his age. Son of the late S. W. N. and Lucy Robertson, he was born in Montrose, where he lived until 1893, when he received a government appointment and moved to Portsmouth. In 1862, while yet under age, he joined Company K, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and served faithfully in that command to the surrender. He was a good soldier, a kind and affectionate husband and father, and a genial and courteous man to all about him. Above all, he was a consistent member of the Church of Christ.

Dr. William Henry Fairfax.

William H. Fairfax was born in Cameron, King George County, Va., December 10, 1834; and died at his home, La Grange, one mile from the Hague, April 3, 1907. He was the son of Ferdinand Fairfax, M.D., and Mary Jett Fairfax.

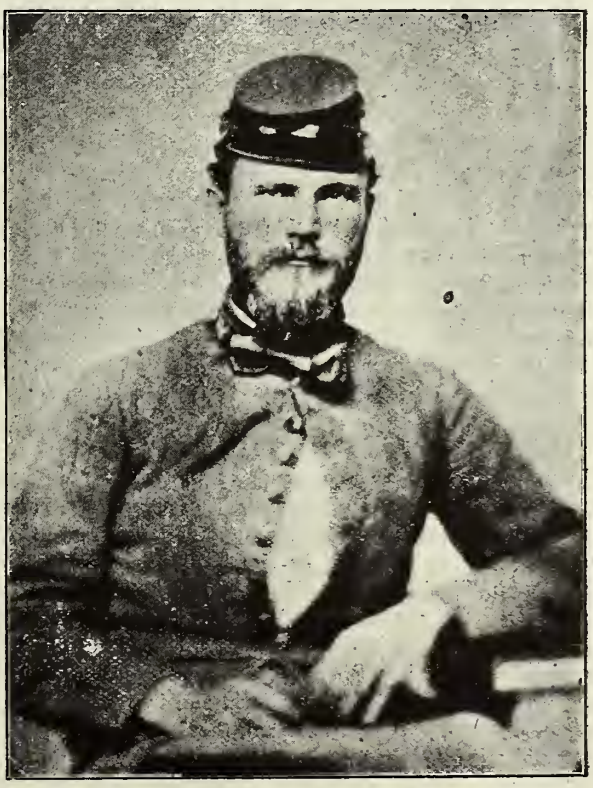
Dr. Fairfax sprang from generations of soldiers and statesmen. The poet Milton eulogizes a brave ancestor for firm, unshaken virtue and knightly feats at arms:

"Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise."

The first Lord Fairfax, who was the third or fourth in the baronial line, came to this country early in the eighteenth century with a land grant for what was called the Northern Neck of Virginia, and which comprises, as now laid out, fifteen counties in that State and five in West Virginia. The founder of the family was knighted by Queen Elizabeth about the middle of the sixteenth century. * * *

Dr. Fairfax was educated at Rappahannock Academy, in Caroline County, and William Mahone, afterwards a major general, was one of his instructors. He studied medicine with his father, and later at the Medical College of Virginia, from which he graduated in 1853, and entered at once on the practice of his profession. He enlisted for the war as a private in the "Potomac Rifles," afterwards Company K, 40th Virginia Infantry. Early in the contest he was promoted to surgeon in the army, as which he served to the close of the struggle.

Dr. Fairfax was married soon after the war closed to Miss Eleanor Griffith, the devoted wife who survives him, and moved to Tennessee to join his father, who had preceded him. He remained but a year in Tennessee, and upon returning to Virginia continued the practice of medicine. Later he was elected treasurer of the county, holding the office for eight



DR. WILLIAM H. FAIRFAX.

years. He later settled in the lower part of the county, and practiced his profession to within a few weeks of his death.

Dr. Fairfax had held the position of Surgeon of Westmoreland Camp since its organization, and his fellow-members sadly miss his genial presence and wise counsel. True to the virtue of his ancestral lineage, he was a lover and follower of all things high and noble, measuring up to his full duty as a citizen. As a soldier, his true courage quailed not in the face of difficulty and danger; as a husband and father, he was gracious, gentle, and loving; as a friend, his memory will ever remain as a treasure to all who knew him. Faithful to every trust, honorable in his dealings with all mankind, he was a man among men.

Of such as these the world is made better. They richly deserve the highest commendations of their fellow-men, and especially of those who fought for Southern rights and constitutional liberty.

Judge Samuel Stewart Carlisle.

John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash., loses a most valued and useful member in the death of Judge Samuel S. Carlisle, one of the best-known lawyers of Seattle. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Judge Carlisle was a veteran of the Civil War, having served with distinction in the Confederate army, in which he reached the rank of major of ordnance. He was a member of the 1st Missouri Infantry, under the command of Gen. John S. Bowen, and was promoted from the ranks to a position on the General's staff in direct recognition of bravery on the field of battle. He was in active service all the while, and his record was a brilliant one.

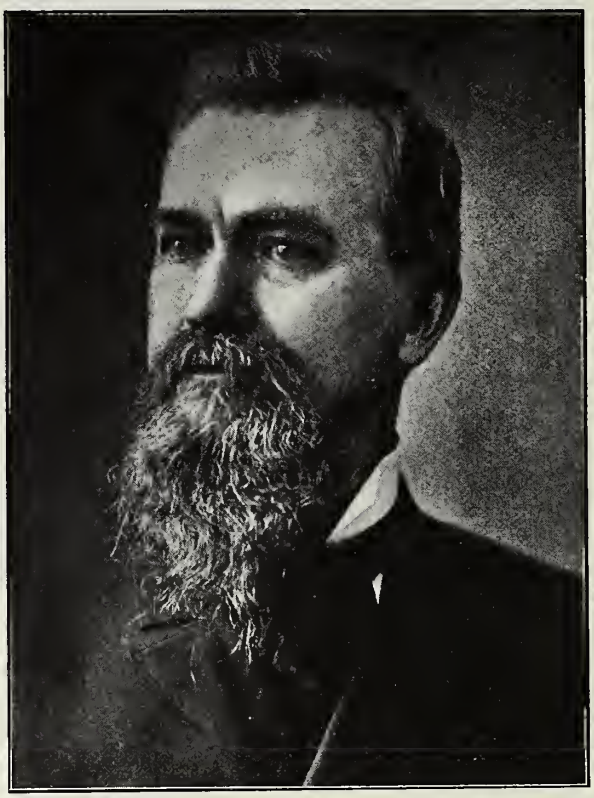
Judge Carlisle was a charter member of John B. Gordon Camp. He is survived by his widow and two sisters, Mrs. Bettie C. Larimore, of Seattle, and Mrs. Josephine Austin, of St. Louis; also three brothers, John L., David, and Frank Carlisle, all of St. Louis.

Judge Carlisle was born in Philadelphia February 11, 1836; but removed with his parents at an early age to St. Louis, Mo., where he lived until the breaking out of the war. In 1865 he located in New Orleans, where in 1868 he was married to Miss Sallie Holmes. He was most prominent in the civil affairs of New Orleans, and served four years in the Senate of Louisiana. At the request of President Cleveland he resigned this office to accept the position of Minister to Bolivia, which office he filled from 1887 to 1890. Upon his retirement from diplomatic service Judge Carlisle went to Seattle, where he had resided since. His health had been poor for many months, and he was preparing to retire from active practice.

George W. Logan.

Lieut. George W. Logan, Company C, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, died at his residence, in Shelbyville, Ky., October 5, 1907, of heart failure. He was a descendant of one of four brothers who came to America from the North of Ireland in 1734. He was born in Shelby County, Ky., October 12, 1828, a son of Alexander and Verlinda Offutt Logan, and attended the school of Samuel V. Womack, where he was a classmate of Cols. J. Stoddard and William Preston Johnston. His education was finished at Hanover College, Indiana, and in 1852 he went to Oregon, where he assisted in taking the first census of Washington Territory, having crossed the plains with thirty-five companions. While in Oregon he was the guest for a time of Capt. U. S. Grant, afterwards general, and then President of the United States. From 1855 to 1858 he was a merchant and miner in California, later returning to Kentucky for a short stay, and then went to Missouri to reside.

In 1861 Mr. Logan enlisted as a private in Major Bowman's



GEORGE W. LOGAN.

Battalion of Missouri State Guards, and participated in the battle of Elkhorn Tavern. In July, 1862, he was appointed adjutant of Colonel Kavanaugh's Missouri Regiment; but soon thereafter resigned while the regiment was in Arkansas, and rode with a single companion back through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee to Kentucky; and after spending a few days at home he joined Gen. John Morgan's command at Lexington, Ky., as a private in Company C, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Cluke. He was soon promoted to second lieutenant, and while with Morgan on a raid was captured at Salineville and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio. Later he was confined at Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, Md., and Fort Delaware, and finally released on June 20, 1865.

After the war Comrade Logan returned to Shelbyville and entered the milling business, and was President of the Logan Company at the time of his death. He was married in 1867 to Miss Josephine Bell, who survives him with four children—Albert Logan, of Omaha, Nebr.; Rev. Charles Logan, a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church, now stationed at Tokishima, Japan; and Harry and Miss Mary B. Logan, of Shelbyville.

At a meeting of John H. Waller Camp, No. 237, U. C. V., it was resolved: "That in the death of our comrade this Camp has lost a valued and loyal member, and one whose life was a blessing to this community. His genial, whole-souled nature endeared him to his old comrades and to every class of persons in this community. He was one of nature's noblemen, of quiet, unassuming manners, and established a reputation for honorable and upright dealings with all men."

Mrs. Cassie Kirby-Smith.

Her multitude of friends were shocked by the news that the widow of Gen. Edmund Kirby-Smith had died on the morning of November 3. She had been ill for a week or so, but seemed hopeful of recovery even on Saturday night.

The funeral was conducted in the chapel at Sewanee, Confederate veterans and the Kirby-Smith Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, attending in bodies. In the procession from the residence to the chapel these organizations followed the casket on foot in advance of the family and others in carriages. Every Daughter of the Confederacy carried a floral offering and wore the Chapter colors.

This beloved woman had every conceivable honor shown her. She was Miss Cassie Selden, of Lynchburg, Va., and was wooed and won by Gen. E. Kirby-Smith while in a hospital at Lynchburg on account of a serious wound received in the first battle of Manassas. They were soon married, and she was much with him during the war. Two of their children were born in that period. They were blessed with eleven children, six daughters and five sons, all of whom are living. Four of the daughters and two of the sons are married, and there are thirteen grandchildren. Some of them living remotely could not attend the funeral.

She was of a distinguished family in the Old Dominion,



MRS. CASSIE SELDEN KIRBY-SMITH.

in which there were fourteen children, five of whom survive her. She was seventy years old in September.

While General Kirby-Smith was a native of Florida, he lived much of the time after the war in Tennessee. At the conclusion of hostilities he went to Mexico; but, while Maximilian esteemed him greatly, the General found that his residence there might prejudice the United States authorities against that government, so he went to Matanzas, Cuba. While there his wife visited Gen. U. S. Grant in the hope that he might be permitted to return to the United States, when she was assured that it would be most agreeable to have him do so.

Upon his return, General Kirby-Smith took charge of the military school in Kentucky; but from 1872 to 1875 he was connected with the University of Nashville, when he became connected with the University of the South, at Sewanee. The Kirby-Smith home was the Confederate rendezvous at Sewanee, and one of the veterans said yesterday: "This will end our picnics at Sewanee."

The Kirby-Smith home had been Confederate headquarters at Sewanee for many years. Their children and children's children will, however, maintain the principles espoused so ardently by General Kirby-Smith and his worthy, noble helpmeet.

Tribute by Miss Green, her Chapter President:

"The Kirby-Smith Chapter, U. D. C., of Sewanee, Tenn., has sustained another very sad loss in the death of Mrs. Edmund Kirby-Smith, their honorary charter member. She had been identified with Sewanee life for thirty-two years, her husband, Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, having come to the University of the South as professor of mathematics in 1875. She was Miss Caroline Selden, of Lynchburg, Va., married when she was very young, and was one of the most devoted wives and mothers ever known.

"One never associated death with Mrs. Kirby-Smith. Her life was so kindly, her temperament so cheerful, and her warm heart went out to those around her with such childlike simplicity, touching the most callous and endearing her to all. that it seemed that she might be spared for many years more. She represented the type, now almost passed away, of warm Southern hospitality, and nothing delighted her more than entertaining the veterans at her home when the Chapter distributed crosses of honor each year on the 3d of June, and those who attended these reunions will recall her smiling, hearty welcome and cheerful words for all."

B. B. Raiford.

B. B. Raiford was born near Goldsboro, N. C., in March, 1847; and died October 18, 1907. He was at school at LaPlace Academy, near Mt. Olive, in 1864, and enlisted from there in what was known as Company A, 71st Regiment, N. C. S. G., at the age of seventeen. In April of that year he was made first sergeant of his company, in which capacity he served till the close of the war, participating in three battles—Bellfield, Va., Kinston and Bentonville, N. C.

It was the proudest day of his young life when he went forth as a Confederate soldier, and in the evening of life he was among the immortal patriots of that memorable struggle who wear the Southern cross of honor as a token of their fidelity to the cause of the beloved Southland. He served with distinction until the banner of the South was furled forever, and so indelibly affixed was his company's muster roll in his mind that he could call it almost perfectly until his death.

The Veteran is ever diligent to pay tribute to Confederates whose records are worthy models. There is no charge except in the use of engravings, and that only for their cost. It is especially desirous to make record of those who were patrons. Even where the family does not desire subscription continued, it is very appropriate to make record of the noble men who supported it.

BATTLE OF BELMONT, MO., NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

BY DON SINGLETARY, CLINTON, KY.

In Series I., Volume 53, page 506, of the "War of the Rebellion: Official Records," Gen. U. S. Grant, in a dispatch to Washington dated November 7, 1861, at Cairo, Ill., says: "We met the Rebels near Belmont, and drove them step by step into their camps and across the river. The Rebels recrossed the river and followed in our rear to a place of embarkation. Losses heavy on both sides."

Testimony to the Contrary.

We, the undersigned, were in Columbus, Ky., on November 7, 1861, and witnessed the battle of Belmont, Mo., between the Union forces, under Gen. U. S. Grant, and the Confederates, under Generals Polk and Pillow, and we know and do certify that neither the Confederate army nor any part of it was driven across the river, nor did any part of the Confederate army leave the Belmont side until General Grant and the Union army had been driven entirely off the field and the Confederates were in full possession thereof. [Here follow fifty-six signatures with post office address.—Editor Veteran.]

The above dispatch, signed and sent by Gen. U. S. Grant himself to the War Department at Washington as true history (?), is false, and General Grant sent it doubtless because he had fought that battle without any orders (as shown on page 507 of the same book mentioned above by a dispatch from Chauncey McKeever, A. A. G., to Major General Fremont from Cincinnati November 9, 1861), and had been badly whipped and driven off the field in a rout and a run, as he really admits in the above dispatch.

I call attention to this record to illustrate one of the many points of false history read and believed by our Northern brothers. Everybody ought to be willing to know and accept the truth. I wish every person who witnessed that Belmont battle would write me the facts about it as he or she saw it. Did General Grant tell the truth about driving us across the river?

In the beginning of the Belmont battle we were surprised, and had time to get only Pillow's Brigade of three regiments over the river, together with Tappan's 13th Arkansas Regiment, Beltzoover Battery (four pieces), and two companies of scouts. With only a few rounds of ammunition we opened the battle against a very much larger force under General Grant. I had only seven cartridges, and others had about the same; we soon ceased to fire—were out of ammunition. Then we were ordered to fall back to the river. We did so, and got ammunition; and by that time General Cheatham's Brigade had gotten across the river, and we then whipped Grant's forces and ran them off the field. Next day he sent a flag of truce, and we let him bury his dead.

At Shiloh we met General Grant again, and surprised him and whipped him badly; and but for Buell's timely arrival Grant would have been retired forever, I think.

STATUE AND SHAFT TO CAPT. M. T. NUNNALLY.

Capt. Matthew Talbot Nunnally fell in the battle of Gettysburg contending for the rights of his State, Georgia. His sister, Mrs. Mary Nunnally Sandidge, has recently erected a handsome monument to his memory.

In 1861 young Nunnally was a cadet at West Point, but came home promptly and went to the front as captain of a company, and was killed July 2 in the second day's battle at Gettysburg.

The monument is about twenty-five feet high, and is of Georgia marble except the statue, which is of Italian marble. On each corner there is carved a column. The die on the west side is carved with a Confederate flag. The statue represents the young soldier in the uniform of a Confederate captain of infantry, and is a lifelike reproduction of a very handsome physique.

The inscriptions on the four faces of the die are:

South side of the die: "Matthew Talbot Nunnally, son of William B. and Mary Talbot Nunnally. Born in this county March 18, 1839. A cadet from Georgia, he entered United States Military Academy at West Point, from which, after a meritorious record, he resigned upon the secession of his State from the Union. In June, 1861, he was mustered into the Confederate army for the period of the war as captain of Walton's Infantry, Company 11, of the 11th Georgia Regiment, of Barstow's Brigade, afterwards Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. On July 2, 1863, he was killed while commanding his company in the second day's battle of Gettysburg."

On the east side of the die is the following beautiful tribute written by Ex-Gov. Henry P. McDaniel, major of the 11th Georgia Regiment, who witnessed his death: "A young man of fine presence and talents, of high purpose and courage, of genial nature, and of devotion to his profession. His years of training at West Point fitted him to become a model soldier; he was rigid, but kindly in discipline, unremitting in attention to duty, and mindful of the safety and comfort of his command. Always cheerful, sharing hardships and dangers. He led his company through many battles with marked distinction, and he fell while cheering on his company in the charge of Hood's Division, which drove the enemy from the Devil's Den woods, over the slopes of Devil's Den Ridge to the shelter of Round Top Mountain and of Little Round Top. He was lamented by all who knew him, and by none



MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN NUNNALLY.

so much as by the men of his company, who respected, admired, and loved him for his great worth."

On the face side is the following inscription: "A tribute of loving remembrance from Mary Nunnally Sandidge to the memory of her brother, whose young career was brief, brave, and glorious."

On the west side of the die and just underneath the flag are the following lines:

"For fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must."

HARDSHIP IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

BY P. H. PRINCE, CONWAY, ARK.

I was in Camp Douglas at the time Lincoln was killed and when the Federal soldier climbed the flag pole and fell. I was in the hospital (second story), located in an open square, about two hundred yards from the flag pole. About eight o'clock in the morning a man standing at the window exclaimed: "Look at that d— Yankee falling from the top of the flag pole!" In a little while the papers came in, giving an account of Booth's having killed President Lincoln. It was said that the cord attached to the flag had gotten out of fix so it could not be lowered, and they had offered a sixty days' furlough to the man who would climb the pole and right the cord, and that the man who had fallen one hundred and fifty feet to the platform around the pole had knocked a hole through two-inch planks, and that he lived for more than two hours afterwards. Soon after that we saw another man climb the pole and fix the cord that raised and lowered the flag, and the flag was half-mast; but I had never heard who it was.

When I came out of Camp Douglas, on June 17, 1865, I passed by the flag pole, and remembered the Yankee's falling, and saw the hole he knocked through the platform in falling.

I was reared in Tallahatchie County, Miss., the son of William Prince. My grandfather, Daniel Prince, of Morgan County, Ga., had fifteen sons and daughters of the same mother, and reared them all to maturity. All married and had children except one daughter, the eldest child, and there were one hundred and eleven sons and daughters and grandchildren of Daniel Prince living at the commencement of the Civil War, and seventeen of those sons and grandsons were killed on the battlefields of that war. I and four brothers were in the war, three of whom were killed, while I, the youngest, and the other survivor were captured. I served in Sanders's Scouts under Forrest. I enlisted about a year before the close of the war, and was captured and carried, with thirty-nine others, to Camp Douglas on the 23d of November, 1864. In two weeks twenty-four of us, out of the forty, had died of smallpox, pneumonia, and other diseases. I was the only one of the forty that lived to the surrender. Disease and the want of something to eat caused the death of all the others. We had gone from a warm climate, and our clothes were thin and light, and smallpox and pneumonia made sad havoc among us. To give some idea of the treatment of Confederates in Camp Douglas, I will mention about myself and J. J. Murphy, who lay on a plank bunk together, with no bed and only one light blanket under us and one over us, when at times the thermometer was twenty below zero. There were about two hundred of us in the same barracks, and we were about as well fixed as any of them. Often our fellow-prisoners were found frozen dead in their bunks in the morning. The vermin was so bad that our shirts would be bloody in a short time, and we got to wash our underclothes only once in every nine days. They consisted of one thin calico shirt and a thin pair of cotton drawers. There was a washhouse, if we could get in it very early before it was filled up, where we could do this washing. On one occasion Murphy said: "Prince, if you will get up before day and get us a tub, we will get in that washhouse early." Now, the rules were very strict. We had to lie down when the bugle blew at sundown, and get up when the bugle blew at sunup, unless for some special call. Our barrack was straight with the street and about three hundred yards from the hydrant, and I could go that far without being shot by the police, and then turn to the left down another street about four hundred yards to Barrack 13, under which the tubs had been left the evening before. So I got up about a half hour before day and went the route to Barrack 13, stooped down to put my hand on a tub, when I heard the "Prairie Bull," whose voice I knew well, swear at me an awful oath, and at the same time he shot at me, the ball passing through the top of the tub that my hand was on. I knew it meant death if I did not get away, so I jumped to the door of Barrack 13, and he sent another ball at the door facing me, and then followed me with cursing. There was a prayer going up all the time that I might escape. I squatted down in the hall of the house, praying that he might pass and not see me as he came in, and thus give me a chance to get out and run. In my heart I was calling on God to give me the strength if the brute saw me to take his pistol from him and kill him with it; but, as I had hoped, he had his head up swearing as he passed by me, and I went out on my toes.

By this time I had my courage up, and I took the tub that the bullet went in and ran with all my might. The snow was from one to two feet deep and the thermometer twenty below zero, and the wind blew as only it can blow off Lake Michigan; but I made it to the hydrant, and I am satisfied no Yankee saw the race. I drew the tub half full of water, picked it up, carried it into our washhouse, which was some one hundred feet away, and found there about thirty other Confederates fixing for an early wash. About this time two Yankees came, one to each door of the house, and I got back to the wall where a window was up about two feet and rolled out into the snow, while the Yankees drove the other boys off to the wooden horse (called "Morgan"), which was fifteen feet high; and while I was lying there in the snow the "Prairie Bull" had driven the two hundred men out of Barrack 13 because they did not tell where I was—the fellow who ran into that barrack when he shot at me. These men were asleep in their bunks and had not seen me at all. He was carrying all these men to ride them on the wooden horse in the cold, none of them having on all their clothes. As I lay there in the snow I had a hearty laugh, I suppose because I had gotten away and was rejoicing over what I thought was smart and daring in me. I went into the washhouse and Murphy came with our garments, and in a few minutes we had them washed and back to our barrack. As we went in the bugle blew sunup, the time for us to have gotten up for the day.

One other thing that took place the morning that Lincoln died. The Yankee policeman who called the roll by having the men counted, when he got through, said: "Boys, J. Wilkes Booth shot Abraham Lincoln last night at the theater in

Washington City, and he died this morning at six o'clock." One of the Confederates, an Irishman, replied: "A d— good thing; he ought to have been in h— long ago." At once the policeman began to beat this Irishman over the head with a stick and took him to the famous wooden horse and put him astraddle of it, tied the half of a coal stove to each leg, and then they stuck their bayonets in him and tried to make him take it back and say that he was sorry he made the statement; but he cursed them and Lincoln the more, saying that he had only spoken the truth. In about a half hour afterwards he died from the abuse, but was game to the last. I did not see this, as I was at the hospital; but the boys told me all about it when I was returned to the barracks. I was devoted to this Irishman. Although he was not acquainted with me, still on one occasion while in Camp Douglas I was being beaten by a large, strong man about a trifling matter in which he was to blame, and while others stood by and saw the unequal combat this Irishman knocked him down and told him to get up and fight a man and let the boy alone.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

[P. J. White, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, has written a vivid account of the battle at Winchester, Va., from which this is taken.]

I have never forgotten the battle fought near Winchester, on the Berryville and Martinsburg roads, September 19, 1864. The Confederate army, commanded by Gen. Jubal A. Early, was outnumbered four to one, yet made a heroic and very nearly a successful struggle to maintain its position from early dawn till sundown, holding its own in the center with obstinate valor while both wings were bent back like a crescent.

How often in thinking over the tragedy of that day have the words of Roderick Dhu to Fitz James when in their death grapple occurred to my mind:

"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own;
No maiden's arm is around thee thrown."

The Confederate army occupied an open plain and a position easily flanked on either side, a most unfortunate situation, considering the great odds to which we were opposed, and which was finally the cause of our undoing, when the Federals were unable to force our lines in front. Col. Thomas H. Carter, General Early's chief of artillery, said to me on one occasion that it was the hardest stand-up, all-day fight he was in during the war. The day was ours, the field having been held against the repeated and desperate assaults of two army corps, each outnumbering our whole army, with heavy losses on both sides, until late in the evening, when a heavy body of cavalry, as large as our whole army and accompanied by fresh bodies of infantry, all newly arrived upon the field, advanced against our left flank on the Martinsburg road. This overwhelming force it was impossible to stay with the handful of men that we could oppose to it. Yet our lines fell back in good order, and we passed through Winchester as the setting sun was sinking behind Fort Hill, reflecting with its departing rays the flashing sabers of ten thousand Federal horsemen against the evening sky—a most magnificent though hostile array. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee is inseparably connected with the events of that day. How well do I recall his soldierly figure on the field of battle as, followed by his staff and astride his beautiful mare, Nellie Gray, he led us across the field from right to left! Later he went down with a grievous wound, and poor Nellie Gray was mortally wounded.

At one time our little division of only two brigades was widely separated, one brigade being upon each flank. This in a large measure was our salvation, in my opinion, Wickham's Brigade, from the right, being able to reach and occupy Fort Hill before the Federal cavalry, which had passed us on our left, could do so, and thus keep them out and the way open for our retreat. From the field where Jackson and Ewell, Taylor and Wheat won imperishable fame the Confederate army slowly retired, never to return.

Such was Winchester on that memorable day, and such are some of the memories of the long ago. Seeing it stated that the Governor of Massachusetts has very recently visited this historic spot on the occasion of the dedication of a monument to the Union dead that lie buried there reminds me that the Confederate and Federal soldiers there rest side by side, as it were (the cemeteries adjoining), upon and near the fields where contending armies strove. They rest from their warfare and their works do follow them. Here blue and gray in dreamless sleep are wrapped in fadeless green; here "unknown and unrecorded dead" have everlasting rest; here beauteous flowers of loveliest hue and feathered songsters with sweetest notes hallow the rest of the warrior dead.

LIFE OF GEN. R. E. LEE, SOLDIER AND MAN.

Dr. J. William Jones has been a prolific writer on Confederate men and things. In 1874 he published "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of R. E. Lee," and since then "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," "The Davis Memorial Volume," "Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume," appendix to Cooke's "Life of Jackson," "School History of the United States," fourteen volumes of "Southern Historical Society Papers," and many articles for encyclopedias, magazines, and newspapers designed to illustrate Confederate history and vindicate the name and fame of our cause, our leaders, and our people.

Dr. Jones's last book has been pronounced by competent critics the best piece of work that he has ever done. His intimate association with General Lee, his free access (by the kindness of the family) to the private letters and papers of the great chieftain, his study of everything that has been written concerning him, and his enthusiastic admiration for the soldier and the man have all prepared him for this work, which he has done with painstaking accuracy.

He has so interwoven General Lee's letters, many of them published for the first time, into the narrative as to make him tell the story of his own life. There is a splendid outline of Lee's campaigns and battles, showing clearly the great odds in numbers and resources against which he fought and the splendid genius which overcame these obstacles and won victories which illustrate brightest pages of American history. But perhaps the chief value of the book is the treatment of Lee, the man, bringing out those noble traits of character which made him a model for our young men.

Dr. Jones was chaplain of Washington College during the time that General Lee was its president, was thrown every day into the most intimate relations with him, and was thus enabled to draw a vivid picture of him as college president, citizen, husband, father, and thorough Christian gentleman.

The book has received the strongest commendation of the press all over the country, North as well as South, and is recommended as worthy of a place in every library.

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KIND OF MONUMENTS TO ERECT.

A patron who has studied this subject writes:

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"The North and West with their wealth have advanced rapidly in erecting monuments to their warriors. The South is just about starting, and well may she look before she leaps. This thing of erecting enduring evidences to last for time immemorial is no small task, and should not be taken up lightly. The future will judge us by them. As we sow, so shall we reap, and the harvest will be in direct proportion to the art and merit in our work; but adverse proportions will arise in the wake of many of the monuments erected throughout the country. It is to prevent this that I beg to call your attention to the small amount of art and the large amount of material in our country's monuments. We want 'the biggest job for the money,' while our friends, the French, always call for the 'most art in the smallest space.' Let those in charge of these emblems of honor and glory ever bear this in mind. The closer they get to that ideal, the nearer they have fulfilled their great and arduous duty.

"You may ask why we do not attain the heights of Père La Chaise. Is it because we can't? Not so. It is because we are going at it wrong. Our committees and commissions are soldiers, and not architects. It is right they should have charge of the last rites to their honored loved ones; but this does not mean they must decide on designs, drawings, and details. It means they are in the same position as the commission appointed to erect a public building, whose first step is to get an architect; so let the monument committee get a monumental architect or artist. Let them also associate themselves with some one who understands practically the materials out of which they wish the monument built. This party need not be an artist nor a monumental architect; but his technical knowledge will do much to help, while the art side of the problem will come from the artist.

"May our ladies (God bless them!), who have charge of practically all of our Southern public monuments, fight shy of what has been done in the past. Let them bear in mind that they are buying art, not stone nor metal; and if they but serve that god with half the zeal they have served their cause, generations will rise up to call them blessed, and our South will go down to posterity as a people of taste and refinement."

Do let us take heed on this subject. It seems unfortunate to erect statues upon shafts so high that outlines of the figure are lost. Granite is so much more durable than marble that where practicable the figures should be bronze and the bases of granite. If a fine figure is procured, either bronze or granite, do place it so the art may be enjoyed. The VETERAN makes earnest plea in this matter. Make monuments durable as possible.

TENNESSEEANS IN OTHER SOUTHERN STATES.—The tenacity of Tennesseeans for the South and the migratory disposition of the people are shown in the following statistics: There are 130,389 natives of Tennessee in Texas; in Arkansas, 84,644; in Missouri, 64,972; in Kentucky, 59,500; in Alabama, 31,035; in Mississippi, 22,984; in Georgia, 11,965; in Virginia, 9,015; in California, 7,268; in North Carolina, 6,784; in Louisiana, 4,708. "These States lead the others in the number of Tennesseeans," and the grand total is 566,465.

GEN. J. B. GORDON'S PICTURE FOR ALABAMA.

Capt. C. P. Rogers's Presentation Address.

It is my pleasing duty, sir, to present to you as the Custodian of Archives and History of the State of Alabama this magnetic life-size portrait of our late Commander in Chief, Gen. John B. Gordon, who led Alabama troops to victory on many a bloody field. Gordon belongs to Alabama as well as to Georgia, as he entered the army as a captain of the 6th Alabama Regiment and became its colonel, and then commanded a brigade of Alabama troops consisting of the 5th, 6th, and 12th Alabama Regiments, who illustrated the valor of the Confederate soldier and shed luster on the name of Alabama.

It has been said that "fame is a fancied life on other's breath," but not so with General Gordon. He lived to a good old age, and enjoyed all the honors that a grateful people could bestow.

Coming out of the war with honorable wounds, he devoted his life to the rehabilitation of the South, and did all that he could by precept and example to allay the prejudices of war, and he endeavored to make the Union a reunited country in fact as well as in name. He was called to the governorship of his native State, and became a United States Senator from Georgia, honored and esteemed by all sections of the country.

His former companions in arms bestowed upon him the highest honor they could bestow by making him their Commander in Chief, which office he held as long as he lived, and he died lamented by friend and foe alike.

From a captain of infantry he rose rapidly through all the grades of the service, and attained the high rank of lieutenant general, and was the tried and trusted friend of the immortal Robert E. Lee, and his meteoric career will be remembered as long as Seven Pines, Malone Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and Appomattox have a place in history.

A nation's history is the sum of its great exploits, and poor are the rulers who fail to treasure up and record the virtues and exploits of its heroes. We present to the State of Alabama this picture of this illustrious character with the hope that when the youth of our country shall look upon it they may be inspired to emulate his example; and should the occasion arrive to defend that country, they will do so with equal patriotism and fortitude as did Gen. John B. Gordon.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen's Acceptance.

Dr. Owen replied that he felt a twofold pleasure in accepting the gift—"in the opportunity personally of seeing you here and looking into your brave and noble faces, and as standing as the representative of the great State of Alabama in receiving it."

Dr. Owen pledged that it would be kept, so far as any one would or could tell, preserved in the State's gallery forever, an object lesson of patriotism, of high ideals, of noble endeavor.

The speaker referred to Gordon as "one of the knightliest of that knightly race" that struggled in the bloody days from 1861 to 1865; and then turning from Gordon to those before him, he said: "Alabama has great material resources, but the greatest asset in Alabama's wealth is the presence of you heroes of that unequal strife in her midst; for it is you who have made her what she is, in the rehabilitation of fortune in the midst of the dire distress of the dark days of reconstruction."

The utmost enthusiasm of the audience punctuated the excellent speeches of Captain Rogers and Dr. Owen. This action is suitably suggestive. Every Southern capital should have General Gordon's portrait.

The painting is the product of the brush of Mrs. I. R. Gregory, of Atlanta, a sister of Captain Rogers, much of whose work adorns the Capitol of Georgia.

EXPLOSION BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY W. A. CALLAWAY, 26 CHURCH STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

Mr. N. K. Nelson's article in the November Veteran, pages 508 and 509, gives a very comprehensive and correct account of General Hood's campaign in Tennessee after the fall of Atlanta. He mentions an incident which occurred in my company (Young's Battery, from Columbus, Ga.) on the afternoon of the battle of Franklin. I refer to the explosion of our limber (ammunition) chest. We were going at a rapid gait on the pike, which was very rough, in order to catch up with the rest of our command, which had gotten ahead of us. The rough pike had caused some of the fuse igniters, or caps, to get out of the tray and under the shells, thus causing the explosion of forty rounds of shells. They did not all explode simultaneously, and it sounded like an artillery duel. This caused almost a stampede in the ranks of a brigade of infantry half a mile ahead of us. Supposing that we had been ambushed, they came back at double-quick to our rescue. I was in six feet of the explosion, but escaped injury. Two of our men were riding on the chest, and were torn utterly into pieces.

Some two years after the war I met a young lady, and we were casually discussing the war. She remarked that she had a brother in the army, but had never heard of him. It developed in the conversation that one of the men on the limber chest that afternoon was her brother, Dink Watson, of Russell County, Ala.

[The foregoing illustrates the value of the Veteran in procuring information about those who fell in the battles of the Confederacy.]

"SOUTHERN AUTHORS IN POETRY AND PROSE."

The fourth of a series of books on Southern literature is "Southern Authors in Poetry and Prose," a collection of biographical and critical essays, with selections from the writers, by Mrs. Kate Alma Orgain, of Temple, Tex. The work is intended not only for the general reader and the student of letters, but for a text-book for the use of high schools and colleges. The biography of each author is presented in a clear and attractive manner, some critical comments and estimates are given, followed by several typical selections from the author's writings, the titles of his books, and the name and address of his publisher. In selecting these authors from the long honor roll of Southern writers, Mrs. Orgain has happily ignored many traditional lines of classification. She presents poets and prose writers, novelists and essayists, men and women. Among the poets are Timrod, Ticknor and Hayne, Irwin Russell, William Gilmore Simms, John R. Thompson, John Esten Cooke, and Theodore O'Hara; and among the novelists are Augusta J. Evans, Elizabeth W. Bellamy, Virginia L. French, Mary Noailles Murfree, Grace Elizabeth King, and Marion Harland—a most gracious and charming company.

Mrs. Orgain is eminently fitted to write of this company, having been long identified with the best in Texas literature.

Published by the Neale Company, Washington and New York. Price, $2; postage, 14 cents.

Books for Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans

THE BOY IN GRAY

BY GEORGE G. SMITH

In a neat work of nearly 300 pages, the author, a member of Phillips's Legion, Georgia Volunteers, has narrated most interestingly many of the thrilling scenes of the war. He has written the book in the interest of peace—that the young people of the Southland might know how nobly their fathers bore themselves in the war, and how grandly their mothers and sisters toiled at home. The book should be found in every Southern home. It is beautifully bound in gray cloth and gold. 266 pages. Price, postpaid, 60 cents.

Address THE EPWORTH ERA, Nashville, Tenn.

A NARRATIVE of the CIVIL WAR

BY A. E. SNYDER

This is a truthful narrative of the facts and events of the great War between the States, the Civil War, written in a plain style and chronologically arranged. It is designed especially for the young people of the South, and covers the entire subject in a way that makes it intensely interesting and of great value to all who wish to know correctly about the war and its various phases. The book is handsomely bound and contains many interesting illustrations. Price, postpaid, 60 cents. Send all orders to

THE EPWORTH ERA, Nashville, Tenn.

"THE WELDING."

A distinctly strong impression is made by Miss Lafayette McLaws's latest book, "The Welding," a novel dealing with the welding of the nation after civil strife. A broad view is taken by this author on questions pertaining to that most momentous period in our history—a view not altogether in accord with the sentiment of Southern people generally. The characters brought forth are among the leaders of that day, and among the great men introduced are Clay, Calhoun, Webster, President Lincoln, President Davis, General Lee, General Grant, and others; but that most lovingly portrayed is the character of the great and good Alexander H. Stephens. The hero of the story, David Twiggs Hamilton, a boy of the Cracker class who becomes a protégé of Mr. Stephens, by whom he is educated, is taken through many stirring episodes; and though his heart is given to a girl whose people and whose sentiment are against the South on account of slavery, David remains true to his State and serves her gallantly as a Confederate soldier. The pretty romance is carried through satisfactorily, however, and David wins the girl he had loved from childhood.

The author is a native Georgian, the daughter of Gen. Lafayette McLaws, and through her rearing has been able to give a true picture of conditions in Southern life. Her mother was a Miss Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., a niece of Gen. Zachary Taylor. After the death of her parents, Miss McLaws resided in New York with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who looked upon her as her ward.

"The Welding" is from the press of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, $1.50, postpaid.

Maj. J. Ogden Murray, Secretary of "The Immortal Six Hundred," Box 404, Charlestown, W. Va., wants the address of the living and dead members of the six hundred Confederate officers who were placed on Morris Island under fire of our own guns, September, 1864. He is anxious to get a list of the survivors. He has the list made on the island, also the list made at Fort Pulaski.

S. C. Turnbo, of Pontiac, Mo., is making up a file of the VETERAN, and would like to get the volumes for 1893-96 and the copies for January, November, and December of 1897. Write him in advance of sending, stating price asked and condition of copies.

M. H. Ingram, of Winamac, Ind., writes that relatives in that county of Peter Warman, an ex-Confederate soldier, would like to know his location if still living. Information will be thankfully received by Mr. Ingram.



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OLD BLANDFORD MEMORIALS.

A movement has been started by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., to place in Old Blandford Church a memorial window for each Southern State, and each State is appealed to for contributions sufficient to defray the cost of the window, which is only $400. Four windows have already been placed by different States. The suggestion is made to get each school child to contribute five cents toward the memorial, which will be a monument more beautiful than marble and more lasting than brass. "Old Virginia would cherish as a rare treasure such a memorial placed in her keeping by a sister State," and to preserve this historic old church by this means will make it a sacred memorial for all the States.

The siege of Petersburg, Va., is well known by readers of Confederate history. Situated on the southeast of the historic city, in its suburbs, is the no less historic Blandford Cemetery with its truly historic Old Blandford Church. This cemetery is located between the city and the line of earthworks of both Confederate and Federal armies and had many of its antique tombstones shivered by Federal shot and shell. The old church was built of brick brought over as ballast in ships from England in the early colonial days of Virginia. For a number of years anterior to the Civil War it had not been used as a house of worship; but some years since the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg rehabilitated it, and it is now supplied with nice pews, etc.

The suggestion is made that the President of each State Division, U. D. C., write to Mrs. George W. Cardwell, Petersburg, Va., one of the most interested members of the Association, who will advise as to the best method for carrying on the work. Dr. J. B. Stinson, of Sherman, Tex., has taken hold of the work for Texas, and has addressed a communication to Camp Commanders of that State Division, U. C. V., and it is through him that the matter has been brought to the attention of the VETERAN.

WANTED. — Williamson's "Mosby's Rangers." Bell Book & Stationery Company, Richmond, Va.

Christmas Present

The Rogers Silverware Co. will send you a beautiful four piece set of coined silverware, fully guaranteed full size for family use, packed in a case, all charges prepaid to your home. A cold meat fork, butter knife, gravy ladle, and sugar shell, for only **$1.25.** This offer is made solely to advertise our product. The pattern is one of the latest—the Famous Rose. The pieces are fit to grace any table and will last for years. Only one set will be sent to each family. Positively no duplicate orders. Order to-day. Send cash or stamps.

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MOTHERLAND.

(Air: "Old Hundred.)

O Motherland, by heaven blessed!
One, North and South; one, East and West;
Thy capital is Washington,
Thy realm from Maine to Oregon.

Dear Motherland, known far and wide,
More loved than any land beside,
Thy flag is cheered on distant seas,
Where free it waves in friendly breeze.

Should insult come or foes invade,
Dear Motherland, be not afraid;
To thee we pledge our lives and store.
God save our land for evermore!

Prof. J. H. Brunner, of Hiwassee College, Tenn., an ardent Southerner, now eighty-two years old, sends the foregoing to the VETERAN. It is from print copy over which is engraved an eagle mounted on clasped hands with a streamer on which are the words: "In union is strength."

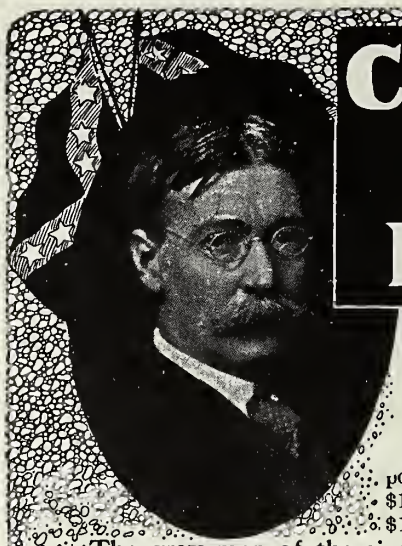
THE REUNION.

BY FRANK BRANAN, MACON, GA.

Where sturdy bulwarks once were built
And men in battle slain,
Where blood of friend and foe was spilt
To fertilize the plain,
Where unprotected homes were spoil
And pillage of forays,
The Peach, the queen of Southern soil,
Her royal scepter sways.

Her crimsoned blossom is aglow
With blood that heroes shed,
And gracefully her branches grow
Like laurels for the dead.
Her boughs of lusciousness are stripped
By summer's stealthy hand—
The nectar of her fruit is slipped
Throughout the common land.

As round a sweet communion we,
In fellowship divine,
Repentance and humility,
Partake of bread and wine,
To children of the Union may
A luscious feast be spread.
We wear no more the blue, the gray—
The dead past buries dead.



Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

America's Greatest Painter of War Subjects

Price of full set in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper with leather portfolio, $16.50; payable $1.50 monthly. Cash price $15.00. Individual pictures $3.50 each.

The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

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See ad in VETERAN.

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

A Southern library is anxious to complete its set of the VETERAN, and request is made for the first volume and the numbers for February, March, May, July, and October, 1894; January, 1896; February, 1898. Any subscribers being able to supply this volume and the copies will convey a favor by writing to this office.

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War Relic of Stonewall Jackson. Address Southern Girl, Sellers, S. C.



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Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER SORE EYES

THE SONG OF THE VANQUISHED.

BY W. M. PIERSON.

I have heard of the song of the victors
As they told of the hard-won fight;
I have heard their pæans of glory
Through the long watches of the night;
But I will sing of the vanquished
Who ne'er reached glory's height,
Who, steadily fighting onward,
Fell in defense of the right!

Of those who esteemed not glory,
Of those who, forgetful of self,
Followed their gilded dreams of honor
Disdainful of power and pelf;
Of the vanquished brigades of truth,
Toiling onward in the night—
These are the ones I sing of,
The uncrowned soldiers of right.

O ye who are fighting life's battles
On the heights or in the vale,
How often the laurels of victory
Belong to the ones who fail—
To those who count their honor
For more than the scepter of might,
To the uncrowned boys of the trenches,
To the glorious soldiers of right!

WANTED.—Purchasers for the beautiful Southern picture, "From Manassas," designed by a Confederate veteran; size, 32x22. Lithographed in rich, appropriate colors, ready for framing. Unique in design. On right margin in battle array stand the boys in gray with peerless R. E. Lee; on left margin, also in battle array, stand the boys in blue with dauntless U. S. Grant. In the space between run three lines of rail fence, the rails being the staff on which is written the words of the old war song, "When this cruel war is over," the four stanzas being given beneath. Price, unframed, $1; handsomely framed, $3.50. Agents also wanted to sell this picture. Address Mrs. Belle Thompson, Box 28, Hasty, N. C.

Mrs. William A. Smith, 501 Azule Street, Tampa, Fla., wishes to hear from any survivors of the 4th Kentucky Regiment who served with her husband, William A. Smith, who enlisted in 1861 and served until the surrender. She is trying to get a pension and needs the names of two witnesses.

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Robert E. Lee

General in chief C. S. A. 1861–1865. From original photograph taken in 1863.

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GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT: "An interesting likeness of that distinguished officer."

GEN. SAMUEL G. FRENCH: "The best one of him to be obtained."

ROBERT E. LEE Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.: "A splendid likeness of our old Commander."

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YES, MY CHILD, IF YOU DON'T USE

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Rub Magic on soiled parts, leave in water one hour. No boiling; no washboard; no backache, if you use MAGIC WHITE SOAP; will iron easy as magic; has no rosin like in yellow soap. Get your grocer to order. $4 per box—100 cakes, 5-cent size. Save the wrappers. We pay freight.

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is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

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appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the appoval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

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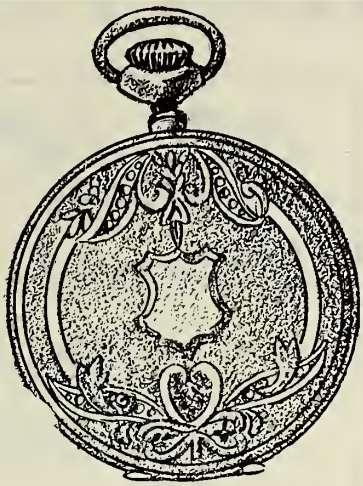
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Solid 18 K Gold Rings, $5, $6.50, $7.50, to $10.



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Genuine Solitaire Diamond Ring, $25 to $50.



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Solid Gold Cuff Buttons, Small Diamond, $4.50; without Diamond, $2.75.



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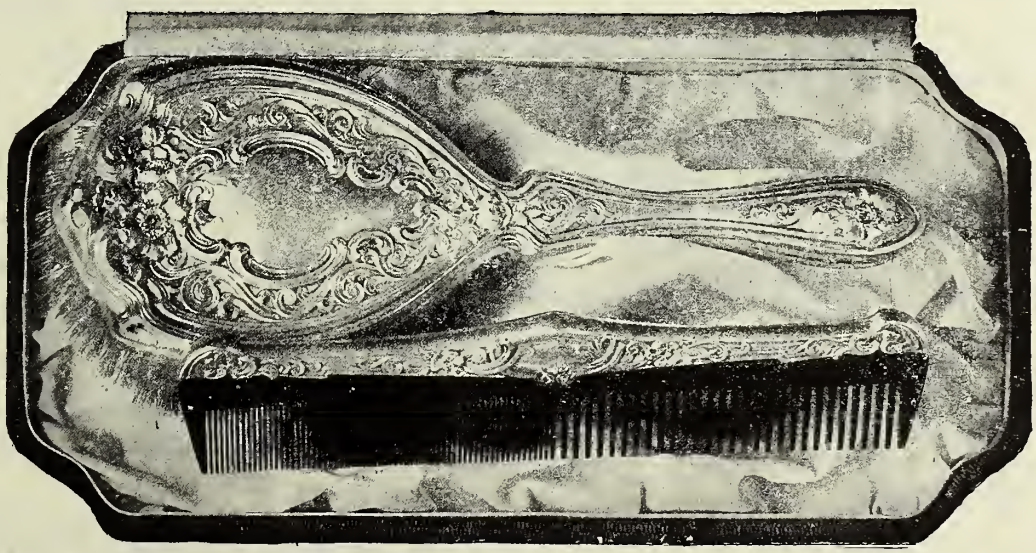


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DAYS WHEN YOU BEND EVERY EFFORT TO HAVE THE BEST AT MEALTIME, WHEN YOU BUY THE CHOICEST MEATS, FRUITS, and VEGETABLES and THE BEST of EVERYTHING that the MARKET AFFORDS.

And COFFEE—THERE'S NOTHING THAT GOES ON THE TABLE THAT GETS A MORE HEARTY WELCOME OR ADDS MORE ENJOYMENT TO the MEAL THAN IT DOES.





Maxwell House Blend Coffee

is an ideal cup for this occasion. It is blended by experts from the finest of high-grade varieties, carried through five separate and distinct processes of cleaning, roasted to the Queen's taste, and packed fresh from the roasters into air-tight cans, whole, ground, or pulverized.

3 LBS., $1. 1 LB., 35 CENTS

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